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DEA

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UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

France's Industrial Regeneration

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Tobacco—Effect on Nation's Welfare

Visiting Damascus, Gem of the East

Whalemen Who Are Still Voyaging

Routing Ignorance in Appalachia

NEXT WEEK

American Women in China War Zone

By Mrs. L. M. Cramer

Chronicler of the Neglected Truth

France's Industries Rise From Their Ashes

Not Enough Men in Country to Meet Demand for Manufactured Goods

By ALLAN L. BENSON

REVOLUTIONARY changes are taking place in France. France is turning from agriculture to industry. Her great capitalists, by a process of peaceful penetration, are finding markets for French industrial products in what may be called the French satellite countries—Rumania, Czecho-Slovakia, Yugo-Slavia and Poland.

At the moment, the change seems to be bringing good results. In England, twenty miles across the Channel, a million men or so are out of work. In France there are not enough men to produce the manufactured goods for which French capitalists have found markets. Every Frenchman out of military service is employed. France is even going into nearby countries to get help. An average of 7,000 workingmen a month are coming into France. Most of them come from Italy. Some of them are skilled and some are not. France has use for both kinds.

In short, while the French Government is bankrupt, the French people are prosperous. But they are gaining their prosperity in the same way that England lost it. A hundred years ago, England turned from agriculture to industry. She gained great riches. She continued to prosper until her foreign customers learned how to manufacture things for themselves. Now England is in distress because she cannot find enough foreign markets to keep her people busy. And her distress is increased by the fact that her agriculture has so declined that she raises but 25 per cent of her food.

Conquering the Markets

FRANCE, who for centuries has raised all of her food, is now going to trust to luck for what she wants to eat and become a manufacturing nation. What will happen to her when her satellite nations learn how to manufacture things for themselves may be learned by looking across the Channel at England.

One of the most remarkable phases of French industrial and economic development since the war is its systematic acquisition of one new market after another. In each case the operation was begun by the acquisition of a bank in the country concerned, after which railways, canals, docks, ports, factories and foundries rapidly came under control of French financiers.

Each of the great French steel corporations now has ramifications all over Central Europe, not only in its own industry, but in many subsidiary and in some totally dissimilar industries.

The case of M. Schneider is highly illustrative. M. Schneider—a Frenchman in spite of his Germanic name—is the head of the famous Creusot steel works, which was famous before the war as the greatest munition factory in Europe and is now making steel rails as well as tanks, heavy artillery and machine guns.

Schneider has gone out boldly to conquer the markets of Czecho-Slovakia. He began by founding a bank. With the aid of two great French banks, the Bank de l'Union Parisienne, of which he is a director, and of the Credit Lyonnaise, Schneider established a corporation called the European Industrial and Financial Union. The function of this concern was to protect and administer the future interests of the Schneider group in Eastern and Central Europe.

This corporation bought a controlling interest in the Zivnostenka Banka which was and remains the chief financial establishment in Czecho-Slovakia. As a bank of deposit, a bank of investment and as a holding company it has completely taken the place of the great pre-Armistice banks of Vienna.

This bank, being legally and nominally Czecho-Slovakian, and enjoying, moreover, the diplomatic protection of the French Government, is recognized and protected by the government of Czecho-Slovakia, and thus enjoys a virtual monopoly of the banking business of that country.

Increase in Industrial Activity

THE Zivnostenka Bank has gained control of the Bank d'Escompte of Bohemia and the Prague branch of the Kredit Anstalt. It soon forced an agreement upon the Credit Foncier d'Autriche which put the last-named bank out of the running in a number of industrial enterprises in which the Schneider group was interested. This agreement gave Schneider, through this same bank, control over the textile industry of Czecho-Slovakia, the sugar industry and the manufacture of alcohol.

In the steel and metal industry, which is Schneider's chief interest, the possession of this bank and its associated financial institutions gave this French steel king control over the blast furnaces of Poldi, the Rustan works, the iron mines of Paukrac, the mines and foundries of Moraska Ostrava which formerly belonged to the Archduke Frederick of Austria, of the Iron Industrial Company of Prague, and finally and most important, of the world-famous Skoda munition works.

Schneider figures personally among the administrators of the Skoda munition works, in company with two of his henchmen, M. Victor Champigneul and Colonel Henri Veil. Thanks to the millions of Schneider and the Creusot munition works, the capital of the Skoda enterprise has been increased from 72,000,000 Czech crowns to 20,000,000 crowns; and Skoda has recently absorbed the great amalgamated machinery-making concerns of Rustan, Bromowski and Ringhoffer.

Schneider's other recently acquired interests in Czecho-Slovakia include oil, electrical power, coal, chemical products, agricultural machinery, life insurance, and even the collection and distribution of milk and the manufacture of soap and candles.

The general increase in industrial activity in France since 1913 may be seen from the following astonishing figures:

Total value of French exports in 1923	14,161,000,000
Total value of French exports in 1913	3,372,000,000
Increase in 10 years	10,789,000,000

The following figures, which are official, show the increase in industrial activity in France over the period 1913-1923. The leading industries are taken in turn, and detailed figures show the amounts produced and exported.

Coal, Anthracite, Lignite, Coke	1913—Tons	1923—Tons
Output	40,844,000	47,800,000
Imported	65,208,000	40,200,000
Exported	1,304,000	.....
Consumed	63,904,000	88,000,000

Comparative Hydraulic Power

Horsepower available in 1913, 750,000; in 1923, 1,600,000.

Iron Ore	1913—Tons	1923—Tons
Output	21,918,000	26,012,000
Pig Iron		
Output	5.207,000	6,200,000
Iron and Steel		
Output	5,093,000	8,329,000
Exported	477,000	2,136,000
Raw Copper		
Output	15,000	25,000
Sheet Copper and Brass		
Output	31,622	65,500
Exported	5,502	10,000
Copper and Brass Bars		
Output	21.231	40.500
Exported	4.873	6,000
Copper and Brass Wire		
Output	48,950	62,000
Exported	14,678	17,000
Copper and Brass Tubes		
Output	7,500	25.000
Exported	2,000	12,000

The foregoing figures indicate the great industrial gains that were made by France during the first ten years following the outbreak of the war. They are in fact *gains made since the Armistice,* since there were only losses during the war.

Speeding Ahead

WE SHALL now see some figures that prove that France is speeding ahead at a constantly increasing gait. She is gaining more rapidly in 1924 than she did in 1923 or in any other year since she began to press her industrial development.

Look at these startling figures:

Exports during first third of 1924	Francs	Increase over 1923 Francs
Chemical products	484,269,000	242,340,000
Glass and earthenware	114,660,000	40,682 000
Thread	600 078,000	336,891,000
Manufactured cotton	977,547.000	597,264,000
Manufactured wool	932 648,000	549,234,000
Manufactured silk	1.948,953,000	426 542,000
Gowns and underwear	1,247,657,000	676.805,000
Stationery	292 531,000	27,965 000
Iron and steel	804,215.000	320,757,000
Copper	108,847,000	48,783,000
Dressed skins	254,509,000	162,523.000
Leather goods	150,011,000	68,508 000
Dressed furs	218,275.000	114,995,000
Jewelry and watches	66 241.000	7,019,000
Machinery	378,858,000	139,843 000
Metal work	405 537.000	155,482,000
Wood work	55,886.000	19,712,000
Rubber goods	279,234,000	101,884 000
Automobiles	436,911,000	217,627.000
Luxury articles	181,269,000	66,039,000

One can see from these figures why there are no idle men in France. But a different set of figures is required to show what is happening to French agriculture. Nothing more certainly indicates the decline of agriculture in a country than an increase in the amount of land devoted to pasture. The natural grasslands of France have increased from 4,829 000 hectares in 1913 to 5,068,000 hectares in 1923. Pasturage and sown grass lands have increased from 5,194,000 hectares in 1913 to 5,812,000 hectares in 1922. And with this increase in pasture has come a decrease in the amount of land devoted to breadstuffs. The following table shows how much less wheat and rye France is raising:

	Wheat Hectares	Rye Hectares
1913	6,542 000	1,176,000
1914	6,060,000	1,058.000
1915	5 489,000	935,000
1916	5 030,000	870.000
1917	4 191,000	742,000
1918	4,449,000	706,000
1919	4,604,000	772 000
1920	5,094,000	869.000
1921	5,382,000	901,000
1922	5,290,000	888,000

When the war broke out, the amount of land devoted to agriculture naturally declined. The decline continued throughout the war. After the Armistice, progress toward recovery is noted. But the progress stopped in 1921. The next year marked a slump. Men cannot work in two places at the same time. As French industry is developing, French agriculture is declining.

There can be no doubt whatever that agriculture in France, despite the prosperous appearance of the most highly cultivated agricultural regions, is on the decline. A writer in the serious and well-informed newspaper, *La Journee Industrielle,* in a series of long and well-documented articles on the agricultural crisis in France, recently dealt with region after region which, before the war, were prosperous agricultural districts. In each of these districts, the price of land, all allowance being made for the depreciation of the franc, had fallen considerably. Large areas had degenerated from rich arable land into pasturage. Many houses and farm buildings which, less than a generation ago, were occupied, had fallen into disuse and some into ruin. Farm labor is almost unobtainable and, notwithstanding the housing shortage in France, the offer of a good cottage and a well-stocked kitchen garden to a farm laborer fails to induce him to work on the land. Even the peasants' sons and daughters prefer to work in factories, offices or even in kitchens than remain in the dull, laborious, semi-independent conditions of the parental farms. The same sons and daughters when, by the French laws of inheritance, they come into the possession of the farm at the father's death, generally sell out their portion of the inheritance to a more conservative brother or to a neighboring farmer.

Finding Outlet in Colonies

FRANCE has been helped in the industrial competition in Europe since the war by two factors: first, by the great increase in industrial machinery made necessary by the war; second, by the rebuilding of the devastated area and the building, in many instances, of better factories than the Germans destroyed.

The region around Lille and Rubaix, for example, which in 1918 was a wilderness, is now studded with immense concrete factories and mills. This region is now better equipped for production than ever before, and is underselling Bradford and other textile centers in the world market. During the last two years, English woolen manufacturers have been ousted from their eminent positions in the woolen trade. The depreciation of the franc, together with the embargo on German exports, has also given French industry a preferential in all Europe and in many markets outside of Europe.

Since the war France has realized the commercial utility of her colonial possessions. Northern Africa has now become a vast market for the absorption of France's industrial energy. In Morocco, which has been amazingly transformed during the last ten years under the administration of General Lyautey, vast buildings have sprung up. Of concrete and steel construction, many of them contain 100 offices each, a motion picture theater and two or three barber shops.

Indo-China is another outlet for the surplus products of French factories, the value of which has been realized only since the war. Enterprising French automobile manufacturers recently organized an expedition of tractors across the Sahara Desert with a view to demonstrating not only the efficiency of French automobiles but the commercial possibilities of the North African continent which had hitherto been considered a worthless desert.

The French nation as a whole has not yet realized the significance of these developments, nor do the majority of the politicians, but here and there a politician of the younger school, like Gaston Vidal, appears to know what is going on. M. Vidal was the minister for technical education in the first Poincaré cabinet. While in office he went energetically about it to build up the schools for technical education. His theory is that France is destined to become the workshop of Europe, but he realizes that a nation of less than 38 000,000 cannot furnish the labor power for a national factory such as he expects France to become. His plan, therefore, is that the French shall become the foremen, the skilled workmen and the craftsmen. The unskilled labor, as in America, will be recruited from the indigent populations of other European countries, chiefly Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Italy and Belgium.

Immigration of Unskilled Labor

THIS immigration of unskilled labor has already begun. Before the war it was the custom of Italian peasants to cross the Alps into France to work during the grape-gathering season, and to return to Italy, once the harvest was gathered. Now unskilled Italians are coming to France in increasing numbers and for other purposes. Most of them remain in France.

Polish laborers enter France daily by sea from Danzig to work in the mines and foundries of the north or the textile mills of Lille. Many Belgian foundrymen and mechanics are also coming to France. The latest immigration is a number of Russian soldiers who served in the army at Wrangel, hungry and disillusioned after their exile in Bulgaria and Turkey. Thus swells the foreign army of unskilled labor, working under skilled French direction in French factories.

France is now at the head of the airplane industry of the world. French airplanes fly daily from Rumania, Poland, Spain and Russia. The airplanes which dropped Spanish bombs upon the rebellious Riff tribesmen in the

(Concluded on page 11)

One of the Most Famous Hilltops

Gad's Hill Rich With Dickens's Memories And Reminiscent of Falstaff's Exploits

By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

Sir John Falstaff Inn, Gad's Hill.

KENT is one of the most lovely and historically interesting of English counties, and therein is Gad's Hill, one of the most famous hilltops in the world. And which man would you prefer to meet there? Sir John Falstaff or Charles Dickens? Let us meet them both; that is best.

The highway leading from Gravesend on the Thames to Rochester on the Medway, and thence to Canterbury and Dover, is typically Kentish; it runs between rich hedges and sweet green fields; through old-fashioned towns and quaint villages with homely, gray churches; there are hop fields; well-wooded parks and ancient houses, and a plenty of wayside taverns, at one of which we will call before we part.

As we walk from Gravesend, having come some miles upon the way, lo! upon our right hand, standing a little way set back from the roadside, is a pleasant, comfortable house; a red-brick building, set up in the year 1779 by a well-to-do brewer, who desired to pass his latter days in dignified leisure; bay-windowed; with a formal porch with pillars and stone steps; and atop the roof a rather skimpy bell turret. A house that never would have been known to the world at large had it not been the home of Charles Dickens from the year 1857 till the day of his death. The red-brick frontage is curtained with ivy and Virginia creeper; back and front the trim gardens are ablaze in summertime with gay-colored flowers, such as Dickens greatly loved. He had a veritable passion for high colors, which he often indulged even in his clothes. Whenever possible the two beds at the front of the house would be filled with scarlet geraniums, which were his favorite flowers. Gad's Hill Place is not in itself very rural, but is set amid a beautiful countryside: "Cobham Woods and Park are behind the house; the distant Thames in front; the Medway, with Rochester, and its old castle and cathedral, on one side. The whole stupendous property is on the old Dover road . . . ." whereon, as we are told elsewhere, there are milestones!

Gad's Hill Place.

Dickens added to the house very considerably, and made many alterations; indeed, it was a matter of jest against him by his family that he was always at it. One of the bedrooms was made into a study, but usually he worked in the library on the ground floor, the room to the right of the porch as we look at the house, and of his writing table there his son-in-law, Charles Allston Collins, brother of Wilkie, has given us some details: "Ranged in front of and round him were always a variety of objects for his eye to rest on in the intervals of actual writing, and any one of which he would instantly have missed had it been removed. There was a French bronze group representing a duel with swords, fought by a couple of very fat toads, one of them (characterized by that particular buoyancy which belongs to corpulence) in the act of making a prodigious lunge forward, which the other receives in the very middle of his digestive apparatus, and under the influence of which it seems likely that he will satisfy the wounded honor of his opponent by promptly expiring . . . . and the little fresh green cup ornamented with the leaves and blossoms of the cowslip, in which a few fresh flowers were always placed every morning—for Dickens invariably worked with flowers on his writing table . . . ."

He built on a drawing room, and a conservatory, "brilliant but expensive," which he announced as "*positively* the last improvement"; which fate ordained that it should be.

What impression would this house have made upon one? There is an atmosphere of orderliness, almost of super-neatness; and though the furniture has not yet gained the dignity of the antique, it certainly has now an Old World air. It belongs to an age that knew not many of the comfortablenesses that we now enjoy. In a word it was Victorian.

Dickens was without a doubt lord and master in his own house, impressing his personality, his likes and his dislikes upon it. He loved looking-glasses; so there were looking-glasses all over the place! Orderliness was in his blood, so his home and all its ways were orderly. He hated unpunctuality, so everyone that dwelt with or visited him had to be utterly punctual.

We go in by the heavy gate that is one of two giving entrance from the highroad, and so along the semicircular carriage drive up to the aforesaid porch, or rather portico. The entrance hall, square and spacious, runs from front to back of the house, and at the farther end is a door opening to steps that lead down to a lawn, which is divided by a stone wall from the open field beyond. In the hall we note a big letter box, with the hours of the outgoings of the mail painted thereon. On the right hand are the library and the billiard room; on the left, the drawing and dining rooms, all well-favored apartments. Hung in the hall are a fine set of Hogarth prints and paintings by Stanfield.

Had we had the good fortune to have been the guests of Charles Dickens, we should soon have found that comfort reigned supreme. After breakfast at nine or ten o'clock or so, we should have been left to do as we pleased with the remainder of the morning, unless, as was often the case, there was some special jaunt on hand; the while the master of the house devoted himself to whatever work he was engaged upon. Then luncheon at half-past one; then a walk or a drive, or some sport in the garden, such as a game of bowls or croquet. Dinner, which was always a festive feast; and so on till bed time, which might be a late hour of night or an early one of the morning, if you were a "gent" and found your way with other "gents" to the billiard room; though the master himself would always retire at a reasonable time. And the bedrooms! Comfort *in excelsis!* In each a sofa, an armchair, a goodly writing-table, with a plentiful supply of quill pens, freshly cut; books; and in winter time a generous fire and a bright copper kettle; and—what delight!—a teapot, tea caddy, cups, saucers, sugar and milk! A noble example, that should be more often honored than it is in these degenerate days. He knew how to make himself cosy and comfortable, and saw to it that others were so, too. Good fellowship!

What delightful gatherings there have been in this house; welcome guests from America not a few. What pleasant junketings; what good talk, what laughter, what proper soberness on occasion.

There are many famous people whom we should have enjoyed meeting there. We must content ourselves with shaking hands with one; with Hans Andersen, who paid a visit to Dickens in the summer of the year 1857. "Before me," he writes, "lay on the broad highroad Dickens's country house . . . .As I entered the house Dickens came to meet me, so happy, so cordial; he looked somewhat older than when we parted ten years before, but this was partly owing to the beard he wore; his eyes glistened as formerly, the same smile played round his mouth, the same clear voice sounded so cheerily . . . .I cannot find more characteristic words to describe him than a quotation from the first letter I wrote home. 'Select the best of Charles Dickens's works, form from them the image of a man, and you have Dickens.' Just as he stood before me in the first hour, he remained unchanged during all the weeks I passed with him, ever jovial, merry, and sympathizing."

Going again into the front garden, we make our way under the road through a tunnel, constructed by Dickens, to the shrubbery on the other side in which was erected the Swiss chalet given to him by his friend Fechter, the actor. Need it be said that Dickens be-mirrored it? "I have put five mirrors in the chalet where I write," he tells us, "and they reflect and refract, in all kinds of ways, the leaves that are quivering at the windows, and the great fields of waving corn, and the sail-dotted river. My room is up amongst the branches of the trees; and the birds and the butterflies fly in and out, and the green branches shoot in at the open windows . . . ." In this room he wrote the last, but not, alas, the final words of "Edwin Drood."

When Holman Hunt, the painter of "The Light of the World," was staying at Gad's Hill Place in 1860, he and his host got into talk about Shakespeare. In reply to the question what was his favorite passage in the play, Dickens spoke of the visit paid by Sir John Falstaff to Mr. Justice Shallow, with Mr. Justice Slender added to the party . . . ."As I read I can see the soft evening sky beneath the calm twilight air, and I can smell the steaming pippins as they are brought on to the table, and when I have ended my reading I remember all as if I had been present, and heard Falstaff and the whole company receiving the news of the King's death."

I believe Dickens had a soft place in his heart for this fat, knavish knight, and in my mind's eye can see him as he walks along the road of a nighttime accosting the shade of Sir John and those of his rascally companions on the hill. In the entrance hall of the house, handsomely illuminated, hung this quotation from Henry IV: "But, my lads, my lads, tomorrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill! there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses; I have vizards for you all; you have horses for yourselves."

Pious pilgrims no longer go upon their way to make their prayers and lay their offerings at the shrine of Saint Thomas a Becket in Canterbury Cathedral; rich merchants now roll by in autos and dispatch their goods by train. Those olden days were picturesque, but not altogether pleasant, nor very comfortable.

Turning to the right as we leave the house "a little rustic alehouse, called the Sir John Falstaff, is over the way," wherein we will stay awhile to refresh and to ponder o'er the past; to dream of the days that are no more. The road before the inn is busy with motor cars rushing swiftly by with unmusical hootings; I like to think of the melodious tootings of coach horns along this great road between London and Dover, when it was alive with mail coaches and with the private carriages of rich travelers posting on their way to, or from, the Continent, though I do not desire to share their terror of the highwaymen who used to infest this road. There are still plenty of beggars and tramps, sturdy and otherwise, gypsies sometimes, tinkers, costermongers and quite a few wayfarers on Shanks' mare. Dickens, himself a bit of a tramp at heart, when walking along this road, Rochester way or toward town, met with many a tramp, male and female, old and young, and has introduced us to some of them in a paper in "The Uncommercial Traveller."

Let us be tempted, and fall to the temptation, to go with him for a walk that he has described in his first story, "Pickwick Papers," which was the last walk that he himself took, through Cobham Park to Cobham village, where Mr. Pickwick found the broken-hearted but not altogether dead-to-the-world Mr. Tupman. Often have I gone along this delightful country way, even in the broadest daylight feeling as though the shade of cheery Charles Dickens was walking by my side.

Cobham Hall is the seat of the Earl of Darnley, and has been in the possession of the family, or at any rate of a family of the same name, since the days of King John. Many royal guests have there been entertained; Queen Elizabeth, of course, and Charles the First and his queen, Henrietta Maria, riding to London after their marriage at Canterbury.

And so to Cobham village, and farewell to Gad's Hill.

Cobham Hall.

Republicans Allege Attack on Constitution

(C) Harris & Ewing

CALVIN COOLIDGE.

President Coolidge and His Running Mate Cite "Dangerous Age"

By WILLIAM M. BUTLER

CHAIRMAN, REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE

THE importance of this campaign outstands any national contest which we have had in two or more generations. We have had tariff and hard money campaigns in the periods I have in mind which have seriously threatened to disturb, disarrange and complicate our economic life, but this is a campaign which threatens our Constitution, our existence as a nation.

Here is a campaign in which we have three political parties and four presidential candidates. A campaign in which the leaders or certain groups of the electorate are deliberately seeking to prevent the people from electing a president at the polls that they may selfishly select one of their number in Congress.

There is hardly a phase of our national life—economic, cultural, legislative and constitutional—but is being attacked. Not only are our civil rights being made the object of assault, but our God-given rights in the Declaration of Independence are made a matter for argumentative dispute.

I am now satisfied the people at large fully sense how much they have at stake. They appreciate that the attack on the Constitution as proposed by the third party puts at once in jeopardy the right to trial by jury, the right of freedom from unauthorized search, the right of person from unauthorized seizure, the right of public speech, of freedom, or religious worship. These are rights specifically guaranteed in the Constitution which the third party seeks to destroy by making the decisions of the Supreme Court subject to revision and control by Congress.

The government ownership of railroads has been made an issue. I will not discuss that subject by and large. I will simply call attention to one phase which I believe is not completely understood as matters stand today: The railroads of the country yearly pay an enormous total of money in the form of taxes into the local city, town and county treasuries—some three hundred million dollars.

Under government ownership railroad property would become nontaxable. This revenue would cease. Yet the municipalities and counties have already built up annual budgets based on the steady receipt of this revenue. The bills would have to be met and they could only be met by levying additional taxes to produce a sum of money equal to what the railroads are now locally paying. Do you appreciate what that would mean? A loss of more than eight and one-half million dollars on taxes to the State of Minnesota, of seven and one-quarter million dollars to Wisconsin, of approximately seven millions to Iowa, and so on down the list.

It would mean an additional tax of $40 for every farm in Minnesota, $52.40 for every farm in North Dakota, $81.25 for every farm in Montana. Every state in the Union would lose. I could multiply many instances of how this election result will actually touch all the people all of the time.

The election of Calvin Coolidge has been forecast in many ways, though I will not attempt to go into any examination of those forecasts at this time. Our campaign is not only to elect Mr. Coolidge, but to accomplish it with so large a popular vote that once and for all there will be no misunderstanding of the attitude of the American people on these vital questions.

We are expecting a vote so large that the verdict will stand unchallenged and will lay forever the specter of the destruction of the Constitution and the rights of the people to enjoy what they earn.

In the management of this campaign I am viewing with satisfaction the work of the women. The Republican party welcomed them to its platform with the pledge that they were to be received into full fellowship; not as mere assistants but as coworkers. They have taken that pledge, and have done, and are doing a man-

(C) Walinger, Chicago

CHARLES G. DAWES.

size job the country over. In the matter of registration they have stood in line with equal, if not greater, patience than the men, and oftentimes at a greater sacrifice.

They have taken up the task with a fine appreciation of the responsibilities. They have given to the men a double sense of the importance of sincerity in political life. Their hearty participation in the actual details of political organization has operated to increase the standard of fitness of candidates for public office. From the women we are expecting a high record of performance on election day.

In Calvin Coolidge the Republican party is presenting a candidate justly deserving the confidence which the people have reposed in him. There is no need for me to attempt any eulogy of his character. It is understood by the people. In this, "The Dangerous Age," the nation needs him. It needs his spirit of service, unselfish in every way. It needs his spirit of frugality; his high appreciation of the responsibilities of public office. It needs the typical Americanism which he personifies.

I have no comment to make on the other candidates. I am speaking only of our candidate—Calvin Coolidge. His election means security in our nation.

This is not the year to waste a vote. The issues and the times are too important.

Progressives Submit

Ask for Support on

By JOHN M.

NATIONAL MANAGER, LA FOLLETTE-

THE supreme purpose of the campaign now being conducted in support of Robert M. La Follette and Burton K. Wheeler, as the Independent Progressive candidates for President and Vice-President, is to "drive monopoly and special privilege out of control of government and restore it to the people."

Wall Street's control over the government of the United States is not a campaign phrase; it is a stern reality. It need not be demonstrated. Its existence and its corrupting influences are known to every reader of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT. The repeated exposures of graft and corruption in various departments of the Federal Government during recent years do not begin to reveal the extent to which predatory wealth has used its control to promote its selfish interests.

Fall, Daugherty and Forbes do not stand alone. Other high officials have betrayed the public trust and should be removed. There are scandals in connection with the Shipping Board, the Alien Property Custodian's office and the settlement of war contracts and railroad claims, which exceed in magnitude if not in venality the evils disclosed in the Department of the Interior, the Department of Justice and the Veterans' Bureau. The henchmen of special privilege and corrupt business are still holding strategic official positions and will not be driven out until the entire system that has been built up under successive Democratic and Republican administrations is destroyed.

The first pledge, therefore, of La Follette and Wheeler, the Progressive candidates, is for clean government. They propose a complete house-cleaning in the Department of Justice, the Department of the Interior and the other executive departments.

Everybody knows that they would carry out this pledge. That is the fundamental basis of the bitter and unscrupulous opposition now directed against them. That is why every resource is being exhausted to "frame up" a charge against Senator Wheeler, the man who exposed the "Ohio gang" and drove Harry Daugherty from office.

The Progressives do not believe, however, that it is sufficient merely to drive corrupt officials out of the government. That is only a first step. Constructive legislation to safeguard and promote the public interest is absolutely necessary. Even with the most honest and efficient enforcement of the laws that are still on the statute books, private interests would still enjoy unwarranted special privileges and the people would suffer.

Let us take the transportation situation, for example. As long as the Esch-Cummins Law remains on the statute books there can be no substantial reductions in railroad rates for freight and passengers. This was made absolutely clear in the recent decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission in the grain rate case.

For more than twenty months the farmers of the corn and wheat states had been appealing to the Interstate Commerce Commission for a decrease in freight rates on grain. They proved that the freight rate on corn, wheat and other grains was nearly twice as great in proportion to the market price as it had been prior to the war. They proved that the efficiently managed railroads of the grain belt were

(C) Harris & Ewing

ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE.

literally rolling in wealth and had piled up huge surpluses even on their own accounting. They showed that to conceal their real profits, the railroads of this section were making exorbitant and unreasonable allowances for maintenance and depreciation. Finally, they demonstrated that these freight rates were literally bankrupting huge areas upon which the nation is dependent for its food.

After carefully considering all this evidence for a period of nearly two years, a majority of the commission finally handed down a decision in which they stated, in substance, that a reduction in grain rates was impossible because the existing rates were not high enough to give the railroads of this territory *as a group* the 5¾ per cent guaranteed them by the terms of the Esch-Cummins Law. As a matter of fact, the 5¾ per cent which the Esch-Cummins Law provides for the railroads is actually 6.57 per cent, because the Interstate Commerce Commission, of its own volition, has held that the net return to the railroads must be figured *after* the deduction of Federal taxes. Since the average interest paid on bonds by the railroads, as officially stated by Senator Cummins, is only 4.3 per cent, this allowance of 6.57 per cent by the Interstate Commerce Commission means a practical guaranty of more than 8 per cent on the stock, including all the water that has been poured in by generations of "frenzied finance."

In contrast, the official report of the U. S. Secretary of Agriculture, dated August 25, 1924, shows that on the capital loaned by farm operators the rate of profit was *minus* 3.1 per cent (loss) for 1920, *minus* 1.4 per cent (loss) for 1921, 1.5 per cent (profit) for 1922, and 1.4 per cent (profit) for 1923. "Thus," says the Secretary of Agriculture, "in two out of the five years farmer-owned capital earned nothing and had to be drawn on to

Democrats Indict Government's Record

(C) Champlain Studios, N. Y.

JOHN W. DAVIS.

Democratic Nominees Severely Criticise Present Administration

By CLEM L. SHAVER

CHAIRMAN, DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE

JOHN W. DAVIS and Charles W. Bryan should be elected in November because no other candidates or party offers the country the means through which it can regain the twin ideals it has always cherished:

Honesty and progress at home and honor abroad.

The Republican party under its present leadership has forfeited all claim to consideration of its appeal that it again be intrusted with the duties and responsibilities of conducting the government. It has failed miserably in its obligations during the period that the government has been in its hands. Not only that, it has permitted men high in its councils, in positions of responsibility next to the Presidency itself, to graft, loot and plunder.

At the same time it has shown utter incapacity to deal with industry and agriculture, and disinclination to move forward along lines of social betterment. Under the Harding-Coolidge Administration the farmers of the country (and the thousands of persons in business dependent upon them) have been subjected to the worst panic in the history of the nation. Six hundred thousand farmers have gone bankrupt since 1921, or one in each four west of the Mississippi.

During the same period the other three-fourths have been reduced from prosperous to difficult circumstances.

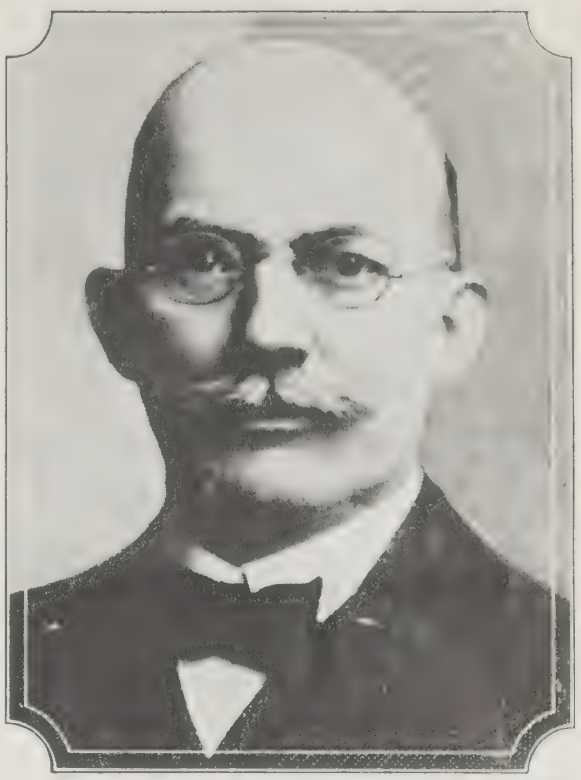
In industry the chapter is almost as bad. During the last three and one-half years (since Republicans have been conducting the government) there have been 1,669 bank failures, involving liabilities of $600,000,000, against 189 bank failures, involving $72,000,000 of liabilities, during the last three years of the Wilson Administration. During the first six months of this year there were 428 bank failures, or more than twice as many as in the last three years of the last Democratic administration.

Following the election of 1920, when it became known that a Republican administration was coming, and during the early part of that administration, after its policies began to become operative, 4,500,000 workmen walked the streets, having been thrown out of employment by a general industrial panic. When Woodrow Wilson became President in 1913, the estimated wealth of the United States was $185,000,000,000. When he retired in 1921 it was $300,000,000,000, but today it is down to $225,000,000,000. In other words, it has decreased $75,000,000,000 under Republican administration.

While thus permitting disaster to both agriculture and industry, the Republican administration has shown hostility to progress and reform in the general social condition of the people, and particularly to the improvement of conditions affecting women and children. Under the Wilson Administration marked progress was made in welfare legislation, but a sudden stop was put to it under the Harding-Coolidge régime.

The Republican party during the last three and one-half years has shown itself entirely out of sympathy with these reforms, notably by cutting to the bone the appropriations for the women's and children's bureaus of the Department of Labor, created under Democratic control. Opposition to the Child Labor Amendment has also been manifested, and it was only by Democratic leadership and votes that the amendment resolution was passed through Congress, and put up to the states for ratification.

The record of the Republican party in these three particulars is in striking contrast to the Democratic record of actual performance during eight distinctive years under Wilson. Then progress, advancement and constructive reform were the watchwords and the daily events. Honest industry was stimulated and freed from artificial shackles by the Democratic tariff laws, by the Democratic foreign policies, by the great Federal Reserve Act (the most constructive single piece of legislation ever put on the statute books). The Farm Loan Act, establishing farmers' banks, and other Democratic measures for the advancement of agricultural interests, made the farmers more prosperous than they had ever been before, or have been since.



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CHARLES W. BRYAN.

Now another great Democratic leader is offered in John W. Davis, of West Virginia. Beginning life as an obscure boy, from a wholesome American family, in a small town, he has risen by progressive stages, through his own efforts and genius, to a position which puts him among the four or five ablest men of his time. In each circumstance in which he has ever been placed, John W. Davis has more than measured up to its requirements. This was observed when he first hung out his shingle as a young lawyer in Clarksburg. It marked his service in the West Virginia legislature at the age of twenty-six. It explains the fact that he was elected president of the bar association of his state at the age of thirty-three.

Ten years later, when he was sent to Congress from a Republican district, he immediately commanded the attention and respect of his colleagues, and very shortly of the country. In one term he demonstrated such ability as a member of the judiciary committee and upon the floor of the House, that President Wilson selected him

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a Militant Program

Measures of Reform

NELSON

WHEELER CAMPAIGN

meet interest charges on borrowed capital." During that period the value of the farmers' investment, according to the same official figures, showed a loss of $20,000,000,000.

The grain rate decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission demonstrates, therefore, that there is no hope of relief for agriculture until the Esch-Cummins Law has been repealed and new rate-making legislation enacted in its place. Senator La Follette proposes as a substitute that railroad rates should be fixed on the basis of the amount actually and prudently invested in the railroads and on the actual cost of service.

This means that while the railroad owners will receive a fair return for every dollar that they have actually and honestly invested in the railroads there will not be one cent of profit paid on watered stock. It means that railroad expenses as a basis for rate-making will be limited to the actual amounts expended for service and will not include the millions of dollars now paid in profits to "insiders" and for such illegitimate expenses as propaganda and the employment of lobbyists. It means that both the railroads and the shippers will get absolute justice and nothing else. There is nothing new nor radical in this proposal. It is the basis that was used for fixing rates in the State of Wisconsin and many other states until the Esch-Cummins Law took out of the hands of the state commissions the power to fix interstate rates. It is the basis of rate-making advocated by every honest and disinterested student of the subject.

That is the immediate constructive proposal brought forward by Senator La Follette as a scientific method of fixing freight rates. His long experience in connection with attempts at railroad regulation convinces him, however, that even this thoroughgoing legislation will not completely cure the manifold evils now existing in the transportation situation. He believes that immense economies could be secured if the railroads were operated for service rather than for profit. He is ready, therefore, if necessary, to undertake government ownership and operation of the railroads, either as a whole or in part, under such safeguards as will prevent the evils of bureaucratic control. Like every other intelligent American citizen, he sees that the process of consolidation now taking place in the railroad world, as exemplified, for example, in the recent $1,500,000,000 Nickel Plate consolidation, means the creation of an absolute railroad monopoly. He believes that "a private monopoly is indefensible," and holds that if there is to be a monopoly of transportation, it should be under complete public control.

(C) U. & U.

BURTON K. WHEELER.

I have dwelt upon the transportation issue not only because of its extraordinary interest and importance, but because it more clearly indicates the thoroughly practical and constructive attitude with which the Progressive candidates approach the great economic and social problems with which they must deal. They have an equally definite program of public service in connection with the nation's natural resources. They propose that these resources shall be developed for the benefit of all the people, and advocate a national super-power system that will furnish electric light and power to the people and nitrates to the farmers at actual cost.

This is being done today in the Province of Ontario, and as a result the people there, including even the most remote farmers, are being supplied with electric light and power in unlimited quantities at prices less than half those charged by private companies on the American side for light and power derived from exactly the same water power.

The Progressive candidates propose to reduce Federal taxes by the only method that will produce results. Official figures show that 85 per cent of Federal taxes are now being expended to pay the cost of past and future wars—to pay the interest on the national debt and maintain the army and navy. The other 15 per cent is spent for the civil government. The tax-reduction proposals of President Coolidge and Mr. Davis are directed entirely at the 15 per cent of civil expenditures, which have already been cut almost to the bone.

La Follette and Wheeler propose to cut deeply into the 85 per cent, and thus substantially reduce the tax burden upon the entire people. They also propose to press vigorously for payment of the $11,000,000,000 which is now owned by various foreign governments, who are spending hundreds of millions of dollars for the support of huge armies and navies, but are unable to find any money with which to pay their honest debts.

The Progressive program for the relief of agriculture is too comprehensive to be covered in detail in any brief article. It goes to the very root of the evils which have destroyed agricultural prosperity in the United States. It proposes a complete reconstruction of the Federal Reserve System and the Federal Farm Loan System, so as to make the credit of the nation available

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Tobacco as a Destroyer of City Property

Estimated That Fire Loss Is Increased $40,000,000 by Users of the Weed

By IRVING FISHER
Professor of Political Economy, Yale University
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In the two preceding articles, Professor Fisher showed that tobacco is a narcotic poison, injurious to body and mind alike, impairing efficiency of muscle power and co-ordination, as well as of mental clearness and accuracy.

WE HAVE seen that tobacco is, in the last analysis, a source of bodily and mental distress rather than of genuine pleasure. Its devotees are, like the devotees of patent medicines, misled by appearances. They are mistaken when they think they have some net benefit to show for their money.

The money costs are only the first and least of the costs. Yet even the money costs are worth noting. There are vast amounts of capital invested, a great number of acres of land under cultivation, wage-earners employed, and sums of money spent on advertising as well as the enormous money cost to the consumers.

Actual Money Spent

The annual tobacco bill of American consumers is $1,600,000,000, according to an estimate made in 1921 by Professor Henry W. Farnam, my colleague at Yale University. This sum is spent on the tobacco only; it does not include the millions of dollars spent on pipes, holders, ash trays, cuspidors and similar commodities. This annual tobacco bill represents a burden of $16 a year on every man, woman and child in America, or about $80 a family.

Difficult to Shake Off

IN ESTIMATING our social burden, account must be taken not only of its magnitude in a single year, but also of its persistence. "One peculiarity of the tobacco habit," Professor Farnam points out, "is that, while it is often difficult to acquire, it is still more difficult to shake off. Indeed, in most cases, the will is as much bound as if the smoker had signed, sealed and delivered a mortgage on his own property. This is well understood by tobacco interests, which are giving away cigarets to the people of China in the confidence that, once the drug habit has been acquired, the interests can collect an annual tribute almost as surely as if they had conquered the country in war."

Because of this persistency of tobacco consumption, Professor Farnam shows that it is not unfair to capitalize the annual expenditure on tobacco, and to say that our country carries a direct interest charge of $1,600,000,000 on a social mortgage, of which some 20 per cent is in favor of the Treasury.

This direct charge represents the interest at 5 per cent on $32,000,000,000, the equivalent of the German Reparation Bill, or more than ten times the interest-bearing public debt of the United States in 1914, and one and one-half times our public debt at the end of 1922.

Capital, Land, Labor

The amount of capital used in tobacco manufacturing establishments in 1914, according to a government bulletin, was $303,840,000. "The capital that is put into liquor or tobacco cannot at the same time be invested in mining or railroading or agriculture or industry," Professor Farnam points out. "Tobacco directly interferes with investments in general, partly by the large number of fires which it causes and partly by the effect of excessive smoking (particularly in the form of cigarets) on the efficiency of the smoker."

The land utilized in the cultivation of tobacco in 1923 was estimated by the government to be 1,762,000 acres. About one-third of the total acreage was in Kentucky, and about one-third in North Carolina. A letter from the United States Department of Agriculture in July, 1923, stated that the acreage which is devoted to tobacco in those states would have produced at least average yields of corn.

Destructive Fires

HAD potatoes been planted on our tobacco land, we could have raised more than 133,000,000 bushels, or about a bushel and a quarter a head, according to an estimate by Professor Farnam. Not all of the tobacco land is adapted to potatoes. Some might be better fitted for beans, some for fresh vegetables, some in the South for peanuts, some for corn, wheat, rye, or forage. But, in any case, the possible addition to the food supply or other agricultural product would be great. If this tobacco acreage is a serious problem in America, what must be said of its magnitude as an economic factor in European countries, where food is at a premium?

Loss Through Fire

A large addition to tobacco cost is made by property loss through fires caused by smokers. A fire which originated in a field of dry brush burned fifty city blocks in Berkeley, California, in September, 1923. The property loss was estimated at $10,000,000, and 2,400 citizens were made homeless.

One city dwelling in the United States is destroyed by fire every four minutes, according to the Institute of Public Service, and farm buildings are destroyed at the rate of one every seven minutes. One hospital, five churches and five schoolhouses burn down every day.

Fire Commissioner Johnson of New York City estimated that 15 or 20 per cent of city fires may be attributed to smoking. Professor Farnam makes other estimates that corroborate these figures. Consequently, to the smoker must be charged his portion of fires, of the expense of fire prevention, of fire departments, and of fire insurance. For the five years ending in 1922, forest fires occurring in America caused by smokers numbered 5,694.

The loss in the United States from fire was estimated to be more than $400,000,000 for the year 1921. If we say that only 10 per cent of it (and not 15 or 20 per cent, as Johnson estimates) should be charged to smokers, we find ourselves with an item of $40,000,000 to add to the annual tobacco bill.

This is merely the property loss by fire. A terrible loss of life must be added. In the Triangle Shirtwaist Company fire, in New York City, in 1910, the lives of 145 persons were sacrificed to a cigaret. Such holocausts occur again and again, in addition to the constant life drainage from smaller fires all over the country. According to the Institute of Public Service, every day 41 persons lose their lives and 47 are injured by fire.

A great loss of time is also caused by such fires, as, for instance, in the fire which consumed the Equitable Building and which was caused by "the careless tossing of a match into a waste paper basket . . . . This match had doubtless been used to light a cigar or cigaret." Inconvenience and delay were suffered not only by workers in the company, but by stockholders and policyholders, and by other persons who had business relations with them.

To such losses of working time we must add the loss of valuable documents. In the Equitable fire, the documents lost were said to have been priceless. It is believed that the fire which caused the destruction of the state capitol at Albany, and the loss of a vast number of books and documents, was caused by a smoker. It was because of a fire due to smoking by which were lost important census records in the basement of the Department of Commerce Building at Washington that Senator Smoot introduced a bill to prevent smoking in government buildings.

What a Cigaret Did

AS AN example of the carelessness of smokers, I quote from Professor Farnam as follows: "Three days after the article on 'Wasteful Investments' was published (a comparison of the annual tobacco bill with the bills for other commodities, such as metals), windows all over Manhattan were rattled by a series of explosions resulting from the burning of a five-story warehouse . . . . The explosion deluged with burning brands the Erie Railroad yards and the machine shops that adjoined them, and started fires that destroyed two of the Erie shops, damaging or destroying twenty locomotives and a large number of freight cars loaded with merchandise. Burning fragments were blown across the Hudson River, and started small fires on the waterfront on the New York side. Over an area of one-half a mile in diameter, the streets were filled with broken window glass. A second explosion rattled windows again and swept vast columns of smoke over Lower Manhattan and New York Harbor. Several smaller explosions followed." The cause of the explosion was an employe throwing away the remains of a lighted cigaret onto a plank that was covered with dust from chlorate of potash. The dust burned like loose black powder grains. The *Evening Post*, in commenting editorially upon this event, said: "As for the reckless employe, it may as well be recognized that there is a considerable number of men who will not pay attention to rules against smoking, even in powder factories, unless they are compelled to do so. Is there any reason why we should go on allowing ourselves to be possible victims of their criminal obstinacy?" Thousands of smokers all over the country are similarly careless, even though their lighted cigarets do not happen to fall on such inflammable material.

Increase in Tobacco Consumption

An enormous increase is taking place in tobacco consumption. Between 1904 and 1921, the number of cigarets consumed increased from 3,000,000,000 to 52,000,000,000. Evidence of the great impetus given to smoking by the war is revealed in the fact that the consumption of cigarets in 1914, when the war started, was 16,000,000,000, while in 1918, when the war ended, the consumption was 46,000,000,000. The craze for tobacco became so great that the War Department in 1918 commenced issuing tobacco as a part of the ration for the American Expeditionary Forces. The situation has led many persons interested in the public health to give the matter more earnest attention than ever before.

According to the present rate of increase, which is seven-tenths of a pound of tobacco per capita in ten years, or a one-eighth increase, in the next ten years the *increase alone* will amount to $200,000,000, or $20,000,000 a year.

Possible Reduction

The per capita consumption of tobacco in the United States in 1920 was 6.3 pounds. The per capita consumption in Great Britain was only 3.17 pounds. If we Americans made no attempt to swear off smoking, but only reduced our per capita consumption to that of England's, we would cut down our tobacco bill one-half, or, in other words, save $300,000,000 a year.

Adding together what we might save if we adopted the English quota, and what we might save by stopping the increase, we would have $820,000,000 a year.

Comparative Costs

The annual tobacco bill is about one-eleventh of the aggregate cost of the first year of the World War to all the nations involved. But the tobacco bill is yearly increasing, so that, in the next ten years, with the present rate of tobacco consumption and the present rate of increase, our own nation alone will spend for tobacco as much as all the nations combined spent in a year of that costly and deadly conflict.

Some Comparisons

AS SAMPLES of how our annual tobacco expenditure of $1,600,000,000 compares with other items, I present the following from computations made by Professor Farnam:

Value of all metals mined in the United States in 1920	$1,724,000,000
Bituminous coal mined in 1920	1,950,000,000
Cost of building operations in 51 large cities of the United States in 1920	1,115,000,000
Common schools in 1918	763,000,000
Expenditures on highways in 1919	389,000,000

A shortage of homes in the United States has been one of the deplorable results of the war. Allowing $3,000 for each home, our annual expenditure on tobacco at its 1921 figure, without reckoning any yearly increase, would build more than 500,000 homes every year.

The government estimate of the cost of the public elementary schools, including kindergarten, for the year 1919-20, was $756,390,383, or less than half of the tobacco expenditure. The estimated expenditure for public high schools for the same year was $278,179,100, or less than one-fifth of the tobacco bill.

An average community can practically rid itself of malaria at a per capita cost of from 45 cents to $1 a year, under normal conditions, is the report made by the Rockefeller Foundation. This cost is less than one-sixteenth the amount per capita spent yearly on tobacco.

The United States Veterans Bureau at Washington, D. C., states that an appropriation of $428,160,773 was made for soldier relief work for the fiscal year of 1924. How small is this amount spent for the reclamation of the health of soldiers when it is compared with what we send up in smoke.

The total amount of money available for appropriation and expenditure by the American Red Cross from July 1, 1921, to June 30, 1922, was only $38,414,155, or one-fortieth of our tobacco expenditure.

Also, this annual tobacco bill is six times the annual expenditure for religion in all creeds—Catholic, Protestant, Jewish—reckoned by the figures for the year 1916, which are the last ones available.

Gives Nothing Back

WITH the saving of $800,000,000 which we would make if we adopted the English tobacco quota, we could duplicate nearly all of the new buildings that were constructed in our 51 leading cities during the year 1916, or replace two-thirds of the cost of those built in 1920; or we could add 50 per cent to our metal output (as of 1920), or more than treble our total output of anthracite coal (as of 1919); we could add 100 per cent to the expenditure on common schools (as of 1918) or treble our expenditures on good roads (as of 1919).

Is Tobacco a Profitable Investment?

The extent of needless waste is a significant factor in measuring a nation's wealth. Economic considerations must take into account not only the amount of accumulated wealth, but what that amount might be with proper effort and saving, and the extent of public benefits and social progress that might accrue therefrom. In examining our tobacco expenditures, direct and indirect, we find that not only do they represent a very great burden upon our financial resources, but they constitute an enormous diversion of money, land and labor which, if it were not used for tobacco, might be converted to other uses, to real and lasting economic advantage, and to the increase of social institutions that promote welfare and progress.

Conclusion

We have seen that tobacco costs the world in money billions of dollars to produce, advertise and market and millions of dollars from fire; that it also costs human life, health, efficiency and morals; while, on the other side of the ledger, we find only the money revenues of a few and the "pleasure" of the tobacco smokers, chewers and snuff takers, short-lived, elusive and self-defeating like the pleasures of other drug addiction.

In short, tobacco, like patent medicines and gold bricks, takes away our money but gives us in return little or nothing except illusion and distress as well as the curtailment of our power to enjoy life and health and to do our best work in the world.

Mr. Ford's Page

LOVE of country is the common attribute of the human race. But sometimes uncertainty arises as to what can truly be called one's country. Perhaps an answer may be found in the lines of Scott: "This is my own, my native land," for it is the land of one's birth which generally evokes all those feelings of affection and reverence that a man whose "soul" is not "dead" invariably feels.

The earliest recollections of youth are generally the most treasured, and not infrequently the most vivid. The memories of childhood become vivid as the years roll on, and through the haze of distance, in the mellow twilight of life, seasons of hardship and discontent are forgotten and scenes that are brightest retain their charm until the end. It may be the old farmhouse, the village, the busy town, the bustling city; it may only be a lonely dwelling on the mountain side, but its memories linger and are transformed by the magic touch of time.

As the years advance the vision expands, new scenes are opened up and new friendships formed. The village child whose outlook has been limited by a row of trees or a high board fence gradually sees farther and farther into the landscape. The desire to learn what lies beyond the line where field and sky meet, or to catch a glimpse of that unexplored world on the other side of the hill has to some extent been gratified, and there rises a desire to see still farther into things.

There comes a longing to explore, to go to some distant city to verify dreams or to develop plans long since formed. But the city is only the unit of a state, and the state a unit of a nation. By a natural transition a world-wide outlook must be reached, for this is the only logical outlook after all. A man may cherish the fondest memories of his home town, but he must shake off his parochialism when seeking for a broader vision.

Are the American people growing too parochial? Is their general outlook being narrowed to such an extent that they fail to see the broad fields which lie on the far side of the hill? Are their ideas being "cribbed, cabined and confined" by absorption in those things which lie nearest to hand, to the exclusion of everything else? Sometimes it is good to be self-centered, the faculty of concentration is a valuable one, but concentration is a powerful instrument which must not be misused.

It is a fine thing to know all about one's native land, but it is likewise desirable to know something about other lands or our horizon becomes contracted. Many people have little worlds of their own and desire to know no others. This may arise from a feeling of contentment, of satisfaction with things as they are. This feeling is quite laudable as long as there is no danger of its degenerating into narrowness of vision and a myopic outlook.

Let us not depreciate the corner grocery; many gems of wit and wisdom have been evolved in its precincts, many knotty problems have been solved within its shade; but a very wide world lies beyond its sphere and it is into this unexplored field that the eyes of those alert to the possibilities of life are directed. The cramped spirit which is sometimes unconsciously fostered in small communities may prove a handicap to progress if not overcome.

Americans pride themselves on taking a nation-wide view of things. This is very commendable as far as it goes. But it should be remembered that while we are proud of being citizens of the greatest republic on earth, we are also citizens of the world. The general welfare of the world is as much our concern as it is that of any other nation. We cannot practice the detachment of the inhabitants of Mars—if there are any. Geographical distinctions are but flimsy barriers that modern enlightenment is breaking down.

As a step toward broadening the vision of the nation the proposal to have an annual observance of Columbus Day on the twelfth of October seems most timely. The movement has been warmly endorsed by the President who expresses the opinion that it is "particularly timely now, when everything possible and reasonable should be done to develop that international accord which is fastened by common historical, cultural and sentimental ties, and strengthened by common political, economic and commercial interests."

Norsemen may have landed on the American continent as far back as the year 1000, but they did not become colonists until hundreds of years afterward. The coming of Christopher Columbus was the beginning of an era of colonization and expansion which still goes on. The Spaniards, the French, and the British, all came in their turn and founded colonies along the coast which were gradually pushed farther and farther into the interior. The Latin races predominated for a time, and then came the Anglo-Saxon and the Anglo-Celt who speedily made their influence felt in every direction.

Ever since the advent of the Genoese navigator America has received the overflow of humanity from the Old World in ever-increasing volume. Europe without America as a vast field of settlement for its surplus population would have become an Armageddon of ceaseless racial strife. It would have been like the crater of a titanic volcano continually boiling and bubbling and always ready to fling forth the seething lava of desolation and despair.

If a gigantic fleet could be chartered to convey the whole of the inhabitants of this continent back to the countries of their forefathers some idea would be obtained of what such a myriad mass of humanity crowded into one hemisphere would mean. Providence seems to have held one-half of the world in reserve so that it might be taken possession of and developed when the other half gave signs of becoming too small to contain its teeming millions.

It would be difficult to estimate the number of races that are at present included under the general term of "American citizens," but it is safe to say that it comprises representatives from all the European peoples, the most of the peoples of Asia, and a fair proportion of the dusky tribes of Africa, as well as representatives from groups of islands scattered over the seven seas. It is a mixture of the peoples of the earth that at present constitutes the great American nation. To the Latin races this country is indebted for its early pioneer work, and to the immigrants from the north for that steadying influence so essential in the direction of its destinies.

It is, therefore, becoming that there should be set apart a day devoted to the fostering of that spirit of cohesive nationality upon which depends the strength and well-being of the land. But it requires the cosmopolitan mind to visualize the people of America welded together for the common good. Breadth of vision such as Columbus possessed is what we require that we may see beyond the narrow limits of a township, county, or state. If Columbus had been parochial minded he would never have risen above the rank of a Mediterranean coasting skipper.

It is just as necessary for the nations of the earth that are gathered together on this continent to have common ideals as it is for the nations of Europe to live in peace and concord. Mutual understanding makes for peace and peace is an essential of prosperity. Disunion is disintegration, and disintegration means the waste of energy and effort and the defeat of every scheme which aims at the amelioration of the lot of mankind. Every man's aim ought to be the good of the whole and not the aggrandizement of any particular section. A broad and generous spirit of service and unselfishness must prevail if true progress is to be maintained.

BREADTH of vision is necessary if progress is to be made either by individuals or countries. It was this quality that enabled Columbus to discover America; and it was the same attribute that made it possible for the country to be opened to the millions that came after him. There are other worlds than those that lie within the town line or the state boundary; there are other fields to be surveyed than those that are circumscribed by the sky line. A broad outlook and acquaintance with things that lie beyond one's immediate environment eliminate prejudice and develop understanding. Peace, prosperity and concord in the nation, as well as in the world at large, always appear more distant when the view is narrowed. Success in any enterprise is never attainable when we look through the wrong end of the telescope.

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President Not the People's Choice

EXCHANGES all over the country are discussing the possibility of the presidency failing to be settled in the Electoral College, fear being generally expressed that "the people's choice" may lose out in the political struggle.

The point is not at issue, no matter what the result. The President literally is never chosen by the people. Originally the electors were chosen without any definite candidacy in view, and named their personal choice. Even now, an elector is free to exercise his individual preference without regard to the convention nominees. He represents the state, not the voters, and it is possible, indeed, it has occurred, that the Electoral College majority may represent a popular minority.

As an example, one has but to consider the popular vote for McKinley and Bryan, in 1896. That "great victory" would have been reversed had there been a change involving less than fifty thousand votes, properly distributed. Such a result was not indicated, to be sure, in the electoral vote, but as that is controlled by state victories, whether giving large or small majorities, it is obvious that a President may be elected legally without a popular majority.

Nor is there cause for alarm if the electors fail to make a choice. They vote but once. Suppose a candidate dies between the November election and the meeting of the electors in their respective states. There might be a split in the vote on that ticket. This was the case with those elected in the Greeley campaign. If the declared candidate were of the winning side, it might happen late enough to prevent conferences, and the same action would also throw the election in the House. Here, continuous balloting, by states, may keep up without result until the expiration of the Congress, but it is not likely to happen. The House is limited in its choice to candidates voted for in November. If it fails to elect, the Senate chooses from among the vice-presidential candidates its presiding officer, who thus by virtue of the office is elevated to the presidency, as was President Coolidge.

Only in case the House majority—by states—is opposed politically to the political party winning the election for President, or, more frequently the case, the personnel of the Senate is opposed, is there danger of a reversal of the November result. In either case, the result is perfectly legal, and there is no danger of harm resulting.

MacDonald's Fall

IN THE collapse of the British Labor Government the inevitable has happened. But the sudden crash of the Ramsay MacDonald regime has not come about in the manner that was generally expected. It was thought by those in close touch with British politics that the Premier's pact with Soviet Russia would cause his downfall as soon as it had to run the gauntlet of the House of Commons, but, as is sometimes the case, the event is the result of a minor issue, but one in which an important principle was involved.

James Campbell, the editor of a Communist weekly, was accused of sedition inasmuch as he published articles inciting soldiers to mutiny. The government suddenly withdrew the prosecution against him, and the opposition, consisting of the Conservatives and united Liberals, alleged that this had been done through pressure from the Communist element in the Labor party. An inquiry into the withdrawal of the proceedings was demanded, and on this being flatly refused by the Premier a combined vote of censure from the Liberals and Conservatives was carried by 364 to 198.

Since the accession to power of the Labor party last January, Ramsay MacDonald has had rather a stormy voyage. The election promises that were made about finding a panacea for Britain's houseless and jobless millions was the tidal wave on which the Laborists floated into power, while the same wave submerged the Protectionist policy of the Baldwin's Conservative administration. At this date that panacea seems as remote as ever; but neither this nor the Russian agreement might have been sufficient to wreck the administration so soon if the Campbell affair had not supervened.

MacDonald has had a difficult course to steer, and a somewhat unruly crew to manage. While the Tories and some of the Liberals have been denouncing him as a Red Socialist, the extreme left of the Labor party has attacked him for not being Red enough. It is between those two jagged rocks that his ship has gone down.

A dissolution has been granted as a preliminary to an early appeal to the country, and the indications are that the electoral pendulum will swing back to where it stood before Labor had its big chance

The Mark of Cain

THE high homicide rate in the United States is causing considerable worry to the life insurance organizations. One prominent company has made an investigation of the matter from its own records and found that last year it paid $724,000 in homicide claims. "Information of more or less satisfactory character could be gathered for only 146 of 446 homicide cases among the policyholders during the last months of 1922."

Out of this number only 58 went to trial, and a verdict of "not guilty" was returned in 16 of these. Out of the 41 judged to be guilty only 1 has been executed. Of the 146 homicides investigated 114 were manslaughter or murder cases.

The callousness with which human life is being taken in this country, and the indifference with which this matter is being regarded by the people is a subject for grave concern. The homicide rate in the United States is estimated to be 17 times as high as that in England and Wales, and the reason for the difference is attributed to the more rigid and impartial enforcement of the law in Britain.

When influence of any kind is brought to bear for the defeat of justice it ought to be scourged into the wilderness as an evil thing. There are other laws of this country which are being torn to shreds, but there is no more clamant need than that which calls for the putting into practice all legislation which has been framed for the safeguarding of human life from the assaults of the depraved, the degenerate, and others destitute of those attributes which distinguish humanity from the brute creation. The mark of Cain has become a too familiar sign on the brows of the present generation.

The Cradle of Man

MR. ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS, leader of the expedition which accomplished such splendid work in archeological research in the heart of Mongolia, is again in China at the head of another expedition which is fully equipped for the task of unearthing more treasures in a part of the world which has been described as "a veritable paleontological Garden of Eden."

The dinosaur eggs and the innumerable fossils that Mr. Andrews and his colleagues discovered in this part of the globe were a revelation to those groping for the truth regarding the long-distant past, and it may be anticipated that further important discoveries are impending.

The American Museum of Natural History is doing fine work in encouraging and assisting the work of these scientists, and the world will await with interest their further progress in the field in which they have gained such distinction.

Last year the work of the expedition was confined to the older rocks, where the dinosaur eggs were found, but now attention will be given to later geological formations in which Mr Andrews hopes to be able to test the theory that the Central Asia plateau is the birthplace of man.

The Bible in the Public School

A MOVEMENT looking to the compulsory reading of the Bible in the public schools is gathering momentum and bids fair to be a political issue if the opposition, emboldened in late years in the spread of a sort of agnosticism, shall choose deliberately to fight it.

The strength of the opposition seems to lie in the idea that reading the Bible is but a step toward an ultimate introduction of religious teaching, where eventually denominationalism may control. That is another matter. Religious training, beyond the instillation of those truths common to all religions, which go to build up character, is not a function of the public school. Indeed, the effort to proselytize is not religious training at all.

So far as any danger in that respect is to be feared, it must have developed in the early history of public education, if at all, when the reading of a chapter from the New Testament, and prayer, formed a part of the daily opening service in all schools. That it did not is proved by the experience of those reared under such a system.

Men who declare Bible reading and prayer should have no part in school exercises offer no objection that the invocation is a preliminary of every daily session of both Houses of Congress, of all legislative bodies, and even of political conventions. Yet every argument applicable to the public school is equally applicable to such gatherings.

No boy or girl ever was injured, half a century ago, by attendance at "chapel exercises," which preceded recitations. The first half hour of school was devoted to them.

Who can say there was anything out of the way or harmful in this order of procedure? There was none. Quite the reverse. There was discipline, a daily contact between those in and those under authority, and the inculcation of a respect for all religion.

Where the Bible boosters are in the wrong is in insisting that such practice be made compulsory. It was not then; for parents had but to indicate their desire, and their children were excused from attendance at "chapel exercises." Few went to this extreme, for no sectarian influence was seen.

There should be no legal regulation in the matter. The authorities of each school may well be left free to adopt the plan if the people desire, while opponents of the plan can have their way if in sufficient numbers to rule.

The Constitution

OFFICERS and directors of banks are compelled to know the texts of the banking acts. Business men are always seeking information about credit and contract laws; workmen's compensation and income tax acts. Professional men do not fail to inform themselves of the laws dealing with their affairs.

Golf players pride themselves upon knowing the St. Andrews' rules which govern the royal and ancient game.

Therefore, it is surprising to note that these same people and many others are usually ignorant of the text of the Constitution of the United States. While most of them are opposed to suggested changes in the Constitution they are unable intelligently to discuss the thing they seek to defend.

Conservatism is a prudent trait. Indeed, the conservative is at this juncture a saving grace in our national life. However, conservatism that is ignorant of the basic law which it instinctively defends is discreditable to both the individuals and the country.

Americans need more facts, especially in dealing with citizenship problems. No person who has prospered and who professes a desire to see the nation well governed has any excuse for failing to familiarize himself with the Constitution.

Government Supplies

SEVERAL branches of the Federal Government show a tendency to free themselves from dependence upon the private contractor for staple supplies.

The Government Printing Office, the largest printing plant in the world, by the way, makes its own inks. The quality is controlled thereby and the saving is tremendous. Last year 191,695 pounds of 55 varieties of ink were made for $25,537.

The government printing office also makes all of the jelly-like composition inking rollers for its 167 presses. The Bureau of Engraving and Printing, the paper money and postage stamp factory designs and builds the intricate automatic and semi-automatic machinery employed there.

The Post Office Department makes its mail sacks and locks in its own shops at prices much below those of commercial contractors.

Visiting an Earthly Paradise; Damascus, Gem of the Orient

Though Not Now Famous for Its Steel Blades, It Still Retains "The Street Called Straight"

By HAL WALKER

In this part of the wonder voyage the writer gives a vivid impression of Damascus and other places in the Near East.

DAMASCUS is one of the four terrestrial paradises, according to the Arabs, and as we dropped into its coolness and heard the trickle of running water after hours on the desert of rocks, following other hours of crossing the desolate chain of the Anti Libanus Mountains, it took no great stretch of the imagination to see why it should be a paradise to the ancients who traversed the route we had come for days with slow-plodding camel caravans. Our travel had been made at the twentieth-century pace of hustle by motors where the only speed limit was the condition of the route, while the camels take ten days or more to cover the ground which we did in fifteen hours.

All along this great camel highway we saw no other transportation except the lumbering camels, caravan after caravan, each led by its driver seated on a diminutive burro, the latter scarcely as high as the camel's knees. At various spots along the route where there were small springs two or three caravans rested, the camels kneeling and chewing their cuds with much grumbling, while the human elements of the caravan mixed barley flour with water into a thick paste to be rolled out thin and cooked in an earthenware oven over fires of dried camels' excrement.

For hours the centuries had rolled back that afternoon and then, as the sun touched the horizon, we began to descend over a perfect road and the scorching heat gave way to a coolness almost chilly as we struck the first green trees we had seen since noon and heard running water. The road wound between high walls behind which lights in homes were beginning to show as we sped down the ravine, and then, all at once, our way opened out and Damascus, with wide streets and clanging trolley cars, hotels and cafés, welcomed us.

Damascus is the capital of the state of the same name, formed by General Gouraud under the French Mandate, and the second in importance. The state of Great Lebanon with its capital at Beyrouth is the first, the state of Aleppo and the autonomous sanjak of Alexandretta form the third, the autonomous territory of the Alouites forms the fourth division, and the government of Djebel Druze the last. The country is governed lightly, native officials being elected, together with administrators; a delegate of the French High Commissioner acts as adviser with technical councilors in each state.

There are 3,000 000 inhabitants in Syria, more than half of whom are Mohammedans, the principal others being adherents to the Maronite faith, the Greek Catholic or Orthodox, the Armenians, and other sects among the Protestants, together with a number of Jews. All told there are twenty-nine races or religions in the territory occupied by the French Mandate. Twelve hundred common schools have been established by the French as well as several secondary schools, many hospitals, dispensaries and orphanages, a number in regions never before having these advantages, in spite of the work of American and other missions in the country.

It was in Damascus that we heard our first complaints of the French régime from the natives. The complaints at Beyrouth had come from French residents themselves, but here in Damascus it was the large landowners who had a grievance against the French. This was explained to me by a young Syrian, or Arab. He owned, I found out later, twenty-six villages, body and soul, and his complaint was that he could not get enough of the crop from his tenants. Under the régime of the Turks, he had received 90 per cent of the farmer's crop, the farmer getting 10 per cent for his labor, out of which he must provide seed for the next year's sowing. General Gouraud had cut this to 75 per cent for the landowner and increased the farmer's share to 25 per cent. This young man who talked with me was the graduate of an English university, a bey, owned several luxurious motor cars, and had an army of servants. He and his sort were dissatisfied, but needless to say the illiterate and toiling peasantry hail General Gouraud as next to a deity, if they don't even place him a bit higher.

Damascus, however, was not all politics, and the newspapermen in the party as well as some of the French members slid away from all the formal functions possible to roam through the souks and the mosques or through the narrow, crooked streets packed with humanity, donkeys and camels, with here and there a motor car. There are 250 mosques and Mohammedan schools in Damascus, the most famous mosque being

Homs, Mosque Si Khaled.

that of the Ommiads built in the eighth century, part of it on the walls of a Christian church. This mosque is one of the wonders of the world in Arabic literature, and in it is the reputed tomb of St. John the Baptist.

The souks are even more attractive than those of Constantinople. We never tired of wandering through them, hour after hour, with the scene changing every moment. It was necessary to dodge donkeys and camels bearing burdens and sometimes the gaily caparisoned camel of some rich native official who rode through the streets with no heed to anyone or anything. It was a case of get out of the way or be run over.

There were gaily dressed Bedouins from the desert making their purchases at the open stalls; the inevitable coffee seller wandering through the streets with his elaborate coffee receptacle slung across his chest and almost as huge as himself; the public writer with his stool and small table on the sidewalk writing letters for those who are unable to write for themselves, and their name is legion, while Syrian dandies stood in front of the fez-reblocking shops, waiting for their red headgear to be moulded into shape on huge brass blocks as we block a hat at home.

Homs, with the desert beyond.

Ancient ruins, Damascus.

In "The Street Called Straight" which is the main artery of the Damascus souks I ran across a fez-clad, brown-skinned individual wearing the button of the American Legion, the same as myself. Naturally I was astonished to find here in an Oriental bazaar, thousands of miles from home and where there was no American colony, a man who had fought with the United States Army or Navy. He told me he was from Dakota; had served for a year in the army (giving me the regiment and company), and had come back to Damascus where he intended to stay. He had opened a rug store in the bazaars and said he was doing very well. And Damascus is the place to buy rugs, without any question, but, of course, one wants to know something about them as the traders are keen to charge high prices.

Many Syrians have been educated in American schools and many others have been in the States. Another whom I met at the hotel had just returned from Michigan with his wife and three children. He said his children were Americans, he had a good business in the States but had sold out because he wanted to see Damascus, his parents, and above all he wanted his children to visit his native land.

"I had a good house and an automobile," he said. "My children had good schools and American playmates, while here they have nothing and are homesick, so I am going back soon."

While the famous Damascus blades are no longer to be found in this city, and while Damascus has lost some of the importance it had as a trading city before the opening of the Suez Canal, it does have a big trade and is noted now especially for its gold and silver embroidery, jewelry and products from farther east which reach it by the caravan route. Its fruits are famous, and the homes of the rich, behind their high walls, are a delight to the eye. There are several good hotels, the only drawback being that when a guest wants a hot bath he must give notice at least twelve hours in advance.

The French are doing much archeologic research under the direction of M. Eustache de Lorey who has founded a French museum.

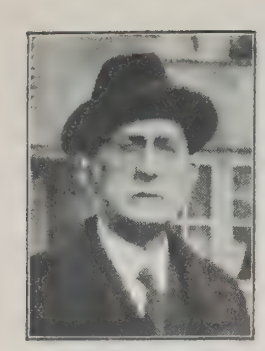
But as all things, pleasant or unpleasant, must end sometime, so our visit to Damascus came to an end. Speeding past the diminutive street cars with their special compartments for veiled women, where no man may enter, we started our long caravan for the longest one-day trip of the journey, having lunched at 10 o'clock in the morning and not due for dinner until we reached Homs, eighty-six miles distant, over a tortuous desert road. In all too short time we passed through the encircling gardens of Damascus made possible by the waters of the River Barada, which loses itself in the earth twenty miles from the city, and were in the real desert, hot and dusty.

We had noticed rifles in all the automobiles when we left Damascus but thought nothing of it at the time. Within a few kilometers of the city, however, we came upon two mounted soldiers, motionless, a hundred yards from the roadway, and thereafter every kilometer or so during that long day there were those silent guardians, at first mounted on horses, but later, far from the towns, on camels, all a part of the native constabulary organized under the direction of General Gouraud for the protection of the highways and the scattered settlements against the roving Bedouins.

Then we understood the meaning of the rifles, but not until we reached a small native town, baking in the hot afternoon sun, did realization fully dawn. There, while officials brought us drinks of sirups and plain water, we learned that the Bedouins, two nights before, had raided the town and driven away 400 head of sheep, which are always brought into corrals from the ranges at night.

Then on we went through choking dust and later over a rocky waste, to come again to thick red dust which continued all the way to Homs, over a road which was never meant for speed, but these drivers, French and Arab, never seemed to realize that fact. Every forty kilometers we passed through an Arab village, silent, seemingly deserted, and baking in the torrid heat, and suddenly after miles of a rocky waste, we saw a huge

(Concluded on page 11)



CAPTAIN
JAMES A. TILTON.

Whalemen Who Still Sail On

Although New Bedford Whaling Is Dead

Old Salts Organize a Unique Social Club

By CLARENCE J. HALL

CAPTAIN
JAMES T. AVERY.

SAFELY launched and with every sail drawing alow and aloft and away on a voyage which should last as long as men love romance is the New Bedford Whalemen's Club. In the hold and between decks is stored a precious cargo of traditions of brave days, and at the wheel is a clear-eyed, weather-beaten old skipper. The sun of whaling sinks into a peaceful sea and there rises this phantom ship, to sail on and on and on over gold and purple waves of memory toward a limitless horizon.

It's "Greasy v'ge Cap'n!" from all New Bedford as the figurative lines are cast off, and the good ship begins to lift to the surge of the sea. Unique among the social organizations of the country, New Bedford may well cry to this club the time-hallowed farewell of those who waved goodby from the dock to the departing sailors. Too many epics of early American life have sunk in the sea of oblivion unheeded by a busy people. It is intended that the glory of the whalemen shall not be forgotten.

The New Bedford Whalemen's Club is more than merely social. Its prime purpose is to keep alive the whaling spirit and traditions. A rising tide of industrialism is not to wash away all memory of the fishery which carried the American flag to every port of the globe and lighted the lamps of the nation.

Actually more substantial than a phantom ship will be the home of the New Bedford Whalemen's Club, if everything as planned goes aright. The whalemen expect to have as their home the famous old bark *Charles W. Morgan,* almost as sound as when her timbers were laid in 1841, not far from the place she now lies so forlorn. This vessel, one of the oldest square-riggers in existence, will, according to the plans, be maintained as a perpetual memorial to the days when New Bedford men pursued leviathan, and to show the future generations just what a typical whaling ship was like, when a short time hence all other whale ships will have vanished from the seas.

The *Morgan* will be kept fully rigged and she will carry all her ancient equipment of gear, with boats, harpoons, lances, lines and all the paraphernalia of the industry which gave way before the discovery of petroleum and modern science. The tryouts amidships, where the oil was boiled from the slabs of whale blubber, will be kept intact. No more changes will be made in the fittings and deck equipment than necessary. Forecastle and the master's quarters aft will be unchanged except perhaps for the application of soap, water and paint, and the installation of electric-lighting fixtures, for even the whalemen could scarcely be expected to forego the convenience of a few modern improvements in favor of dim whale oil lamps and spermaceti candles.

Below, it is the intention to convert the vessel into a museum. Implements, relics, pictures and books pertaining to the whaling industry will be accumulated. She will, in short, be a cyclopedia of whaling for the hordes of visitors who flock to New Bedford each year. She will be a brave bark which sails the Seven Seas in memory.

The Whalemen's Club didn't spring full-grown at once as did Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, mature and in complete armor. In a store not far from where the waves slapped against the wharves the whaling skippers were wont to congregate on cold winter evenings around a red-hot stove in a corner where heavy sea boots and woolen socks filled the shelves. The store was the Samuel Horvitz Whaling Store, where for nearly three-quarters of a century those who went down to the sea had gone for outfitting supplies and a good "gam" (talk). Near where these grim old mariners tilted back their chairs and smoked their cigars and pipes was a quaint board, at which a glance to them told a significant story. On it was recorded the names of whaling ships, the date of departure, the place last reported, the scheduled return date and the actual return date of the vessel. Upon it in a few scratches of chalk were written tales of storms and tragedy. Thus, as recently as 1921, just before the passing of this nook, known all over the seas as "Portygee Corner," fourteen ships were listed and among these two entries:

"Bark Swift—Capt. Dunham—lost
Pedro—Capt. Lopes—lost"

Both these ships, the *Ellen Swift* and the *Pedro Varella,* sailed in 1919 and neither was heard from.

Commerce has crowded out "Portygee Corner." There came a night when the skippers munched red apples around the glowing stove for the last time. But, fortunately, shortly before that time the "Whaling Store Captain's Club," a semi-formal organization, had come about. Here is where Harry A. Neyland, an artist by profession and a whaleman deep down in his heart, comes in. He was present the night the Horvitz store passed to the things of memory.

Let us take a trip down County street, the broad way, its turning length lined with patrician homes, of which Herman Melville says in "Moby Dick," "All these brave houses came from the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian oceans. One and all they were harpooned and dragged up hither from the bottom of the sea."

At the rear of the Swain School of Design, of which Mr. Neyland is director, is his studio, a most interesting place. The very entryway is heaped with things which savor of whaling. There are ivory canes, carved by patient hands through long hours on four-year voyages, tall harpoons stacked in a corner, ship's lanterns. Once within the big room there are even more implements of whaling and there the grandeur of the dead New England industry has been told in paint.

The artist Neyland has caught the very spirit of adventure in those paintings of early days. Here is a huge canvas of a splendid ship, a cloud of canvas leaping on the foaming crest of a curling wave. Over there is wallowing desolately a battered derelict with stumps for masts and dead men for a crew. Here is a forest of masts, glistening under a warm sun, a sight which New Bedford sees no more, and there is a ship floating on through blinding snow.

All these multitudinous paintings are an accurate story of ships. The plaint that the artist knows nothing of what he is trying to make live on canvas can never be said of Harry Neyland. His whaleman's heart forbids. Telling of the men whose cry was, "A Dead Whale or a Stove Boat," no effort was too great. No waterfront wind was too sharp to hinder him from camping on the dock while his clever fingers laid on the pigments which preserved some noble ship now vanished. He went on tugs which escorted outgoing ships, and with sketchbook and canvas he followed them until they rode the high seas. With rule and T-square he poked over the vessels in dock as a marine architect might, and in mechanical drawings he put down the exact measurements. There is no guesswork in the whaling paintings of Neyland.

The Wanderer in tow.

One of the finest collections of ship models in the country has been accumulated in this studio, until there are now some thirty or forty. This beautiful little fleet which was never built to know the swell of the sea tells another mute story of days gone by and aid the artist in the painting of a ship now green at the bottom of the sea. They represent almost a modest fortune, some of the larger models being very valuable.

It was in this great room, while a ship's lamp burned dimly in the center, that the New Bedford Whalemen's Club was organized in 1921.

Because an unkind fate had prevented Neyland from shipping in his youth, this prime mover of the club was unable to sign up on club papers as an able-bodied seaman. Instead, he was put down as steerage boy. He much regrets the circumstances which prevented him from qualifying as a real whaleman but he is inordinately proud to be taken along on this voyage in any capacity. The officers chosen on the night to navigate the ship were signed up as follows:

Captain (president)—Captain James A. Tilton
First Mate—Captain John T. Edwards
Second Mate (treasurer)—Captain Andrew J. Cory
Third Mate—Captain John T. Coakley
Fourth Mate—Alexander J. C. Hart
Fifth Mate—Pemberton H. Nye
Steward—William P. Briggs.

The "ship's articles," drawn up in regular style for the government of the club make an interesting document. By its provisions, so long as any of the bona fide whalemen remain, its destiny will be in their hands. When these men are gone the landlubbers, who are whalemen at heart, may take control. The atmosphere of whaling days is well preserved in the by-laws. Here is a sample:

"Captain to receive a lay (share of the profits) not exceeding $5 for the yearly voyage.

"Able seamen to receive a lay not exceeding $1 for the yearly voyage.

"Green hands to receive a lay not exceeding one cent for the yearly voyage.

"The ship will not 'haulaback' for a 'gam' with the ladies unless it is so commanded by the captain.

"The captain shall be able to discharge at any point or port of entry, or to place in irons any member of the crew whose conduct may require such action. Of this the captain is to be the sole judge.

"A mutinous crew composed of a sufficient number of men and officers shall cause the captain to be placed in irons or shall have power to make him walk the plank."

At the start of these papers of incorporation it is clearly stated that the object of the club is "to advance the knowledge and love of the whaling industry and to preserve works, relics and books pertaining to this life. . . . ."

After reading the charter in the studio of the marine artist let us, just for the fun of it, take a stroll down the picturesque streets to where the tides twirl against the docks and then go over the Acushnet River to where the *Morgan* is idle against a wharf in Fairhaven. Here she is, blunt-nosed, broad of beam, listing slightly toward the dock. Sea gulls cry as we approach.

We clamber over the greasy, dingy bulwarks, and the reek of blubber and tar assails us. We thread our way over a confusion of rusty anchor chains and empty casks. A whale ship at its best after the first baptism of oil was never a thing of beauty nor of fragrance, and the countless voyages of this ancient wanderer have added nothing to its qualities. Everything is as if the last crew, after a protracted voyage, frantically leaped ashore eager for a glimpse of sweetheart or wife, and things were left just as they fell.

It is plain to be seen that there is nothing of the fair clipper about the *Morgan.* She and her sisters were not built for speed, but to withstand the fury of the Arctic gales and the bite of ice floes. Many yachts are larger than the *Morgan,* she measuring but 105 feet overall, and being of but 313 tons displacement. But when the storms came howling around Cape Horn and icebergs went swirling past, the brave old ship wallowed as safely along as could anything exposed to the awful fury of the sea.

Descending the narrow stairs to the forecastle, sometimes known as "the black hole of Calcutta," we first take precautions to affix an imaginary clothespin to our noses. This dungeon was the sleeping quarters of the crew for months on end, and even for several years. The glare from a provident candle shows tiers of berths, gloomy and grimy beyond description, and in their loneliness a bit ghostly. Great cockroaches scuttle at the echo of our footsteps, running helter-skelter to a haven of safety among scattered garments left by the last crew.

Pervading all is the smell of bilge water and the sweetish aroma of the whale oil, a penetrating smell which forever impregnates the timbers of a whaler. How on earth could twenty-seven men exist and carry on the usual functions of life in such a place? Imagine it when the *Morgan* was tossing in the stifling tropics, with perhaps hatches battened down against a gale.

Aft are the quarters of the "old man," and his of-

ficers, more roomy it is true; still not palatial. An incredibly narrow and crooked stair leads to the cabin, where under the dim glow of a skylight is the table with folding benches and on either end the cubbyholes where the officers slept. Over the very rudder is a haircloth sofa, built in, about the only thing suggesting real comfort, that and the skipper's bunk, which in his private cabin swings upon a pivot to the roll of the ship.

Imagine that it is a pleasant spring night with the evening star shining in the west and the lights of the New Bedford mills twinkling across the still waters of the harbor. Just over the high-poking bowsprit glares the red eye of the light on Butlers flat. Answering it are the intermittent glowing of strong old pipes and good cigars. The occasional scratch of a match illumines the rugged face of an ancient mariner. It is a meeting of the New Bedford Whalemen's Club, business over. It is just the sort of night when fancy goes roaming afar, to these men to the farthermost ends of the earth.

Captain James F. Avery, the present club skipper, is a small, wiry man, with snapping dark eyes. He is the man about whom his mates tell the following tale:

"Cap'n Johnathan Smith's wife was laid up for a spell, and bye and bye got so sick that she thought she was like to die. The Cap'n was out to sea and she wanted to see him right bad before she went Cap'n Avery went to see her and after a little talk he took the commission to bring her husband home. And mine you the only address she could give him was 'somewhere in the Atlantic Ocean.'

"He took a seagoing tug and with some sixth sense and with what he knew of the routes of whales and whalers and his seaman's logic located his man and had him home within six weeks. Mrs. Smith lived to a ripe old age and the Cap'n died long before she did."

Captain Avery was himself given up for lost when he pursued a whale in his small boat from six o'clock one morning until six o'clock the next before he sank his iron into the great creature. "What a blame fool I was in those days when I was young," he exclaimed. "I didn't deserve ever to be picked up again. When I left my ship she was becalmed. When my mate in the ship did pick us up there were tears in his eyes. He never thought he'd see us again."

Captain Avery is not a gentle-speaking man and his mates declare that despite his diminutive size the biggest man in the crew jumped when he spoke, or shortly thereafter found himself suffering with a headache and triced up by the thumbs.

Next to little Captain Avery as he sits on the deck of the *Morgan* is Captain "Ben" Cleveland, the "skipper-naturalist," who is equally at home bullying a crew of rough sailors or classifying botanical specimens and gathering birds' eggs. Neither big whales nor mineralogy have any terrors for him. He was the first to go after "sea elephants" for their oil. Twice he was employed by the American Museum of Natural History to assist in the studies of flora and fauna in the South Seas.

In 1909, Captain Cleveland was commissioned to take the brig *Daisy* to sail away to Desolation Island, where he made his sea elephant voyages, to collect scientific specimens. Desolation Island lies 2,500 miles south of the Cape of Good Hope in latitude 50 degrees and longitude 70 degrees. It is a misty, cold, volcanic island inhabited by bellowing sea elephants, arching penguins and crying sea gulls. The elephants are great lumbering creatures, sometimes more than twenty feet long and eighteen feet in circumference, and a big fellow will yield considerable valuable oil. The whalemen ashore on this island, resembling a nightmare, tap the females over the heads with clubs and shoot the more dangerous bulls.

Whaleship putting out behind a tug.

"This expedition to Desolation was one of hardship," begins Captain Cleveland. "After leaving Cape Town the weather constantly grew colder and for nearly a month there was a gale which keeled the bark over to the water for days on end. Even when Desolation was sighted it was three days before we could make any attempt at landing, the seas rolled so high. Everything on the *Daisy* was caked with ice from the flying spray.

"On the collecting trips when we finally got ashore, we would go out with guns and hammers, roped together in single file, Alpine fashion, because of the great danger of quicksand. A number of times one of the men would sink up to his shoulders. During all the time on shore we lived in caves."

There's a silence following the chuckles after this yarn and then another voice over in the darkness strikes up a tale.

"The ship *Hector*, 90 days out, raised a whale and lowered the boats for him. But this was one of those fighting whales and instead of the boats going for him he went for them. He struck the mate's boat just before the mate's harpoon struck him, and a big hole was stove in her. Sails were drawn under the boat and she was kept afloat, and the mate, who was a fighter himself, went after the whale again. The cap'n went for him, too, and the whale turned on the skipper's boat and took it in his mouth. Yes, sir, he held it end on end and shook it to pieces in a minute. This didn't satisfy this fellow and he chewed up every oar and boat's keg that floated his way. The men in the water were picked up by the mate and taken to the ship, and a fresh boat lowered

Right off the whale went for this boat and the skipper gave the order 'stern all.' The crew 'sterned all' and got headed back for the ship just as soon as possible and maybe a little mite quicker. And for half a mile that whale chased that boat, with the men rowing for their dear lives. He followed 'em so close, that crazy-mad fellow, that more than once his jaws came together within six inches of the boat. But the harpooner watched his chance and got his iron in the vital of the whale. When he was cut up they found two irons, one belonging to the *Barclay*, and it was afterward learned that the mate of that ship had lost his life in an encounter with him."

We'll leave them on the peaceful deck of the old *Charles W. Morgan* "gamming" away and planning the time when perhaps the venerable ship will square away again before a fair wind.

Visiting an Earthly Paradise; Damascus, Gem of the Orient

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Bedouin camp, tents of which were made of one piece of cloth to keep off the sun with an open space two feet below so as to catch all the passing breeze. Flocks of camels, horses and goats could be seen in the distance, while there were half a hundred horses saddled and bridled near the tents. We were fifty strong and armed, but we did not stop near the Bedouin camp, which extended on both sides of the trail (it isn't desert etiquette), but smashed through at top speed and came to a halt on the next swell of the plain. In five minutes or more we were surrounded by armed Bedouins on superb horses gaily decked with brilliant cloth and streamers. They were a picturesque crowd of ruffians, rifles slung across their backs as they came at full gallop across the desert. We held a short parley, and there was no question of "baksheesh"—whether due to our number and arms or to the vigilance of those silent soldiers along the route I never found out.

And then on again over the roughest stretch of road imaginable with no slackening of speed, for we could not be caught on the desert overnight. On the right as far as the eye could reach stretched the desert, interminable, and on the left in the distance were the mountains. Here and there were the Arab villages where whole populations lined the roadside in the late afternoon and welcomed us with loud clapping of hands, their gesture of welcome. Flocks of sheep and goats were encountered late in the afternoon plodding in a haze of dust at the heels of their shepherd, from the pastures to the towns, and herds of camels grazing upon seemingly barren ground, were scattered over the landscape. As the darkness descended the last daylight scene I remember was that of countless camels outlined against the sky on distant ridges.

It was late when we finally reached Homs, which is a typical desert city of 60,000 persons near the River Orontes and the Lake of Homs. There was a tired and dusty crowd in those cars after ten hours on the desert, and the only redeeming feature of the evening was that we were not asked to dress for the usual evening banquet given by the city officials. This was the first and the last occasion on the entire trip that we did not have to don evening clothes, for the French are sticklers for proprieties and we were an official mission which must live up to them. Many times we struck some smaller city where there was a reception scheduled, and, although there were no facilities for bathing as we know them at home, we had to be satisfied with those at hand.

Homs has a Catholic archbishop, an American Protestant mission and manufactures gold and silver thread, textiles and fine furniture. It is the meeting point of trails from the desert north and south and east and west, while the land around it is fertile for a certain distance. The meeting of these trails gives Homs its distinction to me, for I never saw so many sheep in my life as were driven through its streets the day I was there. One flock followed another in quick succession, sometimes two flocks going at right angles to each other, becoming indescribably mixed and only separated after herculean efforts on the part of their shepherds. I was told that at some seasons, and this appeared to be one of them, 100,000 head of sheep passed through the streets of Homs daily.

It was here I learned the meaning of the expression "fat-tailed sheep," and also came to understand the meaning of "green pastures and still waters." These desert sheep have a tail about six inches long, and about the same in circumference, broad and thick, which is wholly fat. When the pasture is poor they live on the fat of this tail as does the camel on his hump in similar circumstances.

We had passed a small desert village four or five miles out of Homs the night before but returned on the invitation of the sheik to have coffee with him. It was market day and Homs was crowded as we honked our way through the mob, scaring two country camels who were not accustomed to automobiles and who staged a runaway ahead of our car, while men, women and children scattered into convenient doorways.

The animals finally grew tired of the fast pace and turned into the open doorway of a stable and we cut loose for the desert. The newspapermen's car arrived first, so we had to bear the brunt of the welcome before we could explain that we were not the real show. This was done through a Syrian, dressed in natty American clothes and a straw hat of the latest shape, who singled me out as the only English-speaking person present. This man owned a grocery store and market in Jacksonville, Florida, I think, was visiting his home for the first time in many years and was returning to America within two weeks. I found others who had been to the States in this town of about 200 inhabitants. One man had his first papers but had come home on a visit before the war and could not return when it started, so his papers had lapsed.

Then there were half a dozen girls dressed in gala attire who had just attended a wedding of one of their number. The bride was dressed in a blue silk dress which her husband had brought her from America and they were to leave on the long trip to New York within a few days. She had the usual jewelry as a headdress and a necklace of American gold coins, with a double eagle in the center, all of which had been brought or sent her by the boy who had gone to America and then come back for her.

For so small a town the inhabitants were well traveled. Many had been to South America where they worked on farms or ranches, and all of these spoke Spanish which they were as proud to exhibit as were the others their English.

At the sheik's home, cross-legged on magnificent rugs in a one-story house, we drank our coffee with sweet cakes, while the crowd of villagers remained in the courtyard. In this courtyard was an oven built of clay, with a dome top and a doorway, a foot square, minus the door. At the bottom smoldered a fire and the cook was rolling out thin dough which she plastered on the inside of the dome, the heat of which cooked the bread on one side while the fire below cooked the other. When the upper side was done the bread, naturally, fell into the fire and the cook had to be on the job to save it.

There was one well in the small square of this town and a Greek church. Water was drawn from the well with a goatskin attached to a rope running over a pulley and raised by a horse on which rode a small boy. This youngster had to draw all the water for the town in this manner and seemed to enjoy the job. The church, although small, was a pretentious affair and in one corner I noticed a huge pile of wheat. This, the man from Florida told me, was how the parishioners paid their minister, the latter keeping the increasing hoard until he had enough to take to town and exchange for something he needed more. Incidentally, these farmers on the desert get about the equivalent of two dollars a bushel for their wheat.

Homs was our last stage by automobile for some days, and with a last look at the sheep and the town sprinkling cart, which consisted of a cowhide filled with water and slung on the back of a donkey, with a short hose to spray the street as the donkey walked, we boarded a special train for Aleppo, second in interest only to Damascus

France's Industries Rise From Their Ashes

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hills on the border of Spanish Morocco were French planes, and the machine guns with which the Riffs replied were also made in France. The French munition industry is the only industry in France that has not known any period of unemployment or short time since the war.

With the restoration to France of the rich iron and potash mines in Lorraine, and with the certainty, for many years to come, of cheap coke and coal from the Ruhr, France is now placed in a position of European industrial supremacy that is comparable only to the position that England enjoyed during the Victorian era. She is secure in her home market, by reason of the high English and American exchange rates, and she can reasonably look forward to a much larger market in Germany. France is also able to dominate the markets of the low exchange countries of Europe, including Italy, where the steel industry has lately been compelled to beg for an economic alliance with France, to get some of the iron ore from Lorraine and some of the blast furnace coke from the Ruhr.

This is the explanation of what one sees upon every street in Paris. London is full of sober, straight faces, but the people of France are light-hearted and gay. Part of this is temperamental, of course, but there is no denying the fact that France is prosperous—and looks it. Her shift from agriculture to industry is producing at least temporary benefits.

But how long can a country prosper that does not produce its own food, and is dependent for employment both upon the willingness and the ability of other peoples to buy its products? How long can such a country be safe?

U. S. Corps of Engineers Built the Big Ditch

Great Connecting Link Between Atlantic and Pacific Made a Reality by Their Skill

By HARRY PENCE

This is the second and concluding article of the series.

AT THE close of the Civil War General Dodge was assigned to the command of a western department and in 1866 resigned from the army to accept the post of chief engineer of the projected Union Pacific.

That undertaking not only presented many difficult engineering problems but the hostilities of the Indians made the work dangerous.

"The organization of the construction of the Union Pacific," General Dodge said, after its successful completion, "was upon a military basis; nearly every man had been in the Civil War; the heads of most of the engineering parties and all the chiefs of construction had been officers in the Civil War; the chief of the track-laying force had been a distinguished division commander and at any minute I could call into the field a thousand men, well officered, ready to meet any crisis or any emergency."

With such an organization General Dodge also built the Texas and Pacific Railway.

The Panama Canal

NO EFFORT has been made to emphasize the conspicuous achievements of the corps and of engineers in other branches of the service in actual war but their outstanding success in the Civil War cannot be passed by without mention. Most of the commanding generals, the commanders-in-chief of both armies and the president of the Confederacy were graduates of the academy, and historians seem to agree that the early victories of the Confederate army were due to the fact that Davis, Lee and their associates realized more keenly the immensity of the struggle before them and brought trained abilities into action and made more adequate preparations more quickly and thoroughly than did the civilian directors of affairs in Washington.

Another testimonial to the services of the army engineers and the efficacy of military methods is the Panama Canal. That "big ditch," just celebrating its tenth anniversary, was dreamed of long before the Suez Canal became a reality. It was, however, a much more difficult undertaking. The Spanish considered such a canal as early as 1550, but fearing for their monopoly of communication with that part of the New World rigorously suppressed even agitation on the subject for two centuries. Her Golden Age passed and when she changed policy her power had waned and European complications led ultimately to the loss of her American possessions. A Dutch company obtained a concession in 1830 but soon relinquished efforts to carry through its project. In 1878 Lieutenant Wyse, of the French navy, obtained the concession which later passed to the two French companies which De Lesseps organized, and finally to the United States.

For more than fifty years American engineers speculated upon the possibilities of an isthmian canal at Panama or elsewhere and urged this government to investigate its feasibility. Before and after the collapse of the French endeavor, a number of American commissions explored, examined and reported and ultimately and suddenly the Nicaragua route was discarded and the Panama route was decided upon through the vigorous action of President Roosevelt.

An Epic of Engineering

NAVY rather than army men were prominent on these commissions and the planning and construction of the canal were undertaken by a board of engineers of a wide range of training and practice.

After two chief engineers and the chairman of the commission had resigned it was determined to build the canal with hired labor under the direction of the Corps of Engineers of the United States Army. Colonel, afterward General, George W. Goethals, an expert and an instructor in civil and military engineering and builder of the Muscle Shoals Canal and locks in the Tennessee River, became the generalissimo of the enterprise.

As far as practicable and desirable, army discipline and military methods were introduced and in many respects the story of the building of the Panama Canal is not unlike that of the Union Pacific Railroad. The discipline, of course, did not extend to the workmen and thousands of civilian employes. There were no Indians to fight but an equally deadly, if insidious, enemy lurked in the very atmosphere of the Canal Zone. Fevers and other tropical diseases exacted a heavy toll of human lives until Army Surgeon-General William C. Gorgas, engineer in the conservation of health, became a human benefactor by devising sanitary and preventive means of eliminating these menaces.

It is within the realm of possibilities that the achievements of Surgeon-General Gorgas may some day be regarded as more valuable to humanity than those of General Goethals and that the third of a billion of dollars which the Panama Canal cost may have been well spent, even though the effort to build it had failed and only the control of yellow fever had been discovered.

But the canal was completed. Its only fault is that it has attracted a traffic that seems certain soon to exceed its capacity or its water-supply and already farseeing army engineers are at work on the problem of enlarging it, paralleling it with another "ditch" or constructing a second canal along another route.

We have seen that by the construction of the Erie Canal the army engineers did their part in making New York the metropolis of the United States. But for many years the commerce of the city and of the nation was restricted by the difficulties and dangers to navigation of the East River entrance to Long Island Sound. It was narrow, crooked and only expert pilots could steer clear of its rocky reefs. It had earned the name "Hell Gate." United States army engineers mined and blasted, out of solid rock, a channel 2,000 feet wide, increasing its depth from sixteen to thirty-seven feet. Vessels of that draft now navigate this channel without danger in all conditions of weather, even in fog.

Boston Harbor was also enlarged, deepened and made safe.

Between the Delaware capes a series of breakwaters have created a protected basin in which thousands of vessels find shelter during occasional and seasonal Atlantic coast storms, thus averting numberless shipwrecks and saving countless lives.

These are a few of the works of the army engineers in the seaports of the country and though among the greatest are but typical of many others.

Canalizing Inland Rivers

THE improvement of the inland rivers of the country, entirely an activity of the United States Engineers, comprises a chapter worthy the entire space of this article. It is possible here to refer to only one of these undertakings, the canalization of the Ohio River and its tributaries. The Ohio is nearly 1,000 miles long, flowing through one of the richest and best-developed sections of the country. Its tributaries penetrate ten states and drain an area of 200,000 square miles. Of these tributaries the Monongahela was canalized by a private corporation half a century ago and proved a profitable undertaking by levying toll on coal brought to Pittsburgh. The enterprise was subsequently taken over by the Federal Government, improved and enlarged and opened to free navigation. It now carries more than 20,000,000 tons of coal a year, the annual saving in transportation being about equal to the original cost of the series of locks and dams which provide 131 miles of slack-water navigation.

In its original condition navigation on the Ohio River was impeded in low-water periods by shoals and sandbars. Shallow draft boats operated less than one-third of the year in the upper stretches and had to remain idle nearly that time farther downstream.

Following the demonstrated success of the Monongahela improvements the government began the construction of a series of locks and dams designed to provide a nine-foot stage at all seasons of the year from the source to the mouth of the Ohio and this great work is now nearing completion. Besides the Monongahela, eight other tributaries have been canalized and when the Ohio work is completed a natural highway for economic transportation will be opened that has few equals in the world.

Men engaged in the work have become recognized authorities. Their reports and technical papers constitute a literature which, as it is all on file in the office of the chief of the corps at Washington and available for study and comparison, will prove of inestimable value to future workers in this line.

Lake Erie to Ohio River

SEPARATE from the river improvement labors of the engineers, but still one of their undertakings, officers of this corps are completing the Wilson Dam at Muscle Shoals in the Tennessee River, originally a war plant designed to develop a great volume of hydroelectric power.

Members of this corps are also planning ways and means whereby floods may be prevented or robbed of their power for destruction in the Mississippi River district and when their plans are mature they will be intrusted with the task of carrying them into effect.

For years these engineers have investigated many projects for the betterment of navigation and for flood prevention in the Mississippi River system. The feasibility of establishing storage reservoirs in the upper Mississippi district to provide water during dry seasons has been exhaustively considered, and ultimate efforts to carry out plans depend upon the probability of the improvements attracting a traffic that will make their cost economically justifiable.

In the pre-railroad era three canals of small dimensions, floating boats propelled by horse or mule power, connected Lake Erie with the Ohio River. They were important lines of traffic in pioneer days and such cities as Dayton and Hamilton, Ohio, owe their growth to them.

These canals fell into disuse after the advent of the railroads, largely because their primitive channels and locks allowed for only small barges and made impossible the use of self-propelled craft.

It is now proposed to reconstruct one of these canals on a scale that will permit power barges, with their tows, to ply between Ohio and Mississippi points and lake or even sea ports without breaking their cargoes.

The Dome of the Capitol

UNITED STATES engineers have already made preliminary examinations of this project and are now making surveys to determine which of several proposed routes is the most economic of construction and likely to develop the largest and most useful traffic. The ultimate necessity of such a waterway, which, unlike a railway, will be a free and unrestricted highway for the boats of all who desire to use it, is not seriously doubted. In addition to the engineering problems which it involves, the engineers will have to determine when the construction of the selected line ought to be built and, through the chief of engineers and the Secretary of War, make recommendations to Congress accordingly.

The Chief of Engineers, with the rank of Major-General, and his administrative staff have their headquarters in Washington but the lake regions, the navigable rivers and other sections of the country where works under the direction of the corps are in progress are divided into districts, with an officer of the corps resident in each district. The districts are grouped into divisions with a division engineer in charge of all the work in his group of districts. The district engineers take orders from and report to the division heads and they act under direct orders from the chief.

Washington, the National Capital, is in many respects the most interesting and by many is regarded as the most beautiful city in the country. When it was established in the wilderness forty miles from Baltimore there was no corps of engineers nor any native engineers and architects capable of planning the city or designing its buildings. Pierre Charles L'Enfant, a French military engineer, submitted the ground plan which has been followed with great fidelity. James Hoban, a native of Ireland, won the prize for a plan for the Executive Mansion, popularly known as the White House. A French architect and an English draughtsman divided and quarreled about the honor of designing the Capitol. Little of the work of either is manifest in the present structure and much of the construction and reconstruction of the building was done under the direction of United States Army engineers. They built the massive dome which is justly regarded as its most distinctive feature.

Master Builders

IN TIME the corps of engineers became the master builders of the city and the district. They designed and built most of the magnificent homes of the departments of the Federal Government and the public municipal buildings. They laid out, developed and now maintain the wonderful park system. Public utilities also come within their province. They built and maintain the water supply and the sewage systems and are the constructors and operators of all the public works of the city and the District of Columbia.

The famous Washington Monument was begun as a popular tribute to the Father of the Country. Funds and the constructive skill available proved unequal to the undertaking and for twenty years a formless stub, 156 feet high, remained rather a reflection upon than a credit to its projectors. Congress then aided the society by authorizing the Corps of Engineers to complete the monument. This they did but not until they had reinforced and enlarged its foundations.

Although it was inevitable that many institutions should follow the academy at West Point as training school for engineers and although the Rensselaer Polytechnic, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the Rose Polytechnic, and others, have been giving the country men to direct its industrial and commercial development, the Corps of Engineers of the United States Army still remains a big factor in the civil engineering world.

Routing Ignorance by Sending Education to Appalachia

Caney Creek Mountaineers Are Shown How to Overcome a Handicap of Three Centuries

By GEORGE H. DACY

MRS. ALICE SPENCER GEDDES LLOYD, the mortal goddess of Knot County, who has created and developed the best system of community centers in the southern states.

IN THIS age of automobiles, airplanes, radiophones and innumerable mechanical marvels, can you conceive a rural county containing more than thirty square miles of land area where there are no railroads, telegraph or telephone systems, no free rural mail delivery nor a single mile of improved highway? In your most fantastic imaginings, did you ever even suppose that there were still thousands of persons in the United States who have never seen a railroad train? Do you appreciate that there are untold thousands of mountain children who never saw the sun rise or set over a flat horizon and who would be terrified if they saw the big golden orb straight in front of them, sinking over a prairie skyline? Do you know that there are millions of mountaineers who live in the Appalachian chain of the southern mountains who are still practicing eighteenth-century methods of living, farming and doctoring? In this era of educational advancement and common-sense culture, do you know that there are still many southern districts where ignorance is prized as an asset instead of being classified as an economic handicap?

Entering the Creek of Caney. Most of the roads are in the streams.

Assuredly, it is a great lesson to us to see how some of our compatriots live. No revelations can be more remarkable than those offered by a trip to the highlands of Appalachia where a backward civilization has been for years topsy-turveying the lives of purebred, full-blooded Americans that date back to some of the best foundation stock that ever populated the eastern and southern states. By birth, these mountaineers are real Americans. They are of a robust, sturdy, hardy stock of pioneers. Due to topographical handicaps and isolation in inaccessible districts, these people have remained stagnant and have continued the precarious practices of pioneering while the rest of the country has developed and progressed. Hundreds upon hundreds of mountain families who live in obscure hollows and up the creeks and forks and branches of highland streams do not know the elementary principles of how to live, how to bring up their children, how to keep well nor how to gain happiness and pleasure from life.

In the districts of perpendicular fields, the cabins are rough, crude and windowless. None of the mountaineers even know what sanitation means. Many families in the remote highland regions operate on a budget of less than twenty-five dollars in cash a year. Pork and corn are the two standard crops. Crop rotation is an unfathomable mystery in this land of crags and rocky slopes. The hogs rustle a living in the woodlands and are fed corn for a month or so before butchering time. The soil is never fertilized. As the fields on the lower slopes are depleted, the cropping of corn is transferred to the higher and almost perpendicular heights. It takes a pioneer endowed with all the agility of a Toggenburg goat to plant the seed and tend the corn crop. Eighty per cent of the mountaineers are afflicted with hookworm. Those that have escaped this malady are either halt, lame or nearly blind. If one could corner the despondency and "blue Monday" market and concentrate all such sufferers in a congested area, he would, to a certain degree, have duplicated the community commonplaces and holdbacks that have impeded the propitious growth and development of the Appalachian mountaineers.

If you can conjure up visions of the worst living conditions under the sun, if you can conceive a people who were content to let well-enough alone, if you can imagine communities that had never even had any morale to lose, if you can visualize the conditions which would result in an entire county where there were no public schools, you will have a faint idea of what Caney Creek and Knott County, Kentucky, were seven and one-half years ago when Mrs. Alice Spencer Geddes Lloyd first visited that rough-and-ready section. After special studies at Radcliffe College, Mrs. Lloyd had gone into newspaper work. She was associated with the Boston *Globe* for years. Then she engaged in settlement work among the lumber camps of New Hampshire. She heard about the terrible conditions under which the mountaineers of Appalachia were living and decided to spend her vacation looking into conditions in Knott County. By chance she came to Caney Creek; she remained to aid the benighted people of that illiterate section. Her achievements during her seven and one-half years in Knott County have been outstanding despite the fact that she is an invalid and crippled. Experts of the National Bureau of Education say that she has developed the best system of community centers now operated anywhere in the United States.

At first, the mountaineers were suspicious of Mrs. Lloyd. They were aloof and even suggested brazenly that the sooner she left the community the better pleased they would be. By kindness, patience and perseverance, Mrs. Lloyd finally won the friendship of a few of the families that lived in the hollows, coves and creek branches. She nursed the sick; comforted the helpless; taught the ignorant and won the friendship of the children. She lived in a one-room plank shack, as humble a hovel as there was on the mountain slopes. Gradually she interested the children in coming daily to her shack where she would tell them stories and teach them their letters. In time, she had laid the foundation of a sort of one-ring school.

Through the children, she won the interest of the parents and the old "grannies" and "grandads" of the hills. Finally, unsolicited they requested that Mrs. Lloyd help them to get a little book "larnin." That was how the twilight-school idea found inception in Caney Creek. Mrs. Lloyd's cabin was too small to accommodate all the adults that came to her night classes, so the school met outdoors. She secured a number of sets of spectacles, for many of the old people could not see to read. The next article of equipment was a gasoline lantern which enabled the classes to continue after twilight had waned.

Radcliffe Cottage, funds for which were donated by Radcliffe girls.

Mrs. Lloyd wrote to each graduate and student at Radcliffe College asking them to send two dollars apiece to aid in securing a meeting place and establishing a community center. The replies were numerous and enough money was secured to purchase a four-room, knock-down, portable house. This house cost $450. To illustrate how impossible the transportation facilities were in the rough and rugged confines of Caney Creek, it is worthy of mention that it cost $500 to freight the house from the railroad, twelve miles distant, up and through the mountains to the desired location. It took three months of hard work for the mountain people to haul, heave, push and shove the portable sections of the building up the creek beds which served as the only available roads. Finally, Radcliffe Cottage was delivered and set in place. It is the hub of one of the most efficient systems of human reclamation ever established under the Stars and Stripes.

Not to be outdone by their Radcliffe rivals, the girls of Wellesley College responded nobly to Mrs. Lloyd's request for assistance. Enough money was raised to build Wellesley Recreation Hall which provided a simple rural school, a free circulating library of 10,000 volumes, moonlight school for adult illiterates, an assembly hall for all public gatherings, a place where religious meetings could be held, a local court where justice could be administered, a small space to be used as a post office, and a meeting room for the Caney Creek Civic Club which was organized by Mrs. Lloyd. The students of Smith College and Hampton Institute financed the building of the Smithhampton Industries Building which provided adequate quarters for the manual training and household science activities of the community. In addition to aiding the community center work by contributions, several of the college girls volunteered their services to aid Mrs. Lloyd in the instructional work and organization and operation activities of the community center.

One college girl who came to aid Mrs. Lloyd the first winter she lived in the Caney Creek community had been trained as a nurse. She introduced a new era of health and sanitation among the mountain families. From dawn to sunset, daily, she was in the saddle—the only way she could get about was on horseback—visiting the mountaineers, caring for the sick, instructing mothers how to raise and feed their infants and children, preaching the doctrines of education and sanitation wherever

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Routing Ignorance by Sending Education in Appalachia

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she went. A doctor had never visited the great majority of the crude shacks and cabins that were the homes of the mountain people. They used the simple medicines and herbs of the pre-Revolutionary days and if these remedies were not successful, the patients usually died. The equestrian nurse saved many lives during her first year at Caney Creek. Soon the demands for her services were legion. They poured in from remote coves and creeks in adjoining communities. She paved the way for the Mary Upson Rose Memorial Hospital with a free dispensary and out-patient department which is now the mecca of the suffering and afflicted of Knott County.

The girls of Mount Holyoke College heard about the remarkable work of Mrs. Lloyd in the Caney Creek section. Not to be outdone by their associates at Radcliffe, Wellesley and Smith, they raised $3,500 which they sent to Mrs. Lloyd to build a public school. Despite the fact that it is almost a pauper county, Knott County then came to the front with a pledge to give $1,500 each toward the erection of five model schools as the nucleuses for five additional community centers. Mrs. Lloyd and the Caney Creek Community Center assumed the responsibility for the construction, equipment and superintendence of these schools which were built during 1919 and now compose the framework for a chain of the best community centers in existence.

"My plan is to let the mountaineers organize and run their own community centers," Mrs. Lloyd told me during a recent interview. "I raise the money one way or another to give them a start. I make suggestions as they seem advisable but, for the most part, I turn the matter over to the board of trustees which is elected by popular vote after the individual communities have requested that community centers be started in their localities. The mountain people make mistakes but they are valuable mistakes as they enable the hill folk to learn by experience. Furthermore, the entire responsibility of the projects rests with the leaders who as a rule react favorably to such cares and worries. Our plan is the Americanization of true Americans by Americans. The results are coming slowly—but they are coming. Every month, new sections petition the community centers now in operation for assistance so that they also can lay the foundation for the potential education and social enjoyment of their people."

The Knott County community centers organized by Mrs. Lloyd now consist of Caney Creek, Beaver Creek, Maytown, Bonanza, Banner, Big Mud and Betsy Layne. Approximately 4,000 mountaineers compose these social and educational centers. Altogether twenty-four substantial plank buildings have been constructed. They consist of schools, assembly halls and branch libraries. The library at Caney Creek reaches 25,000 mountaineers who are enthusiastic supporters of Mrs. Lloyd and her novel system of rescuing an illiterate people from the bondage of ignorance and retrogression. Sixty branches of this free library have now been installed in as many small schools which have been organized throughout the mountain sections. The Maytown Community Center has already reached the status where it is self-supporting and the other associations are gradually progressing along a similar trail.

At Caney Creek, Mrs. Lloyd now runs a training school where the best and brightest mountain boys are trained for missionary work among others of their people in the remote districts who have not yet been reached. There are 165 pupils at this school; 50 have graduated and begun their missionary labors. There are more than 4,500,000 ignorant mountaineers in Appalachia—a neglected asset of true Americans who feud, make moonshine whisky and shun schools and modern civilization chiefly because they know no better. The Lloyd training school provides residence accommodations for 80 students—boys selected from the different community centers who have shown marked prowess in leadership, scholarship and general ability. These boys pledge themselves to return to their home counties when their training is completed and to teach, guide and direct their fellow men along the paths of progression and improvement. A few boys are sent to technical and medical schools for additional training. Mrs. Lloyd raises the funds for their education. They promise to return so that their mountaineer neighbors may reap the benefits of their scientific skill and knowledge.

Community Center Cottages

AT Caney Creek Community Center, Mrs. Lloyd has also built a number of simple cottages—the center operates a sawmill of its own and now owns a small forest of oak trees—where the girls of the mountains can come and learn the rudiments of housekeeping and homemaking. This method of training the future housewives of the hills in the ABC's of cooking, sewing, cleaning and general sanitation about the home is eliminating the filth and squalor from the ordinary mountain cabins. A group of six girls may be assigned to one of the community center cottages. For a week at a time each of the girls performs special tasks for which she is responsible. One is cook, another tends to the garden, cares for the poultry and milks the cow. A third keeps the house clean and orderly. Still another will wash and care for the clothes and dishes. The fifth girl does all the sewing for the cottage and its occupants, while the sixth girl makes up the menus and tends to the purchasing at the community stores. At the end of the week, the girls trade jobs. In this way, in the course of several months, they all have been schooled by practical experience in every problem connected with the running of an ordinary home.

Mrs. Lloyd, the mortal goddess of Caney Creek and the savior of more than 25,000 hill people who have benefited from her kindness and aid, has already worked wonders in preventing the marriage of first cousins and the marriage of young girls only 14 to 15 years of age. Heretofore about the only society provided by the hills has come through marriage. That is why girls have married so young. Furthermore, the women of the mountains have been treated like white squaws by their "hill-billy" husbands who have made them do all the rough work connected with running the home. The words "women" and "work" have long been synonymous in mountain parlance. In fact, the average hillman always refers to any tool or implement which he uses for work as "she" or "her."

The effect of this life of drudgery on the women is aptly illustrated by the case of a certain mountaineer who unexpectedly received a check for $75,000 from a company which had purchased the oil and coal rights on his mountain lands. Overwhelmed by the magnitude of the bank account which so suddenly came to him, the hillman sought his wife and said, "Maw, we're rich now. You kin have 'ary thing you want. What shall it be?" "Maw" reflected for a few minutes and then replied, "The blade of my axe is powerful poor. Do you reckon you kin git me a new one?"

An Experimental Farm

JUST to show the benefits which come from "booklarnin'," the action of one of Mrs. Lloyd's schoolboys who secretly returned home and demolished his father's moonshine still is outstanding. This lad learned at the school that whisky led to evil and that Uncle Sam by law prohibited its illicit manufacture. These facts were merely incidental in the daily lessons of the boy, as Mrs. Lloyd has always refrained from direct attack on the moonshine-making and the religion of the hillsmen. Notwithstanding, this youngster learned that it was wrong to make illicit whisky. Hence, he wrecked his father's still and was able to convert his parents to his new way of reasoning. This only illustrates what remarkable results obtain in Appalachia as a result of educating the younger generation.

An interesting feature of the Caney Creek Community Center is the 150-acre experimental farm where the mountain boys and their "daddies" are being trained in the fundamentals of crop rotation, livestock husbandry and the prevention of soil erosion. The steep mountain sides provide ideal conditions for sidehill washing and erosion. Mrs. Lloyd is now teaching the hill farmers how to terrace their fields to avoid such losses of fertility and soil. She is showing them how to fertilize the crops, how to feed the livestock. She is preaching the doctrine of purebred livestock to replace the scrub and mongrel breeding animals which commonly are maintained. Farming at best is difficult in Knott County due to the steep hillside fields. In the Caney Creek section there is not enough level land for a basketball court.

When Mrs. Lloyd came to Caney Creek only a few of the mountaineers had ever seen an American flag. One old "grannie" came to see Mrs. Lloyd one day and fell captive to the beauty of the Stars and Stripes. As she was leaving, she said, "Will thee not give me the pretty," pointing to the flag, "I want to make a rug out of it."

Conditions are quite different now in Knott County. Mrs. Lloyd has purchased and erected thirty-seven American flags and flagpoles at as many different mountain schools. The children at each school are taught how to salute the flag. They are instructed to venerate the starry banner as the emblem of liberty and freedom. The children have carried home the stories about the American flag and now practically all the mountain families that have been reached from Caney Creek and the adjoining community centers respect and pay homage to our national ensign.

Another worth-while accomplishment among the many achievements which Mrs. Lloyd has consummated is the organization of thirty citizenship clubs among the hills and valleys of Knott County. These clubs develop the civic responsibility of the mountaineer. They educate him concerning the need for schools, good roads and country improvements such as community nurses, hospitals and better methods of farming. One of the great drives of these citizenship clubs has been to arouse all the people of Knott County so that they will appreciate the dire need for good roads in place of creek bottoms as modern highways. The *Beacon Light of Knott County*, a small and novel newspaper published, edited and printed by the high school boys in Mrs. Lloyd's training school—it is the only newspaper published and circulated in Knott County—has aided greatly in this campaign for a few miles of good roads in Knott, the most curious county in the country.

Democrats Indict Government's Record

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for the vitally important post of solicitor-general of the United States.

Here again he exceeded the requirements of his situation. For five years he appeared almost daily before the Supreme Court of the United States, arguing the government's side of all Federal cases that go to the highest tribunal. There he met the greatest legal minds of the country, arrayed in opposition on the other side of the counsel table. He not only held his own, but he distinguished himself so markedly that at one time the Supreme Court itself requested President Wilson to appoint him a member thereof.

Mr. Wilson, however, had other important work for Mr. Davis. He designated him Ambassador to Great Britain, and here once more Mr. Davis exceeded the requirements of the circumstances in which he found himself. He attracted world-wide attention as a diplomatist, and returned to the United States at the close of the Wilson Administration, to take a partnership in Grover Cleveland's old law firm, one of the largest in the country, and to become, very shortly, the president of the American Bar Association, and admittedly one of the three or four ablest lawyers of the country.

Mr. Davis' capacity to discharge with distinction the duties of whatever position he is called upon to occupy, as well as the particular training he has received through the life he has led from boyhood, fits him perfectly for the office of President. This explains why so many people, irrespective of party, say, "John W. Davis is better qualified to be President than any other man in the United States."

In presenting Davis and Bryan and the Democratic party as the only agency through which the people can have honesty and progress at home and honor abroad, we must call attention to corruption and dishonesty in government, which cannot be forgotten or ignored merely because a little time has elapsed since it was revealed.

The important thing is not, actually, that there was the most frightful graft, scandal and corruption under a Republican administration that has ever shamed the country, but the fact that not one Republican, from the President down, ever lifted his finger to help uncover it. On the other hand, every Republican official, who took any part whatever in the investigation, did all in his power to prevent exposure, until after the bribery of a member of the Cabinet had been revealed. Up to that point all the power of a strong Republican administration, backed by a strong Republican majority in Congress, was used to block discovery of crookedness.

What the Party Promises

THIS was true of the oil scandals. It was true of the Department of Justice scandals. It was true of the Veterans' Bureau scandals. Since then three members of the Cabinet have been ousted. One of them is under indictment, and the Veterans' Bureau head, finally forced out, is also formally indicted on graft charges. If the investigations had been left to Republicans, all these men would still have been in office, continuing the reprehensible practices which have shocked the country.

The Republican party under its present leadership cannot escape responsibility for this condition. When it asks for a return to power, in the face of these corrupt scandals, it asks the country to endorse Fall, Daugherty, Denby, Forbes and the whole scandalous chapter in which they figured.

If the Democratic party were destitute of record, instead of having a record for honesty and progress that cannot be matched in the history of the nation; if the Democratic party had a mediocre candidate instead of one of the ablest men of the generation, then the corruption and scandals of the Harding-Coolidge Administration alone would justify the election of the Democratic ticket. But when the Democratic party offers honorable, intelligent association with the nations of the world, to the advantage of Americans; and when it promises a liberal, constructive domestic program backed by successful performance; and when it presents a candidate who is universally recognized as the best-fitted man for the job in the country, then the reasons for the election of the Democratic ticket become overwhelming.

Progressives Submit a Militant Program

Concluded from page 5

without discrimination to business men, farmers and home-builders.

Today the Federal Reserve System and the Farm Loan System are both absolutely controlled by the big financiers—the people who *sell* credit and capital. In the proposed reconstruction of these systems, special provision will be made to insure that the users of capital—the farmers, merchants, manufacturers and home-builders who must *buy* credit—will be given the representation to which they are entitled. Special legislation is also proposed for the reformation of the marketing system, so that the farmer will be able to secure a larger share of the price which the consumer pays. Official investigations have demonstrated that the farmer gets only forty cents out of every dollar paid by the consumer.

Senator La Follette is convinced, by his studies last year in Denmark and other countries which have highly developed co-operative systems, that it is possible to increase enormously the farmer's share without injuring the consumer. In Denmark, the farmer receives eighty cents out of every dollar paid by the consumer, and there is no reason why similarly beneficial results should not be secured in the United States—unless we are willing to admit that we are less intelligent and enterprising than the Danes.

Finally, the Progressive candidates believe there can be no permanent prosperity in the United States or any other country until the war menace has been removed. La Follette and Wheeler have proved that they stand for peace. They kept cool and worked for peace while the world went war-mad.

The program which they have outlined in their platform means "No More War." They propose by firm treaty agreements to abolish conscription and drastically reduce land, air and naval armaments. They know that without conscript armies at the beck and call of the imperialists and the militarists war can be waged only when the people want it. They know that the people never want war. They, therefore, propose also by firm treaty agreements to provide for public referendums on peace and war, so that the people may vote whether war shall be declared and whether their sons shall be sent to the sacrifice.

The complete program which the Progressive candidates offer is designed above all to restore control of government as fully as possible to the people. It does not endanger in the slightest degree any legitimate business or any honest enterprise. It means peace and prosperity for all the people.

Popular Heroes of the Baseball World

Some Physical Characteristics of Giants of Sport Are Lightly Touched Upon

By PAUL MACDONALD

BATTING and fielding averages give players their rank in the record books but not with the vast army that follows baseball. Personality is a more valuable thing than the averages, and the record books do not estimate personality. Reputations are made by performances on the field but not by that alone, for some physical peculiarity of the player or an odd name has often proved far more valuable and raised the player possessing them over men with greater batting and fielding skill.

Several years ago, the New York Americans had an ordinary player named Conroy but during his stay in the major leagues he was better known than the majority of players for no other reason than that he carried what was probably the oddest nickname the sport has known. Conroy had been dubbed "The Widow" and the nickname was so unusual that the impression grew that Conroy must be an unusual ball player. Later on the baseball patrons grew tired of calling him "The Widow"; that was too long. They abbreviated it to "Wid" and Conroy remained "Wid" during the remainder of his baseball days. He never got beyond ordinary ability but the nickname carried him along and kept him popular.

Old-Time Favorites

LAVE CROSS was better than the average ball player but he never performed up to the reputation he had and this reputation was based upon a pair of bowlegs. Cross is reputed to have owned the most pronounced bowlegs ever on exhibition in sports. The like of them was never seen before nor since. John P. Wagner, the famous Hans or Honus, of the Pittsburgh Nationals, was famous for huge hands and bowlegs but the legs of Honus looked like those of Apollo compared with the legs of Lave Cross. People paid to see Cross play because of his legs and they stayed until the end of the game for the same reason that many people stay for the juggling act in a vaudeville show. The jugglers generally close the bill and a good part of the audience likes to see the act because of the chance that one of the jugglers will drop something. When Cross played the fans wanted to see the batter drive the ball to Cross at third base with the hope that the ball would skip through the almost perfect arc described by Cross' legs. Whenever the ball got through the long wait was well rewarded.

For more than a decade John Titus was a big favorite as a member of the Philadelphia Nationals. The chief reason for his popularity was that John could easily be picked out on the field of play. Titus wore the most impressive mustache in baseball. There have been many mustaches worn in this field of amusement but they were mostly long and scraggly affairs, badly kept. Their owners had little pride in them. Not so with the mustache that John Titus wore. It was a thing of refinement, black and businesslike, always neatly trimmed and turned. It distinguished him and set him apart. Fans recognized him by the mustache and it kept him in the game after his allotted time. He was extremely popular.

For similar reasons John Remsen, who played for St. Louis 40 years ago, was popular. Remsen was the best fielder in his league but it requires more than simple fielding ability to put a player up and keep him there. Remsen was up with the patrons of the sport; among the idols of his day. What made him so popular was that he wore a full beard. He kept it full and prided himself on it. He was easily distinguished by the beard and got his pictures into the papers because of it. There were better players in his day but none of them more popular than Remsen. He stayed a long time, for he became part of the color of the game and patrons wanted to see him. The sight of Remsen, with long flowing beard, chasing a fly ball was well worth the admission price to the multitude.

Had the Largest Calves

CHARLIE HICKMAN was an intelligent ball player. That is one reason he remained in big league baseball as long as he did. Another reason was his calves. It is said that Hickman had the largest calves of any man that ever played the game. He was a good hitter but toward the close of his career he never got anything but singles. No matter how far he hit the ball Hickman's calves were so large that they did not carry him beyond first base. Still, he never lost popularity even in the waning days of his career. His calves had been so long discussed that they made him one of the leading figures of the game.

Denton T. Young, better known as "Cy," was one of the greatest pitchers of all time. People used to come to the ball parks to see Young pitch for he did that with rare intelligence and success. But Young developed color at the height of his career. This "color" came in a steadily increasing waistline. Young soon had the largest waist measurement in the history of the game and it increased until he passed from organized baseball. But even after the belt line was so expansive that it was impossible for Young to stoop over for batted balls he was popular because of it. They liked him all the better because his paunch was so big that he could not field.

"Ping" Bodie stayed on in the majors after he was regarded as through with the big leagues. Bodie had difficulty keeping down his weight and later failed entirely. He became a roly-poly sort and his rotundity brought him vast popularity. Bodie had great difficulty in running but they liked him all the more, which is one of the peculiar phases of what is termed mob psychology.

Carl Weilman, who used to pitch for the St. Louis Americans, had little color as color goes in sport but Weilman was one of the tallest men engaged in any sport. As a pitcher he had one unusual accomplishment and that was beating the Detroit team. He did this eight times in one season, a record for any pitcher. But it was his height that made him an uncommon man among ball players.

Byron Harris, of the Philadelphia Americans, is distinguished for the same reason. Baseball patrons like to see him pitch because it gives them an opportunity to see Harris bat and Harris' style at bat is unique. One of the tallest and thinnest players of all time, Harris is extremely awkward and when he bats everybody hopes he will hit the ball because they like to see him run. When Harris runs he presents one of the most unusual sights in baseball. His extreme height and his slender build set him apart.

Ty Cobb and Babe Ruth

THE late Addie Joss had a combination of peculiarities. His one-syllable name, extremely odd but easily remembered, would alone distinguish him but besides that Joss was very tall. Unlike Weilman, Harris and some of the other giants the game has known, Joss was graceful and he had greatness as a pitcher, delivering one of the few no-hit, no-run, no-man-reach-first games that has been produced in baseball. His name, his height and his ability combined made Joss one of the leading stars of the game.

The greatest individuals, from the standpoint of "gate attractions," are Ty Cobb and Babe Ruth. Both men owe part of their popularity to their names. Here are two names of one syllable each, easily remembered. As far as we know Ruth and Cobb are the only players of their names who have ever stepped out of the ordinary run of baseball. Each is spectacular but much of the glamour of their deeds would have been removed had they been named Smith and Brown. There is nothing out of the ordinary in names like Smith and Brown. Cobb as Smith would have been just another Smith and Ruth as Brown just one more Brown. Not alone were they blessed with unusual last names but their given names were out of the ordinary, Cobb's by baptismal right, and Ruth's by popular acclaim. There has never been another player with the first name of Tyrus in the game and while there have been innumerable Georges, which happens to be the first name of Ruth, the nickname of Babe sets him apart and removes his entire name from the commonplace.

Names with ball players are much like names in trade. The important thing to a manufacturer is a good trade name, something easily learned and remembered, something that appeals to the ear. In this respect Cobb and Ruth were fortunate.

Samuel Crawford used to be a barber in Wahoo, Nebraska. Then he began playing baseball and showed unusual talent in batting. He soon reached the major leagues and became one of the great sluggers of the game. Crawford was never a colorful player, although a mighty hitter, but the nickname of "Wahoo Sam" gave him a touch of the unusual with which his style of playing failed to provide him. The nickname was of immense value to Crawford, who never acquired the magnetic air.

A Colorful Player

JACOBSON, centerfielder for the St. Louis Americans for years, was likewise a colorless player. He was a good fielder and a fairly good batsman but his style was never sensational; he had nothing about his system of play that distinguished him. Still, Jacobson was for years a drawing card. Of immense stature, he acquired the nickname of "Baby Doll" early in his career and it was this nickname that made him well-known, rather than any ability to hit or field.

When Walter Johnson was making his great reputation at Washington his catcher was Street. Now Street was an ordinary catcher. But Street talked much and earned the nickname of "Gabby." The nickname caught the public fancy. Johnson was never hard to catch; there have been any number of pitchers whose deliveries were much more difficult to handle but "Gabby" saw that the impression got around that only he could handle the fast ball that Johnson pitched, an impression that was demolished when Street left the Washington club and others were called on to receive Johnson. Street had the nickname and besides that he caught a ball thrown from the top of the Washington Monument, a feat that gave him added publicity.

"Gavvy" Cravath, who was the home-run leader in the National League for a while, also found a nickname of considerable value. He was not nearly so colorful as the nickname.

"Dazzy" Vance, one of the leading pitchers in the National, can credit much to his nickname. Some years ago Vance had a friend who was a cowboy. This cowpuncher had a pet expression. Anything that pleased him was a daisy. But he did not pronounce it as daisy; with him it was always "dazzy." Vance adopted the expression and so did the baseball followers; they tacked it to Vance.

Picturesque Nicknames

THERE have been names so difficult to pronounce that their owners gained wide reputations on that account. Such was the name of Bill Wambsganss. No one ever seemed to be able to spell the name, and to overcome the difficulty baseball writers who seemed never able to learn the number of n's, s's, g's and b's in Wambsganss, finally got around the difficulty by calling him Wamby and let it go at that. In the box scores, printed in the newspapers and set one-half column wide, there was never room for the full name and so it always appeared as Wamby and Wambsganss finally decided it would be best for all concerned to relieve the minds of fans so he had the name legally changed to Wamby. But, as Wamby, he can never get the publicity that he got as Wambsganss, even if the name was never spelled correctly or if spelled correctly only by accident.

Years before the arrival of Wamby in the major league circles there was another player who had a name so long that it could never be jammed into a typed score. This was Abbaticchio of Pittsburgh. His name caused great commotion whenever it came up, either as to pronunciation or spelling, or both. The only time it ever appeared in full was in the official batting and fielding averages; at all other times Abbaticchio had to be content to see his name appear as Abby. He topped Wambsganss by just one letter, a close victory indeed but giving him the distinction of having the longest name the game has known.

One of the commonest nicknames in baseball has been "Buck." There have been innumerable "Bucks." Any time a player is named "Buck" it is a mark of esteem or affection. Among the more famous of the "Bucks" may be mentioned—Ewing, Freeman, Herzog, Weaver. The major league lists also have been fairly well sprinkled with "Kids," among them Elberfeld, Gleason and Nichols. And the "Heinies"—Groh, Wagner and Zimmerman. Some of the lesser lights have carried these nicknames and all of them owed part of their popularity to the names by which the bleachers knew them best.

Feet Caused Discussion

FEET have always caused much discussion in baseball. Players have a habit of making reference to feet, whenever they are of unusual size. No one seems to care for the honor of owning the largest feet in baseball.

Frank LeRoy Chance, when he played first base and managed the great Chicago Cubs team, was known among ball players as "Clubfoot" but the general public never called Chance that—while he was within earshot.

His feet helped Heinie Wagner gain a reputation as a third baseman and they also helped the Boston Americans win ball games. Wagner is reputed to have the biggest feet that ever stepped across a diamond. When Bill Carrigan was the star catcher of Boston and Wagner the third baseman of the team, this pair caught more runners off base than any pair in the game. Carrigan would make a snap throw to Wagner and Wagner would shove one of his enormous feet across the base line. It is said that no runner was ever able to get over Wagner's feet in his effort to return to the bag.

Wagner's feet were for years the pet subject of the cartoonists of Boston newspapers. They began drawing the feet of Wagner when the training season began in spring and continued using them until the season ended. No matter how scarce the subjects for cartooning there were always the feet of Wagner. It was publicity that gained him much renown and helped keep him before the public.

And so you have feet and calves, legs and arms, height and weight and names, all methods and means of getting the player before the public and keeping him there, often after his playing ability has passed. Individuals that are classed as "gate attractions" are valuable in any sport or amusement enterprise.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

The powerful Maybach motors, which have been installed in the Zeppelin ZR-3, for her trip from Germany to this country, are capable of running 1,000 hours without overhauling, according to American aeronautic experts who have examined the craft. The best record attained by American-made motors is 500 hours of continuous use.

During the World War only 1,849 American soldiers were seriously affected by chlorine gas, and of these only 7 died.

Railroads of the United States handled 70,000,000 pieces of baggage during the year 1923.

The National Lumber Manufacturer's Association has estimated that forest-fire losses this season in California, Oregon, Washington, Montana and Idaho amount to $4,250,000. Of this, $3,000,000 represented the loss of standing timber in the national parks and forests; $500,000 damage to privately owned standing timber, and an equal sum for logs and logging equipment; $250,000 in losses to settlers and community property.

Japan has a land area of 147,000 square miles, or about one twenty-fourth that of the United States, while her population is 56,000,000 or one-half that of this country.

The chicadee often devours more than 450 eggs of plant lice in a single day. It also eats at least twenty cankerworms a day during the activity of these insects.

Pencils made from lead bullets, bone buttons, button cutters and many other old Revolutionary relics were recently unearthed on the site of the original camp of the Continental forces at West Point.

At noon each day the sun's rays are focused on the touchhole of a cannon mounted at the Pena Castle at Cintra, Portugal, and thus it is automatically fired.

Hailstorms in India frequently are of such violence as to kill people. There is a case on record occurring in the Moradabad district on May 1, 1888, when about two hundred fifty persons perished in a severe hailstorm.

A noted authority on whaling estimated that in 1853 as many as 30,000 gray whales were present on the California coast; during the period from 1919 to 1922 only one was captured there.

A combined clockwork and hand-played carillon of fifteen bells in London plays mechanically five hymn tunes and one hundred and thirty changes on ten bells. The largest bell, the tenor, weighs more than two and a half tons.

Liechtenstein, snuggled away in the green valleys that separate Austria from Switzerland, is a country about sixty-five square miles in area. It was not involved in the World War and is without public debts or taxes. Its currency is sound, the cost of living is low, and prosperity is general, poverty being unknown.

The United States Bureau of Mines has approved a new type of electric safety lamp for the miners. It produces three times as much light as the previous types, while the battery and lamp together weigh but a third as much as the older designs.

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. This set includes: "The International Jew," Vol. 1, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

"Inert wealth has no power. Wealth in motion is power. And many of the greatest leaders in finance of today are not men of vast wealth, but those who, through their qualities of care, initiative and justice, keep large bodies of wealth in useful motion."—*Charles G. Dawes.*

Approximately two-thirds of the present forest cut is lost in the processes of conversion and through inefficient use.

Improved methods of manufacture are responsible for the reduction in price of insulin, specific for diabetes, from $14.16 a patient to $7.03 a patient.

The old Holland windmills are slowly but surely going down before modern machinery. The electric pump is more efficient.

The old Baltimore shot tower, which has stood as a landmark at Fayette and Front streets for almost one hundred years, will be purchased by the city and preserved, if efforts of a number of organizations and citizens are successful.

Texas has a prison farm without locks, guards, dogs or guns. The keeper is the honor of the convicts who have been picked by the managers of the five white prison farms for their good behavior, willingness and trustworthiness.

A cable railway is to be built up Mt. Fuji in Japan.

The United States Department of Agriculture is giving away some thousands of mule deer which have become so numerous in the Kaibab National Forest in Northern Arizona as to threaten starvation of the entire herd because of the sparseness of the natural food. The expense to the applicant will be crating and transportation charges only, a sum estimated to be about thirty-five dollars an animal. Shipments will be confined to east of the Sierra Nevada and Cascade mountains and the deer are to be released in parks, estates or wilderness.

The Methodist people of Elkton, Michigan, have converted an old barroom and tavern into a modern church. The church will seat about three hundred persons.

Nineteen persons more than one hundred years old died in Manila, in the Philippine Islands, during 1923.

When the Normans conquered England and dispossessed the Anglo-Saxons of their lands they spoke Norman-French. The Saxon was the serf who tilled the soil and tended cattle; the Norman was the overlord who ate the meat thus provided. The Saxon called the living animal a cow; the Norman called the dead animal beef. Similarly the sheep was mutton to the Norman, and deer, venison; calf, veal; and the hog, pork.

Many farmers caught with a heavy supply of soft corn this year are making stack silage in instances where their silos are loaded to capacity. One man in Minnesota makes the stack twenty feet in diameter and twenty feet high, keeping the center lower than the outside until the top is reached when the center should be filled to capacity. Butts should be laid to the outside and the stack will then settle evenly and firmly. Top should be covered with hay.

A small mouse got mixed up in the machinery of the Central Electric generating plant of Lille, France, recently, causing a short circuit. The mouse was burned to a cinder, the alternating turbine burst into flames and a large part of the big plant was destroyed, causing $20,000 damage.

Two royal tombs from the Valley of the Kings will be erected in the Field Museum of Natural History at Chicago. Each tomb will contain several rooms and in each burial crypt the genuine mummy of a king and queen will be placed in a sarcophagus.

There are 1,084,128 women engaged in agriculture, forestry and animal husbandry in the United States.

An ancient inn near Paris, associated with picturesque legends and a reputation four centuries old, is to disappear to make room for a modern building. It is the Compas d'Or, 72 Rue Montorgueil, and is now used as a garage for the market carts that bring their loads of vegetables to the neighboring markets.

The United States has an area of 3,026,789 square miles, which, combined with Alaska and her island territories, is slightly larger than the Sahara Desert.

The foot and mouth disease, which has been so prevalent in our southwestern states, is now raging in Belgium. In August, the total number of cattle afflicted was 143,292; a large number of hogs were also stricken.

Imports of the fruit from the United States show that the British people are acquiring a liking for grapefruit.

A movement has been started at Kentville, Nova Scotia, to erect a monument in honor of Longfellow, whose poem, "Evangeline," has that region for a setting.

A new method of warfare has been adopted by the Chinese in their civil war. A trainload of firecrackers has been supplied to the Kiangsu troops for use in assault along the Shanghai battle front. They will be set off by way of camouflage, concealing the real point of attack in the offensive.

A shipment of wool, the first ever clipped in Alaska, arrived in Seattle recently from Kodiak and Umnak Islands.

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A Woman's Adventures in China

"Blind Pigs" in City Skyscrapers

The Last of the Six-Masted Ships

If Washington Were to Be Invaded

The Strong Man of Herrin Speaks

How "Ben" Butler Saved New Orleans

Pictures in Silks and Satins

NEXT WEEK

Dawes Plan and International Finance

Mussolini, the Modern Caesar

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLEGTED TRUTH

American Woman in War-Shocked Shanghai

China's Warriors March to the Battle Front Carrying Fans and Bird Cages

By MRS. L. M. CRAMER

Shanghai, September 11—

"Through an accident of fate I have been thrown headfirst into the war area. It is not much of a war yet, but it's going to be a blinger before it's over, so everybody says. I will try to send a story by each mail about it, picking out the things that are unusual, and which I think might interest others. . . . An explosion has occurred that has shaken the house. The big guns can be heard very plainly today, despite the fact that the air is heavy."

OF COURSE, if you have never lived in China I shall expect you to take this article with a pinch of salt, especially that part about soldiers marching to war carrying fans and bird cages, and with paper umbrellas strapped on their backs.

But if any of you who read this have ever lived in China, you will close your eyes and visualize it all—the long line of soldiers marching, toting guns and fanning themselves, some of them carrying bird cages held shoulder high that the birds may "look see."

In our Western minds we fail to connect the Chinese soldier with any such softness of heart. Instead, we think of him, perhaps, as apt to be a cruel chap, pretty much the barbarian when backed into a corner, or crazed with fear, and we are apt to think of him as more or less of a coward. But this soldier of the Middle Kingdom has his more tender side, as evidenced in his love for his bird and his passion for flowers. Every soldier barracks in China rings with the songs of birds, and is bright with its posies.

Again, I know nothing of what the Chinese soldier of the past has been, whether filled with courage or a coward, but so far in the war, which is today in its beginning, he has shown the stuff of which heroes are made more frequently than he has shown cowardice.

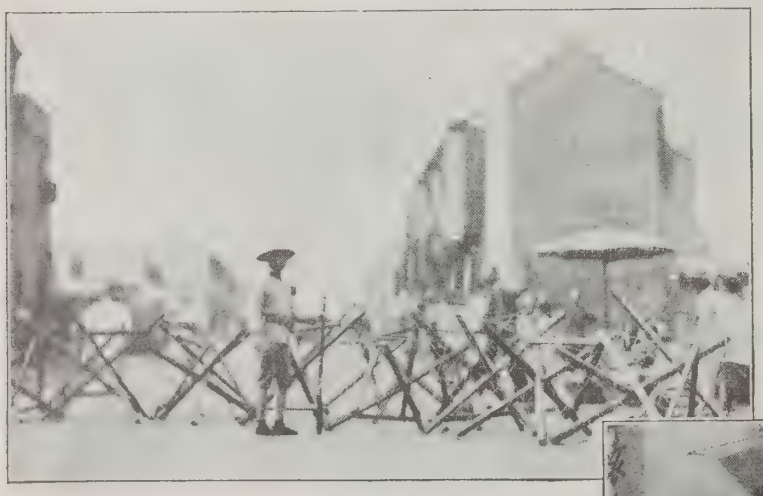
Another reason why we are so willing to underestimate the decency and the possible fineness of the rank and file of the armies of China is that the Chinese themselves look down upon their soldier men. Unlike Christian lands when the men go to war, the soldier in China does not represent the flower of Chinese manhood. He is recruited from the lower walks of life, and it is a well-known fact that China's rank and file has a considerable percentage of bandits.

Peaceful Nanking now war torn.

At the present moment the provinces of Kiangsu and Chekiang are at war with each other and I am one of the tens of thousands of others, both Chinese and foreign, who are refugees in Shanghai, having fled from the fighting or threatened areas to the comparative protection of its shelter.

All last winter we heard rumors of an impending conflict between these two provinces, and as Soochow is in Kiangsu province I used to be rather uneasy about it sometimes. But as the months rolled by and no war came I grew apathetic.

About the middle of August we began to hear soldiers marching past our house. My son and I came to the conclusion that something like 2,000 troops of the garrison about a mile south of us were being moved to another town about ten miles away, and gave no further heed. Even when the No. 1 Boy said, as he was waiting upon my son one night: "Master, my think maybe Chinaman make fight," we laughed at him, and told him not to be afraid, there was going to be no war, and proceeded to dismiss the matter from our minds.



Barbed-wire entanglements and the settlements around Shanghai.

And still the marching soldiers passed our house, bird cages, guns, fans and paper umbrellas strapped on their backs.

The boy said nothing further. Deep down in our hearts, however, a fear was springing up, because we knew that war between Kiangsu and Chekiang would be a terrible thing—because there was Shanghai! Shanghai, which really belongs to Kiangsu province, lies within Kiangsu territorial limits, but because she is so large, she has a governor separate from the governor of the province, and this governor of Shanghai is an appointee of the war lord of Chekiang province and therefore claimed by Chekiang. Where on earth, except in China, could such a state of affairs obtain?

The whole war means no more than a quarrel for the possession of Shanghai, the greatest commercial city in all China if not in the entire Far East, and with Shanghai goes the control of the Kiangnan arsenal—an arsenal that has always been the most important in China. It was a scurvy trick of fate, a mistake on a miserable "scrap of paper," that first enabled Chekiang to own Shanghai. If it is the grand prize in this war between two provinces, it would be equally a grand prize in a greater war, and the conflict between these two provinces may easily plunge all China into civil strife.

Chang Tso-lin, war lord of Manchuria, and We Pei-fu, war lord of Pekin and head of the powerful Chihli party (which is Kiangsu's party) are on the verge of war, and Chang Tso-lin has set September 14, the day after the Mid-Autumn festival, to fire the first shot at Chihli government, which is We Pei-fu controlled rather than by the President of China. Chang Tso-lin, in this declaration has allied himself with the Chekiang forces, which, in the eight days of fighting so far, have seemed to have received the worst of it. Chekiang represents the now nearly extinct Anfu party.

Down in Canton Dr. Sun Yat Sen is this very minute champing at the bit to loosen his forces against Kiangsu, allying himself with Chekiang, and only the accident of fate that finds him financially broke keeps him from entering the fray.

It is an interesting situation, but that, as Kipling would say, is another story and waits a later telling.

Headquarters of the Red Cross in Shanghai.

After we had laughed at No. 1 Boy for his fears he said no more to us about war for a week, and then one night he came to my son, very excited, and said: "Master, Chinaman makee fight tonight at PingWang." PingWang is about sixty li, or twenty good American miles from Soochow, and was close enough to be rather uncomfortable if a battle had occurred there.

But the Chinaman didn't "makee fight" that night, nor the next, nor the next, and when he did, it was at Quinsan, a sizeable city, located between Shanghai and Soochow, on the Nanking-Shanghai railroad, and to this day it is a disputed question as to which side fired the first shot, and by the time the first shot was fired I was a refugee in Shanghai.

After the boy announced that his countryman would "makee fight" that night, we lost considerable of our cocksureness that there was to be no war, but when our men folk suggested that we immediately pack up and go to Shanghai to stay till it blew over we refused.

There were three of us foreign women living in this group of compounds. One was a bride of six months, and one a bride of two years, the latter a dainty little woman from Alabama, the former the British bride of an Italian of noble family.

We three women were six miles from any other foreign women outside the city gates, and, in case of warfare, these city gates would be closed, and then we would be entirely cut off from the missions within the walled city. We were forced to admit that in case Chekiang troops were victorious, and Kiangsu was driven back, the line of retreat would be presumably along the canal which flowed past the three compounds in which we lived. In case of defeat there would be looting and much danger, but we decided very calmly that we should stay right where we were.

One day the British Consul came up from Shanghai, and was very insistent that all foreign women leave immediately. War was but a few hours away, he declared. Then came the night when the Nanking troops started marching past our house, en route to join the Soochow forces stationed at Quinsan. That was a Wednesday night and that night and the next night, till dawn, we could hear cries and screams and shouting from beyond the city wall, a mile away as the crow flies. The Nanking troops, under orders from their war lord, had begun conscripting men in a manner which is far more brutal than that in other countries, and consists of jerking the men out of their homes and often out of their beds, and prodding them along in a line of march at the point of the bayonet. Entirely without orders many of the soldiers started looting the city, the city of their allies! Those nights were hectic nights, and we slept but little.

All the native craft along the canal was being commandeered by the militia, and used to transport ammunition and food supplies to where the Kiangsu troops were encamped. It was also used to transport the conscripted coolies nearer the Chekiang border. Coolies were becoming more and more scarce in Soochow, and those who were left were afraid to venture out of the compounds.

Our coolie, a little fat, bald-headed roly-poly, who looked more like the "Laughing Buddah" than anything human, borrowed all of the tall, slim gateman's uniform he could get into, which was his cap, whenever he had to go outside our compound, hoping the magic word "Socony" on its band would save him from conscription. I had hoped if the soldiers had to conscript anyone from us, it would be the cook, for he is probably one of the worst in all China, but evidently they didn't have to take any of ours. To my dying day I shall see that fat coolie, with the cap of the thin gateman perched on his bald head!

The foreign affairs commissioner of Soochow urged all women to go to Shanghai, where if the worst came they could escape to the foreign gunboats. The little woman from Alabama didn't want to go. The British bride of the Italian nobleman declared she would *not* go, and so did I. And we stayed on.

After a time there were no more marching troops, and no more screams rent the night air, but there were

(Concluded on page 14)

A familiar sight; troops detraining close to firing line.

In the Weird Haunts of the Booze Buyer

Consumption of "Scotch" in Bootlegging Restaurants No Longer the Thing; Offices in Skyscrapers Now Camouflage Activities of Liquor Law Violators

By A. RICHARD DI NATALAE

TO THE many other "seasons" which dedicate or close certain metropolitan activities, be these social or commercial, a new one has been added. It has not attained as yet any sort of chronological regularity, and probably this new "season" exists chiefly in the imagination of those who have an interest in it.

This new season has to do with the liquor market, and affects every angle of this illicit trade. The average citizen, even the one who occasionally takes a nip of some sort of bootlegged fluid, knows nothing about it, but between regular dealers and regular customers the season has an influence, which is duly reflected in prices.

The season, or rather seasons, are measured by either abundance or scarcity. So every once in a while the newspapers announce as a news fact that the abundance of booze in New York is glutting the market, and hint that bootleggers are desperate and about to seek new avenues of income. Then follows a story, much along the same lines, in which the parties are reversed; it is the period of great scarcity, and customers are unable to count on receiving their orders except fractionally, and accordingly prices go up.

These reports alternate with wonderful regularity. Whenever the market is against the consumer, and prices are high, the prohibition enforcement service is credited another inning.

Manufacturing "Scotch"

THE end of September saw an announcement by an influential daily that "12,000 cases of synthetic Scotch whisky is going begging at $5 a case." As normal "boatside prices" off Jones' Inlet, Long Island, is $25 a case ($20 being the "low" and $30 being the "high"), according to the reports of prohibition agents, it is evident that $5 and no takers is about as bad, commercially, as giving it away.

This whisky, and other much like it, is believed to be manufactured chiefly in Long Island, "shipped out to be reshipped to American shores." This shipment consists really in giving this fluid a schooner ride from the point of its origin to somewhere outside the uncharted "one hour's steaming distance" provided for by treaty between the United States and several foreign countries.

Booze buyers are so suspicious now that they don't believe labels any more, nor the salesman's assurance that the stuff in question is actually imported and smuggled in. Especially those "connoisseurs" who pride themselves in getting a case or two of the "real stuff," who needs must hire a motor boat or other seagoing conveyance so that they can see the goods on board with their own eyes. That satisfies them.

Five dollars for a case of liquor, no matter how synthetic, is rock-bottom price, considering that twelve bottles, corks, and packing lumber take up a fair percentage of that price. Even in the good old days around, say, Buffalo Exposition time, when 5 cents would get the biggest schooner of beer and free lunch to boot, and the first cut-rate bars were selling well-known brands at 85 cents a bottle—usually fifths—$5 could not have bought a case of whisky. The bottle selling price represented cost, or topped cost by a very few cents, and the loss was charged to advertising. The same whisky sold over the bar at 15 cents, which brought the profit.

Up in the Office Building

BUT between then and now, there is this difference. The synthetic stuff which according to responsible report is going begging at 41 2/3 cents a bottle retails in the two leading districts of the metropolis at 75 cents a glass, although certain few restaurants charge as high as $1 a drink.

These two districts, supposedly the citadels of the greatest two branches of finance and business, are generally known as the financial and the retail districts. One means, of course, downtown, around Wall or Rector or Nassau street; the other means Fortieth, Forty-second or nearby street, in the heart of the modern store district.

I had always supposed that when one wanted a drink it was necessary to go to one of the many restaurants which do not belong to the cafeteria or one-arm or tea-room types. Broadway was supposed likewise to be the artery of booze, but this is not true. There are undoubtedly places in Broadway that surreptitiously cater to the alcoholic thirsty, but the best bet, according to diners-out, are the more or less obscure, more or less alien, more or less gay restaurants, some of which preach their bohemianism by means of soiled spurious linen, and others which advertise their cuisine by means of makeshift imitation surroundings.

But all that is becoming passé; drinking in bootlegging restaurants is no longer the thing.

Here enter office buildings.

Skyscrapers, some decidedly modern, house or have housed the new type of bootlegger.

One afternoon I was invited to go to lunch with two chaps who felt that their appetite could not be perfect without a little drop. I demurred when I realized that I was being taken out of my way, but my objections were overcome when they pointed to a tall office building in the Forties. An elevator took us up a few floors, thence to a glass door on which were these names:

JOHN BLANK

JOHN BUNK

Agents

We walked in. A young man in shirt sleeves rolled to the elbow carelessly, waistcoat open and dangling in an unkempt manner, and pantaloons much too large and much too long, looked up casually, but with a squint, or what seemed a squint, but as he recognized my two companions his tenseness gave way to serviceability, inquired after the health of one, and meanwhile produced a latchkey from the other end of his watch chain, which happened to have no watch, and opened a side door.

"Right on, gents."

We went in. He remained outside.

This room was barren, except for an ordinary office table and some papers strewn about. My host, since one was doing all the leading, knocked at another door, which presently opened slightly, a face and part of a form appeared at the opening, and exchange of greetings, and into a third room we passed.

Iron-legged tables and chairs, not unlike those of some old drug stores, everywhere. At the far end a mahogany or mahoganized bar, although very short, and nearby cases stacked up, some open, some empty, some partly filled, some untouched. Not a familiar name in the way of liquor; all new names, at least to me, because none had ever come to my attention through street signs, newspaper ads or similar publicity.

In the Brokers' District

MY TWO companions sat down. One drink, two drinks; three drinks. I was hungry, and drink meant nothing to me, but sheer curiosity by this time glued me to my chair, so that between noon and four o'clock I sat there, gazing at my pseudo hosts getting drunker and drunker, judging by the complexity of subjects which they wanted to discuss, and there I left them. I counted seventeen drinks for them—which is enough, assuming that they left the place soon after I had gone. The sum of $25.50, without counting the tips, perhaps the short-changing toward the end, to drink up 34 cents' worth of rank stuff. I say rank because the next day, when I met my remiss host, he was consigning the "bum stuff" to a place deeper than the proverbial brimstone.

"I know good liquor," said he sententiously, "because the next day I never have a headache. And wow! my head today is an oven."

I must not forget to add that sometime during the drinkfest I was duly introduced to a squatty, fat, loudly dressed individual who did not deem a coat essential in view of the wide expanse of barber-pole silk shirting which enshrouded part of his upper anatomy.

"My frien's' frien's," he snickered, "are awlvays velcome. Maybe he vould use a card. I give him one." But he had no card. He tore a piece from an envelope, signed on it "O. K. John," and handed the fragment of paper to me. It was to be my open sesame to this bar, the passport that would open three glass doors to permit me, if I so willed, to exchange good money of the republic for "bum stuff."

That was uptown. Downtown the scene varied.

If one cannot see Trinity Church from the windows of this drink emporium—nothing served in the premises, bottled trade exclusively—it's because one must have cataract or other eye trouble. The name in this place was something like this:

A. JONES

Broker

It is the broker's district, but the sign did not indicate if he, or they, is or are ship and marine brokers, insurance brokers, investment brokers, custom house brokers.

"Comes in Every Day"

A BROKER'S office in any building in this locality is a perfectly plausible, normal and albeit legitimate institution. This place operates (if it is still there, as moves are sometimes very swift) likewise by means of the introduction plan, so that one's friend's friends' friends, chainwise, form the clientele.

"Good stuff?" I asked an acquaintance who described the place where he "got his."

"Genuine Scotch."

"Where do they get it?"

"Comes in every day. If I had a dollar for every case that is landed every twenty-four hours I'd retire tomorrow."

Parenthetically, nothing in the records of the prohibition unit or other dependable source indicates that genuine liquor imported from Europe or Jamaica enters New York, unless an exception is made of the occasional bottle smuggled by a returning traveler or the few cases which equally often can be handled through the complex operations of some tramp steamer and the boatload of accomplices working with some members of the crew. But this quantity, distributed in a New York sense, would amount to less than the available quantity of remaining Napoleon brandy.

But customers do not lack. One, two, and four bottles are the average purchases. The purchasers include men who really amount to something. If the druggist or grocer attempted to sell them something "just as good," as the advertisement goes, even though it is just as good, they would have a million conniption fits, but as long as the broker-bootlegger does it it's all right. And they take this stuff home carefully, enthusiastically, as it is to be the "life of the party."

A place which closed a short time ago masqueraded as a book agent. But the book gag was done to death when the South began to take up prohibition earnestly. In fact, it was Hoke Smith, once governor and senator of Georgia, who years ago used to tell this little anecdote:

Books That Leaked

"AT A little station not far from Atlanta a cotton farmer had suddenly gone in for 'learning.' Every week or ten days he would receive a new consignment of books. The station agent began to talk about it. So did the few station habitués. They gossiped about the intentions of this studious neighbor but time passed and all they knew was that he was getting books all the time, kept much to himself, and paid his freight bills promptly.

"One day, however, the secret was out.

"The expected books arrived and the agent was waiting for the consignee, who failed to arrive. That night he got a whiff of alcohol and mellow rye, and on careful inspection he saw that the whisky was trickling on the floor and a corner of the wooden box soaked by the fluid. So he wrote the usual notice, wording it, however, as follows:

"Please come and get your books because they are leaking."

It is common talk downtown and uptown both that there are dozens of such places in New York, and perhaps there may exist like ones in other cities. Rents are enormously high; overhead is not to be sneezed at. That means that somebody must be buying freely. That being so, and as such places are patronized solely by an office class, to draw a distinction, and not by the laboring class, it sort of clinches the assertion of many prohibition authorities that the bulk of the bootlegging trade is now being maintained by the middle intelligent class, the kind that can risk $5 to $50 each time on the rankest bunko game ever invented.

But that is not all.

The same newspaper which carried the story about the synthetic Scotch finding no purchasers at $5 a case in another section had a story, part of its regular Sunday mercantile gossip, to the effect that credit men are banding together for a new purpose now—that of determining how many accounts at one time a deferred-payment customer is carrying, to learn if the aggregate payments each week or month exceed his net income after living expenses have been deducted. One of the charges is that the automobile is responsible for the skipped payments in most cases today, and that the automobile comes first and so merchants must suffer.

A Monotonous Refrain

BUT if I had had to write such a story, based upon my own knowledge, I should say that liquor at $5 to $12 a bottle is more likely the trouble. It is not an uncommon sight to meet men with badly worn shoes, slovenly cravats, worn cuffs, and other indexes of this kind, speaking airily about buying "a bottle"—and buying it frequently, at fancy prices. Only a few days ago a father of a family was crying his salary was worth a "blessing but two curses" who does not hesitate to buy his booze by the bottle fairly regularly and smack his lips self-praisingly because he can get it for a dollar less than the other fellow, "and real stuff, too."

That "real stuff" song is easily the most monotonous refrain heard in the metropolis. It beats anything the combination of Tin Pan Alley and the vaudeville stage turns out.

I suppose the next joke will have to be something like this:

"What is your bootlegger?"

"Mine is a bookseller; what's yours?"

"Mine is a chemist."

Meanwhile the eternal hunt for the "genuwine prewar wisky" goes on hopelessly.

This Ship Is the Only Six-Master Afloat

Captain York Commands Vessel With $11,000 Cabin; Master Mariner Who Has Sailed the Seven Seas

By MAY B. WHITING

Looking along the deck.

THE only six-master afloat today is the *Edward J. Lawrence* of Portland, Maine; Captain, Joe York. A dozen years ago the "five" and "six-stickers" were the pride of the coastwise trade, but steam, which is quicker and less hazardous and also far less interesting, has driven them from the ocean. The one survivor is scarred and sea-worn, but still sound and staunch, and always picturesque, whether riding the gale or swinging at anchor in some safe harbor, fretting to be off on a long journey. The *Edward J. Lawrence* was built in Bath in 1908 at a cost of $165,000 and no pains were spared to make her seaworthy and beautiful. From stem to stern she measures 340 feet with a jib boom extending 92 feet beyond. Her beam measures 51 feet 6 inches, and her great masts, 30 inches in diameter and 122 feet high, are of Oregon pine, and are surmounted by topmasts measuring 65 feet. With her great sails unfurled, spreading 11,000 square yards of canvas, her five jibs pulling to the breeze, ropes and ladders swaying from the dizzy height of topmasts, the spray breaking and washing along her keel, she is a sight that nothing on the ocean can equal, and, to the true seaman's eyes, nothing in the wide, wide world.

The fittings and equipment of the *Edward J. Lawrence* are such as to insure the comfort of those aboard. Her cabin, which alone cost $11,000, is finished in solid mahogany and walnut. From it leads the captain's room, three spare staterooms, a spacious bath and dining room, all equipped with electric light, steam heat, and hot and cold water. In the bow is the galley or cook room, the forecastle with bunks for the sailors, engineer's room, carpenter shop, and rooms for the officers. It seems a little world in itself, pursuing its own course and lost in its own affairs, with only a few slender threads that draw it once in a while in contact with the big commonplace earth about which the landsman knows.

The last ten or twelve years have taken a heavy toll of large sailing vessels. In 1913 the *Alice M. Lawrence* was wrecked off Nantucket Shoals, and two years later the *Mertie B. Crowley* ran ashore on the same island. Two were lost off the coast of France, the *Addie M. Lawrence* in 1911, and the *Edward B. Winslow* which was burned in 1917. The *George W. Wells* was lost on Cape Hatteras in 1913, and the *Eleanor Percy* sank at sea in 1918. This last winter the *Ruth Merrill* was lost on the L'Hommedieu Shoals and last March the *Wyoming* foundered in a gale in Pollock Rip Channel.

It needs real sailors aboard the schooners, not the "tin horn" variety, as those of the old school designate the steamboat crew. The man who sails on such a vessel must know how to handle ropes, must be a sailmaker, carpenter, blacksmith, and must know how to follow the course that is laid for him. The first and second mates stand watch by the wheel in shifts of four hours each, and, in rough weather, all hands must be on deck continually.

Captain York, of the *Edward J. Lawrence,* has the reputation of being the best-known sailing master on the Atlantic Coast. His forbears on both sides were seafaring folk for generations past. His grandfather was captain of the sailing ship *Roanoake* of the famous Black Ball line doing passenger service between New York and Liverpool, and he himself passed his childhood in the lighthouse at Sequin, one of the most dangerous points on the New England coast. At the age of seventeen he sailed out of Portland, master of a vessel, the youngest captain that ever sailed from America to a foreign port.

His boat was the *Charles J. Willard,* a three-master of 400 tons, considered a large ship for the time, and engaged in the sugar and molasses trade with the West Indies. Those were days when the sailing vessels were like a fleet of yachts. Every morning at five the decks were "holystoned" and every detail kept in shipshape order much as on the battleships of today. Sometimes, off Nantucket Shoals, there would be thirty-five or forty vessels at anchor, waiting for a fair wind, and, when it "breezed up," there would be a race as to who should get to port first.

Captain York holds several records. He sailed from Rosario at the head of the La Plata River in South America to New York in thirty-nine days. In the *George W. Wells* he sailed from Boston to Norfolk, Virginia, in thirty-six hours, beating the steamboat *Ontario,* of the Merchants and Miners line. He has made sixteen round trips a year for three successive years from Baltimore to the Grand Trunk pockets, and has logged 322 miles a day for three days "handrunning"—all record achievements for sailing vessels.

Captain York was master of the *George W. Wells* for eight years, and in that time he was never outsailed. He believes her the fastest schooner ever built, always able "to show her heels to anything that wore canvas."

Under full sail.

He was captain on her last trip in September, 1913, when, bound for Jacksonville, Florida, with light cargo, a hurricane struck her off Cape Hatteras, breaking her rudder, lifting her amidships on a great sea so that the ends broke of their own weight, leaving a gap of ten feet across the deck. With three of her masts broken and booms swinging helpless, she drifted all day and all night. From the shore the life-saving crew were watching, unable to launch their boats in the tremendous surf, and, at dawn, a hopeless wreck, she beached on the shore of Ocacoke Island. From the life-saving station the breeches buoy shot out, and both crew and passengers, including six women and a two-months-old baby, were swung ashore from the masthead.

In 1899, when the schooner *Sarah Ellen* was coming from Mississippi to New York loaded with lumber, she was struck by a hurricane in the Gulf Stream, breaking the rudder, which started beating to and fro, setting all the seams leaking. Before long the ship was water-logged, then broke apart, and Captain York, his brother, and six of the crew drifted for four days, lashed to the top of the afterhouse. Then they were sighted by the British ship *Selma* which came to their rescue.

Once Captain York ran aground in a fog on Richmond Island, just outside Portland Harbor, ripping a hundred feet of keel from his boat. Some of the sailors were for launching the yawl and making for land, but the captain found a way to have his orders to "stand by" obeyed. Without any help he got his boat off the rocks, sailed her into harbor and discharged the load. Then he hired divers to mend her breaks. But they did not do the work to his satisfaction, so he donned a diver's suit himself and worked for three days under water, patching up her holes, then sailed her to Newport News to run her on the drydock to have her thoroughly repaired.

In the Spanish-American War Captain York served in the 14th New York and in the World War he was Lieutenant Commander on the U. S. S. *Franklin,* a steamship of 15,000 tons, carrying troops and supplies for the French Government. His boat was the first one into Germany after the Armistice, carrying flour to the city of Bremen.

During the war the captain had adventures enough with submarines, but no serious mishaps. Once, when in Paris, the side of his hotel was blown off in an air raid, and he, with the other guests, was hustled into the subway. As he passed through the corridor an aged lady thrust something into his hand and begged him keep it safe for her. When in the tunnel and a little out of the crowd, he was able to see what he was carrying, he found it was a parrot! Being a commanding officer, he had the freedom of the city and he wished to go up on the street and see the raid, but he could not find it in his heart to desert the trust reposed in him. So the parrot went along, too, and the Captain returned it in safety to its owner, wondering a little in the meantime if any one mistook him for the shade of Robinson Crusoe or of Long John Silver of "Treasure Island."

Captain York has never been to sea without at least one dog and a cat. The old collie Peggy and her puppy, the cat Tom, seventeen years old and so infirm that the rats will drink milk out of the same saucer with him, and the kitten Buttercup are favored members of the crew of the *Edward J. Lawrence.*

A few years ago, when his boat was tied up for some time in Portland Harbor, Captain York built a cabin on Outer Green Island, a wild spot never before inhabited except by the sea gulls who nest there. Captain York used such vigorous means to protect the birds that the fame of his terrible prowess spread along the waterfront and he was given the nickname "Captain Kidd."

The Captain and his pets.

Wealth of the Woodlands—A Great Inheritance

Tree-Planting as a Factor in the Building Up of a Nation's Prosperity; Scottish Forest That Was Cut Down and Renewed Itself After a Century

By VICTOR MITCHELL

"IF YE'VE naething else tae dae plant a tree; it will grow when ye're sleepin'," says the Laird of Dumbiedykes in Scott's "Heart of Midlothian." If this sage advice were judiciously followed this world would be a much more pleasant and much more beautiful place in which to live. Of course, in planting a tree there is usually something more required than merely digging a hole in the ground and sticking a two or three year old seedling therein. The relation of the young tree to the soil has to be considered, as well as the situation and climatic conditions, and it has to be given a fair chance to take firm root and to become established as a healthy growing thing. A congenial soil and environment will do all that is necessary for the steady growth and proper development of a tree, and under such conditions self-seeded trees grow to vigorous maturity.

The Forest That Grew Again

RATHER more than a hundred years ago, when Great Britain was at war with Napoleon Bonaparte, there grew in Glenmore, the great glen of the Scottish highlands, a forest of Scots pine. Those sturdy trees clung to the rugged mountain side and rendered what otherwise would have been a barren waste beautiful with their stately rows of pillar-like boles, and their dark green crests lifted to the clouds. This forest of Glenmore was on the uncultivated and uncultivatable lands of a certain duke who gave little heed to it except as a hunting ground, until one day a cry went out for timber to build boats and to provide masts and spars for the ships of the British navy. Then the forest was cut down and the duke was consoled for the denuding of his wild lands by the gold which he was able to jingle in his pockets, for in such an emergency the government was willing to pay a fair sum for the material which it so urgently required.

But the duke's forester was a "lang-heided fellow," and he took the precaution to leave a tree here and a tree there so that by these old trees throwing off their seeds in due season other trees might spring up in the barren places, and in the course of time the forest would renew itself by this process of self-seeding. The wisdom and foresight of the forester were fully justified.

Almost exactly a hundred years afterward there broke out the great World War. The supplies of timber which Britain had been drawing from Norway and Sweden, and Russia and Germany, were cut off and she turned to her own timberlands for a close and immediate supply. Among the forests of fine trees, upon which the government cast its eyes at the beginning of the war, was the forest of Glenmore, the mature offspring of that which had been cut down to furnish war material in the time of Napoleon. Row upon row of stately pines once more clothed the mountain side as they had a century before. It was just the sort of timber which was urgently required for the making of ties for the military railroads in France and Belgium, and for the construction of huts for the troops; and so the forest of Glenmore was again commandeered by the government and the duke was given the sum of $180,000, quite a substantial return for a few hundred acres of waste land. The self-seeded trees which brought this large sum in "unearned increment" grew while the early nineteenth-century duke and his successors were sleeping.

Attention to Reforestation

HAD not European countries devoted attention to reforestation in the past many thousands of acres in these countries would be desert land today, and the price of lumber would not only have placed it beyond the reach of the ordinary builder and manufacturer, but would have rendered it unavailable as a material for the making of wood pulp, thus cutting off the supply of newsprint paper. What effect this would have had on the prosperity and progress of a nation can be readily imagined. So fully alive are some countries to the value of timber as a national asset that there is a law which compels the man who cuts down a tree to plant three in its place, the extra number being a precaution against dying off or destruction by pests, and to provide for thinning out.

Great Britain has always taken a pride in her forests and woodlands; there are the oaks of England and the pines and firs of Scotland. In place of the bleak and barren hills which strangers believe were characteristic features in old Caledonia, visitors to the country have been surprised to find the hills and glens beautifully clothed in their feathery garments of green.

To replace the timber tracts laid bare by the axe of the woodman during the late war, many millions of young trees have already been planted, and many more are being raised from seed in the various experimental areas. A forestry department is now looked upon as an essential adjunct of every college of agriculture, and these departments are for the most part affiliated with the nearest university, so that the students of forestry may have the benefit of the superior scientific instruction and equipment which these centers of learning are able to furnish.

Fortunately for Scotland the landed proprietors—who form such an influential class in its political make-up—are, for the most part, like the Laird of Dumbiedykes, fully alive to the importance of judicious tree planting, and in many cases devote as much attention to its scientific pursuit as they would to the breeding of Clydesdale horses or Shorthorn cattle. True, a future generation will reap the benefit of their efforts, but during their lifetime they have the satisfaction of seeing the young firs and pines year by year raising their graceful heads higher and higher, beautifying the landscape for miles, and affording shelter for the wild creatures of fur and feather. Even if they fulfilled no other purpose these young plantations form admirable windbreaks for the farmer's fields and for the shelter of his cattle and sheep, and if the planter is a man of wide and generous outlook, as he frequently is, he can foresee his heirs reaping the result of his labors and—emulating his example—planting more trees for the good of future generations.

Last year there visited this continent a number of forestry delegates from Great Britain, including Lord Lovat, the head of the clan Fraser, and the proprietor of a few thousand acres of land in Inverness-shire. The work which Lord Lovat has done for forestry in Scotland, both before and since the war, is typical of what has been done by other landowners both large and small, as well as by corporations and municipalities.

A North American Pioneer

IT WAS from Inverness that there came William Davidson, the pioneer of the great lumber industry of North America. Davidson came to Miramichi in 1765 and obtained a grant of 100,000 acres. Four years later he contracted to deliver at Fort Howe, in Nova Scotia, masts for the British navy. Masts at this time were worth $680 each, if they could measure a diameter of 3 feet and a length of 108 feet, and Davidson's successful efforts blazed the path for others.

But apart from the cutting down of trees for lumber the clearing of the forests became the task of the early settlers whose object was to bring the land under cultivation and to raise crops of fruit and grain; but unfortunately as the years went on the cutting down of trees became a habit and no one thought of replanting, for the many millions of acres of virgin forest which covered the land seemed inexhaustible. Unfortunately much of the country that was cut over by farmers and lumbermen was quite unsuitable for any other purpose than the growing of trees—just like thousands of acres in the highlands of Scotland—and the settler who was unwary enough to erect his home on such unfertile areas was compelled in course of time to abandon his farm and seek a more productive location. There are quite a number of such abandoned farms in different parts of this continent. These could be restored to their original beauty and usefulness by reforestation, and once more become a great national asset. In addition to its commercial value, such reforestation would mean the restoration to the country of many miles of woodland where the songs of birds would again be heard and mankind would enjoy a heritage which should never have been taken away.

If the vital importance of tree planting is not soon realized by the country at large, and the necessary steps taken to carry it out in a systematic manner, trees will soon become as rare as bears and buffaloes, and, like them, be found only in the most remote regions. A treeless Eden would be no Eden at all but a desert, and one is staggered at the thought of a treeless America. One has only to take a train or motor journey through a few hundred miles of country to realize how the destruction of the woodlands has transformed large areas. Blackened stumps and stagnant pools meet the eye for miles where formerly umbrageous trees enriched the landscape and wild flowers grew in all their loveliness. Where all was fair to the eye there is now ugliness and desolation.

Reclaiming the Wilderness

THERE is a secluded spot near the mouth of a swiftly flowing Scottish river. It was until lately a wilderness of rolling sand dunes whose uniform tint was only relieved by tufts of coarse bent-grass. This miniature Sahara—for it was so until recently—was once a flourishing town which, like Herculaneum and Pompeii, was in one brief night overwhelmed and buried from human sight. But it was not waves of red-hot lava and showers of burning ashes that wrought the devastation, but huge clouds of sand driven by a high wind which blew in from the sea.

To attempt to lay bare this once fair and flourishing spot by the work of excavation was found to be a useless and hopeless task, and modern effort has been directed toward redeeming its ugliness and desolation by the planting of trees. The result of this tree planting, as far as it has gone, has been highly successful. It is serving a twofold purpose; it is not only transforming an arid wilderness into a delightful woodland, but it is binding and knitting the loose soil together with the tough and far-reaching roots of the evergreen conifers, thus forming an effective barrier against future encroachments of the sea or the further drifting of the treacherous sand on the fertile farms farther inland.

Municipal Tree Planting

THIS article does not suggest that lands which have been successfully redeemed from the forest or have been reclaimed from the beds of lakes and rivers and brought under profitable cultivation should be returned to their original state. That would be folly. What is meant is that lands which have been cleared of their timber and have been proved altogether unsuitable for any other purpose but timber growing should be restored to their former usefulness and value by being planted with young trees and that this process of reforestation should be carried out systematically and intelligently from year to year. In this way there would be accumulating every day and every hour a potent source of national wealth in the shape of an inexhaustible timber supply.

One aspect of tree planting which might be followed with advantage is that of reforestation schemes undertaken by municipalities. This has been taken up in some parts of Scotland with much success. A good many years ago the city of Elgin acquired a few acres of woodland on the outskirts of the municipality, the main idea being to provide natural parks for the citizens where walks could be enjoyed through the beautiful haunts of nature. But as time went on it was realized that some of the trees had outlived their usefulness and were suffering from decay. There was then begun a process of thinning out these old trees and filling the vacant places by the method known as under-planting. The young trees were chosen according to the soil and situation, conifers being planted where conifers were bound to flourish, and deciduous trees—such as the oak, the elm, and the beech—being set where such trees were most likely to be a success.

Sheltered by the older trees, and set in their natural environment, these under-planted trees soon showed signs of vigorous growth. All this was done with the co-operation and assistance of the forestry department of the local college of agriculture, the experts of this department being at all times ready to give their advice and supervision. Areas which had been bared of their trees through fire or from some other unlooked-for cause were similarly dealt with, so that now the city has an asset in the shape of healthy plantations which in time will become a considerable source of revenue at very little capital outlay, and a means which will considerably lighten the burden of taxation. The protection of the young trees is looked upon by the citizens as a duty, for they feel that it is to their interest that all these planted areas should flourish and bring their returns in due time. Municipal forestry is a matter that might be taken up with advantage in any part of the world, for by this means much waste land and unsightly areas could not only be made beauty spots, but sources of profit in years to come.

A Valuable Heritage

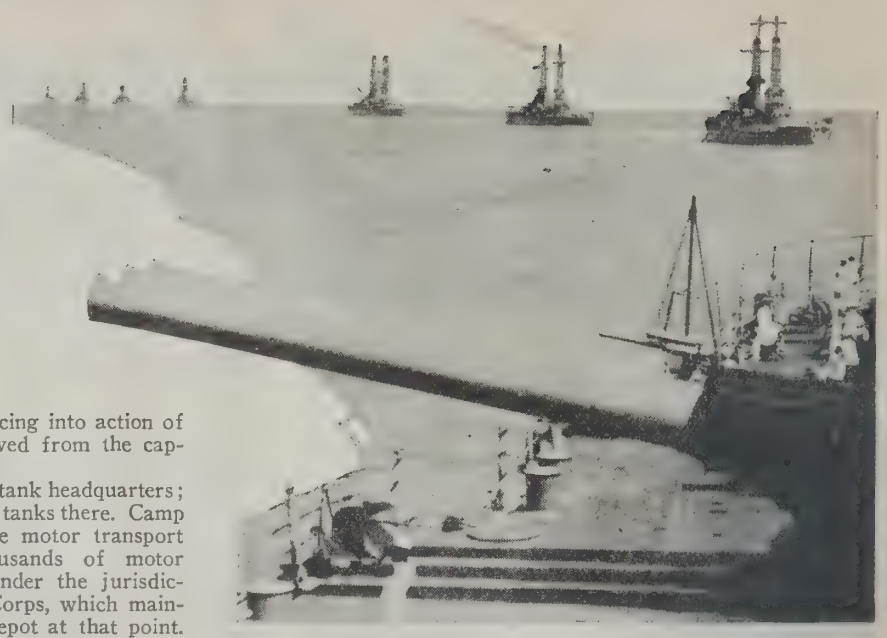
APART from the enormous quantity of timber which is constantly required for building purposes and the making of furniture, there is a steady demand for wood of all kinds for manufacturing purposes, and if it had not been that some men have looked ahead and have secured new sources of timber supply, important industries would have been crippled and retarded.

Mineral wealth in a country is a splendid heritage, but timber wealth is just as important. The two combined are great factors in commercial and industrial prosperity. Wood, iron, and coal form a trinity hard to beat. But supplies of the last two, no matter what their present vastness may be, are not eternal, are not limitless; but the wealth of the woodlands man can keep in his own hands, and by employing the proper means can maintain it until the end of time.

Every farmer ought to have his wood lot for timber purposes in addition to that from which he draws his supplies of fuel, and tend it as carefully and as assiduously as he does his wheat or corn lands. If he does this he will never regret it, for he will have the satisfaction of knowing that when the time comes for his departure to fields far beyond, he will be leaving behind him a valuable heritage, and he himself will have followed the example of One of whom it is written: "And the Lord God brought forth of the ground all manner of trees, fair to behold."

If a Hostile Fleet Came to Washington

By TOM EVERRITT



A section of the Atlantic Fleet in review at entrance of Chesapeake Bay.

A HUNDRED years ago, most of our countrymen were experts with the rifle, and all that was necessary in gathering our forces for common defense of the country was that each one take down his rifle from above his mantlepiece and get on the firing line.

The Second Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, proposed at the first session of the First Congress in 1789, was declared adopted in 1791. It provided:

> "A well-regulated Militia, being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms, shall not be infringed."

This amendment, having never been amended, and being in full force and effect, means today what it meant in 1791.

The World War proved, however, that no longer can the aroused citizens spring to arms overnight and adequately defend our land.

Take the city of Washington, for example, once burned by the British, once nearly surrounded by the Confederate armies—what provision has been made for its protection?

In case of an attack by a foreign enemy, its aroused citizens would have to go to the nearest armory, or to military posts, or to concentration camps, to secure the needed rifles.

Realizing this, our military experts have laid out elaborate plans for its defense in case of such an attack.

Dismissing for the moment the probabilities of an attack, or of a series of attacks, by foreign enemy aircraft, what of Washington's defenses?

An attack upon Washington, other than by aircraft, would have its beginning, according to the experts, at the mouth of Chesapeake Bay. An invading force would attempt to work its way from that locality, both by water and by land, to such strategic points as would provide avenues for direct attack upon the capital.

Such an invading force would meet with serious obstructions immediately upon beginning an advance toward Washington, for the entrance to Chesapeake Bay is well protected by powerful modern batteries of long-range artillery at Fort Monroe, Fort Storey and Fort Eustis, all in the State of Virginia. On the Maryland side of the Bay, known as the "Eastern Shore," which is a narrow peninsula between the Atlantic Ocean and Chesapeake Bay, the principal protection is a system of railroad artillery; that is, there are no fixed artillery centers; but, on the other hand, the railroad artillery has the outstanding advantage of being adapted quickly to shifting big, long-range guns from one point of attack to another. This railroad artillery system on the "Eastern Shore" is expected to be completed within a comparatively short time.

Presumptively, the enemy advance, proceeding toward its objective, Washington, several actualities of a most stubborn character would contribute to blocking the way. These are Forts Howard and Smallwood; then Forts Humphrey and Myer, in Virginia, and Camp Meade, in Maryland.

Washington Barracks within the District of Columbia, and Fort Washington, a few miles out of Washington, down the Potomac River, would provide a close-up defense of the capital.

All of these army posts would become points of concentration of thousands of soldiers immediately upon the beginning of the enemy advance at Chesapeake Bay.

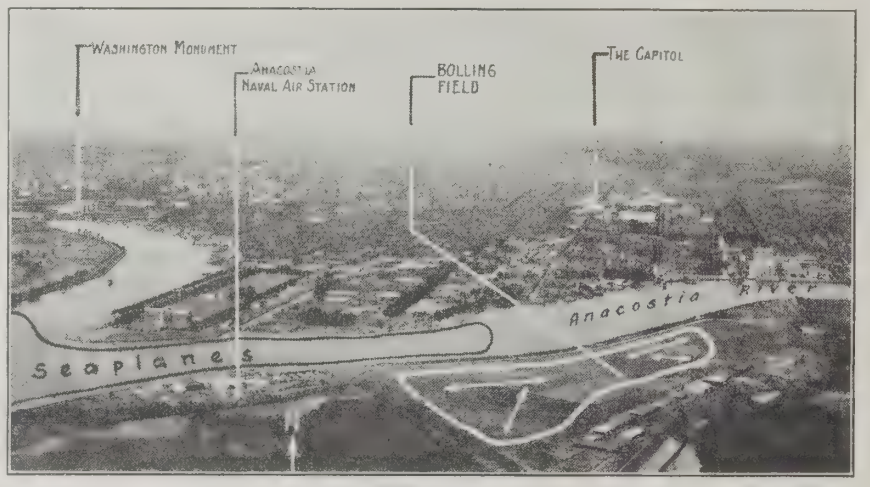
So much for points of concentration of soldiers. Edgewood Arsenal in Virginia, and Frankford Arsenal, at Philadelphia, would supply ample guns, rifles and ammunition, pending the placing into action of other arsenals farther removed from the capital.

Camp Meade is the army tank headquarters; there now being upward of 500 tanks there. Camp Holabird, in Virginia, is the motor transport headquarters; literally thousands of motor transports are now there under the jurisdiction of the Quartermaster Corps, which maintains a big general supply depot at that point. Fort Myer is a combined cavalry and field artillery center.

The security of the Nation's Capital undoubtedly depends, to a very large extent, upon the ability of the air forces of the army.

Bolling Field, within the District of Columbia, will accommodate 1,000 planes. Logan Field, just out of Baltimore, will accommodate a like number.

The Signal Corps of the Army, besides maintaining a very comprehensive system of telephonic and telegraphic wire communication between all army posts, stations and camps, is equipped with a most elaborate and efficient radio system. At the present time, the Signal Corps headquarters in Washington is in daily direct radio communication with Fort Leavenworth, Kansas; Fort McPherson, near Atlanta, Georgia; Fort Bragg, North Carolina, and Fort Hayes, near Columbus, Ohio. Secret code telegraphic message transmitted by concealed wave lengths, are relayed by radio from those points to every army post, station, camp, arsenal and corps area headquarters in the United States. Thus, it would be possible, immediately, secretly to start the needed men and supplies of every character toward Washington.



Bolling Field, Washington, D. C., which will accommodate 1,000 airplanes.

The National Guard of the states adjoining Washington (Pennsylvania, Virginia and Maryland), which would have an important part in its defense, numbers approximately 45,000, and is in a better military condition than ever before in its history.

Hospitalization of war casualties is an outstanding necessity during hostilities. Walter Reed General Hospital, at Washington, which is the largest of its kind in the world, can take care of thousands of casualties. Besides this, there are several lesser hospitals attached to various of the army posts and camps in the territory mentioned. The Medical Corps of the Army is prepared to erect emergency hospitals immediately as needed and located where required.

Having shown the military establishments in and adjacent to Washington, a like showing of the defense organization will be in place.

To meet the demands that would be forced upon it in case of an attack upon the capital by a foreign enemy, the army experts have perfected a theory, or policy, of mobilization that is as complete as can be contemplated in time of peace. The Engineer Corps, the Chemical Warfare Service, the Signal Corps, the Ordnance Department, the Medical Corps, the Air Service, the Quartermaster Corps, the Cavalry, Infantry, and other branches of the service have combined their knowledge, science and experience in a general defense plan, according to which an incredibly short time would be required for mobilization.

The commander of the Washington District, which comprises the District of Columbia only, is prepared immediately to take such steps as would be necessary to guard all the foreign legations and embassies. He knows exactly where all the needful resources of the District are and how to secure them. He knows how much clothing, shoes and hats will be required. He knows where tents, cots and bedding are. He knows where chemicals are. He knows how many knives, forks and spoons will be required and where to obtain them. He knows where ambulances and medicines are. Through the office of the Adjutant General of the Army, he knows where the men are. Through the Medical Corps, he knows where the nurses are. Through the Ordnance Department, he knows where the guns and ammunitions are; and so on all the way through.

In the meantime, the commander of the Third Army Corps Area, with headquarters in Baltimore, is in the same state of preparation. His district embraces the states of Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia.

Mobilization of men and material would proceed under a plan of concentration at military posts and training camps. In the District of Columbia, alone, there are said to be 108,000 men between the ages of 18 and 45.

Apparently, comparatively little time, then, would be required to raise a force of soldiers and place them at strategic points, sufficient to repulse an enemy attacking Washington.

But before the army could be called upon for actual fighting, the conjectural foreign enemy would first be compelled to lick the old reliable United States Navy at the entrance to Chesapeake Bay. The Nation's Capital is safe.

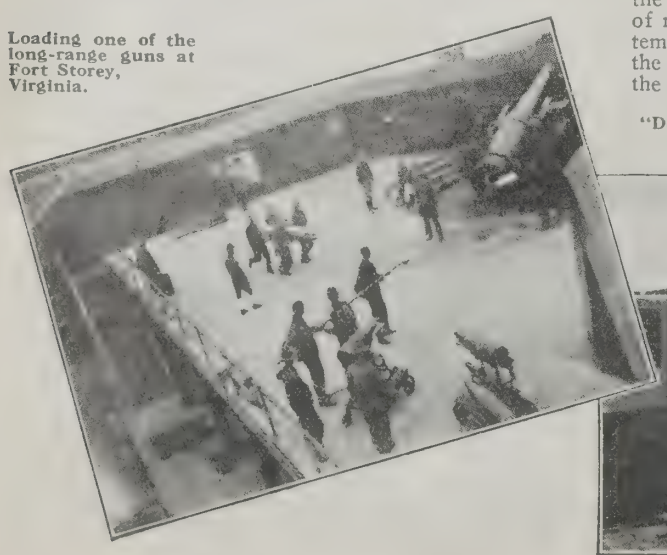
In spite of all these preparations, however, it must be borne in mind that the best laid schemes of mice and generals "gang aft agley." In the World War what had been considered an almost impregnable fortress fell before modern artillery, such as those at Liege and Namur, and strategical plans that were made with every attention to detail that foresight could suggest crumbled to pieces before unlooked-for conditions.

It is well to be ready for emergencies, but it is a far, far better thing if such emergencies do not arise.

After all, the best safeguard against attacks by a hostile army or fleet is the cultivation of the good will of other nations. But good will is a plant that sometimes flourishes on one soil and not on the other. It is then as futile as keeping a plot of ground free of noxious weeds while the neighboring plot is allowed to be smothered by them.

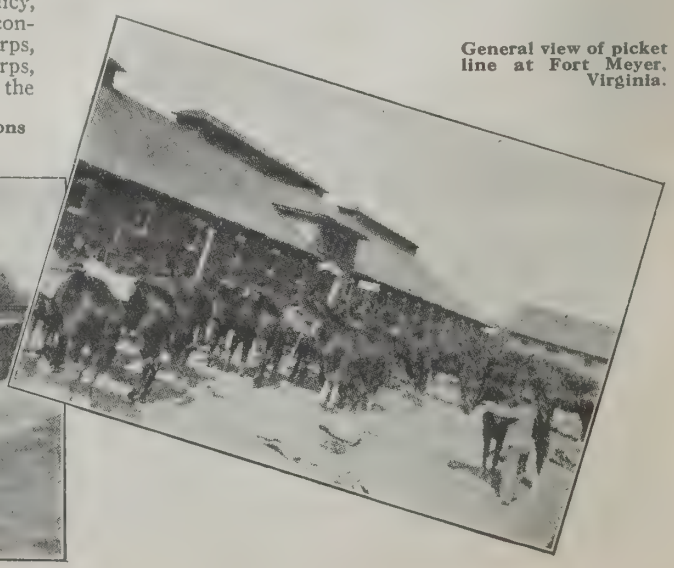
Washington looks only to its defense; defiance and disregard of amiable understanding are not to be found in its code of ethics.

Loading one of the long-range guns at Fort Storey, Virginia.



"Decatur Battery," one of the modern fortifications at Fort Washington, near Washington, D. C.

General view of picket line at Fort Meyer, Virginia.



Mr. Ford's Page

RARELY is the presidential election determined by the campaign. If it were, the political history of our country would not be what it is. The best campaigners have been oftenest defeated, for the reason that campaigning ability and executive ability are not necessarily the same. The best talkers in our history have proved the most ineffectual doers, and the most lavish makers of promises the least dependable performers thereof.

The choice of a President rarely depends on anything that may occur between the nominations and the elections. It is determined not by the public activity of a campaign period but by the whole tenor of the candidate's life and the constant quality of his service. So that, this being true, it is possible to say that the next President is already selected by the people; it only remains to cast and count the national vote.

There are, however, certain aspects of the present campaign which seem to call for interpretation. The appearance of a so-called Third Party has made clearer the movements of the mass of Independent Voters during recent years of national awakening. There has been no successful "third party" since the origin of the Republican party. It may be inaccurate to speak of the "origin" of the Republican party, as if it were a political organization created for a specific purpose at a specific time, for this party was implicit in the politics of the nation from the beginning of the government. It was not created but evolved. Its germinal idea dates from the first constitutional convention. It was not hastily gathered together to boost an individual's candidacy, as were the Bull Moose party to return Theodore Roosevelt to office and the present misnamed "progressive" party to make Senator La Follette the doorway for alien ideas into the government; the Republican party was the expression of a principle that had ripened for action over a long period and came to fruition more than 65 years ago. It remains the only third party in all that period that has been chosen by the people to administer the government of the United States, though curiously its status has never been that of a third party; it became a major movement from the first.

A third party which had a strong influence on the nation was the prohibition party. Although never intrusted with the administration of government it represented an idea which penetrated the thought of the people and presently became adopted among the principles of the older parties. It represented an educational propaganda through political methods, and naturally, with prohibition adopted, the prohibition party was left without its biggest fighting issue.

The fate of the Bull Moose attempt to float a third party taught us two things: first, that an individual's candidacy is not sufficient basis for a party, however useful and popular that individual may be. This is not due, as many think, to the lack of political organization in such a movement, but to the ingrained desire of our people to vote on principles. That the Bull Moose party was launched solely in the interests of one man was proved by the facility with which that man deserted it when it failed to advance his political fortunes.

The second lesson that movement and its failure taught the country is that there is always a third party in the two older ones. Mr. Bryan discovered that it was not sufficient to be the nominee of the Democratic party; it was necessary also to be representative of the mind of that party. He failed of election because the always available third party, consisting of the Independent Vote in both parties, swung to his various opponents. There is a third party, but it operates as a check and balance *within* the two major parties.

THE last successful "third party" was the Republican party which at once became a major movement. All subsequent third party movements have failed of political success, either because they existed solely to forward an individual's ambitions, or because they were captured by the radical element. Yet a true and available third party has always existed within both the old parties; it consists of the "forward looking minds," sometimes called the Independent Vote, that is not obedient to party bosses, but votes on principle. That true Third Party is operative today, and its leader is Calvin Coolidge. The so-called "progressive movement" headed by La Follette and led by those radical elements which have always destroyed sanely progressive third party movements, does not include the great forward looking independent vote of the nation, and will not be given that vote.

An illustration of this may be found in the experience of Woodrow Wilson. Though a Democrat, the nominee of the then minority party, he was chosen for the presidency. No one pretends to believe that it was the Democratic party vote that elected him; it was the vote of "forward looking men" in all the parties that came to his assistance. The always available third party in both the older parties chose him as its leader.

Since that time numerous attempts have been made to inaugurate a third party movement in presidential elections, all of them meeting with failure. Observers of these attempts have noted that in every instance, since Roosevelt's Bull Moose failure, the third party movement has been captured by the extreme radical element. Whether to prevent Americans from coming together in a sanely progressive political movement, or deliberately to gain respectable patronage for their program, the fact remains the same: they have captured, and by their capture have destroyed, all third party movements up to the time when they were able to induce Senator La Follette to become their presidential candidate. Senator La Follette is therefore not leading the American third party element, but the element which up to this time has succeeded in smothering legitimate third party movements.

The question is pertinent, *Where is the true third party element in the present campaign?* The answer is that *Calvin Coolidge is leading it.*

It was common talk when Mr. Coolidge was governor of Massachusetts that the politicians were against him. The group that controlled political affairs in New England has always looked upon him with suspicion. Politically, Coolidge has always gone "alone, afoot and across lots." As Vice-President his scrupulous regard for the proprieties of his place was interpreted as indicating an inconsequential nature. Everybody remembers what opinion the politicians held of him after he was suddenly thrust into the Presidency. One has only to turn back to the newspapers of comparatively recent date to read the master politicians of his party openly saying that he could not and should not be nominated to succeed himself. He was "colorless," they said.

Then the country was awakened by the plain American courage of this man who, in a series of vetoes which no self-seeker would have dared to make, showed a straightforward type of thought and action which was, to say the least, refreshingly different. He had convictions, he had courage, he took his stand on the broadest basis of the country's good, he led the timid through a difficult period. And whenever he spoke to the people, the overtone of absolute honesty was in all he said.

So it has come about that people of every political persuasion are saying all over the country and with increasing emphasis: "That man is our President." His character has penetrated the national mind. Other candidates stand where they were, or are receding in the public estimate; this man alone is growing. And is it only in the Republican mind that he is growing? No; he grows everywhere in the American mind. All believe in him, radical and conservative. They have a feeling that he is not the creature of any group and therefore not the servant of any.

Thus we have witnessed in this unpromising day a candidate for the Presidency who never had to climb into any political bandwagon. And if the politicians are busy scrambling for places in the Coolidge column it is because they have seen the handwriting on the wall. The candidate whom the wiseacres rejected has become the choice of the country.

It is well worth while to keep in mind these facts about third parties and also to decide who best deserves the name of "progressive"—the Coolidge support, or the Coolidge opposition.

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The Fourteenth Amendment

MUCH more than the incumbency of the customs collectorship of the port of New Orleans is affected in the application for an injunction to prevent the appointee, a Negro, assuming the duties of that office.

Grounds for the petition allege that the appointee is not a citizen of the United States, and is not eligible to citizenship, because of his African blood.

To sustain the petition, it is alleged that the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States was never lawfully ratified by the required number of states, nor was it legally adopted for submission by Congress.

Oddly enough, among a large number of Supreme Court decisions affecting the amendment, not one has applied to the basic allegations of the petition, according to the counsel for the petitioners, and the question is brought up after the amendment has been operative for half a century.

When the Constitution of the United States was adopted, it was especially approved by popular vote among the colonies, Jefferson and his colleagues insisting that the various assemblies, as the legislatures were then termed, might not represent the popular will on a question not at issue in their election. Curiously enough, the Constitution itself provided for legislative amendment at variance with this principle. Had not this change escaped attention at the time, this suit could never have been started; for by the popular vote at the time the Fourteenth Amendment, the word "white" would not have been stricken from the Constitution in the provision defining eligibility to citizenship.

The United States was a "white man's government," in the strictest sense of the term until the Fourteenth Amendment was proposed, purely as a political measure. Before that time, too, the question of eligibility to the franchise was a function of the state. It remained so after its adoption, until the supplemental amendment providing that no state shall disqualify a citizen on account of "race, color or previous condition of servitude."

The attempt to force Negro suffrage in individual states failed, popular prejudice being sufficient to defeat it at the polls. Democracy was fast overcoming the dominant party, however, and the accession of millions of votes seemed vital. For that reason the Fourteenth Amendment was forced through. Forced, we say it without prejudice, since Michigan, for example, which refused to change its own constitution by a majority unprecedented in those days, was recorded as ratifying it, although the Legislature was elected at practically the same time, and thus reversed the expressed will of its constituents.

The South, under "carpet-bag" rule, obeyed the dictum of Washington, to the number of six states, and this vote is challenged in the petition.

It is hardly to be expected that a decision favorable to the petitioners will be reached by the courts, but if it is, only the legal presumption that acts by a de facto government are valid until de jure rights are decided will save many things that have been done in the last half century.

What Is History?

ONE of the most popular dictionaries defines history as "a narrative of events; a tale; a story." More specifically it says: "A systematic written account of events, especially of those affecting a nation, institution, science, or art, usually connected with a philosophical explanation of their causes."

Now, perhaps there is no class of literature that differs more widely in its treatment as history. In a history book is reflected the mentality of the writer. In it all his prejudices, antipathies, likes and dislikes are disclosed. He cannot hide them, strive as he may. His heroes and heroines, his villains and intriguers are built up from the material most suited to his purpose picked from the scrap heap of past events. He scans the archives of his nation through the spectacles of his own predilections, and rummages in musty charter chests for facts that fit in with his own foibles.

This is not meant to convey the impression that those who collect material for the writing of histories do so with the deliberate intention of suppressing certain facts and distorting others, but merely that a history book is after all only the reflex of the mind of an individual writer or compiler.

It must also be remembered that even historical documents from which material has been drawn are not always reliable. Such records have been known to be forged or "cooked," or to have been carelessly written. The impartial historian must necessarily be not a mere copyist but a sifter of facts.

There is a fine field for the ideal historian—one who will tell the truth and forget his own prejudices. This is the type of history we should like to see our children read. It would be a great book whether it dealt with persons, places, or events.

Preventable Disease

AMERICANS cannot fairly term themselves the most efficient people until they stop the present loss of three billion dollars' worth of human values through preventable disease.

This estimate was made by Sir David C. Bruce, a world renowned parasitologist, in addressing the British Association for the Advancement of Science in Toronto last summer.

Infection, acute or chronic, by bacteria or parasites, is probably the most potent cause of disease, old age and death. Fortunately most of these infections can be dealt with if a physician is consulted in time. However, this doesn't mean waiting for signs of illness. The apparently healthy should occasionally be examined by physicians to detect departures from the normal that the tendency may be checked at once and illness obviated.

The whole thing is merely overcoming the present universal disposition to begrudge the doctor his fee unless he has remedied real illness. Doctors cannot work miracles upon people who have let disease get a real hold; but they can repair the leaks if given the opportunity.

We are now entering the period of the year when the disease and death rate climbs upward simply because most people regard colds, grippe and sore throats as unworthy a doctor's attention.

Several generations hence will practice the sound common sense doctrine of Sir David's, but meanwhile people will shorten their lives merely to save a doctor's bill for early and effective examination.

Health and Efficiency

THE health and happiness of workers in Great Britain received considerable attention at a conference recently held in Oxford. A new outlook on industrial life has arisen in England, but, strange as it may seem, it is the masters rather than the men who have until lately given the movement for the bettering of conditions their whole-hearted support. But we are now told, in regard to the workers, that "common sense has prevailed." In an editorial comment the London *Times* says:

> Those who view with dislike the provision of doctors and nurses, of clean, well-ventilated, well-lit workrooms, of swimming-baths and playing-fields, of social clubs and excellent canteens, are a swiftly dwindling minority.

The *Times* points out that the employers who have put the cleanliness and the comfort of their workers in the forefront of their policy make no pretense that they are philanthropists. The interests of their workpeople, as they point out, are identical with their own interests.

In this connection the leading employers in England have become the staunch supporters of a campaign against the more deadly diseases. In the industrial field research workers are studying the dust problem in relation to tuberculosis, the causes of accidents, and the problem of cancer insofar as it is supposed to be attributable to the occupation of the victim.

This progressive attitude is bound to have an excellent effect on industrial conditions in England. Health and efficiency are inseparable, and this fact is becoming more and more widely recognized.

Development of Barter

WHEN the Constitution of the United States was adopted, evidently, it was not intended the government should create a money system as such. Gold and silver were made jointly the basis of money, but their coinage was to be on private account, the stamp being merely the official certificate of the weight and fineness of the pieces when they left the mint. Such coins were made a legal tender subject to appraisal between the parties to a contract, a "limit of tolerance" being established, below which the money character of a coin ceased and its acceptance as money made optional with the seller. He could claim it at commodity value or refuse it entirely if, through abrasion or wear, it fell short more than a certain measure of weight established as the limit of tolerance. Individual states were forbidden to create a legal tender from any other substance, the implication, since established by interpretation, being to place in Congress the sole power to establish other forms of legal tender.

The ratio of weight between gold and silver was established by law. At times each of the metals was at a discount, owing to the variation in the market value of the metals. This variation had a tendency to correct itself, for the metal undervalued by coinage law ceased its money function here, being hoarded or exported to countries offering a higher price for it. This lowered its value abroad, and increased the value of the cheaper metal here in proportion to the increased demand for money.

Every change made in the coinage ratio had for its object the equalizing of the coinage value of the metals, which had ranged from 15 to 17 ounces of silver to one of gold, or more, with a final settlement at what is known as 26 to 1.

This system obtained at the outbreak of the Civil War, coin money being essentially private property and the amount in circulation depending on the desire of metal owners to change bullion into coin. The only exception was in the matter of the subsidiary coinage which was reduced in metal content to below face value, to keep it in circulation. Thus the silver half dollars, quarter dollars, dimes, half dimes and 3-cent pieces were mere token money issued by government. Paper money, privately issued by banks, and not a legal tender, supplemented the coin money, the principal objection being the variation of discount charged for its acceptance as money. This was a serious objection, although not so serious as is generally supposed, since trade was confined to narrow limits, and banks maintained balances in large cities which honored their currencies and drafts. Stray bank notes from distant cities were accepted by local banks through bank note publications carrying information regarding the discounts, the appearance of counterfeits, and so forth.

The assumption by the government of the monopoly of money issue began during the Civil War with the passage of the National Bank Act, under which a prohibitive tax was levied on bank note and other money in circulation not under government authority. Legislation under this and preceding bills had produced the Treasury note, a full legal tender, the United States Note, or Greenback, of limited legal tender powers, and paper subsidiary currency and various forms of token money, the last privately issued.

The Cause of the Trouble

THE amount of crime and the general disregard for laws, both human and divine, which are at this moment afflicting the world like a pestilence, have caused certain people to pause and exclaim: "What is wrong with our religion?"

There is nothing wrong with any religion that is ethical, is sincerely believed in and sincerely practiced. It is in the neglect of religion that the trouble arises.

Quite recently an eminent ecclesiastic declared from the pulpit that if he happened to be wandering in a Central African jungle and suddenly came upon one of the aborigines engaged in the worship of a stuffed toad, he would take off his hat to him, for here at least were the elements of faith and sincerity. It is the want of these virtues which is at the bottom of the lack of religion today.

How can anything be good if it is neglected and cast aside? How can a judgment be formed upon any theory which is not put into practice? How can nourishment be derived from food that is not eaten and digested?

There is nothing wrong with religion; it is the want of it that causes trouble. Better have some ideal and practice it earnestly than to have no ideal at all.

Good Men Are Wanted Behind the Badge

An Interview With the Man Who Made Himself the Master of Herrin

By MAX BENTLEY

YOUNG man, put on a badge, take up officering. It has always been an honored profession for brave men to follow, and it is doubly so now. There has always been need of a certain number of law enforcers; now the need is urgent. It amounts to a call to patriotic duty.

"The man who cleaned up Herrin" said that. S. Glenn Young gave me a pessimistic picture of the American's attitude toward the law. He says it is a comparatively new thing in his experience to find men so contemptuous of restraint. Drastic enforcement, no matter the cost—not relaxation, not winking—was never needed so badly as now, he says. Everything depends on it.

Since his boyhood Young has been an officer, here, there and everywhere. His twenty-year record is the arrest of two thousand persons accused of crime. He entered that profession because he thought it offered an opportunity to do the most useful, the most appreciated, work a man could do. The bitter experience of the Young family in the trouble at Herrin, Illinois, has served only to confirm his belief that nothing short of a national emergency exists.

When this interview took place Young was lying wounded in a hospital at Belleville, Illinois, the victim of a near-murder party. In the same institution sat his wife with folded hands, her eyes shot out. He has had time to look back on his career and to study it in its relation to the public mind. He finds that to be very bad. He believes lawbreaking is coming to be more and more general because more men and better men do not put on badges.

What are the things that build national character? We have more schools and churches than ever. Travel is speedy, comfortable and cheap. The radio, the newspapers and the magazines have brought about a quick and intense contact of minds. We *ought* to be learning that crime is expensive and destructive and futile besides being just bad. We *ought* to be progressing upward.

"When I arrested my first man, twenty years ago," said Young, "he had respect for me and the authority behind me. Now when I go after a lawbreaker he either laughs at me, or lies in ambush to kill me and everyone who happens to be with me. He thinks I am either a grafter or a fool. Officering has sunk pretty low, my friend."

Who is Glenn Young? His story belongs to that of Herrin—"Bloody Herrin," the press called it after the massacre. That was the episode of June 22, 1922, when twenty-two non-union mine workers and guards were murdered by a mob of former employes of an Illinois coal company and their sympathizers, as a strike aftermath. All the murderers were acquitted, or their cases dismissed, and the effect on Herrin was bad. A lawless element plunged the town into a second reign of terror, that condition continuing until Young came into the picture. He had made a name for himself as a prohibition raider in Eastern Illinois. Facing a decimating civil outbreak between law-abiding and law-scoffing, Herrin, or at least a part of its citizenship, asked him to come in and arbitrarily take charge. He was picked because his specialty was cleaning sinks, because he had that twenty-year record.

"International Newsreel."

The courthouse at Herrin.

"I knew the general thought toward law enforcement was bad, but I did not know how bad it was until I went to Herrin," he said. "There was no law there. It was worse than Dodge City ever was, and three times worse than the lowest-down part of New York City. Some of the best people on earth live in Herrin, and this includes hundreds of men in the mines. The decent people of the town were overwhelmingly in the majority, but the law was not working. They were helpless against a clique of the worst criminals I had ever come across. Heroic medicine was needed, that was clear. I set out to be the doctor, and I cleaned that town, but you see what happened to me."

Yes, he cleaned the town. His exploits as dictator of Herrin were given a positively legendary color in the newspapers. He did the job he was employed to do. It took six months; and, when he finally moved on to other fields, he left a record of raids, arrests and convictions that no other officer has ever equaled.

Then, some weeks later, the newspapers reported the attempted assassination of Young and his wife at a lonely spot near Belleville, Illinois, by four men whom he had had occasion to arrest. Young came through a hail of bullets with only a shattered leg, but his wife received a load of buckshot, fired pointblank, full in the face. Her eyes were shot out.

The wounded officer himself drove his bullet-riddled automobile to Belleville. It was there that I found him, lying helpless on a hospital cot. He was, as he looked to be, a discouraged and very tired man. His big gray eyes marked him inescapably, they were so melancholy. It was easy to read his mind. He was thinking back over a life of strife and wondering why it had brought him to this. While he was being interviewed two ladies entered the room, leading a third.

Young's wife was just a girl, all slenderness and soft curves. She wore a light blue negligee. Finely spun yellow hair was piled high on her head. She should have bounded in with airy greeting, but no, she was languid and quiet. She held the robe about her with one hand as with the other she fumbled for her husband's bed. If Young's big eyes denoted melancholy, his wife's sealed lids spoke plain tragedy. Without eyes to illumine face and movements and words she seemed to be of shadow and not substance as she passed across the room. She seated herself on her husband's bed, not responding to his affectionate greeting. Presently the sound of her little son's voice was heard from down the hall. Then she arose, and was led away.

Young spoke with sudden bitterness.

"There you see a fact picture that speaks for itself. My wife has been robbed of her eyes, and why? Because I was the law at Herrin, and the law was in contempt. If they thought about it at all, her only offense, in the minds of the men who ambushed my car, was that she had married me. All that I myself had done was to arrest them. They concluded to 'get' me by way of revenge; and not only me, but anyone who might be with me. That happened to be my wife, but it might have been you. It might have been anybody."

He remembers the day when an officer was an honored man in the community.

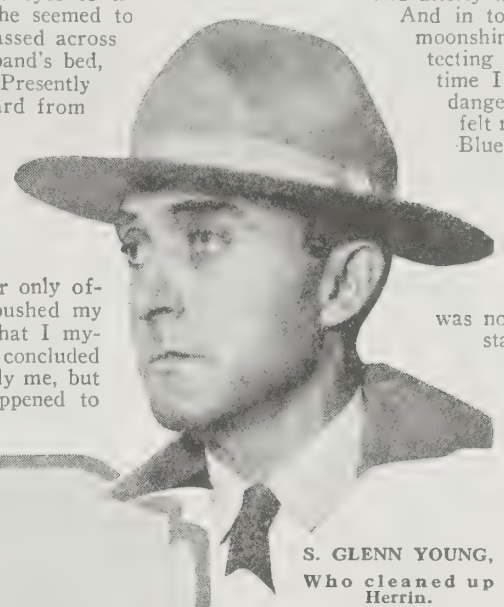
"I was born at Dodge City, Kansas," he said, "and grew up under the traditions of Bill Hickock and Bill Cody (Buffalo Bill), to say nothing of braver men than either of them. It did not take a brave man to be a successful officer: what he needed was character. That was supposed to be a time of lawlessness in the West—you know the stories they tell of Dodge City. Nothing to it. It was pretty gay—harum-scarum, I would say. Anyway, most of Bill Hickock's work as town marshal was with teamsters shooting their pistols in the air, or having harmless fist fights. Murders were few and far between. People might break the law from time to time, but they respected it, and wanted it enforced, even against themselves.

"In my country it was a boy's highest ambition to be an officer. My father saw to my getting through the public school. Then he turned me loose with the advice that I take up officering. I went into East Kentucky, and before I was twenty-one landed a place as deputy marshal.

"It looked like a big job when I was given a blanket and badge and gun and told to go into the mountains of North Carolina and get the bad men. They were murderers, and my job was to deliver them to the circuit judges, alive if possible or dead if necessary. It is true an officer cannot do much palavering with a murderer. Usually, on a hunt for a man that hides in the mountains, the one that lives to tell the story is the one that saw the other first—unless he can talk him out of shooting. That is the point, you could; or rather, I did—many times. I have gone after desperate men, shown my badge and explained my mission, and taken them in without even drawing my gun. The men I have had to kill here and there went down after a fair and square stand-up fight, and no hard feelings on either side.

"I worked the Blue Ridge Mountains for sixteen years. I came to know them like the average man knows his backyard. It was moonshiner country and moonshiner days, and I knew hundreds of those backward people. They might make illicit whisky, but they were men of virtue and honest dealing with their fellow men. They had the highest respect for me and my work. Why, they helped me get my men.

"About 1917 I began to notice a general slackness toward law enforcement. What shocked me was that I found that state of mind in my mountain country. The Department of Justice had sent me there to hunt slackers. That was all that they were wanted for, dodging army service, but I found them generally a desperate lot and utterly without respect for law. And in too many cases my old moonshiner friends were protecting them. For the first time I felt my life to be in danger. For the first time I felt myself a stranger in the Blue Ridge Mountains.



S. GLENN YOUNG, Who cleaned up Herrin.

"In July of 1920 I was transferred to the prohibition enforcement and sent to Illinois. It was simply terrible there. I suppose Illinois was no worse than any other state of large population, but it seemed to me that everybody was breaking the law. Prohibition violations were only a few in the whole sum. In the two years following my transfer I saw more gun work, more murders, than I had seen in the eighteen years preceding. I felt that my life was never safe—and *this* proves it. I am constantly in danger. I could name a hundred men who would kill me tomorrow if they could do it by stealth, but not a single one who would stand up and shoot it out with me. Ten years ago the exactly opposite condition was true."

He spoke of the public conscience as inherently sound but slow and habit-bound.

"Take Herrin," he said. "What happened there might happen anywhere. Without leadership the good people were too confused to move. They were helpless. But when I organized them they were unbeatable. I asked for four weeks' time for under-cover investigation. With only two assistants I secured evidence against 160 resorts—they were that open. Then I organized a citizens' constabulary of 900 and called them together at Carbondale, a nearby town, to be regularly commissioned by a Federal official from Washington sent there for that purpose, at my request.

"We fell on Herrin by night. The raid was a complete surprise. I suppose 5,000 persons in Herrin were in on our plans, but there was not the suspicion of a tip-off. We caught the dives running and that night jailed 120 men. We did not stop there. During the next two weeks we rounded up 500 prisoners. They were so numerous and so unruly that I had to charter a train and take them to Benton, Illinois, under heavy guard for arraignment. We tried most of them; convicted them, too.

"You see, only leadership and determined action were needed. My raiders were all private citizens, men owning their homes. I wanted only true and brave men, and I got them, from all classes, white and brown, Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic, American-born and foreign. What does it matter what a man's religion is, or where he came from, as long as he stands by the law?

"The first big raid ought to have cleaned Herrin, but no, contempt for the law was deeper-seated than that. It was only a beginning. Take the night of last January eighth. I happened to be at Marion, county seat of Williamson County. The telephone rang. I was told to hurry back to Herrin and take a hand: Constable Caesar Cagle, one of my best men, had been killed and a deputy sheriff who was hostile to us had been wounded. I went back at once, and as I drove into the outskirts of Herrin my car was ambushed and shot full of holes. No one hit.

"I found Herrin wildly excited: hundreds of my men on the streets, armed and bent on getting revenge for Cagle's murder. And the other crowd was heeled for a fight, too. I made a speech. I told my people the law must take its course, that there must be no violence from our side.

"The men that we suspected of the murder had retired to a hospital. When I and three others went to the place with warrants for their arrest—when we called on them in the name of the law to surrender—they opened fire. We surrounded the building. The fight lasted all night and at daybreak the National Guard marched in. My chief of police was kidnaped during the night; I took over his job. Then the sheriff disap-

(*Concluded on page 14*)

FREDERICK J. KELLY.

Is the College Doing Its Job?

Dr. Kelly of the University of Minnesota Gives Opinion; Intellectual Fearlessness and Moral Courage Is Wanted

By FRANK M. CHASE

"DEMOCRACY, more than any other form of government, requires leadership," says Frederick J. Kelly, "because in a democracy this leadership has to secure its own recognition and make good its claims, often in the face of opposition. Any educational system that tends to leave undeveloped the potential leadership of the people cannot long serve a democracy.

"America boasts a public school system open to every child from kindergarten through the university. This is a proud boast and one for which the country may well make great sacrifices to attain. Educators, however, dare not close their eyes to the problems such a policy raises. Among these is the tendency to set our educational machinery to the pace maintained by the average student. 'Mass education' has come upon American schools so rapidly that suitable adjustments have not yet been made. Nearly all the older countries depend upon a system of education of two types, one for the masses and the other for prospective leaders. One of the most urgent questions before America is how to conserve the essence of the common school and yet provide those of superior ability a chance to develop to their highest possible level."

To the college is intrusted a large share of the development of America's future leadership—a very important job. Is this job being done well? Is the college meeting today's need? Wherein does it fall short?

Perhaps few persons are better qualified to answer these questions than Dr. F. J. Kelly, dean of administration in the University of Minnesota, who has recently completed a critical study of the colleges of arts and sciences in thirteen representative institutions. His study occupied six months, the statements attributed to him being made at its close.

Dr. Kelly is an alert, quick-thinking man, Nebraska-born and a little past forty, who when speaking rains down ideas with the rapidity of machine gun fire. Due largely to his innate humanness, coupled with a broad view and a wide touch with people that he has retained in spite of his years in the classroom, he sees the college's relationships in a big way. He realizes, for example, that the public, the students and alumni have a legitimate interest in the affairs of the college and how they are conducted, as well as the faculty and board of trustees. As a result, in his investigations, besides conferring with the presidents, deans and other members of the faculty, he talked with the students at each college, especially with the student leaders. He also gathered the opinions and experience of many seniors and alumni by the time-honored questionnaire method.

"To judge intelligently as to whether the college is doing its job it is necessary first to know what its job is," he said. "Light is thrown upon this matter by the answers of about seventy-five of the more distinguished alumni of the colleges visited—persons prominent in business, professional and social circles—to this question: Which is the most significant in determining the value of a college course of study: (a) the information acquired; (b) the habits of study acquired; (c) the ideals of character established?

"Of the thirty-one direct answers to this question, only two ranked the information acquired as of the first importance. Only two others ranked it second in importance. Among these college graduates, whose names are widely known over the country, a number were very emphatic in asserting that the information gained is only a means to the end of building an intellectual and moral citizenship.

"As I see them, and I have found considerable agreement in the matter, the college has three fairly distinct functions. These are, first, the preparatory function, providing a mastery of such tools of learning as the mother tongue, foreign languages and mathematics; second, the cultural function, which aims to inculcate such qualities as a social point of view, perspective, initiative, intellectual training and self-mastery, and third, the vocational function."

Turning to the means of accomplishing these aims, it is apparent at once that the effectiveness of any educational institution is chiefly determined by two things—the courses offered and required, and the teachers and methods of teaching. Quite naturally the main emphasis of Dean Kelly's study rested upon these subjects and here, as far as it was feasible, he consulted both alumni and students. The alumni interrogated fell into two groups: first the distinguished graduates to whom reference has been made and, secondly, about twenty-five graduates of each class from 1910 to 1914, inclusive, of each college visited, the time elapsing since their graduation enabling them to present a mature view.

"Leaving out the courses which have been of distinctly practical or vocational value," the alumni were asked, "recall the college course which you prize most highly of all the courses you have studied."

Of the 409 courses mentioned in answer to this question, slightly more than a quarter were English courses with approximately another quarter in history and social science. From this the courses mentioned ranged down, in the order given, through philosophy and psychology, the biological sciences, physical sciences and ancient languages to mathematics, which was mentioned twelve times, and to modern languages nine. Apparently pedagogy to which field Dr. Kelly has devoted himself was not mentioned at all. The replies of 249 seniors ranked the various subjects in the same order, with respect to the number of times they were mentioned, except that mathematics and modern languages were reversed.

"Among students of college age," Dean Kelly commented upon these findings, "subjects which answer primarily as tools do not stand in high esteem. It is fair to question, therefore, whether such subjects should be continued longer among the groups established to secure breadth of training. These tools may be needed, and, if so, they should be required as the need dictates. To class them as cultural and require a certain amount of them as a part of a general education is quite possibly a misdirection of effort.

"The assumption seems to be that the reading knowledge of some foreign language, required in a number of colleges, will result in a common use of the literature found in these languages, and that this will not only broaden the social sympathies of students, but their understanding and culture as well. Such inquiry as there was time to make concerning this assumption would not bear out its truth.

"Almost every conceivable combination of subjects will satisfy the requirement for breadth of training at some college. People may graduate without having had any contact with foreign languages in either high school or college, while in other places both ancient and modern languages are required to the extent of one-fifth the work of both high school and college. Therefore, while group requirements secure acquaintance with several fields of culture, there is no general agreement that particular subjects are essential to culture."

Although breadth of training is now generally secured by group requirements, a movement is under way to require certain common courses of all students. There is a feeling, strongly supported by alumni, that students need a common intellectual world." College teachers, however, do not share this view, the bulk of them favoring requirements from the present departmental offerings.

Above—A student paper. Note the student interests.
Right—An alumni paper.

"The difference in opinion between alumni and college teachers over the value of so called survey courses," says Kelly, "is but an illustration of the fact that college faculties tend to view educational problems from the standpoint of organized bodies of subject matter, rather than from the standpoint of the needs of the students. Probably the severest criticism passed upon college teachers by both senior students and alumni is represented in this. The dominant attitude of teachers of the elementary college courses (supposedly the general cultural courses) is that of laying the foundation for subsequent specialization in the given field. Teachers of general chemistry or general economics, for example, commonly direct their efforts toward those students who are expecting to go on with additional courses in chemistry or economics, even though only a small fraction of the students in these general courses do go on. Some chemistry and some economics are essential as a part of the general culture of all educated people, but that this common requirement shall be met, it is necessary that the chemistry and economics for that purpose shall be taught by teachers who have this general function in mind." This criticism, however, does not apply at the present time to the larger and more progressive institutions.

"Ineffective methods of teaching are due, more than to any other fact, to a failure on the part of teachers to recognize the distinctive aim which the given course should achieve. Preparatory or tool subjects call for one method. Cultural subjects call for another method. Vocational courses call for another method. These differentiations have not been commonly made, and this fact is responsible for much of their difficulty. Teachers of cultural courses especially must be interested in students first, and in their subject matter second. This calls for not only wide cultural training, as distinct from high specialization, but for knowledge of sociology, psychology and pedagogy as well." Columbia and other colleges which give the general culture course to all freshmen attempt now to meet the need of a new method of approach by systematic instruction conference with the instructors who teach this course.

How important are good teachers is strikingly revealed by the replies to one section of the questionnaire submitted to the alumni. The alumni were asked to check which contributed most to the development of a cultured person—the information acquired, habits of study gained, personal friendships enjoyed, inspiration from good teachers, or extra class activities. According to the answers received, inspiration from good teachers stands first, with habits of study gained second, while the information acquired comes last.

Of ten listed characteristics of the "best college teacher," the two standing highest in the minds of the seniors were, in order: first, the emphasis upon life situations in teaching; second, the demand for initiative and independent work on the part of the students. In the case of the alumni these two qualities also stood highest, though their order was reversed.

Blocking the way to better teaching in many colleges is the recent increase in student enrollment, necessitating large classes and a wide dependence upon lectures. Under the lecture system the acquiring of information easily takes precedence over other objectives, with the result that the stimulus of daily participation in classroom work and the influence from contact with inspiring teachers are largely lost. Where steps are being taken to remedy this situation no criticism, of course, can lodge.

"Education," says Dean Kelly, "comes primarily through active thinking on the part of students and unless active thinking can be secured by the lecture method little educational advantage can come from it. At Yale, partly to meet the insistent demand of alumni for better teaching in the freshman year, no section of first-year students is allowed to contain more than twenty and practically all the large institutions are making some such effort to meet the situation. The personal relationship between teacher and student is expected to be stressed. The teacher is expected to become conscious of his students and their needs and to lessen somewhat the value of the materials of instruction as ends in themselves."

In the course of his study Dean Kelly found a few instances in which the essential components of a student's personality are considered as a part of his application for entrance to college. This he regards as a prophetic tendency, even though at present all the qualities of character which society hopes will be developed by college are almost entirely neglected when the teachers evaluate the results of their labors. "If resourcefulness, ability to assume leadership and responsibility," he says; "if intellectual fearlessness and moral courage are the qualities which American citizenship is calling for today, then colleges in their cultural courses are under obligation to give weight to the display of these qualities in their students."

Possibly nothing in the entire realm of college life has drawn more criticism from the general public than the extra-curricular activities. The fact that such activities often make newspaper headlines while the soberer affairs of college do not, has led many into the belief that the tail wags the dog in the colleges. Dean Kelly's findings bear out no such conclusions. On the other hand he sees, as do the overwhelming majority of alumni questioned, much of value in the so-called student activities.

The Art of Seeing Things as They Really Are

And Not as They Appear to the Myopic Minds of Prejudiced People

By F. J. CLIFFORD

"COME away chil'uns, thar ain't no sich anamile." So remarked a tall, lanky Ozarker as he pulled his towheaded offspring away from their awe-struck gaze at the menagerie's giraffe; an incident which tends to illustrate the viewpoint of many readers toward something different—something new—something cleanly—something true.

So constantly have some persons been flooded with muckraking newspapers, salacious books, and the like, that they fail to comprehend the very thing they have been looking for when it is presented to them. It is, therefore, difficult for a writer to get before the reading public something worth while.

To the uninitiated, it seems such a simple thing to do. Just write an article on some interesting subject and mail it somewhere to be published.

It can be written and sent on its way to some publisher all right enough, but after one accumulates a collection of varicolored rejection slips bearing the usual stereotyped "regrets," the budding author begins painfully to absorb an illuminating form of education.

Why is it there is such a lack of worthiness in the mass of books being brought out today? Why is a book old and passé in three months? Is it because the individuality of the writers is being sandbagged out of them by too long contact with our modern educational system?

Something new is a most alluring field, but if one is to delve into its mysteries, one must have more than a modest amount of genius, and, last but not least, a very, very thick hide.

What Do the People Want?

SOMETHING clean sounds good. But do the people want it? Judging from the contents of newspapers and many magazines, they most assuredly do not. Clean books by clean-minded writers are generally slow sellers, but when read they stick in the reader's mind with a something worth while. And, if an author is willing to leave this queer old world with a more or less firm conviction that future generations will appreciate and profit by his posthumous message, all well and good.

A soul-relieving blast of stinging drops of truth might be hurled at a habitually unthinking public. But the public—the major part of it—has not shown a liking for the truth.

There seems to be more demand for facts—publications dealing in authentic information—during the last two or three years. Just what constitutes the underlying reason for it is difficult to determine. It is more than likely a plain reaction; reaction from a truth-suppressing, fact-distorting press; reaction from movies, so obviously rotten and outlandishly unbelievable.

This, coupled with a growing lack of confidence in old-line politicians who most tenaciously hang onto the governmental reins—all this compels Mr. Public Man to put on his thinking cap and demand literature that deals in facts—news on which he can depend.

But if there is one literary road that is treacherous in the extreme, where soul-destroying mistakes can be made, it is that of the iconoclast. Are there not little, harmless weedy places in the minds of the people that shelter bits of tradition, legends, folklore, and so on? Certainly, it would be a mistake to clear away some of them.

Pondering over all this brings to mind an incident that occurred to me in Jackson, Michigan, in conversing with an individual there. He was just an everyday type of man, and having noted my Washington car license he proceeded to bombard me with a motley array of questions.

"Say, them mountain lions out there must be fierce things. I think the government or your state officials should do something to keep them killed off. When I hear of people getting mauled and done up by them, it seems to me that the matter should be dealt with in some way or other so the people would be safe."

"But my dear man," I replied, "they do no harm to people directly. They are—"

"Don't you talk to me that way," he cut in, much as a mother would rush to the rescue of her beleaguered offspring. "I know what I'm talking about, and don't you forget it. My brother was in Montana teaching school and had it not been for his ability as a runner, he'd be dead today. A mountain lion chased him more'n a mile; and he's not the only one either. Many others have told me almost the same thing."

Seeing Not Always Believing

WITH a half indignant, half triumphant air the man glared at me. Though I knew he was wrong, I did not have the heart to try to dispel his fondly cherished notions. They were doing him no harm. The truth of the matter is *people like to believe the things they want to believe.*

The rank and file of us love to surround the object of our admiration with a halo of fond beliefs. The object of our adoration may be a real live baby of our very own, or just a pug-nosed bulldog. It isn't the baby or the bulldog we see, however, it is the fancies with which our imagination has enveloped them.

Shakespeare proved his wonderful genius when in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," he caused the head of Bottom to be turned into that of an ass. Titania, his beloved, and queen of the fairies, devotedly puts her arms around his neck as she proclaims:

"Though he has the head of an ass, I love him." Her aircastles and fancies were built too strongly to be dispelled by such a trifle.

How often have we seen some friend of ours the devoted slave of someone who is the very embodiment of characteristics we thoroughly detest. The infatuated one seems not to be aware of the rasping mannerisms that are so apparent and irritating to us. Would it be wise to open the eyes of the object of our pity? Had he not better toil on till life's day is done and his sacrificial labor is ended?

The divorce courts gain too many recruits from those who have become aware of certain crudities and objectionable characteristics in their mates. After the flames of passion have ceased to dazzle the eyes our idols are sometimes shattered.

If one is to be guided by these musings, the broadcasting of facts must be done with discrimination.

The assembling of facts is no small undertaking, especially if they take a reminiscent form. One old-timer may give his version of some remote incident. The next might say: "There ain't a word of truth in it."

But these old fellows are real historians, especially when their statements are borne out by indisputable evidence. They constitute a real fountainhead of knowledge.

Take the centenarian of Tonasket for instance; he lives a few miles up the twisting, slow-flowing Okanogan. A hundred and seven winters have furrowed his leathery face. Though his physical self has deteriorated, his mind appears as active and retentive as ever, especially of things that happened in the long ago—farther back than the span of two average lives.

To talk with him is like rolling back time a hundred years. Think of a man that was pushing into the West before William Cody (Buffalo Bill) was born, before Buffalo Jones ever dreamed of the heroic stunts he would be put to in saving our bison from extinction.

This centenarian tells of an incident which I suppose the white man's history will never record.

It deals with the conquering of the Indians of this country. This was found so difficult that two or three white renegades went to the pesthouse at old Oregon City and brought back some smallpox-infested blankets and distributed them among the Indians at a big powwow they were having at Rock Island on the Columbia River.

Some Sound Philosophy

THE diabolical scheme proved successful, for the Indians died by the thousand. The Methows were wiped out completely.

Though descendants of the men who perpetuated the outrage are living in the country today, the old man will not give their names. His reasons are that it would not be fair to them; and he is also afraid that his word might be doubted as he is the only living witness.

Another character north of here, with whom I have spent many a pleasant hour, is the philosopher of the Okanogan. He is literally a landmark in the country; a picturesque figure. His once mighty frame is now bent with rheumatism and the weight of fourscore years. Time-worn and gray is he with a long crinkly beard that rests on his bosom. His cheeks show ruddy above it. A huge aquiline nose lends ruggedness to his face. Deep-set dark eyes, gazing from beneath shaggy brows, read one with an intensity that can be felt.

"My dear young friend" (my forty-four years have little meaning with him), he has said to me many times, "judge all mankind by their *generous-mindedness.* It's the best rule I know of. Continually gauge your friends by it till you have taken their measure."

Its true worth did not appear until I had unthinkingly applied it a few times. It is truly surprising the way the wheat can be separated from the chaff by it. Simple and great it is, as the man who propounded it to me.

Many times have I seen him standing in the busy thoroughfare with a steady stream of humanity surging past him. Though bent and old, his broad shoulders and shaggy head could be seen above the passing throng. Leaning on his great staff, his gaze directed far beyond all things about him, he reminded me of some granite boulder around whose base the waters of a river were ever whirling.

Up in the foothills of the snow-capped Cascade Mountains lives an Irishman—the joke-smith of the Methow. Some seventy years old in time and knowledge of earthly things, he is but a mere youth of seventeen in spirits and love of life. Tall and angular of frame, with a drooping mustache adorning a half-mournful face, one would never suspect the deviltry lurking behind.

He has punched burros from Death Valley to the British Columbia mountains, prospecting most of the time, hunting and trapping in between. When not engaged in this line of work one will often find him at a neighbor's where he is always welcomed, especially by the children, for his story-telling ability.

One has to be on his guard because the victims of his practical jokes extend from one end of the Methow valley to the other.

An Unbiased Vision

COULD he be induced to come down to the haunts of city life and talk from the footlights as I have heard him talk from the light of the camp fire—the craggy heights standing apart like waiting ushers, the pine and tamarack whispering around like untrained children—it would mean a fortune to any promoter. But such things cannot be measured in dollars and cents.

The wealth of interesting experiences one can glean from the most unlikely places is truly surprising. How often have I passed by some horny-handed son of toil as, in the field, with bent back, he wrested a sustenance from the barren earth. The sunburnt, wrinkled face, unkempt hair, and frayed clothing might give no indication of the wealth of intellect possessed by the individual, but to engage him in conversation would be like rummaging through some old library of literary treasures.

How often the homeliest flower yields the sweetest perfume, the humblest fruit the finest flavor, and the roughest diamond the greatest luster.

So, likewise many of our citizens who, becoming weary of the countries of the Old World return to their homeland and find in its plains and mountains, rivers, lakes and seashore, a charm and beauty as surprising as it is pleasing.

The same holds good about what we write. Everyday human experiences, when properly portrayed, are full of interest. The vision should be sufficiently clear and unbiased to see things as they actually are though it require copious showers of truth to purify the atmosphere.

Devils Tower National Monument—By J. C. GILBERT

THREE Sioux maidens, while out gathering wild flowers, were beset with three bears. The maidens took refuge upon a large rock which the bears were also able to climb because of their long, sharp claws. The gods, seeing the maidens about to be devoured, caused the rock to grow up out of the ground. As the rock grew the maidens climbed higher, but the bears followed. At last, becoming exhausted, the bears could climb no farther and fell to their death on the jagged rocks below. The maidens then took the flowers they had gathered and made them into a rope with which they safely lowered themselves to the ground.

The rock which grew out of the ground.

Such is the historical legend of the Devils Tower as reported by the Indians and handed down from father to son for many generations. The columnar structure of the rock is supposed to have been caused by the marks of the bears' claws. The Indians also say that during severe thunderstorms the Thunder God takes his mighty drum to the top of the tower where he beats it, thus causing the thunder.

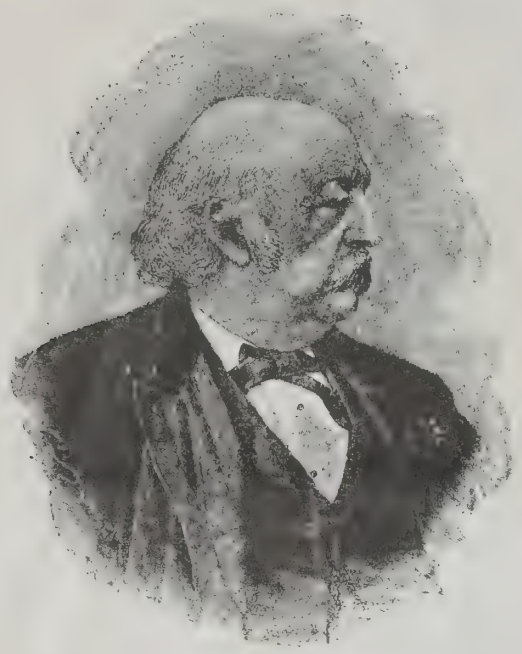
The early white pioneers later on used the tower as a landmark in their exploration of the great Northwest. Still later, the military leaders in the Sioux and Crow Indian country directed their marches by the aid of this ever-present tower, for it is plainly visible in some directions for nearly a hundred miles, and is one of the most conspicuous features in the Black Hills region of Wyoming. The tower proper rises six hundred feet above a rounded ridge of sedimentary rocks, which itself rises six hundred feet above the Bell Fourche River. Its sides are fluted by great columns which stand nearly perpendicular except near the top where they round in and near the base where they flare out. The base emerges into a talus of broken columns lying on a platform of buff sandstone.

The Devils Tower is reached by a side trip of seven miles from the Custer Battlefield Highway, and Black and Yellow Trail, two signed highways, which follow practically the same route through Northeastern Wyoming. Moorcroft, thirty-five miles distant, on the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad, is the nearest railroad point.

The Jews Knew When Army Was Winning

General Butler Watched When They Handled Confederate Securities and Acted Accordingly

By MARCUS T. WOODRUFF



Benj. F. Butler

HIDDEN away in the mass of official data compiled by Major General Benjamin Franklin Butler, lawyer, warrior, statesman, financier and manufacturer, is a recitation of his methods of restoring the New Orleans area to normalcy, from the desperate situation in which he found that city when it had been captured by the Federal forces and put under Butler's dictatorship.

"Ben" Butler was an outstanding figure during the Civil War and afterward. Perhaps no other commanding officer was subjected to so much abuse. Yet his work at New Orleans, autocratic from necessity, stands out today as illustrative of some wise policies. He believed in monetary reform. Once the nominee of the old Greenback party for the Presidency, the idea of a government-controlled currency was not new to him. The story of how he restored order and business prosperity in New Orleans after the Federal occupation and through his own ideas financed the tardy payment of Uncle Sam's fighters in both branches of the service is worth recounting today.

When General Butler took command in New Orleans he found the banks, always conservatively managed, in good condition. The banks held plenty of gold and silver, and had used, until a short time previously, their own notes and bills as mediums of exchange. They had refused to use or deal in Confederate currency until forced to do so by the Richmond government, and had begun the retirement of their own notes by substituting the Confederacy's currency issue, but suspending specie payment.

With the beginning of the investment of New Orleans, the banks had made disposition of their coin by putting as much as possible out of reach of friend or foe. Some was exported, some shipped to points within Confederate lines, some hidden in vaults which had been built in the homes of bankers. Some was buried behind church altars or beneath pews. There was hardly a conceivable place where the precious stuff was not hidden, and one of the serious charges against Butler was that he dug up cemeteries in his search for gold.

One of the first general orders from the headquarters of the occupation guaranteed the sacredness of private property, and its protection from seizure by civil or military authority. Early visitors to the commander were bankers, who asked if their specie was to be considered private property under the order.

Confederate Currency

GENERAL BUTLER gave the Negroes, who were employed by the bankers, credit for having informed him of the disposition of the specie, so was prepared for the query. He told them specie owned by the banks and in their vaults would be regarded as private property as long as it was used as money in the ordinary course of business, but that hidden gold and silver would be confiscated. He granted a certain time for its recovery. This resulted in the return of most of the hidden cash, some funds being captured while passing through the Confederate lines. A large amount sent to the Red River country reached New Orleans packed in barrels of beef.

Of course it was inconceivable that Confederate currency should be permitted to remain in circulation, yet its summary demonetization would be a hardship on the poor people of the city, whose only medium of exchange it was. The banks, more heartless, steadily passed out the Confederate script, now badly depreciated, but refused to receive the same notes for deposit. This brought action.

A general order was issued that banks must receive Confederate money at its gold value in exchange for specie, their own bills, or United States currency until a given date, when the use of Confederate currency must cease. This measure was necessary to distribute the inevitable loss and at least prevent its whole weight falling on those least able to bear it. The result was satisfactory, and business immediately resumed a prosperity which not even the North enjoyed at that time.

A disturbing factor later appeared. Communication with Washington was difficult. Papers received were never less than a week old, and the city was in a constant fever over uniform rumors of continuous Confederate victories. Sympathizers with secession became bolder and more virulent. Baton Rouge was the nearest point for reliable information, but could be relied on only for news favorable to the Confederate cause.

In this emergency, General Butler relied upon the Jewish money brokers—by watching them. He shrewdly concluded that if the Jews were buying Confederate bills or exchange, the Federal forces were getting the worst of it. If the Jews were selling then the Confederates were losing. And, as a matter of fact, this barometer never failed him. The day that all the rebel sympathizers were celebrating the capture of the Army of the Potomac, including McClellan, the Jews were selling. Which indicated that they knew the report was false.

To the student of finance, the relation of the manner in which the army and navy at New Orleans were paid without remittances from Washington will be of greatest interest. He says (his references to the "secretary of the treasury" are to himself):

"Meanwhile my troops had been left unpaid, some of them since the time they had left the North. That was not the worst of it: a paymaster had been sent down to pay, but he had not money enough to go around and he did not get his requisitions answered. Therefore the troops, a part being paid and remainder not paid, were, as they might well be, almost in a state of insurrection. More than that, Farragut's fleet had not been paid at all, although if any men on earth deserved their pay it was his crew. Neither officers nor soldiers had had a dollar for the purchase of anything.

Payment by Greenbacks

"THESE new duties of the 'secretary of the treasury' of my imperium must be performed. The admiral called upon me, explaining the destitution of the fleet. He said he could get no answer from the Navy Department to his requisitions, and asked me, in his candid simplicity of character, to write to Washington, thinking I might be more potent with the authorities there than he.

"'My letter upon such a subject would be simply referred to the Secretary of the Navy, so your matter wouldn't go along any faster on that account. How much money do you want, Admiral?'

"He said he needed fifty thousand dollars in gold.

"'Well,' I have six or seven millions of gold subject to my order. It is hard if this necessity of yours cannot be relieved. Tell your purser to draw on me for fifty thousand dollars and you endorse the draft for the payment of your crew, and I will answer the requisition.'

"'But,' said the admiral, 'I can never pay this money, General.'

"'Never you mind that, Admiral; I never expect you will; but it will be a voucher to me when I am called upon to settle my accounts with the Treasury Department that the money has gone for public service.'

"The troops were being paid in greenbacks, and that made a difficulty because there were no greenbacks in New Orleans with which to pay them. The 'secretary of the treasury' of my imperium was puzzled what to do, but at last he devised this financial expedient: The troops who were paid sent home to their families by Adams Express a very considerable part of the sums received, and the oldest troops were paid first, in greenbacks brought by the paymaster when he came. Now, if we could get those greenbacks which were to be sent back by express, we could get enough to pay the remaining troops.

The Cheapest General

"THEREFORE, I made an arrangement with the Adams Express Company that they should return to my paymaster all the greenbacks that the troops gave them to be sent home to New York and Boston, and that they were to answer for the amount as if the greenbacks had been carried there; and I gave them my personal draft for the amount. The arrangement was beneficial to the express company, because if the troops could not get their pay then, they could not send anything home, and the express company could not make its profit. So we kept using those greenbacks in paying, over and over, until all my troops were paid. The drafts were answered, and the express company was reimbursed.

"No other such correspondence was ever had by a commanding general acting as his own secretary of the treasury, showing transactions by which crews of a fleet and soldiers could be paid where they had been left without pay. This condition of affairs was owing in this case to the incompetency or carelessness of the pay department and perhaps in part to the inability of the National Treasury to meet the demands."

There follows in full the official correspondence connected with this transaction, after which the writer closes his narrative with:

"My 'secretary of the treasury' so managed his financial affairs that the very large and extraordinary expenditure for feeding the city and cleaning it and employing the idle men, so they might feed themselves and their families, cost the United States not one dollar! And the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, when he acknowledged the return of twenty-five thousand dollars in gold which had been sent to my commissary as an advance, said: 'You are the cheapest general we have employed.'"

Something About Platforms and Their Construction

PLATFORM construction is the delicate art of selecting a variety of forceful sentences and so assembling them that they mean nothing.

Once in a generation, some genius arranges a sequence of phrases in such a way that they mean anything you like.

Fastened together with an elastic band, such planks comprise a platform upon which any steady-headed candidate can stand firmly, provided he poses sailor-fashion, with his feet well apart.

The ease and precision with which an expert platform carpenter can knock together a specimen of his handiwork is accounted for by the fact that nothing remotely resembling an idea is necessary to the accomplishment of his task, while consistency, a necessary part of any other form of document, is a superfluity in which few platform committees care to indulge.

For instance, a platform can announce undying allegiance to the sacred principle of states' rights, then heartily endorse national prohibition, national suffrage, national maternity regulation, national game protection, national highway control, national anti-child labor legislation, national forestry, and national anything else which abridges the sacred prerogatives of the commonwealths.

Another platform will descry militarism, then call loudly for more soldiers, more sailors, more marines, battleships, forts and battle planes.

The foregoing observations are not set down as carping criticisms of the platformers; rather it is an expression of admiration for their accomplishments. Any bunch of dubs could plug stolidly along a fixed route; only daring and versatile souls can travel in all four directions at once, without losing their bearings.

So far as the psychological effect of swiping the spotlight is concerned, the platformer has got it and gone. How he does it probably will be explained simultaneously with the clearing up of the mystery enshrouding the incident of Jonah and the whale. He is the only one who knows, and he is not putting out anything in the line of political information.

Recently a woman correspondent of an eastern daily did enjoy a one-sided interview with him, and in her write-up described the presidential countenance as "frank and open."

Immediately she was besieged by a horde of avid representatives of an eager press, each clamoring to borrow her opener.

The present campaign, unique as it is in other ways, will go down into history chiefly remarkable for a startling coincidence which was observed during the pre-convention period.

On the very day and hour when ghouls over in Egypt were preparing to remove the more intimate wrappings from the mummified remnant of what once was King Tut, a man out in Montana suggested W. J. Bryan as a presidential candidate.

After due consideration, they resealed the entrance to King Tut's tomb, keeping the royal remains secure from the prying eyes of a morbid public.

So ran the deadly parallel.

And for all of the strife and rancor and tumult of a presidential year, the only recompense of the voter is that he has had his own way about something.

Within the sacred precincts of the election booth he is not boss-ridden or party-whipped or henpecked, as the case may be, but is free to take a pencil and make marks right where he "dern" pleases.

Sometimes, through inborn perversity, he makes marks where they do not please him at all, and he does it because he knows they displease someone else.

Added to the grisly horror of the election period is the sure knowledge that all of the fuss and worry and turmoil is unnecessary.

Neighbors should not become frigid, friendships fade, and family bonds fray, loosen and be rent apart, because of political differences which could be adjusted with ease if everyone could find time to practice the delicate art of compromise.

Harmony, that's the big word, and, to secure it, let every voter stifle selfish desire, discard prejudice, forget party fealty, frown down sophistry, ignore the blatant sputterings of the district boss—and follow me.

For, if I could have my way, the twenty-five election days would be the most blissful of the century, cheery seasons of unanimity of thought and action.

That is, of course, if I could have my way.

Pictures in Silks and Satins

Forty Years a Milliner Taught Her Tints and Colors; Great Artists Praise Her Wonderful Work

By GEORGE H. DACY

FROM owner and proprietor of a popular millinery store in a small Illinois city to creator of a new and novel system of reproducing marines, landscapes, mountains and clouds in silks, satins, crêpes and chiffons—fabric pictures which are so realistic that you think their small replicas in the frame are the work of Nature—is the great step forward which Miss Orpha V. Ellis latterly has made.

Forty years of active work in a millinery shop—surely a strange preparation for a career in the world of art. Yet for the production of fabric pictures such as Miss Ellis now makes her twoscore years spent in blending colors and in gaining intimate familiarity with the most delicate tints and hues used in the perfection of milady's bonnets have been admirable training.

The life story of Miss Orpha Ellis is one of personal sacrifice. She wanted to learn how to draw and paint in watercolors and oils. She possessed great native talent. All her school-day leisure was spent, pencil in hand, drawing this, that and everything else of life and beauty which she saw around her. That was in the days before drawing in any form was taught in the public schools. There was no kindly philanthropist to guide and foster the artistic skill of the little girl.

Orpha, however, could have made a go of a self-financed education in art if she had no one but herself to look after. There were, however, her mother and sister to be aided and supported. So the courageous little schoolgirl abandoned her ideas of art, tried to forget her inside craving to reproduce Nature's beauties in picture form and went to work in a millinery store at $2 50 a week.

For twenty-nine years, Miss Ellis worked in the hat shop, mastered all the intricacies of the trade and introduced new ideas into the homely business of bonnet construction. She acquired astonishing adeptness in the blending of colors, in the selection of exactly the right shades to form the most attractive combinations—her hats had an air of refinement and style such as many of the best metropolitan milliners never attained in their creations.

For many years, Miss Ellis, her sister and her mother were known as the "Three Little Women" of Princeton, Illinois. Miss Orpha was the business lady of the loving little family. She it was who acted as breadwinner for the trio. And, finally, she came to the crossroads. Further advancement demanded that she go in business for herself. It would be a daring move. What if she failed and Princeton's "Three Little Women" lost their home and the meager savings of many sparse years?

Miss Ellis made a big success of her millinery store. After eleven years of clever financing—borrowing on credit to benefit by the discount allowances for cash made by the wholesalers, keeping every cent of her diminutive "stake" at work constantly, skimping and scraping to make ends meet, Miss Ellis was forced to sell her shop on account of advancing years and declining health. This transaction did not occur until she had made her one great discovery—that beautiful pictures could be made from tiny bits of silk, satin, crêpe and chiffon without the use of either paints or brush.

One day she was asked to produce a travelog for the juvenile missionary society of her home church. Miss Orpha made pictures of Japan, showing the beautiful scenery of that fascinating island, and the setting for a garden party all from silks. The pictures were made in black and white and were of immense interest to the young guests who overwhelmed Miss Orpha with questions about the Nippon.

That experience was the foundation of Miss Ellis' original idea to paint pictures with fabrics. By-products of her millinery store—great piles of bewildering mixtures of crêpes, silks and chiffon—were the pigments which she decided to use in the creation of her curious "fabrigraphs" as she decided to call them. Every shade and color of fabric were used—blues and pale pinks for the sky, gray and brown for the rocks and deep greens for the grass and foliage. Miss Ellis created her pictures, layer by layer, with an artistry and skill gained by forty years of daily labor in blending delicate colors. She used almost invisibly small pins to hold the tiny pieces of fabric in place until the pictures were completed. Then employing a pin point as a brush, she applied paste to each scrap of material—there were hundreds of them in each picture—to hold it in place.

The first picture was a mountain scene. Miss Ellis initially sketched out a rough copy of the picture. Then, piece by piece, she formed the finished picture from piles of discarded scraps and fabrics. The work was laborious, tedious. It took time to select and blend the colors to reproduce the misty, deep, dark green of the pine trees, the wonderful blue tints in the sky, the white-capped peaks of the distant mountains. When the picture was finally completed that indescribable something in her—which was artistic genius—told her immediately that the fabric picture was beautiful.

Immediately, she set to work on another extraordinary picture, this time a marine view showing rocks and sea and clouds—all represented by tiny shreds and bits of silk and chiffon. She devoted ten days or more of tender labor to this marine scene and finally sent it as a gift to a cousin who lived in Chicago. This particular fabric picture was a real painting, a compositional gem of which any artist in oils would have been justly proud.

MISS ORPHA V. ELLIS,

An expert milliner who has perfected a new branch of art—fabric pictures.

Its owner called in a friend, a famous art critic. The artist praised the picture. Standing a dozen feet from it he said: "It is a masterly piece of work. Even though it is not a painted production, it is a wonderful creation with a beautiful blend of colors such as I never before have seen."

Now do not for a minute confuse the remarkable fabric pictures of Miss Orpha Ellis with so-called "ragdoll paintings." Webster defines painting as "the art of conveying thought by the imitation of things through the medium of form or color, light and shadow." The Ellis "fabrics" are all this and much more, for they are the beautiful expressions of a genius who has been overflowing with art for a lifetime and now in the silvery years of old age for the first time is able to give expression to beautiful conceptions.

Collections of Ellis fabric pictures have recently been exhibited at the Whitney Studios, New York City; in the Arts and Crafts exhibits at the Chicago Art Institute; The Anderson Galleries, Chicago; the Arts' Club, Tampa, Florida, and in public expositions at St. Petersburg. Mr. George Innes, Junior, one of America's greatest landscape artists, has made a careful study of the new form of painting which Miss Ellis has originated. He says that Miss Ellis secures better cloud and sky effects by the use of her delicate shades of silks and satins than any master-painter ever will be able to achieve on canvas with brush and oils.

Fabric pictures permit of developing color combinations such as never previously have been displayed in any art gallery. One color of silk can be placed over another to secure unusual effects. Sunrise and sunset tints consisting of hundreds of little pieces of pink, purple, red, blue, yellow, golden and orange colored materials amaze the eyes. Glows from sunset are reflected in the water of certain marines by the use of bits of apricot satin no larger than a pinhead pasted at intervals upon the cloth which forms the waves. Only after studying one of these fabric pictures very carefully can one appreciate that it represents much more trying and laborious work than the production of oils, watercolors or pastels. Selecting, cutting and arranging the tiny pieces of fabric artistically are most tedious. When the picture is finished, you are certain that pigment of some sort has been used. Nevertheless, the production is a paint-less picture of silk and chiffon and satin.

Strange to tell, Miss Ellis and her fabric pictures have breasted the art horizon at exactly the crucial moment. Wood paneling has now become popular and promises to replace the traditional practice of hanging pictures here and there and anywhere about the room. The fabrics dovetail with wonderful precision and adaptation into this new style in art exposition. Although too small to be hung effectively in the ordinary living room, they are outstanding as table pieces and pictorial ornaments.

Among the most popular pictures which Miss Ellis has created are those called "Evening," "Florida," "Afterglow," "Sunset," "Dawn," "The Sentinel," "Winter Glory," "The Jungle," and many others. During the last five winters, this artist has lived in Florida and North Carolina where she has studied sunsets and light conditions and produced a number of justly famous fabric pictures.

To the most of us, it is inspirational that this little lady—a tiny bit of a woman with white hair, blue eyes, a devout disposition and great interest in her unusual art—after having lived a life of bustling business activity is now working as enthusiastically as a recent graduate at a new profession. Her greatest pleasure nowadays is expressing in silk and satin her thoughts and the beautiful sights she sees. Hers is the temperament of the artist released after long repression due to her many responsibilities which included the earning of a livelihood for Princeton's "Three Little Women."

Miss Ellis paints extraordinary pictures using silks and satins as pigments.

Lancashire—Its Cities and Citizens

"WHAT Lancashire does today, England will do tomorrow." So goes the saying, which is pretty hard to contradict successfully, for Lancashire, with its cotton manufactories and its coal and iron fields, forms the industrial backbone of England, and so feels entitled to take the lead in many things.

This country has many large cities of interest, industrially and otherwise, such as Liverpool, Manchester, Preston, Oldham, Bolton and Wigan.

Liverpool, Lancashire's wonderful seaport, has a population of nearly a million and is a fine city, having risen to a first place among the world's ports during the last 200 years—a very rapid growth according to Old Country standards. Its docks are accounted the finest in the world and there are more than forty miles of quays.

Liverpool's shipping, however, has lately been on the decline, most of the great liners of the big steamship companies, carrying passengers and goods to all parts of the world, having deserted her docks for those of Southampton, much to the sorrow and anger of the Liverpudlians. But Liverpool docks dues are very high and Southampton is just as conveniently situated.

Manchester, the center of the cotton trade, has many fine buildings, and more than its share of rain and mud.

Preston is famous for its Guild held every 20 years. The whole city becomes an exhibition ground for that event, and is gay with pageants and amusements of every description along with manufacturing and agricultural exhibits. The famous Derby family, descended from the ancient kings of the Isle of Man, has long been associated with Preston, and Lord Stanley, son of the Earl of Derby, is mayor of the city. The principal family seat in Lancashire is Knowsley, where royalty is often entertained during the Aintree races, when the Grand National is run.

Lancashire's chief seaside resorts are Blackpool and Southport. The former has the finest promenade in the world, with its tower and other places of amusement.

Southport is a veritable garden city with wonderful parks and residences; a truly lovely place with flowers growing everywhere during the spring and summer months.

Here, in this wonderful American city of Detroit, we have magnificent boulevards, parks and residences with their smooth green lawns, but we see very few gardens of flowers.

In Southport every house, that has the least bit of land to boast of, borders it with flowers of endless variety. It is not enough to have a plat of greenest grass; they must have the gay colors of flowers to brighten their homes and lives. The pity is that in the poorer districts of the Lancashire manufacturing towns the people have no means of gratifying their love of flowers, save by window boxes and plant pots; but in this beautiful seaside town of Southport, from spring till autumn, each month sees its own special flowers filling the gardens and parks with perfume and beauty and predominant everywhere are roses of loveliest colors and shapes.

Lancashire has undergone rapid changes of late, like all the rest of the world. It is as merry as any other country in Merrie England and has as brave sons and lovely daughters as anywhere else in the world.

American Woman in War-Shocked Shanghai

Concluded from page 2

still great boats passing along the canal, boats loaded with munitions of war and conscripted coolies, many of whom, frightened and desperate, started the list of casualties before the first shot was fired by jumping into the canal.

All through the day and night one heard and saw wailing women. These were the wives whose husbands had been dragged off.

One night we all took stock of our stores—it was late in August and they were rather depleted. We sent frantic appeals to Shanghai for others, hoping to get enough to last us through a possible long siege; but the boat train they were sent on was commandeered. We managed to get a few things through by mail, but the size and number of these packages were limited. Mail service was threatened with being entirely cut off. Combining the supplies from every storeroom there was only about enough to feed us for two weeks.

Farmers no longer brought food into Soochow, fearing conscription. The two compredores shops, after being looted, closed their doors till the fighting was over. It began to take on a serious aspect, and the fighting, which we had confidently expected would end in a few shots, might drag along for months. Up in Szechuen province a war which started far less auspiciously has dragged on for eleven years now, and it is not ended yet.

But even then we foreign women expected to remain right in Soochow with our men. But we did leave, and when we left we had but half an hour in which to do our packing. The men told us with brutal frankness that food supplies would last much longer with fewer to feed, and that, with us women to look after and worry about, it would be much harder for them, and finally, that if the worst came and they had to make a rush to get out, our being there might so handicap them that they could save neither themselves nor us; that our going then might be the means of saving us all from a hard fate. Then we gave in, for there was no getting away from the fact that, as things looked then, Soochow must expect to see some fighting.

We begged for a day to set our houses in order, and to pack our personal belongings, but another day might see all transportation cut off, the men pointed out. So a foreign boat took us to the station which was an hour's ride from our settlement.

All along the different canals we had to traverse (for Soochow is the Venice of the Far East), we found shops closed and shuttered, and few men were visible. Where ordinarily men in great numbers would be gathered on the bridges, watching the craft ply the waters below, that day only very old men and young boys and coolie women with swollen and reddened eyes stood.

Because it was no time for women to travel alone, my son came to Shanghai with us, and caught the first train back; and it happened to be the last train as well, for the lines were cut within half an hour after his train had left the Henli station.

It was neither pleasant nor safe when we came down for foreign women to travel alone. Our group was the only foreign group in a long train crowded with hot, struggling natives, fleeing to the hoped-for shelter of Shanghai. Armed troops stopped the train between each station, looking for spies or deserters. They were not always kindly in their manner toward their fellow countrymen.

After we left that part of the country where the Kiangsu troops were stationed and got into the territory of the Chekiang troops, it was even less pleasant, for then we were in the enemy's territory and subject to suspicion, but apart from being peered at insolently by the soldiers we were not put to any unnecessary discomfort.

It seemed ages after we had left Soochow before we pulled into the Shanghai north station. In normal times it is a pleasant little ride of two hours through beautiful country.

There had been no opportunity to telegraph ahead for rooms. The militia held the wires for war messages. For ten days natives and foreigners had been pouring into Shanghai. The hotels were crowded, and so were the private boarding houses. We wondered if we would have to walk the streets and sleep in the parks.

I had boarded the previous winter in a house on Avenue Joffre, much frequented by the wives of U. S. Navy officers, whose ships were stationed in China waters, and we went there. The general factotum of the place met us at the door and said, "Missie, I think you come, and I have save one room. It is a little mean room, backside, topside, but it is clean. It is all I have. Maybe one day. two day, some missie go, leave more better room and you can have." And so I took the mean little "backside, topside" room and was grateful.

Looking out of my back window I can see down into a modest Chinese home. You and I would say it was the personification of poverty, but it housed a rich man, his several wives, his sons and their wives, and oodles of small children. The rich man "makee die" the night we arrived. I asked the room boy what disease killed him, and he said, "My thinkee smallpox."

We had left an epidemic of cholera in Soochow. Later, however, we learned that the old man had died of the very unromantic complaint of childhood called whooping cough.

From the windows of a back room we watched the very interesting preparations for the funeral of a well-to-do man in China. The peculiar open-front architecture of a Chinese house made it possible for us to see every move made within the room in which the dead man lay and where the ceremonies were conducted. Because of the war these ceremonies were far less elaborate than they otherwise would have been, but they were strangely thrilling to us—the bright robes of the marching and chanting priests, the measured boom of the muffled drum, the barbaric beat of the tom-toms, tinkling of silver-toned bells and the gooseflesh-raising wail of a peculiar Chinese flute; the weird chant of the priests and the still weirder wailing of the hired mourners—all this, together with the flickering glow of the lighted tapers about the dead body and around the ancestral tablets shining out through the blackest night I ever saw, made us wonder if we were seeing and hearing, or only dreaming.

It was on a Saturday night when we reached Shanghai, and on the following day all communication was cut off between us and Soochow where our men were guarding the interests of the foreign firms they represented.

Actual fighting started the following Wednesday and there is still a dispute (a week and a day afterward) as to which side fired the first shot. Since then ambulance after ambulance has been rushed from the firing lines, past our boarding house, to the several large hospitals which have been taken over by the Chinese Red Cross. It is in these hospitals that the most severely wounded are cared for.

On nights when it is a little quieter in the congested streets, and on days when the wind is right, one can hear the firing from the battle front, for most unexpectedly up to the present time the Kiangsu troops, said to be inferior in numbers and training, are not only holding their own, but are driving the enemy back and back, till the Chekiang troops are now within five miles of the city.

So serious has this situation become to Shanghai and its 8,000 foreigners that every nation with gunboats in Chinese waters has ordered them to steam posthaste to the port, and marine corps from several countries, and the local volunteer corps, composed largely of seasoned veterans of the World War, are all out, protecting the city from the enemy troops, and also from any possible attempt of the Chekiang army to retreat within its borders, while still armed. Barbed-wire entanglements are strung all about the settlement (which is the foreign section) and machine guns, with plenty of ammunition and trained foreign gunners, are stationed in nests all along the barbed-wire entanglements.

The boundaries of the settlement run over a score of miles and every point that can possibly be used as an opening for an invading force is guarded.

But as far as Shanghai itself is concerned, the two most serious problems to be faced are sanitation and food. Shanghai's sanitary conditions are bad enough in normal times, the city has grown so rapidly, and its system is not at all modern. There is the added danger to health, of battle fields a few miles away, where unburied bodies lie in the hot sun, their only covering the buzzing bottle flies.

There is also the matter of food. Shanghai, a world-known port, has perhaps the most wonderful market in the Far East, but it is cut off today from its largest source of supply because of the war. Food prices have advanced from 40 to 75 per cent, and yet there is no profiteering as we understand the word.

Another source of danger to Shanghai is her hordes of Russians, more pathetic figures in peace times than the lowly Chinese coolie. They are starving. Armed burglaries and holdups are increasing and many times Russians are implicated. Some Russians are enlisting, as $50 (Mex.) a month and food looks good to them, and today's newspapers have an interview with a Russian who made a gallant record in the World War. He has hired out with the Chekiang troops as a gunner. If he lives, this war will be a godsend to him—$500 a month, $500 additional if seriously wounded, and $2,000 for his dependents if he is killed. It is interesting to note that he was hired for one month only.

And yet Shanghai, that city of twinkling toes, goes on with its gaiety, unmindful of the battle lines fighting desperately for every inch of ground but five miles away. Mah Jongg parties and bridge parties are held, elaborate tiffins and teas, and dinners at nights, and theaters and balls. The clubs are daily thronged with beautifully gowned women, and life goes on, on the surface, much as usual; yet if the pleasure-seekers stopped their laughter and their chatter, they could hear the booming of big guns, and the rat, tat, tat of the bullets, if the wind is right.

But why not? This is war in China where everyone knows that it may all end suddenly tomorrow. Then again, it may last for eleven years. Remember Szechuen!

But one thing has broken all precedents. According to the old-time foreigner here, the Chinese soldier will not fight in the rain—but he has. His advance and his retreat may have been slowed up, for the rice paddies are ankle deep in mud, and mud in China is like glue. It has rained every day of the eight since the first battle was fought. Sometimes it has been a regular downpour, sometimes a mist, and all degrees in between have had their turn, but through it all the Chinaman has fought. Damp powder has played havoc with his big guns, but he has stood in the open and done his best, and he hasn't even raised his funny little paper umbrella that he toted, strapped to his back, all the long hard miles of march battleward.

To go back twelve days to the day we took the train at Soochow for Shanghai, just as the train pulled out the little Alabama bride, with a catch in her voice and a heightened color in her cheeks, said: "I never thought I'd spend my wedding anniversary running away from my husband," and her John, smiling bravely and waving his hand at the departing train, was cheated out of his holiday.

The two had planned to spend that day—their second wedding anniversary—at some of the delightful summer resorts, and when war made that undesirable they had planned to spend the day visiting some of the many interesting temples in Soochow; but instead there was John standing on the station platform, looking after a departing train, and Mrs. John making a brave effort not to show that she devoutly wished she had never come to China.

New Forest Legislation in Sweden—By BROCK MAIN

IN VIEW of the growing interest now being manifested in all parts of the United States in forestry problems, the new Swedish forestry law presents some outstanding features. This new constructive legislation reads in part as follows:

"Except in certain provinces set aside for public domain or conservation purposes all woodland fit for the growing of timber only, is to be used for forestry purposes. The supervision of the law is administered in each county district, where the law is applied, by the Forestry Board there. Young forests may not be felled in any other manner than through thinning appropriate for the development of the forest. The felling of old forests is to be carried on in such a manner as will not imperil the regrowth of the new forest. If after felling the remaining forest is not sufficiently thick or of such a quality that it, in consideration of the existing climatic conditions, cannot be considered satisfactory and a natural regrowth cannot be expected within reasonable time, measures will be taken to insure a satisfactory reproduction within reasonable time on the area. A forest thus reared must be maintained until it has developed so far that it no longer need be considered a plant-forest. Where the forestry board finds it necessary that certain trees be kept as seed-trees or that, to protect regrowth, felling for domestic purposes within a certain district for some time hence may not take place, in which cases the seed-trees are to be marked plainly and such districts marked out plainly, and felling of the seed-trees within the district is not to take place before the forestry board has granted permission to do so. When permission to fell is granted, marking must as a rule be done by the county forester or some other person authorized by the forestry board, and the stamp of the forestry board be affixed to the marked trees by the executor both at the root and on the trunk at shoulder height. All slash is to be disposed of, the limbs and tops piled and burned in a space provided for this purpose and at a time designated."

There is much more to the text of the law but enough is here given to convince a person familiar with the conditions in our country that had we a law such as this in effect in America fifty years ago we would not today be in the grip of a timber famine. The builder of today would be paying but a small fraction of the amount he does pay for his lumber and would be assured of a good high-grade product. We had no such law, nor do we have such a law at this time. The lumberman—except in a few isolated instances—cuts all his merchantable trees at once, lops the limbs and tops and takes the logs. No attempt is made to dispose of the slash which, drying out, is a year later transformed by a spark into a mass of flames burning everything in its path, destroying the young trees, the seed-trees, and making sterile the topsoil that has been forming throughout the centuries. A desert is the result and we have millions of acres of such land throughout the lake states, certain sections of the East and South and are acquiring many millions of acres more in the fast depleting forests of the Pacific Coast states and the Inland Empire. If we do not soon have a forest law similar to that of the new Swedish law, and with a suitable clause to take care of the tax burden on cutover land, our forest land will revert to desert. We do not want to see our forest land resemble the barrens of China, where the inhabitants pick up the scrub brush for wood, not waiting for the tree to become even large enough for lath or box lumber. We must legislate before it is too late.

Men Are Wanted Behind the Badge

Concluded from page 9

peared, and I took over his job, too. Why, we had a terrible time before those men would submit to arrest.

"Respect for law? Man, every time I arrested somebody one of his friends arrested me. I am under bonds right now amounting to $400,000—indicted for every offense on the books, from kidnaping a sheriff to stealing a rosary. Why? Because I had an old-fashioned idea that the law ought to be enforced, and that wasn't popular just then. Of course, none of those cases will come to trial, a bad sign of the times."

I asked Young if he thought the prohibition laws were responsible, and, if so, should they be repealed or made easier?

"Nothing to it." The answer was prompt. "Long before we had prohibition I was noticing the low attitude people were assuming toward law, all law. Kansas was dry when I was a boy, and had no capital punishment. Everybody knows about Kansas' fine record.

"Prohibition laws are trifled with in a country that is dry by instinct. Why? There are two reasons, and the second springs from the first. Ninety per cent of the field jobs are political: too many of the outside men are petty grafters and cowards, and picked not for fitness but for the votes they can drum up. The place to enforce any law is right where it is being broken.

"You can't do it in Washington with clerks writing reports. Men won't take that sort of thing seriously. It arouses contempt and a disposition on the part of men whom you would call honest to shield lawbreakers. Prohibition ought to be enforced to the letter, regardless of cost. Dry up the country and you will dry up crime. Keep liquor away from the present generation, and the next generation won't know the taste of it. That's old stuff, but it's true.

"But the big thing is to enforce all law. You can't do it unless you bring back old-time respect for the man behind the badge. You can't do that unless he is entitled to respect. Men with guts"—the word blazed from his lips—"are needed now as never before."

Painting the Lily and Adorning the Rose

Charles Ayer Whipple Renews the Mural Decorations at the Capitol

By S. R. WINTERS

IF YOU are among the thousands who daily stroll through the Senate wing of the Capitol your attention cannot fail to be arrested by the decorative objects on the walls of the first floor. The birds, fruits and flowers of the American continent have been sketched on these walls, representing at once a study in natural history and specimens of probably the finest paintings in the world.

The preservation of these artistic mural sketches, however, was threatened for many years. About five years ago Charles Ayer Whipple, a master artist, undertook the restoration of these paintings. They had been placed on the walls before the Civil War, when the wings of the Capitol were built, and, aside from spasmodic feeble attempts, nothing had been done to restore their original beauty within a period of sixty years or more.

The aging influences upon these decorations had partially wrecked this creation of art. The plaster upon which the famous Italian artist, Brumidi, had left his impress more than half a century before was cracking, and in places had peeled off. The truth is, these paintings were in such a dilapidated condition that many persons believed the decorations beyond recovery. Other interested parties, however, entertained the notion of effacing the paintings entirely. Guides at the Capitol, realizing the bad condition into which the paintings had fallen, were inclined to direct the attention of visitors to other objects.

This description applies to the condition five years ago. Today the thousands of sight-seers who daily stroll through the Capitol are attracted by the artistic representations of birds, flowers and fruits that ornament the walls of the wings of the Senate. The likeness of a red-headed woodpecker or the priest-like appearance of the cardinal or the simplicity of the bluebird—either or all may engage the attention of lovers of bird life. If flowers are pleasing to you, roses and poppies are sketched here and there on the walls, to make no mention of other varieties of the floral kingdom. Then, too, apples, oranges, grapes, pears, and even cantaloupes and watermelons are represented among these figured sketches.

The handiwork which has made possible the restoration of these paintings, comparable to those in the palace of Rome, may possibly be seen with the artist's brush in action. If not, inquire for the studio of Charles Ayer Whipple. The guard will point to a corner somewhat removed from the corridors. Here, hemmed in by a tent-like screen, may be found Mr. Whipple mixing paints or probably studying a book on bird life so that he can faithfully paint the characteristics of different birds. The entrance to his studio carries the warning, "Keep Out." This injunction should be heeded, since the space reserved for his paints, brushes, one chair, and a desk is so restricted that only one person can turn around in it at a time.

The restoration of these mural paintings, which have been acclaimed by many as the most beautiful in the world, is the work of an American and not that of an Italian artist. Or, to quote the expressive phrase of Mr. Whipple, when Congress decided to salvage these decorations, "a Yankee from Massachusetts was drafted instead of importing an artist from Italy." He has been laboring on this task for six hours a day for five years, and with the lapse of a few months more the painstaking job of recovering the walls to their original beauty will have been completed. The retouching effects have, in the main, followed the decorative scheme outlined and executed by the master artist Brumidi. This Italian, who labored continuously for twenty-seven years on the decorations of the Capitol, was stricken with a fatal illness before he completed the work. Mr. Whipple, in his recent restoration of these paintings, has supplied two vacant spaces with water sketches of Great Falls, the Niagara of the Potomac River. He made these studies on Sundays and faithfully conveyed the features of these water rapids to the walls of the Senate wing of the national lawmaking edifice.

Mr. Whipple at work with brush and palette on one of the mural panels.

"I have taken great pains with these decorations," Mr. Whipple told the writer. "I reasoned that the walls of the Capitol should be just as near perfect as possible, regardless of the little extra time that it might require. The small cherubs or cupids on the walls have been the most difficult things to restore. These require a knowledge of the human figure, which I have studied for forty years. It was once contemplated to employ house painters in restoring this work of art, but the employment of persons without knowledge of human figures and other fine details of decorative sketches would have resulted in failure of the project.

"I have used the finest colors known in restoring this piece of art. Contrary to the opinion of many persons, plaster on walls is an enduring form on which to make paintings. In fact, decorations can be more perfectly sketched on plastering than on any other materials. If, on the other hand, paintings are placed on canvas fine cracks will develop and it is not possible to remove these cracks from observation. If a large hole appears in the plaster, the disintegrating portion may be taken out and fresh plastering used for restoring the painting, without leaving a flaw. For this reason I have been enabled to restore these old paintings to their original beauty."

Charles Ayer Whipple was born in Southboro, Massachusetts, 65 years ago. He was graduated from a grammar school, after which he obtained employment in a book and job printing office in South Framingham. Here he learned the trade of a printer. Meanwhile, at the age of 19 years, he developed an aptitude for drawing, which led to the engraving art; this he cultivated while working in a music-publishing establishment in Boston. In 1877, he attended the Normal Art School in Boston, and two years later pursued a course at the Museum of Fine Arts.

In 1889, Mr. Whipple went to Paris as a student at the Julien Academy, studying under Bouguereau and Ferrier. After a brief stay of six months he visited Boston where he married, and with his bride returned to France for a resumption of his art studies. He lived in the artists' colony and earned a livelihood for himself and wife by doing some copying in the Louvre.

"Copying famous pictures is a part of the training of an artist, but students should not pursue this line to any great extent, as it is ruinous," warns Mr. Whipple. "It destroys the initiative or whatever individuality one may have. I limited myself to three great pictures, all of which I disposed of in this country at a fair price."

Upon the completion of his art studies under three master teachers in France, Mr. Whipple located in New York City. For a period of twenty-six years, he specialized in the painting of life-size pictures of distinguished personages. Among the noted individuals sketched by his brush are Presidents William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt, Joseph G. Cannon, Champ Clark, John Sherman, former Governor Oliver Ames, of Massachusetts, and Caleb Chase. Recently, he began the sketching of a life-size portrait of Senator Robert M. La Follette, of Wisconsin.

"My first experience in Washington was ten years ago, when I came here to paint the portraits of Joe Cannon and Champ Clark," said Mr. Whipple. "In my work here I made the acquaintance of Senator John Sharp Williams. He was then chairman of the Library Committee."

While engaged in sketching the portrait of Joseph Cannon, this artist was retained to restore the mural decorations in the Senate wing of the Capitol. An appropriation of $5,000 a year was made for this purpose. He is completing a masterful effort in recovering the primitive brilliancy of these paintings, and he believes they should endure for a century.

Mural decoration is one of the most ancient forms of art, and the excavations among the ruins of Pompeii have uncovered some of the beautiful wall paintings of the palmy days of ancient Rome. The favorite subjects of these ancient decorators were birds, flowers, and the human figure. It is more than likely that the Italian artist Brumidi has seen these, and found ideas for his work in the Capitol.

The restoration of the mural paintings in the Capitol by Mr. Whipple, and the success which has attended his efforts, will doubtless encourage other work of the kind in public buildings in various parts of the country. Mr. Whipple has imbibed the spirit of the original designer.

Stories From the Woodland Trail—

By D. LANGE

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WILD DUCKS

UNTIL about the time of the Civil War, North America was a veritable paradise for water fowl. Of wild ducks alone we have about twenty native species, while Europe has only about half a dozen.

There are no data on which to base an accurate estimate of the number of individual birds still existing, but from returns made by Minnesota hunters, I estimate the number at somewhere around 60,000,000.

Taking the continent as a whole, I do not believe that we have now more than one-tenth of the original number, which would mean that originally the continent was the home of 600,000,000. This vast host, if they could have been placed in line, would reach thirty times across the continent from New York to San Francisco.

The main cause for the greatly reduced number is to be found in the settlement of the country, which has destroyed a large part of their breeding ground. The second cause is persistent annual hunting and the large bags still allowed by nearly all states.

Half a dozen birds a day ought to be the universal limit, and we shall have to come to that before long; or we shall not be able to get even that many. Even in the early nineties I have seen hunters come to camp with 150 ducks, all killed in one day. I doubt that even the best hunters could now kill that number anywhere in this state.

As everybody knows ducks are water birds, but practically all of them nest on dry land near lakes and sloughs, and the wood-duck even nests in hollow trees.

The river ducks dive for much of their food in shallow water, but the so-called sea ducks will dive to a depth of more than a hundred feet. All ducks are migratory. The blue teals leave the northern states in September, while the mallards do not leave till lakes and marshes freeze over, and a few of them may be found near spring holes all winter.

The shelldrakes or American mergansers are still more attached to their northern home. Some of them remain wherever the streams are open. Last winter I met, on the Mississippi near St. Paul, with a small flock of them in February after the worst storm and cold weather of the season. The birds were enjoying themselves on a narrow stretch of rapid open water, when almost everywhere the ice was thick enough to support a team.

It is strange that birds who depend for their safety so largely on their wing power should ever be bereft of the power of flight. Such is, nevertheless, the case. For about two weeks in August wild ducks cannot fly; because all the members of the duck and goose family in the process of moulting lose all their large wing feathers at the same time, which is not the case with our common field and woodland birds.

But if anyone thinks that this would be a good time to catch a boatful of them alive, he would be disappointed.

I once pursued in a rowboat a flock of about eight hundred flightless redheads. They acted the part of very noisy and much-scared flappers, using their wings to increase their speed in swimming, but they kept well out of my way; and if I came a little too close they disappeared in the rushes, where I could not follow them.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

Cement was invented by a humble bricklayer of Leeds, England, 100 years ago.

The city of Bucaramanga, Colombia, the center of a population of about two millions, has neither a railroad to the plateau nor an outlet to the Magdalena River, less than fifty miles away.

The co-operative movement was first introduced in 1844 by flannel weavers in Rochdale, England. It was intended to provide a means of relief from existing unemployment and high prices.

The statistical department of the city of Tokio has just published a final report of the losses and damages caused by the earthquake and fire in Japan: Tokio, $1,900,000,000; Yokohama, $590,000,000; other areas, $250,000,000. This does not include the losses of art treasures and personal property. It is believed that if they were included the losses would total $5.000,000,000.

A record cable speed has been set by the new Western Union line which has been laid between New York and the Azores. Present cables provide a speed of 250 letters a minute, while the new record is 1,700 letters a minute.

The census of manufactures, announced by the Census Bureau, shows that the value of aircraft products has almost doubled from 1921 to 1923. The industry turned out $12,945,263 worth of products last year, an increase of 94.4 per cent over 1921. Airplanes numbered 505 and seaplanes 82.

Within eight years, 3,500 miles of railroads in the United States have been abandoned.

Tennessee leads the states in the growing of oak.

The water is so clear in the fjords of Norway that very small objects can be seen clearly at a depth of 150 feet.

It has been discovered that owls have two pairs of eyelids. During the daytime one set is lowered over the eyes, but even with its vision thus obscured it can see farther than a human being. This upsets the theory that the owl is blind in the daytime.

Defense Day, which was observed by this country on September 12, is not a new idea but is of ancient origin. According to tradition, the mustering of a country's fighting strength, annually, goes back to the time of Alfred the Great, and it came to this country with the early colonists. In the Revolutionary days it was called "Muster Day" and until 1840 it was a gala day, especially in New England and the South.

In European countries there are 1,800 daily and weekly newspapers published. Berlin with 100 papers, half of which are dailies, leads the list. Vienna, which is second, has 55, including 22 dailies.

It has been recently discovered that the waters of the Dead Sea contain a very strong precipitate of potash, which by a simple process can be extricated for about five dollars a ton. If this is commercialized it will become a distinct asset to the government of Palestine.

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. This set includes: "The International Jew," Vol. 1, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

America is the largest producer of matches but Japan and Sweden are the chief exporters. Figures show that people of the world used 7,675,650 000,000 matches last year for which they paid $200,000,000.

According to a report in a life insurance bulletin, the death rate in the United States and Canada for the first half of this year is lower than it ever has been in the history of the two countries. Death from contagious diseases is steadily decreasing and the infant mortality rate is said to be lower.

A Dutch syndicate is planning to make an attempt to recover the treasure which was sunk in the frigate *Lutine* off the Dutch coast in 1799. The treasure, which consists of gold and silver bars, has been figured to be worth $5,000,000, and only a small amount of this has been recovered. The greatest difficulty is the sand in which the ship is buried.

The department of archeology of Phillips-Andover Academy, in co-operation with the State of Mississippi, has excavated the Indian mounds near Natchez and has found skulls of seventy-two mound builders and some 2,500 pieces of pottery and articles of bone, stone, and clay. The skulls, which are said to be typical of the Indians of the Southwest, have been presented to the Smithsonian Institution and seventeen of them have been completely restored.

According to a report compiled from 1,000 American cities and towns, the total construction in the first eight months of this year was $3,429,000,000. This is an increase of 10 per cent over last year and surpasses all other records. The aggregate for the whole year will probably reach $5,000,000,000.

A new comet has been discovered by the astronomer Finsler, of Borna, Germany, and its presence has been confirmed by reports from Berlin, Lick Observatory and Harvard Observatory. The comet is of the seventh magnitude, just short of being within the unaided vision of the eye, and is said to be growing brighter.

The oldest umbrella in the world, which is in the same condition as when it was purchased in Dorset. England, is in the possession of a resident of Hobart. Tasmania. It was brought there in 1770 by William Clevett and has been a cherished possession of his descendants.

Averaging the best and worst of the business years, 10 to 12 per cent of the workers in the United States are out of work all the time. This fact was brought out in a report made by the Russell Sage Foundation, which has made a study of employment needs and methods for the past five years.

Newspapers in the Dutch East Indies report that strange creatures, half man and half animal, are being seen by the natives of the Poulou Islands. Some authorities believe that they may be the "missing link," as they consider them to be the lowest form of human life, while others declare that they are not men but a species of rare monkeys. An expedition has been sent to investigate.

In Glacier National Park, thirty miles from the railroad, is the only post office of its kind on record with the Postmaster-General. The mail is brought from the railroad and is hung in weather-proof bags on the side of a log cabin, whence it is taken by the residents within a radius of five miles, who are permitted to help themselves.

People of Mississippi are lamenting the loss of one of their finest old plantation homes, which was recently destroyed by fire. This home, which required three years to build, was started in the year 1858. It contained forty-two rooms and was said to have the most beautiful stairway in the South. "Annandale," as it was called, was of historic value also, because it was one of the few southern mansions which survived the Civil War.

At the opening of the Columbia School of Dentistry, Professor Charles Bodecker announced that he had discovered the presence of an organic matrix in the enamel of the adult human tooth. This is said to be of vast importance in the study of dental diseases, and of great value to humanity.

Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays, the Sabbaths of the three faiths in Palestine, are recognized as official holidays for purposes of presentation of negotiable paper, and no promissory notes or bills may be protested on those days.

"I have decided not to care or to know what happens outside of my villa. Every evening I burn before an altar of stone the heap of the day's unopened and unanswered letters. To write to me is useless, to come to my door equally useless. I answer nobody. I receive nobody. My dogs are wise and bite well. Have I made myself clear?" —*Gabriel d'Annunzio.*

Taxes in Colombia, South America, are so small as to be non-existent. A modern hotel on the principal street of Bogota is valued at about $10,000 and the owner is assessed at about $15 a year. Wealthy persons live in magnificent well-furnished houses, while the street outside is so hideously decrepit that it is almost impossible to proceed faster than ten miles an hour in a car. The streets are not drained for the most part and in spring torrents pour through them causing much destruction, according to one traveler.

The Highlands of Scotland have lost their privacy. The secret hiding places of Rob Roy and the clans are exposed to view. The historic Pass of the Trossachs has been opened to the motor car and the char-a-bancs make daily trips from the cities into the former mountain fastnesses of the clans.

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This publication does not cater to its readers, but honestly trys to present for discussion those problems which require public attention.

By stimulating thought and discussion among its readers it achieves the main thing necessary to correct existing evils.

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Cornering the World's Wealth

Special Article by Hamilton York

NOV 10 1924

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

Seeing Some Things in Old London

Shall the Nation Control the Child?

Where Men Are Utilized as Horses

Benito Mussolini, the Modern Caesar

How Some Gold Dust Saved the Nation

Jurors Who Jump Serving on Juries

Why Bible Is the World's "Best Seller"

Cabal May Govern World's Gold

A Study of the Attempt to Foist German Financial Methods on the U. S.

By HAMILTON YORK

This is the first of a series of articles in which will be set forth the elements of a scheme which is intended to place in the hands of a small group of international financiers, not only the arbitrament of the fate of Europe, but control of the destinies of all nations. In this article the activities of Paul Warburg, of New York, a German-Jewish financier naturalized in America, are fully explained.

THE adoption of the Dawes Report establishes a mechanism whereby the world gold is placed in control of the general board of the Schacht Bank, organized at the suggestion of the Warburgs in anticipation of the Dawes Report as a cover for the international group of financiers—of which Mr. Paul Warburg is a member, and the existence of which Mr. Otto Kahn denies.

It would not be possible to make this statement so confidently were it not for another event, namely, that Congress passed an amendment to the Federal Reserve Act in March, 1923, which authorized the Federal Reserve Bank to discount credit paper including foreign acceptances. The Federal Reserve Board waited until March, 1924, before taking advantage of that authority. The resolution of the board which now permits discounting of foreign acceptances was promulgated in April, 1924, almost simultaneously with the issuance of the Dawes Report.

The full significance of the last event does not appear until it is digested in terms which appeal to the German-Jewish banker, which may be stated thus:

By rediscounting German trade acceptances, participating American banks and their depositors are financing the revival of German trade and secondarily Russian trade.

It indicates further that the German Jewish banking system by means of which Germany is now controlled has been imposed upon the United States from without where it could not be made to grow from within.

If the American people are to gain a clear understanding of the system of financial control which is about to be imposed upon international commerce through credit operations, and which has been gradually developing in the United States since the passage of the Federal Reserve Act in 1914, the best way is to observe the system as it exists in Germany. Its home is in that country, where it has been molded into a perfect machine. There, it is dominated by a small group of men, practically all Jews.

Teaching Them to Depend on Credit

IT IS not all a question of the adequacy of the wage which the system allows for service as opposed to what the service would bring in a free and open labor market, but it is a question of the possibilities of exploiting everybody through artificially induced variations in the value of money. Should even the most powerful fail to become a cog in the system, he is economically broken, and he is a lucky man if he can gain a livelihood for himself and his family thereafter. As will be shown, this system of punishments has already been introduced into the United States.

It is perfectly correct to call all this a Jewish system for that mind has developed it through long years of ambitious training and experience. At least as far back as the time of Frederick the Great, Jewish bankers dominated German finance. Itzig, Ephraim & Co., of Berlin, furnished the money for the prosecution of the Seven Years' War and to build *Sans Souci* and the larger palace at Potsdam. Itzig was also a notable leader in the Berlin Kahilla.

Moses Mendelssohn, the earliest of the Jewish Nationalists in a modern sense, was a close associate of Itzig, and especially of Itzig's son-in-law, Friedlander. Already the influence of the house of Rothschild was beginning to be felt throughout Europe. Within ten years after the opening of the nineteenth century, the private banking house of Bleichroeder was established in Berlin, and for many, many years the Bleichroeders managed the personal finances of the Hohenzollerns.

The Bleichroeders and Mendelssohns represented a school of private bankers which has been pushed aside by an invasion of more aggressive Jewish types from the northeast and which apparently had a stronger admixture of Tartar blood in their veins. They were not satisfied to be private bankers, but started in to gain economic control and also to own the state. We must credit the Warburgs, the Wolfs, the Rathenaus and their close associates for building up the present Jewish financial system in Germany. Real control began in the late seventies *as the result of financing state ownership of the railways*. This is a romance all by itself, and well worth the study of anyone.

Extensions of credit, teaching people to become dependent upon credit, were necessary to the development of the modern speculative financial system. Co-ordinate with these was the growth of that external trade necessary for the maintenance of a growing population. As the business of Germany grew and the liquid capital increased, the control became more and more centralized in Jewish hands, until in the last half of the last kaiser's reign, this banking cabal controlled the state. *It was the state.*

Germany could not have started the aggressive war of 1914 without the encouragement and assent of this group. It was this group that staged an *opéra bouffe* revolution to fool the world with the loss of only a few lives. In establishing a so-called republic, it fixed the laws in such a manner that its own position was made more secure, and finally through the active participation of Walther Rathenau, it arranged the relations of big business to the state so that the political organization of the German Reich today is simply a front for this small group of financiers. These men can do as they please, and have done as they pleased, with the German people.

The key to this situation, the fact that allows the persistence of such a pernicious system, lies in the German law which permits banks to hold shares in other banks and in industrial corporations. Until the passage of the Federal Reserve Act, such privileges were not accorded banks in the United States for fear that there might develop a system of overlordship which has reached such perfection in Germany. Eventual control of industry and the banking facilities of the country would necessarily drift into the hands of a few. But the Jewish system of Germany has led and directed such a movement for concentration and apparently with a conscious objective. The result is that the interlocking directors of the greatest German banks, about six in number, dominate the country. This list would include:

The Reichsbank, bank of issue for the government, bankers' central bank, the directors of which are responsible for the depreciation of the German mark and the suffering which it entailed; the Disconto Gesellschaft; Max Warburg & Co., of Hamburg, to which was allocated the shipping industry of Germany and which controlled the North German Lloyd and Hamburg-American Lines; the Deutsche Bank, mainly concerned in development of the metal industries; and the Bank für Handel und Industrie (Darmstadter Bank). It is quite possible to contend that others should be included. It is difficult to draw a line. In any event with the Reichsbank as a key bank, the list is substantially correct.

The outstanding fact is that by a system of inter-owning stocks, interlocking directorates, assignment of spheres of interest, and by mutual arrangement of interests, this banking system is one whole, presenting different fronts in different localities by assuming different corporate names. The control lies perhaps in the hands of a hundred men who cluster in the directorates of the banks named, and whose names appear in the directorates of the largest corporations, and of whom 95 per cent are Jews. As is usual in associations of this character, there are a few who lead. *While the figure of Max Warburg, of Hamburg, may not loom large three thousand miles away as the dominating figure of this aggregation, since the death of Walther Rathenau, the Warburg influence has been the directing force, has furnished the financial finesse which has enabled his group greatly to increase its power, and this has been mainly accomplished through the faithful co-operation of his two brothers, Paul and Felix Warburg, in New York.*

At the present time these bankers absolutely control and exploit for their own gain four-fifths of the internal commerce of Germany, whether industrial, agrarian, or what not. The residual one-fifth represents necessary small transactions between individuals in small communities in which the profit is nominal.

The inquiring individual will immediately wonder how it is possible to include within the above designation the word "agrarian." How are farm products controlled? The history of this phase of their undertaking is an interesting one, and its accomplishment furnished a most difficult task. But it was eventually achieved. The control of the markets, and methods of transportation, the organization of land banks for the purpose of giving credit to the agrarians who in turn *had to be taught to accept credit*, these banks being linked in with the general system, all comprised the machinery which enslaved the farmer. The workingman was captured and held through the imposition of social insurance laws, compulsory health insurance, for instance, as was fully described by Bismarck, who said in his autobiography that these laws were passed to throw a "golden chain about the necks of the workers."

As far as the agrarian program is concerned, the activities of Aaron Sapiro will be found to duplicate the work done by the Jewish propagandists of Germany years ago in perfecting their economic control of the German people.

They Take Toll on U. S.-German Commerce

UNDER normal conditions, and to some extent under abnormal conditions, this group of German bankers is able to raise or depress foreign exchange at will.

In control of the Reichsbank, to which has been delegated by the German Government the authority of issuing currency, a function which the German Government should have retained to itself, this same group can expand or contract the currency as best suits its own personal interest. It must be held responsible for deliberate depreciation of the mark, thereby paying debts with worthless money, exploiting the work of the laborers, and acquiring the real property of the country while building up huge credits abroad.

The story does not differ materially in Germany's foreign commercial relations. With friends, relatives and racial compatriots residing and working in every financial and trade center of the world, these men have extended the system so that it can be said in truth:

> The same group controls the international trade of Germany. It is impossible for anyone foreign to Germany to do business with that country without paying toll to its ruling overlords. Even travelers' checks issued by American banks yield their bit in profit.

This system is under constant pressure outward to include more and more geographical territory. With the exception of Switzerland, *whose bankers have always refused to consider the allurement of credit*, nearly all European countries are involved, and the Jewish bankers of Germany themselves have not been secretive concerning it.

It is all best summed up by Von Bernsdorff in 1912 when he said: "The Empire has gone on until it is now in reality a great corporation itself."

All this is of importance as interpreting to the American mind the causes of Germany's condition, but it is doubly important as showing how Jewish bankers have been able to shape the fiscal policy of the United States.

Many phases of this movement have already been described in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT. For instance, there is the agrarian movement which is one integral part of the whole. This comprises the state subsidized machinery to supply the farmer with monetary credit; in other words, *to get him into debt.* With this there has been the development of a system designed to control the distribution of farm products. Familiar names are concerned in this agrarian movement: Bernard Baruch, whose sudden interest in the farmer may now be explained, and Eugene Meyer, Jr., who threw the influence of the War Finance Corporation in such a direction that the Aaron Sapiro societies reaped appreciable benefit. This, with the co-ordinate development of the fiscal system which is to be described, looks to the establishment here of a situation similar to that which exists in Germany.

How Our Monetary "Reform" Began

TO BRING about this sort of a revolution by legislation and education in all fields, the same general principles have been employed.

> **The middle and lower classes are being taught to become dependent upon the state. This is the essence of state socialism.**
>
> **Industrialists are being taught to become dependent upon the banks. The means employed is encouragement of the idea of the use of credit—which from the other side of the fence means debt.**

The financial superstructure which has been erected by Congress since the Federal Reserve Bank law was passed and which introduced into our fiscal system the principle of allowing banks to hold stock in other banks, is supposed to represent the last word in scientific banking and financing. *As a matter of fact it turns out to be nothing but the development of a general scheme for the establishment of a financial overlordship, and part of a larger development, world-wide in scope, which looks to the control of international credit and the control of the world's cover-gold, or gold held to stabilize paper currency.*

As a part of the general movement, the Federal Reserve Board has authorized the rediscounting of German commercial paper in the form of trade acceptances which reach this country through the International Acceptance Bank of No. 31 Pine Street, New York, a bank whose existence is due to the guiding genius of Mr. Paul Warburg. This authorization was made possible under a law passed by Congress and approved March 4, 1923. *The title of this bill was "The Federal Farm Loan Act of 1923."* This means that certain American banks *and their depositors* are financing the rehabilitation of Germany, notwithstanding the fact that German deposits in London and New York banks whereby Germany could finance itself have by no means been exhausted. It should not be forgotten that although on the surface this only covers the financial rehabilitation of Germany, through the Berlin banking connections it insures the financial rehabilitation of the industries in Soviet Russia and its multitudinous dependencies. Non-recognition of Russia will have no staying hand in the process.

Since the murder of Walther Rathenau, brother-in-law of Karl Radek who is the head of the Third International at Moscow, the propaganda organization of the Bolsheviks, the mantle of authority has fallen upon Max Warburg. The Sisson Documents, embodying "the German Bolshevik Conspiracy," published by the Public Information Bureau, of the Wilson Administration, plainly indicate that Brother Max put up the money that placed Lenin and Trotsky in "Leningrad" and brought about the Russian Revolution. Max is now the head of the system of Jewish overlordship in Germany.

The story of the financial adventures of Paul Warburg in America is necessarily a long one, and is best studied by placing it briefly in chronological order. It is not contended that the following table is complete. It only carries one side of the story—his influence on the development of the American fiscal system. But this table and the facts which it presents suggests a line of thought quite sufficient to establish the premise. Successive events of this type are not necessarily accidental; they may be regarded as suggestive of deliberate design

(Concluded on page 11)

"London, city of 8,000 motor buses, painted fiery red, which run like mischief."

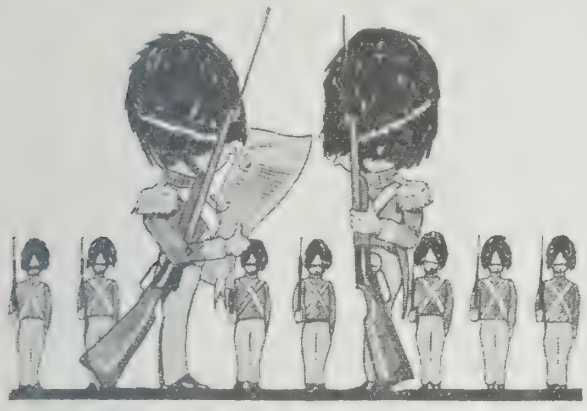
Seeing Things in London Now and Then

By ALLAN L. BENSON

THE first man I saw in London was a gentleman who had sent a radio to me on the ship that he would meet me. He had never seen me, nor I him, but he looked for somebody who appeared as if he expected to be met and I looked for somebody who looked as if he expected to meet somebody and we identified each other instantly. We got into his car and were soon whirling across Westminster Bridge, over the Thames. I told him that the first thing I wanted to do was to send a cablegram home.

"Get out here," he said. "There's a post office substation. Cablegrams are forwarded by the post office department in England."

I went into the office, paid a young woman the



Changing guards at Court of St. James; "quite a ceremony."

equivalent of about $2.50 and she said the message would be in America in three hours. When I returned home I learned that the cablegram had never been delivered.

We resumed our journey in the car and for the first few moments I was so amazed at the speed at which he drove that I noticed little else. We were passing through important downtown streets, but the speedometer seldom dropped below 35 and sometimes went to 40 miles an hour. In New York, the police would have sent in a riot call, if necessary, to haul him into the traffic court. I asked him how he got away with it. He said one might drive as rapidly as he pleased in London provided he did not hurt anybody. But it is well known to drivers that if they hurt a pedestrian, or another motorist, serious consequences will follow. The system seems to work pretty well in England. I saw no accidents in the three weeks that I was in London. Drivers use judgment. Where traffic is congested, they slow up. When the road ahead is clear, they speed up. There are 8,000 buses in London, all painted fire-red and they run like the very mischief, slowing down only at street intersections. I have seen young girls run as fast as they could to catch a bus which slowed down for them to swing on but did not stop. We think New York is fast and London slow, but the reverse is true of motor buses.

We stopped in a little street near St. James's Square where rooms had been engaged for me. I was surprised to learn that I was not to stay at a hotel. The hotels were so crowded that $15 a day for a back bedroom without bath or running water was about as good as one could get. So I was put up in what the English call "chambers," consisting of a bedroom, sitting room and bath, at $6.25 a day. There was no dining room in the house, but meals were served in the apartment if desired. It is really a very good way to live in London. Sinclair Lewis wrote one of his novels in the apartment just across the hall from mine. While I was there Fannie Hurst and her husband came along for a day or two on their way from Paris. The heir apparent to some throne in India that nobody ever heard of was also on the premises. Duke street, which Benjamin Franklin mentioned in his autobiography as an old stamping ground of his, is just around the corner.

Two blocks away is St. James's Palace, the London residence of the Prince of Wales. Charles I slept there the night before he went out to be beheaded. The kings lived there until about a hundred years ago. That is why we still speak of the "Court of St. James." It is probably all right inside, but from the street it might almost be mistaken for a coal yard. That is because it is shut in behind a high brick wall that is old and not ornamental. Not much can be seen over the wall which is set on a line with the sidewalk. Two guards stand at either side of the entrances. Their coats are as red as fire. Their hats are as big as nail-kegs and made of black bearskin. Each guard has in his right hand a rifle, with bayonet fixed, the butt resting on the sidewalk. They stand as still as if they were made of stone. I used to wonder what one of them would do if a fly were to light on his nose. And this vigil is kept up twenty-four hours a day. The same men are not on guard all the while, of course. The various members of whatever company is on duty take turn about. At 10:30 every morning the whole guard is changed.

This is quite a ceremony. I happened along one bright Sunday morning just as it was taking place. I heard military music up the street and saw a company of redcoats approaching. They came with a swing and a stride while the band of the Coldstream Guards played something quick and snappy. Arrived at the palace, they turned a square corner and marched into a small parade ground paved with stone blocks. The commander stepped out of line and approached the commander of the guard that was to be relieved. He handed the guard commander at the palace a document all fixed up with seals and red ribbons. The commander at the palace took the paper and began to read it as if he expected that it might contain the surprise of his life. He went through every word of it. All the paper said was that he and his men were to beat it back to their barracks and turn over their jobs to the newcomers. When the paper had been read the two commanders stepped to the center of the parade ground and began to talk. There seemed to be nothing to talk about but that did not matter. And, at the same time, two men from the old guard and two from the new took positions at opposite ends of the parade ground. And while the bosses talked and the band played, these four men began to walk idly back and forth across the parade ground, the two groups meeting and passing in endless procession. I don't know how long they walked. They may be walking yet. I didn't wait to see the finish, because it did not seem as if it was ever going to come.

The King lives perhaps half a dozen blocks from the Prince of Wales. That is to say, he does when he is in London. Queen Victoria used to have three homes, but King George gets along with two. The late Queen's third residence, Osborne House on the Isle of Wight, is now devoted to some charitable purpose. King George's out-of-town place is Windsor Castle, a few miles out of London. Windsor is the place where English kings and queens are now buried. A dozen or so of them are entombed in Westminster Abbey, but none have been placed there for 164 years.

Buckingham Palace is where the King lives when he is in London. It is a long, low, stone structure of impressive dimensions and lines. It has ample land about it so that it shows off well from the street. In front of it—away out where everybody on the streets can see it—is a huge marble memorial to Queen Victoria, with a very lifelike statue of the Queen. I did not happen to see the King, the Queen or the Prince of Wales while I was in London. The best I got was the King and Queen of Denmark. I happened to be riding past Buckingham Palace late one afternoon when suddenly the motor stopped. Every car in the street stopped. A London man who was with me explained that all traffic halted whenever anybody drove out of the grounds of the palace. A minute later the King and Queen of Denmark appeared. The King looked well and had the largest white shirt front I ever saw.

"Glorious Pepys! If you have never read his diary, get it." Chronicle of the Court of Charles II.

Westminster Abbey contains more great Englishmen than any other building in the Empire, but they are all dead. I suppose different persons come away from it with different emotions. It is a church filled with tombstones. The kings and queens are in a quarter by themselves behind iron fences and locked doors. Every half-hour or so, a guide takes a party through the royal inclosure. Mary Queen of Scots is there and a dozen others, including a king who died about 1,300 years ago. The Abbey, however, is only 700 years old and at that, it is one of the oldest buildings in England. They say the English climate makes it impossible to preserve any building more than a few centuries. The fog, the heat and the cold, together with rain and snow, disintegrate the stone. But in walking through the Abbey, one nevertheless realizes that he is walking back through history quite a way. On the tombs he sees the names of almost all of the great Englishmen of whom he ever heard. Sir Isaac Newton, Charles Darwin and a host of others are there. Also, one sees many names of which he never heard. It has been and still is the custom for the reigning King to order his favorites buried in the Abbey. King George happened to like Bonar Law, who followed Lloyd George as Prime Minister, and Bonar Law is buried in the Abbey. A hundred years from now, Englishmen will stroll through the old church and wonder who Bonar Law was and how he got in.

Great Britain's Unknown Soldier is buried beneath the stone floor of the Abbey. The spot is marked with brass rules set in the stone. Always there is a circle standing around gazing at the spot. France's Unknown Soldier is buried under the left arch of the Arc de Triomphe in Paris, past which tens of thousands of persons go every day. America's Unknown Soldier, because of the comparative inaccessibility of his tomb, is not visited by so many—but he has, by far, the noblest sepulcher of them all. No king ever had a more beautiful burying place than the heights of Arlington, overlooking the Potomac.

Westminster Abbey failed to interest me very much because it was the place where men went when they stopped doing things. Westminster Hall interested me much more because it is a place where men have done great things. Westminster Hall is a part of the present Parliament buildings. Built centuries ago, it escaped the various fires that destroyed other buildings and was made a part of the present Houses of Parliament.

The Hall impresses one, the moment he enters it, with its great size and its great height. It is 239 feet long, 68 feet wide, there is not a pillar in it and the roof is the ceiling. The rafters are the same ones that were put there in 1398.

Here, indeed, is a noble room.

Here Warren Hastings stood when he was brought home from India and impeached by the House of Commons. Here took place his trial which lasted seven years. Here Hastings stood when he made his impassioned address to the Commons in his own defense—and a brass inscription set in the stone floor certifies to the fact. Here Hastings was at last triumphantly acquitted, and here in this room, the members of the House of Commons rose to their feet and uncovered when the man whom their predecessors had impeached entered the room. Read Macaulay's essay on Warren Hastings and you will get a picture that will remain with you throughout life.

The moment I stepped into Westminster Hall I thought: "Pepys used to come here. He used to see what I am now seeing."

Glorious Pepys! If you have never read his diary, get it and read it all your life. Don't try to read it through. Open it anywhere and read whatever happens to meet your eyes. He kept a diary in shorthand that he did not expect anybody would ever see and nobody did see it until a clergyman deciphered it about 100 years ago. Pepys, who often mentioned his trips to Westminster Hall, never failed to note when the king was intoxicated or "My Lord" so-and-so flirted with a new lady. Pepys moved in the royal circle and told all he saw. And Pepys knew Westminster Hall which still stands as it did 300 years before Pepys was born. This, indeed, is a place to see. It is a place where kings did not come to be buried, but men came to do big things.

It was here that Charles I was condemned to die. It was here that Cromwell was proclaimed Lord Protector of England. It was here that Edward III, as a boy of 14, in 1327, was presented to the populace after the renunciation of his father, Edward II.

Another place worth seeing is the old English tavern, built in 1667, in which Boswell and Johnson used to meet. It stands today as it did then, without repairs and without change.

The name of this tavern is the "Cheshire Cheese." It is in a little alley off Fleet Street named Wine Office Court. Outside is a tablet bearing the names of the fourteen English kings under whom the old tavern has existed.

You will find the door open in summer. You first notice the block of stone that serves as a threshold. It is about eight inches wide and ten inches thick. The feet that have tripped in and out of this place during the last 250 years have scuffed off six inches of this stone. You stand back and see an inverted arch in the rock, marking the footsteps of perhaps ten generations of weary travelers from all parts of the world.

The first room you enter is what we in America would call the barroom. You notice a thin layer of fresh sawdust on the floor, which you will later observe in all the rooms. The little bar is bent like a letter

(Concluded on page 14)

"Books have been written about the Old Cheshire Cheese Tavern. The list of famous persons who have visited it reads like a list of great writers of the past 300 years."

Should the Nation Control Child Labor?

Federal Labor Law Would Have Far-Reaching Effects on Farm and Home

By IREDELL MEARES
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The author of this article is a lawyer and in public life, and in recent years has been identified with legal departments of the government at Washington. He is the author of recent law works and not infrequently is a contributor to the public press.

THE Progressive party platform of 1912 advocated a national child labor law. One of its aims was to secure uniformity. It proposed the regulation of the *employment* of child labor, in factory, mine and other gainful occupations, but it was a definite measure, carrying prescribed and limited power. It did not contemplate the control by Congress of all persons under eighteen, which would be the result of the proposed twentieth amendment, if adopted, and Congress be granted the power to *limit, regulate* and *prohibit* their labor, not their employment as to age, occupation and condition of such employment.

The desirability of the law advocated by the Progressive party, at that time, arose from the non-action of many states and dissimilarity of child labor laws adopted by the states, which had acted to protect working children, but since 1912 and at present, the desirability or necessity of a national law has been obviated by the states having adopted child labor laws applicable to local conditions and bearing in their general features a remarkable uniformity.

Thus, of the forty-eight states, forty-one prohibit children working in factories, and so forth, at or under the age of 14; five states at or under the age of 15, and two states at or under 16; or, it appears, in every state there are laws to protect the exploitation of child labor. Again there are laws providing against children working at dangerous occupations, as at machinery, in mines, where poisonous gases are generated, about docks or wharves, and other employments, involving risk of life or limb or injury to health.

Children and Agriculture

THIRTY states prohibit minors under 18, nineteen states minors under 21, and four states any female working under conditions or at occupations imperiling life, limb or health. Further, minors cannot be employed at night work in eighteen states under ages varying from 16 to 18; in four states girls cannot be so employed under the age of 21; and fourteen states prohibit the employment of any female at night work. Still, further, the hours of labor are regulated as to minors from 16 to 17, or under, in one state; under 16 or 18 in eight states, and under 21 in three states. These three states are North Carolina, both as to boys and girls under 21, and Massachusetts and Ohio both as to girls only under 21.

In 1920, according to official statistics, out of a population of 12,502 582 children in the United States, between the ages of 10 and 15, there were engaged in gainful occupations 1,060,858. Of these, 647,309, or 61 per cent, were engaged in agricultural pursuits, and 413,549, or 39 per cent, in non-agricultural pursuits.

The Director of the Census writing to the House Judiciary Committee and speaking of the children engaged in agricultural pursuits remarked that they "probably were not, as a matter of fact, working with any degree of regularity or continuity . . . . The work of these children doubtless varied from a few weeks or months each year to regular employment throughout the year. In fact, 88 per cent of these children worked on farms of their parents—at home."

It may be fairly concluded, as the states prohibit children working under the ages of fourteen, in factories, and so forth, that those stated above as engaged in non-agricultural pursuits were between the ages of 14 and 15 and not under 14.

Of these 413,549 minors working in gainful occupations other than on farms, 11.6 per cent worked as messengers, office boys and girls; 10.1 per cent as servants and waiters; 7.3 per cent as salesmen and saleswomen in stores; 5.4 per cent as store clerks; 5.3 per cent as cotton-mill operatives; 5 per cent as newsboys; 3.1 per cent as iron and steel operatives; 2.8 per cent as clothing-industry operatives; 2.6 per cent as lumber and furniture operatives; 2.4 per cent as silk-mill operatives; 1.8 per cent as shoe-factory operatives; 1.7 per cent as woolen-mill operatives; 1.4 per cent as coal-mine operatives; and 39.3 per cent in all occupations not enumerated.

It further appears that of the 413,549 children between 10 and 15 years engaged in non-agricultural pursuits, 364,444 of such children were 14 to 15 years of age, leaving 49,105 between 10 and 13 years of age or below the standard age.

Senator Wadsworth, of New York, addressing the Senate on May 29, 1924, on the subject of the proposed amendment, said:

> "Undoubtedly, some of those 49,000 are employed in such a fashion as to cause concern. Incidentally, more than one-fourth of those were newsboys. For example, there were but 622 cotton-mill operatives in this group, 404 being employed in the States of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama, and 218 in all the other states. So it will be seen that it whittles down to almost nothing. There are only 404 in the four southern cotton-mill states, and there is only a bare presumption that any of the 404 were illegally employed—that is, were below the age limit. A great deal of the outcry and uproar has been directed at those same four states on account of the alleged conditions existing in cotton mills, and we find the conditions do not exist."

Neither the necessity nor the desirability exists today for a national child labor law. The people of the states are equally humane. They can be relied on in any state to force proper legislation, if needed, for the protection of their children. The legislatures of each state can better understand local conditions and legislate for the betterment of the children of their state than Congress or any bureau it may establish at Washington, composed of self-styled child welfare workers, who will undertake to impose their theories, rules and regulations upon the state and its people.

The states in the past decade have manifested and now are manifesting intelligent concern, capacity and willingness to protect children engaged at work and, as theirs is the responsibility, they should not be harassed by the interference of national laws and regulations. Even if this were not true, this proposed amendment to the Constitution is not conceived in the purpose to enable Congress to provide laws to protect children from working at unsafe, injurious, or detrimental occupations, as against employers of child labor, but it is a scheme to control by their labor all persons under the age of 18, whether working on farm, in workshop, factory or in other employment, with or without compensation, and subject them to the direction of executive officials at Washington whom Congress, if the amendment is adopted, will have to intrust with the power to enforce rules "to limit, regulate and prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age."

Let us examine the amendment:

"Section 1. The Congress shall have power to limit, regulate, and prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age.

"Section 2. The power of the several states is unimpaired by this article except that the operation of State Laws shall be suspended to the extent necessary to give effect to legislation enacted by Congress."

It carries a remarkable, a dangerous and an extensive grant of power, and all grants of power, the Supreme Court of the United States has held, imply the power to do all incidental and necessary things to execute the direct power granted. In fact, the United States Constitution so provides

Work Prohibition

UNDER the power to *limit* the labor of persons under 18, Congress may declare such person, male or female, shall labor or shall not labor only certain hours a day; under the power to *regulate*, it may direct such person, male or female, to labor at this or that occupation, with or without compensation and without regard for his or her preference for the work; under the power to *prohibit*, it can prohibit such person, male or female, working at his or her chosen work, or at any work at all; and it may impose fines and penalties for violation of the law it may enact, under this amendment, if adopted, and for violation of regulations prescribed by the executive bureau created to enforce the law passed.

It may pass an act in general terms, in the exercise of this constitutional power, if granted, creating an executive branch or bureau to administer the general provisions of the act and conferring upon the head of such department the power to make rules and regulations to govern the labor of such persons, which will have the same effect as the statute and subject to fine or imprisonment persons violating the regulations so prescribed.

The amendment does not confer the power to prescribe the *conditions* of the factory, farm, mine, office, store, railroad, warehouse or workshop, at which the person under eighteen may or may not work, so as to provide protection for him against unsanitary or dangerous situations, when necessity obliges him to work, or the *employment* of such person, but the power operates to limit, regulate or prohibit the *labor* itself of such person. There is an obvious difference between the power to regulate *conditions* of factory or mine, at which "such person" may work, or his employment, and the power to *limit, regulate* and *prohibit* his labor itself.

As far as "such person" by this amendment is concerned, the factory, or mine, or other place of work, may remain unsanitary, dangerous and revolting, and, while such person might be prohibited from working at such places, because of the conditions, if he does work there, however prompted by the necessity of self-support, such person would be liable for violating the law, but not the proprietor of the factory.

There is no grant of power to regulate the *employment* or *conditions* of the place where a person under 18 may work. Evidently the proponents of this measure were not after controlling the operators of the workshop, so as to guard and protect the children there working, but after controlling the person of all those under 18 by limiting, regulating or prohibiting their labor on farm, in home, in school or college, mine, workshop or factory, and thus to direct his energies, mental and physical, during the formative period of his life, and indirectly to minimize the guidance, control and influence of parents and home environment. The power is there, whether Congress exercises it or not, and there is no limit to it. It is all inclusive.

Under this amendment, if adopted, Congress by direct act or department regulations, which it permits by provision of such act, may make it possible that the boy or girl, however robust, capable and ambitious to work or however necessary it may be that he or she should work to help aged parents, dependent little brothers or sisters, will be prohibited from working at all or their labor regulated as to occupation or compensation, without regard to his or her choice, or to the extent to which they may utilize their energies. To do this, the power is there, without restriction, and lodged in Congress.

Destroying Initiative

THE boy, starting out to make a living and to work his way in the world, as thousands upon thousands of successful men have done at ages under 18, may not consult parents and be guided by their advice, but will have to ascertain the government regulations, limitations and prohibitions as to what he may or may not do in the way of labor.

Nor will the boy or girl of well-to-do or wealthy parents be exempt from the application of the act, and its executive regulations, for the term *labor* is all inclusive, whether the labor be voluntary or compelled by circumstances, with or without compensation, and there can be no discriminations made between rich and poor, but *all labor* of *all persons* under 18 is subject to regulation, limitation or prohibition. So reads the amendment. The power is there.

How many Franklins, Lincolns, Carnegies, Marconis would such a system of regulating, limiting or prohibiting the labor of the boy of genius, ambition or industry produce? It would destroy initiative.

The farmer, who has plowed and hoed himself into the ownership of a farm may not have the assistance of his boy in making or harvesting his crop and the good wife the help or co-operation of her daughter, until, if then, they consult the regulations prepared at Washington; and the mechanic, hard-working and fatherly, cannot allow his healthy boy of 15 to 18 to go out to work, though he may have had a common school education, nor the wife her daughter to assist in womanly and household duties without consulting some professional government child welfare worker as to whether such labor be permitted by law!

There can be no such thing under this amendment as the home of little means, where father and mother, sons and daughters, unite their efforts to produce a common support, and in mutual interdependence find their love and affection deepened, without the invasion of government effrontery, with its regulations, limitations and prohibitions as to the labor of members under 18 years of age of that home.

The boy of 17 may not help to feed stock. The daughter of 16 may not be allowed to sweep or wash dishes. The little children may not attend their father to help in picking cotton, berries, gathering crops, or doing chores about the farm, and the hard-working laboring man or mechanic may not demand of his boy to assist him in his work, without looking up governmental prescribed regulations, lest he violate the law.

The discipline, sense of duty and responsibility, training to habits of industry, which come to boy and girl, in home, on the farm, in workshop, as the result of even hard work, whether that work is in helping parents, without direct payment or in some gainful occupation, is to be limited, regulated, perhaps prohibited by Congress, if this amendment is adopted; at least, the power is therein granted, and, if the power is granted, it is going to be exercised, in greater or less degree, with endless trouble, annoyance, injustice, and no benefit, alike to communities, parents, and minors under 18 years of age.

Where Men Take the Place of the Horse

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER

Water transportation on a Philippine river.

A CIVILIZATION is as forward-looking as its system of transportation. One will always note that if there is a backward civilization it seems to go hand in hand with a backward system of transportation.

In the light of our modern express trains, our sixty-mile-an-hour automobiles, our subway systems, and our "coast to coast in a day" flights in airplanes, a survey of the strange, ungainly and awkward system of transporting humanity, freight and burdens in the Oriental world will be interesting to the readers of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT.

We shall begin with Japan, the gateway to the Oriental world. One very soon discovers that the chief means of transportation in Japan, as is true of all eastern countries, is a human being. Only in very recent years has the automobile taken any definite place on the streets and roads of Japan.

The first real shock that an American gets when he visits Japan is the discovery that human life is so cheap that human beings are used as we formerly used horses and cattle, to draw transportation vehicles. The well-known ricksha is the first evidence of this system that an Occidental sees. Thousands of little wiry Japanese men and women get in shafts and draw this two-wheeled vehicle for others to ride. They trot at a dog-pace and pull great loads of humanity up and down hill, panting, perspiring, and weary most of the time. Exposure kills them very quickly.

My first reaction to this human-horse vehicle was anger. I swore that I would never ride in a vehicle where it was necessary for another human being to act as a beast of burden and pull me. But after awhile the newness wore off; and I became accustomed to seeing man-drawn rickshas, and was just as complacently riding in them as the natives. This man-drawn ricksha is the most universal mode of transportation in Japan, Korea, China, Singapore, and Java. The little trotting Hindu, Japanese and Chinese ricksha man is one of the most picturesque sights of the Oriental world; backward, and inhuman, but characteristic and picturesque.

In Japan, as well as the rest of the Oriental world, women carry their babies on their backs. It is an interesting sight to see a little Japanese boy or girl, with his or her baby brother or sister strapped on the back, playing ball, or any of the Japanese games, as vigorously as if that burden were not there. A Japanese child gets accustomed to being carried in this manner, and sleeps and eats and smiles and laughs and lives all day long in this position.

In Korea we ran into an entirely different mode of transportation and an entirely different vehicle of burden-bearing. True enough we have the universal vehicle, the ricksha, but the Koreans use a bull to carry most of their freight. Every highway is thronged with bulls—a diminutive species—and on their backs are strapped the most colossal burdens. You will be walking along the highway and toward you will be coming what looks like a stack of hay or a pile of merchandise as large as a small house. You will not be able to see the vehicle but if you will examine the load closely you will find buried under it either a bull or a boy—as likely one as the other.

Everybody in Korea is a burden-bearer. Every boy, man and woman carries a "giggie," as they call it. This is a strange device which is strapped over the shoulders resting on the hips, with a balancing of the load between the hips and the shoulders which enables the average Korean to carry a weight that an American or a European could not even lift from the ground. To me, one of the real marvels of the Oriental world is this "giggie"; this framework of sticks upon which the natives will carry gigantic burdens for miles. You cannot walk along a Korean highway without seeing thousands of them in a day's journey. Indeed, you are never out of sight of one of these human burden-bearers.

The women of Korea carry their babies on their backs, as do the women of Japan, but they carry their loads on their heads, and I caught many an interesting picture of them carrying great pans of rice, jugs of water, boxes and burdens of every kind on their heads. This is what gives the Oriental woman such poise and grace in carriage and figure.

In China there is the ricksha, and the custom of carrying children on the backs of the women, but the most interesting vehicle in China is the creaking, shrieking wheelbarrows which are used all over the Shantung peninsula. Literally thousands of wheelbarrows shriek their way along the streets and highways of Shantung.

The Chinese have a superstition about using animal fat, and, therefore, they do not grease the wheels of the barrows, and a thousand of them passing in single file through a village causes the most deafening and penetrating din I ever heard.

There is also what is called the Pekin cart which is used to transport human beings in China. This is a two-wheeled cart, awkward, lumbering, and hard to ride in, but all persons who have traveled extensively in China will remember these carts, drawn by a little horse in two shafts, jolting over roads rough enough to break a man's back in an hour. I have ridden for days in them when no other mode of transportation was available.

A third vehicle of transportation in China is the sedan chair, which is also used in other eastern countries but not so extensively as in China. They are made in every shape and size, from small single chairs to great canopied, luxurious private cars in which several may ride. The load is carried by men between two pairs of long shafts which extend under the chair rear and forward. Great funeral cars are carried in this manner, and take from a hundred to two hundred men to carry them.

Above—Transporting a car, a bishop, his wife and a few Americans across a Korean river.

Right—A Korean carries his cooking utensils on his shoulder via his "giggie."

Left—How the Korean woman carries her burdens.

A peculiar type of chair is used by the coolies to take people up the steep sides of the sacred mountain of China.

In the Philippine Islands there are few rickshas, but very distinctive modes of transportation. The carabao is a great, big animal, similar to the buffalo. It has huge shoulders and it is used to pull great clumsy carts. Much of the freight is transported in this vehicle in the Philippines. The passenger vehicle is the little two-wheeled "carretela" which is loaded to the gunwales. The streets of Manila are thick with them. They are drawn by little ponies which dash madly through the streets driven by brown Filipino boys. They are the jitneys of the islands. The women of the Philippines are like the women of Korea in that they carry their burdens on their heads in a *dulce* basket. You can see these straight-shouldered females in every village, along every highway, carrying on their heads a load half as large as themselves—bananas, pineapples, cocoanuts, chickens—smoking big white cheroots, and chattering away with a companion.

A Chinese mountain chair carried by two coolies.

The "Covered Wagon" cart in the Philippines.

An interesting device for transporting water is a long bamboo tube or tree on two little wheels. As much as half a barrel of water can be transported in one of these toy-like devices, and a boy can push one of them. The carabao cart in the Philippines is often just two big solid wheels that have been cut from solid wood, wheels without spokes on which a bed is laid without sides, pulled by big clumsy animals which look like Texas steers.

There is also a sort of a "Covered Wagon" cart in Northern Luzon in the Philippines. These carts are on two wheels but with a cover exactly like our old prairie schooners and pulled by carabaos or ponies. I have seen hundreds of them lined up at the dog market in Baguio.

The camel is a beast of burden in Northern China just as it is in Egypt and other Oriental countries. It is no uncommon sight to see a great camel train arrive at Pekin from the Mongolian plains, and to learn that it has been on the way to Pekin for two years.

Up in Siberia great awkward carts and wagons and sleds make up the bulk of the transportation vehicles in use. They have wooden frames that look more like an oxen-yoke than anything else. One may see great trains of these, sludging along the winter roads through the heavy snow and ice, and at market time in the summer hundreds of them will line the public square. They are drawn by small horses.

Water transportation in the Oriental world is just as fascinating as land transportation.

Which of us who have traveled in the Orient will ever forget the sampans that come out to meet the ships in the Chinese harbors—flat-bottomed boats loaded to the water with an entire Chinese family who sell things to the incoming tourists and passengers. This is one of the characteristic sights on entering a Chinese port. The waters literally swarm with these sampans. Up the Yangtze coolies are the motive power that pull the boats through the rapids; a missionary made himself famous up and down the entire length of this river by putting in handholds for the coolies to grasp as they struggle through these gorges along the narrow cliffs and defiles.

Every Oriental river country has its own type of water transportation. The Chinese with their sampans can go anywhere. They go out to sea fearlessly. Jack London's *Snark* was a mere child's adventure compared with the daring of these Chinese in their sampans.

At Singapore, Shanghai, Batavia, Sourbayia and a half-dozen ports of the Orient, including Canton, millions of human beings are born and live and die on houseboats and never know what it is to have any other kind of a home.

Great flat-bottomed boats are used in Korea, propelled by a long pole that reaches to the bottom of the river ways, or a great flat oar that is also propelled by man-power.

Now and then, as in the case of the crude water wheel one finds in Korea, some enterprising Korean gets power from running water.

The little narrow canoe-like boats that the Filipinos paddle to market, laden with pineapples, bananas, and cocoanuts, fill the Philippine waters at all seasons.

In Borneo, I rode for hours in a little canoe-like boat with a canopy to keep the sun off. It was awkward and uncomfortable, but it was the only mode of transportation possible in a jungle infested with great snakes, orang-outangs, crocodiles, and other wild animals. The river ways are the only safe and possible paths of commerce in Borneo.

Mussolini, the Modern Caesar, Face to Face

"My Father Was a Blacksmith Who Bent Red-Hot Iron," Dictator Declares

By JOHN HUBERT GREUSEL

Mr. Greusel, who recently returned from a long tour of Europe, was much interested in social conditions. His study of Mussolini and Fascism, told in two articles, should be of very great interest to Americans, as the complex movement has been set forth with the necessary philosophic and historical background, "and is written in a way so you can understand it." We have all read in general that Mussolini is of the classical stature of a Caesar; now you are to meet this modern dictator face to face.

"I DO NOT come of illustrious forefathers," Mussolini told the Milanese ironworkers, after he had accepted office as prime minister. "My ancestors were peasants and worked the land. I have been a navvy and a stone mason. My father was a blacksmith who bent red-hot iron on the forge, and I as a little boy had to help him in his hard humble work. Now I have a harder task in trying to bend the souls of men."

The Italian dictator is a singular compound of the religious mystic and the practical political realist. He has been called a Caesar, but he is more than that, as we shall see.

Even as Savonarola conceived the subjugation of the world to sacerdotal power, "in the universe saw but one God, the priest his sole minister, mankind obedient," likewise Mussolini has a similar vision in the sordid world of politics; and to his mystical mind the state must be served with the living faith of primitive Christians. The Dominican monk who was tortured to death on May 23, 1498, had long thundered against the sins of luxury-loving Italians. His words were as scorpions with which he flogged the bare backs of his countrymen. An ancient chronicler says: "Florence rushed to the public square, made a bonfire of vanities, flinging into the fire their wigs, carnival costumes, costliest jewelry, their cards, dice, and evil books."

Nearly five hundred years later we find a veritable reincarnation of Savonarola preaching a political crusade. Mussolini has a strange dream, yet it is not all a dream. Fascism is one of the shrewdest, most cold-blooded political movements. Can you imagine a politician who, without being a religious man, brings to his aid an inspiration that is at once practical and mystical? It is an extraordinary spectacle and deserves deep study.

Chief of the Black Shirts

RALLYING around the symbol of *Patria* or *My Country*, Fascism takes on the force of holy faith. The very oath that the Black Shirts swore when Mussolini organized them for the civil wars shows a note of medieval mysticism; and Mussolini began by doing precisely what Savonarola did at the celebrated bonfire of vanities. This was the solemn oaths: "We the Black Shirts, by the blood of 2,000 martyrs whom we evoke as witnesses and judges, hereby declare that we will not wear on our persons any gold, silver or precious metals or stones. We will work ardently and without pay for the good of our country, will give all superfluous ornaments to a fund for supporting enterprises having goodness, civilization, beauty and Italy's improvement as their objects."

He blows his bugle and all Italy responds as though medieval knights inspired by the love of God were once more summoned to a Holy War, in a modern version of rescuing Christ's tomb from the Saracens. The tomb is Italy, the Saracens are Italy's enemies.

We miss entirely Mussolini's genius if we merely regard him as a pugilistic Caesar who rapped a few revolutionists over the head. For that matter, all down the centuries in many countries revolutionists have been tarred and feathered, hanged, quartered, burnt alive; but no new national consciousness necessarily resulted.

Mussolini's violence against Socialists was only an episode in his larger program of making a religion of the state. It started with a few Black Shirts and now it is the National Fascist party. Though Fascism is battle-born it does not represent violence. In Italy, Mussolini says, there must be ultimately only one social fact. That fact is Italy, and Italy means all her people. Italy must at last come to represent the individual faith of citizens in themselves.

In defining his task, Mussolini speaks with brutal frankness. He always does that. His speeches are keyed in the defiant tones of the curbstone orator haranguing a crowd. This is the way he defines his task: "Liberty is not an end; it is a means. Now is the time to speak of force! As liberty is a means to an end, it requires control. I beg of you to show me in all the course of history a government that based itself entirely or exclusively on the consent of the governed, and renounced all forms of force. Such a government there never was, and never will be.

"How are you going to prevent discontent from becoming a menace to the state? By force! By the inexorable use of force, whenever necessary! The truth is apparent to every man not blinded by dogmatism, that men are perhaps weary of liberty. They have had a surfeit of it. For the intrepid youth, restless and eager, who present themselves at this new dawn of history, there are other words that move them more deeply, words such as discipline, deputized national authority. Know then, once and for all, Fascism recognizes no idols, adores no fetishes. It has already passed over the more or less decayed body of the goddess of Liberty, and is quite prepared if necessary to do so once more."

In the face of Mussolini's subsequent rise, it seems to be forgotten that there ever could have been two sides to the war. An old-time treaty had pledged Italy, Austria and Germany; and for many years the pact stood. One of the historical riddles is to say just "why" Italy changed her mind, at precisely the most critical moment.

That drama of passion and popular aspiration awaits its final explanation.

Italian Socialists were from the first opposed to war, and Mussolini himself had been a very strong Socialist. His fervid oratory marked him as leader of the Socialist cause.

Then came the break. He started a fiery pro-war paper, *People of Italy*, and joined with the poet d'Annunzio in a furious demand to possess Italy of old-time territorial areas. It was something like the controversy over Alsace-Lorraine transferred to Italy.

S. E. BENITO MUSSOLINI.

At bottom, the Socialists believed in peace and brotherhood, which was very fine; but the party never developed any political sense. For one thing, Socialists threatened property owners, told them, "Your hour has come." This was not Socialism: it was Communism.

The very system of the Terrorists pushed Socialism into the ditch. Under the teachings of Lenin, Socialists seized the farms, factories and ships and decided to "divide up." In that foolish way Socialism lost the support of the working class, farmers became frightened and tried to get rid of their lands. In short, Socialism instead of bringing light and liberty proved worthless.

Under various ruses the Socialist party took immense rake-offs from the governmental funds, till the whole system became an organized conspiracy against the state.

But all this and much more like it was merely incidental to general social disruption. Gross acts were charged to the Terrorists: Right of baptism was denied; church services and religious processions were banned; even the dead were denied; strewing flowers or lighting candles on All Saints' day was strictly forbidden.

Peasants, inspired by Communists, were told, "The land belongs to you, seize it, leave owners without redress." Independent workers who did not enroll in Communists' clubs were taxed double, or beaten.

As a rule, Socialists and Communists were armed with knives, but citizens had to fight back with fists.

Although Italians are proverbially fond of music, laborers were strictly forbidden to sing at their work.

Mothers working in the fields were allowed to stop only half an hour once a day, to nurse their babies.

War Against Socialism

ALL sorts of nuisance taxes and stiff fines were imposed, while browbeating and blackmailing of laborers took place daily. Customary discipline of laborers was with the whip, and floggings were severe and numerous. This practice Communists had imported from Russia, their native land.

Another form of persecution was to notify a farmer, "You are wanted at headquarters," and after he had walked, say, ten or twelve miles, a bureau chief would ask one or two foolish questions then make this order: "Come here again tomorrow." This would go on for thirty days.

Landowners were not allowed to use reapers or mowers; only hand labor; and unless favored by local Socialist boards of control, crops rotted in the fields while the pampered pets of bureaucrats were well served.

During the war, Italy's Terrorists stole the soldiers' food, mixed iron filings with bread, put rubbish in flour, "lost" Red Cross parcels by thousands.

Through political influence Social bureaucrats had been exempted from military service, and after the war spat on returned soldiers, claiming they were dupes and fools, misled by the king.

Officers in uniform were not allowed to ride on railroad trains, and if caught were put off between stations. This was possible because the Socialist bureaucracy controlled the labor on the state railroads. Employes were as numerous as bees in a hive and all were looking for soft jobs under the government.

Many a brave veteran had his medals torn from his breast by Socialist mobs. The government was powerless. Socialist police refused the riot call.

Veterans were requested to confine themselves to back streets. To treat soldiers like wild beasts was customary, provided the men attacked were not Socialists or refused to come into the "Red" societies.

Socialist co-operative leagues harbored thousands of deserters, prevented the authorities from bringing slackers to justice.

Mussolini, himself a Socialist, lived to curse out his former gods of the party and began fighting for orderly national interests. That meant fighting the "Red" dragon of Italy.

The king's ministers as well as the king himself kept very quiet, showed no fight. Perhaps the king feared that one fine morning an army of fishwives would march to the palace and stick on his head the red cap of liberty, then take him to the guillotine.

Whether or not Mussolini's tactics, by which he rose to dictatorship, were not as tyrannical as the methods of the "Red" bureaucratic forces he combatted, need not be discussed. His Black Shirts "carried on" much after the manner of the American Ku Klux. Many murders were committed right and left, but the motto of the Black Shirts was "Our Country, Not Ourselves."

The Castor Oil Squad

THERE is no doubt that at the height of his success, Mussolini might have denounced monarchical forms, deposed the king and turned his supporters toward a modern republic headed by a president and a congress. That is, however, exactly what Mussolini did not do. Later, we shall tell you why.

In 1919, the Fascisti numbered only 10,000 names; the next year, the enrollment doubled. The young men were told, "You are fighting for Italian nationalism, against internationalism under the cloak of Socialism."

Ferrara awoke one morning with 50,000 laborers on strike. Dreadful riots followed and at least 5,000 Black Shirts decided to clear the situation by "direct action." They cut off the water supply of the town, cut off the lights, closed public markets that food might become scarce and everybody starve on strike. It broke the strike in a few days.

A guard of 50,000 Black Shirts were on police duty at Bologna. The Socialists held an election, the Black Shirts smashed the ballot boxes, stormed headquarters, captured the Red flag. In the rioting many were killed or wounded. Both sides used hand-grenades, revolvers and clubs.

The Socialist leader, Bombacci, managed to escape from the city, disguised as a policeman. A few months later his secretary was found in Rome. Black Shirts shaved his hair and beard, painted the Italian flag on his crown, exhibited him like a circus animal on Rome's principal street, the Corso, to the vast amusement of the crowds.

Other horseplay by Mussolini's men showed an imagination worthy of the devil. Castor oil squads were organized, midnight visits made. Leaders of the enemy were seized and forced to sign papers acknowledging the supremacy of the Black Shirts. If that failed, castor oil was used. A pint was the usual dose, divided in two tumblers and while a Black Shirt held the victim's nose others of the squad forced the nauseating oil down the Socialist's throat. During the sick-scene that followed, the Black Shirts stood round and enjoyed themselves. Castor oil treatments were usually written about as an immense joke.

The rioting at Ravenna destroyed forty houses and Socialists' belongings were scattered through the streets. In Genoa, 20,000 of Mussolini's men forcibly occupied the municipal building, headquarters of the Socialist bureaucrats. In retaliation, Socialists declared a nation-wide strike, and following Mussolini's tactics at Ferrara, all Italy was to be deprived of water, light, food, transportation, by the Socialists. Mussolini's comment: "Let them strike; it will be their deathblow. If the government is too weak to end the war, the Fascisti will!"

Within forty-eight hours civil war broke out. This general strike took place in August, 1922, and Mussolini flew by airplane to Rome, offering his services to the timid king.

Fascisti used revolvers, bombs and whenever possible flogged Socialists. Many a public square was cleared by armed troops; hundreds of houses were wrecked, property damages reached millions of lire.

When the cause was won, 120,000 Black Shirts marched to Rome, offered their services to the king and were accepted joyfully as liberators. Mussolini became the king's strong man and now fights for vested authority. In the critical days his Black Shirts had most successfully cracked skulls right and left, acted outside the law. It was a great problem what to do with the Black Shirts. Like Augustus Caesar, who waded to his throne through seas of blood, Mussolini immediately turned and posed as a mild ruler, denounced violence, absorbed the Black Shirts into the national militia to give them official standing.

Outwitting a thousand enemies, the former obscure Socialist editor is now in a position in which as dictator he hands Parliament a batch of bills, saying abruptly, "Pass the first 100 because I ask it. Otherwise, hand in your resignations."

And he is obeyed.

Mr. Ford's Page

THERE is nothing in our social, political or economic life that does not depend on Business, the production and distribution of the commodities necessary to life. The home, the church, the school, the government, all depend for their continuity and sufficiency on Business. Even those who affect to despise business, and rate art and the vaporous idealism higher, have to admit that without business the artist is thwarted and the idealist rudely jarred.

And business itself depends on a profit. However useful the commodity which an individual or an organization may make, if it is produced and sold at a loss, its production ceases. There is nothing in quality of goods or quality of service that can overcome the economic error of selling at a loss. Profit is essential to business vitality, just as vigorous physical life is dependent on storing up a little more energy than we lose. That is the way all life advances to maturity. Even the day's breath and food and exercise must yield a physical profit, or the body goes backward to failure.

But the motive to profit has various phases. One organization must have profit to pay the demands of numerous persons who have invested in the business but who have no hand in its operation. They are absentee dividend-takers. What goes to them does not strengthen the business but is taken out of the business and may go to swell the sum of idleness outside. For when you see great paradises of idleness throughout the country, you must remember that they are all supported by men who are at work. There is much justifiable idleness, of course. Looking over our country we see millions of children in school; their leisure and education are made possible by the fact that men are at work. Likewise with the aged and infirm. But there is unjustifiable idleness, and that, too, is supported by men at work. This is the load which businesses like railroads bear—they have to take from themselves to pay for the freedom from toil of those whose money commands a share of the railroads' profits.

Then there is the type of business whose principal objective is the swelling of someone's personal fortune. A business which exists to make one man or one family rich, and whose existence is of no moment when this is achieved, is not solidly founded. Indeed, the motive of personal gain may cause such decrease of quality in goods, such curtailment of service, or such arbitrary charges to the public, as to endanger the life of a business long before it has contributed to anybody's fortune.

These are common enough motives in business, but their day is passing; it is almost over. A business should pay everybody connected with it, and for every element used in it. It should pay for managerial brains, productive ability, contributive labor, and it should pay also the public whose patronage supports it. A business that does not make a profit for the buyer of a commodity, as well as for the seller thereof, is not a good business. If a man is not better off for buying than he would be if he had kept his money in his pocket, there is something unequal in the deal—for the true Economics of Profit include Maker, Distributor and User. Buyer and seller must both be wealthier as a result of a transaction, else the economic balance is broken. Pile up these breaks long enough, and you upset the world. We have yet to learn the treasonable and hostile nature of every business transaction that is not just and profitable all round.

The business itself, the organized entity that engages in production or service, needs a profit or a surplus to keep its vitality a little in advance of the drain upon it. This surplus is to prevent depletion under extraordinary strain, also to permit of expansion. These are precisely the reasons for the body needing a profit on its daily living, or a surplus of vitality—to resist the effects of adverse circumstance, and to grow. Growth is necessary to life, and growth requires a surplus.

It will be noted that this statement is made of *the business*, not of the owner or director of the business. He is paid, like any other worker, out of the costs of the business. In true economic business life, the profit belongs to the business, for it is to safeguard the business in its task of giving service and to permit of its natural growth that a profit is justified at all. The main consideration is the business—this entity that gives employment to producers and gives useful commodities or needed service to the public. In this sense, there is something sacred about a business. It becomes one of the molds of life.

The principle of service requires that profits be measured by these needs—legitimate replacement and necessary expansion. More than that tends to upset the economic balance. Yet there is sometimes heard complaint against expansion as if it were the likeliest cause of economic danger. If expansion is undertaken in the interest of service, quite the opposite is the case. The tax paid by the public on constricted, inefficient, non-growing businesses is much larger than it is on businesses that expand massively.

Take a present instance: A manufacturer of a commodity which the public needs and buys and profits by is threatened with curtailment of his service. First, the mismanagement of businesses that supply his raw material leads to strikes which imperil his supply. Next, the old dying policy of charging all that the traffic will bear is used upon him, and runs up prices unreasonably, preventing him from producing his commodity to his customers at a price which is right for him and for them. He finds himself at the mercy of the misleaders of labor outside his business, and the profit-gougers who supply his raw material.

Obviously it is his duty to protect his customers. They need a certain commodity at a price they can afford to pay, and they are threatened with seeing this utility forced up to a price which they could ill afford to pay—a price that would destroy their profit in buying and using.

How can they be protected? By making the coal, the ore, the limestone, the lumber, indeed, all the elements of his commodity a part of his business; by making them all serve the same end, namely, the production of a needed commodity at a price the users of it can afford to pay. In doing this he is not erecting a "trust," he is not "cornering" anything, he is merely making his business free of a score of outside hindrances that threaten the economic balance that exists between it and its customers.

Now comes the test. In every one of the raw materials used, there was a profit. A coal profit; a limestone profit; an ore and blast-furnace profit; a lumber profit; a transportation profit—profits all down the line. Is this manufacturer to collect for himself each of these profits, and add it to the profit he receives for turning these raw materials into an article of use? Not if he is a true business man operating on the principle of service and taking only a legitimate replacement and expansion surplus. No; he abolishes these other profits, now that the various labors are organized into one business, and gives the ultimate consumer the benefit of them.

The former profit which the public gave him to enable him to expand now comes back to the public in the forms of a stabilized supply, a stabilized cost price, and a lower sale price. The number of the profits saddled on one commodity has been reduced by the exercise of managerial foresight and initiative.

The test of everything is in how far its benefits are passed on to the consumer. If it is an addition of profits instead of a reduction of profits, it may be dangerous. But the reduction of profits, in number and amount, on any commodity is an instant and general community benefit.

WHEN is a profit honest? When it replaces the energy used in production and adds a surplus for healthful expansion. A profit is always with reference to the business itself; the reward of those engaged is a part of production cost. Legitimate profit is that which stabilizes the business and assures its continuance and improvement in service. This principle, therefore, includes the public. A good business will make a profit for the buyer as well as the seller. If the buyer is not better off than if he had kept his money in his pocket, there is something wrong. The profit that replaces energy should return to the buyer in the form of sustained service. The profit that permits expansion should return in better quality at lowered cost. Expansion to any degree is justified when it increases service and lowers cost—but not otherwise.

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Ontario Is "Dry"

ONTARIO voted strongly "dry" after the most confident claims of the "wets" that the province was tired of temperance. Aside from this reversal of prophecy, the election was notable for the sharp difference in attitude between city and country; the cities for the most part heavily "wet" while the country districts were consistently "dry." No one has yet appeared to hazard the explanation that the difference is due to the greater ignorance or viciousness of the country districts. There may be an occasional charge of greater "narrowness" in the country districts, but not a greater stupidity or moral indifference. The vote would indicate that moral indifference, or active approval of liquor, is more to be found in the cities. Where life is lived artificially, where amusements are hectic and unwholesome, where interested propaganda circulates most freely, where the public mind is addled by the superficialities of newspaper dogmatism, there the liquor interests are likely to find their chief support, but not in the country districts where life is more wholesome and where people have time to think their own thoughts.

United States readers of Canadian prohibition plebiscites are sometimes misled in their judgments. In Canadian elections which have "gone wet" the significance is not what the American would naturally understand by such a statement. In no case has the saloon been voted back into existence. In every case the saloon has been voted a continued oblivion. Most Canadian elections have turned on the question of the method by which liquors shall be handled by the government and the degree of accessibility allowed to citizens who purchase by the package. Had Ontario "gone wet," it would merely have meant that its citizens desired some other method than that now followed by the Ontario Temperance Act. The saloon is as dead in "dry" Canadian provinces as it has been at any time since prohibition, but the Ontario election indicates that a deeper "dry" sentiment obtains in a majority of the people there.

What About the German Loan?

NO AMOUNT of protest could have delayed or modified the United States' foreign financial policy which is popularly known as the Dawes Report. The policy was determined long before there was a commission, long before there was a report; these were but the scenery of an international play.

One objection to the plan may be at once discounted, namely, that it will revive German industry at the cost of American prosperity. If American prosperity is built upon the necessity of keeping the German workingman idle and impoverished, then there is something fatally unhealthy about our prosperity. The American people would never vote the economic destruction of another people, solely to maintain our own status. Our economic sufficiency must be built on more dependable and civilized foundations than that.

But there are two things the American people would like to know, and the first is, how far this transaction involves the American government. Is this a private loan between bankers, or is it a deal between governments? The question has been asked of President Coolidge, but he has not as yet answered it. And it should be answered. The semi-governmental institution known as the Federal Reserve System is intimately bound up with the German business (a fact little understood in this country), while the Report itself clearly shows that the institution organized in Germany to handle the transaction is rooted deep in German political responsibility.

Here are all the materials for military pressure, or a war, should Germany's condition ever lead to her default. And this is what the American people would like to know—In how far are American citizens liable to be called to military service to make good the American loan? It is this question which President Coolidge should answer in his own clear style.

It may be said, of course, that wars or threats of pressure need not occur at all. They are not inevitably in the situation. It all depends on the honesty and efficiency with which the business is carried out. Financiers may have risen in the scale of international morality since 1914—let us hope so. Their motives in the present matter may be touched with the spirit of world altruism. But, even were this all true, it is no substitute for a plain answer to the question, In how far may the military power of American citizens be used in the interest of this financial transaction? Frankness at the present moment will prevent future suspicion.

No one guarantees that the loans made to Germany will have a good effect on that country. Bankers themselves frankly refuse to prophesy. The Germans are exceedingly doubtful. In Europe, where the situation is much better understood than here and where propaganda is less successful, participation in the loan was neither popular nor financially large. The feeling seems to be that while German—or international—financial interests may be benefited, the benefit will not seep through to the people. And yet it is the people who will have to create by their labor an amount of wealth equal to the principal and interest of these loans if they are to be safeguarded and repaid. Thus the second inquiry which many are making is just this: Will the German people themselves, in their actual living conditions, become the beneficiaries of this immense financial effort? Time will answer this inquiry, but the expectation of the rank and file of the German people is not highly hopeful.

There can be no objection to the loan as an experiment in international neighborliness, if it is honestly intended to be such. Even the loss of the loan would be bearable if it were used honestly to assist a distressed people. But if it is merely a revival of the old game of international finance, if it cloaks a subtle scheme to make our Federal Reserve System the ready agent of American and German Jewish houses, if it designs to use American military power to enforce its claims, then it is about the most dangerous move that has occurred since the Armistice. Since there is so much difference of opinion and even obscurity of understanding among financial minds on the merits of the Dawes Report, a plain and interpretative statement from the President or Secretary of State would be cordially welcomed by the people.

The Rosenbluth Case

THE trial of Captain Rosenbluth and Sergeant Pothier for the murder of Major Alexander P. Cronkhite has been held and the two defendants acquitted. Rosenbluth did not appear on the stand. Thus comes to an orderly end a long and sensational attempt to block the processes of United States courts and to prevent the trial of a man indicted for high crime. The shameful interference of racial organizations and the hysterical efforts to make of Captain Rosenbluth an American Dreyfus were amply illustrative of the length to which an alien type of mind will go to neutralize the safeguards which have been set up for the people in our laws and courts.

At no time has THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT expressed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the two accused men. Its only interest was to see that the processes of law were carried out in the case of Rosenbluth as of any other citizen. That end was achieved. Further horseplay with the courts of the United States was made impossible.

At the same time there need be no pretense of believing that the trial cleared up the mystery of Major Cronkhite's death. The confession of Pothier implicating Rosenbluth is still unexplained. Whether or not justice has been done to Rosenbluth and Pothier, there is a large body of public opinion that justice has not been done to Major Cronkhite.

Hail the Heckler!

BECAUSE Americans who have observed election meetings in England have voiced their objections to heckling, some newspapers have conceived wrong notions of the practice.

What these Americans witnessed in England was probably not heckling at all, but a form of rowdyism consisting of interruptions of the speaker and offensive remarks shouted from the body of the hall. Such are disturbances and interference with the right of legitimate speech, but heckling in its true sense is an entirely different thing.

Webster defines the word "heckle" as: "to badger with questions or gibes"; but it does not follow that heckling should take this form. It may have been the custom in the days of "Noah," but some of that eminent lexicographer's definitions are as archaic as the system of shipbuilding and water transportation initiated by his patriarchal namesake.

The name seems to have been derived from the heckle or hackle, a toothed instrument used for cleansing flax or hemp from the tow, hards, or coarse part. That is exactly the object of the genuine heckler at election meetings. He is no mere rowdy or interrupter. From his place in the audience he listens to the arguments of the speaker with a critical ear and at the close of the speech proceeds to clean up the oratorical flax and extract from it the tow and other coarse material. In other words, his object is to separate the wheat from the chaff.

Many a platform orator by flowery flights of speech hypnotizes his hearers into a state of enthusiastic approval of something of which they have only acquired a vague conception. The speaker may have spoken for hours and "said nothing." It is at the close of such a torrent of "words, words, words," that the heckler gets in his work. His questions are pointed. He is not only critical but analytic. He wants to get to the bottom of things and to evolve something really tangible and constructive. He wants to know how much of the pabulum dished out to the audience is real meat and how much of it is waste.

Genuine questions put at the close of a public meeting should not only be permitted but encouraged. It is the only way to find things out to form opinions. Teachers in schools and colleges welcome hecklers among their pupils. Why should not politicians do likewise?

Shall We Rear Loafers?

MEMBERS of legislatures and all others who are interested in repelling the insidious attacks made upon the Constitution of the United States will find it worth while to read the article found on page four of this issue under the title, "Should the Nation Control Child Labor?" It shows the extent to which the states have already controlled child labor, and the uselessness of further tampering with the Constitution. It is seriously worth the consideration of state legislators whether they shall aid in these frequent and alien-originated raids upon the fundamental document of our nation, just as it is seriously worth the consideration of the women of the country whether they are to allow their humane instincts to be used as a cover for the activities of groups whose ultimate designs are anti-American.

The prohibition of work up to the age of 18 (the sponsors of the amendment wished to make it 21) would almost certainly rear a generation of loafers. Young men and women of active temperament would be forcibly repressed in their natural rights—and repressed, too, by the law of a free Republic. Such an amendment in force during the last fifty years would have robbed the nation of every constructive leader we possess today.

Agitators for the amendment say, "Of course, it only grants Congress the power, it does not compel Congress to exercise it." What, then, is the purpose? Is it to render the Constitution less and less respected by the people? Or is it eventually to force Congress to prohibit healthful and useful activity on the part of every one up to 18 years of age? Is tampering with the Constitution so simple a matter that it should be done every year at the behest of a group of political women who do not, for all their claims to the contrary, represent American Womanhood?

It was stated on the floor of the United States Senate by a Senator who had visited Russia that he heard in Moscow from a Soviet authority the whole plan to "nationalize the children" of the United States, of which the Child Labor amendment was the opening wedge. The Soviet connections of those most active in behalf of the amendment have been amply established.

Let us adopt a standard principle in these matters. Let us determine that, henceforth, *the Constitution of the United States shall be amended only to increase the people's liberty, not to curtail it.*

How One State's Gold Saved the Union in 1861

The Work of the Miners Provided Wealth That Prevented Disruption

By ROBERT MORGAN

HALF a billion dollars' worth of gold, coined in eagles and double-eagles, and piled in an inconspicuous building in the heart of San Francisco, once saved these United States from disruption, shortened the Civil War, and convinced a watching world that this Union would persist, a power among the nations. The gold came from California mines, in the short period between 1849 and 1861—twelve years, most of them taken up with the greatest and most productive migration in search of the yellow metal ever staged on earth. Few persons living today know of this momentous incident in the course of the Civil War, and it is written into few histories. So barren are our school textbooks of all human interest that it is doubtful if one child in the public schools outside of California knows this story, yet it is one of the most vivid chapters in the record which began at Fort Sumter and ended at Appomattox Courthouse.

The United States Mint was established in San Francisco in 1854, two years after instructions for its establishment had been issued at Washington. Between that year and 1861, the miners of California had poured into this plain, square, three-storied building on Montgomery street, between California and Sacramento streets, in San Francisco, more than $700,000,000 in gold. When, on April 24, 1861, a Pony Express rider brought to Sacramento the news that Civil War had broken out, there lay in the mint and in the subtreasury of which the mint was a part, approximately half a billion dollars in coined gold. If the seceded states could draw California into their confederacy, thereby taking over this mass of gold, they believed their cause would be won, at least in the eyes of England, the most powerful, as she was the most interested, spectator. If the government of the United States retained this army of yellow mercenaries, then that government could continue to issue paper money, gold or silver certificates, based on it, and in no other way could arms, ammunition and food be obtained for the armies moving southward into the heart of Dixie.

Historically accurate reproduction of the costume and appearance of a California miner of the fifties. From the work of these men came the gold which played so great a part in saving the Union in the dangerous days of the Civil War.

Southern California was almost ready to secede from the Union by the year 1862. Los Angeles was a mud-built Indian village of 5,000 men, women and children; Sacramento had a population of possibly twice this number, predominately white; and San Francisco led the list of settlements in the twelve-year-old state, with 57,000 inhabitants. General Albert Sydney Johnston, who was afterward to die bravely at Shiloh, leading more than forty thousand men in the lost cause, was in command at the Presidio, overlooking the Golden Gate. He had lately crushed the Mormon Rebellion without bloodshed, and was considered one of the most competent soldiers in the army of the young republic. General Johnston was a Secessionist, but he proved his worth as a soldier and his honor as a man before he resigned from the Federal Army and joined the Confederacy.

San Francisco in particular, and California in general, controlled the world's supply of gold when the Civil War broke out. With incredible rapidity and with movements so well concealed that even to this day all the details are not known, men who favored the Confederacy organized themselves in California to seize first the military post at the Presidio; second, the mint and subtreasury in San Francisco; and, third, the harbor back of the Golden Gate, so that the great bay could be kept open as a refuge for Confederate privateers and warships, and so that through it might pass southward a steady tide of gold. Their first step was the secret organization of the "Knights of the Golden Circle," whose numbers varied from the 16,000 claimed by Asbury Harpending, of Oakland, in a book which he wrote on the subject, to the 30,000 alleged by Assemblyman Crittenden, of what is now Eldorado County, when he warned the California state legislature of existing conditions at the end of 1861. The truth of the matter is that there were probably about 7,000 men possessed of rifles, revolvers, machetes and hunting knives, in the organization, with another 5,000, or thereabout, who had no arms, but for whom arms were to be provided when the armed force had seized the arms then stored at the Presidio. One thing is certain as to this, and that is that the then Secretary of War Floyd—a strong sympathizer with the seceding states—had sent to California some 30 000 rifles and revolvers, and an abundant supply of ammunition for these small arms. This action is claimed to have been part of a nation-wide plot to seize California for the Confederacy, but, if it was, the western plotters moved too slowly, and the rifles, revolvers and ammunition, which in possession of the secessionists might have turned the tide of victory or stemmed it for several years, never fell into their hands.

Agents of the Confederacy from Richmond, New Orleans and Atlanta, flocked to Southern California, and, their numbers increased by Secessionists from the southern part of the state, moved on over the Tehachapi Mountains into San Francisco, Oakland, Sacramento, Vallejo and other centers of population. Charles R. Street, of Marysville, became the secret head of the public movement in favor of secession. Six of the southern counties of the state voted to secede from California, and set up their own state, asking admission to the Confederacy as they did so. The battle of Fort Sumter was won by the forces of the government before this could be accomplished, and the leaders of the southern counties' secession movement decided that they must carry the entire state or nothing into Confederate ranks. With this in view, they pressed to completion the organization of the "Knights of the Golden Circle," an association second only in size and importance, locally at least, to the original Ku Klux Klan which was to arise later in the war-devastated states of the South.

Unsuspected of disloyalty, Street, from his eyrie in Marysville, directed the activities of this circle, though its colonels, captains and lieutenants looked for their orders to a man known as the "General," whose name never has been revealed. It has been claimed that Harpending, who has admitted that he was a member of the organization, was the "general" in question, but this never has been proved, and the writer considers it doubtful. Surrounding this mysterious mouthpiece for the almost equally mysterious Street, however, was an inner circle of thirty proved "knights." Each of these "knights," some of whose names are known, but most of whom are not of importance, had in turn ten "captains." Each of these "captains" was to enlist 100 fighting men, so that each "knight" would have 1,000 men at his command. This form of organization probably gave rise to Assemblyman Crittenden's statement to the state legislature in 1861, that "there are 30,000 men ready to take up arms for the Confederacy in California."

With this force, the plan of the "Knights of the Golden Circle," as best recorded in various private documents extant today, was to capture first the Presidio, then Fort Point, of which General Johnston also was in command, thereafter the mint, subtreasury and port of San Francisco, and to move thence on the arsenal, located then, as now, at Benicia, about thirty-five miles northward, on an arm of San Francisco Bay. On paper, and in the meetings of the "General" with his thirty "knights," it all looked very simple, but when they called on Albert Sydney Johnston, the whole affair took on a different aspect.

"Gentlemen," said the then young soldier, "I believe in the right of every state to follow its own inclinations; I believe in the right of each of you to his own opinion and to his own action in support of that opinion —BUT, gentlemen, I am in command of the forces of the United States in this department. So long as I am in such command, and so long as there is one man able to bear arms at my orders, just that long this department shall remain in the Union. Get out!"

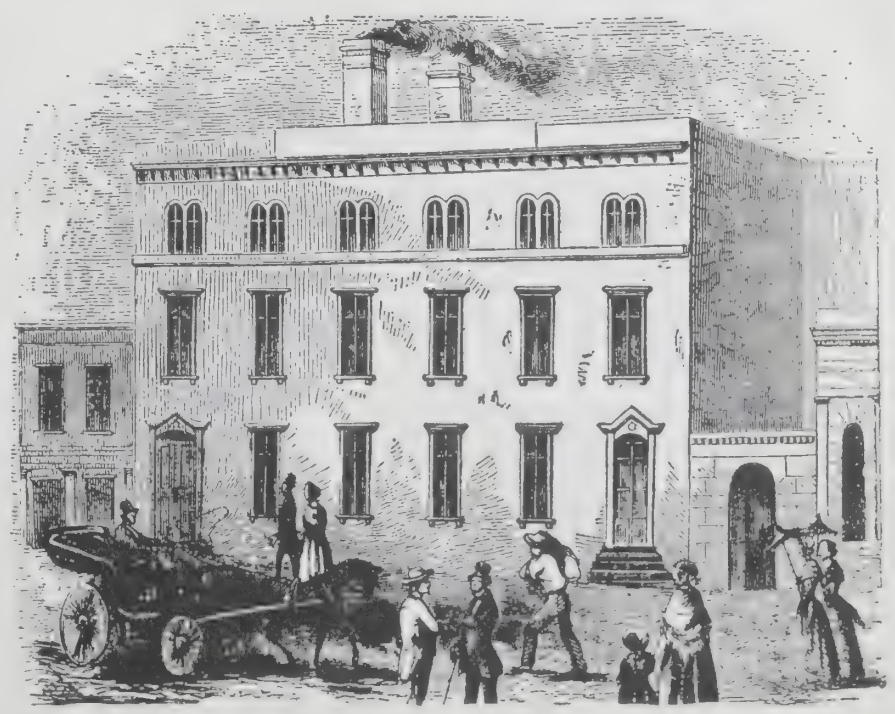
"Knights of the Golden Circle," and their mysterious "General," literally fell out of the headquarters building at Fort Point. Some time after that, General Johnston resigned, made his way southward, joined the Confederate forces and was killed just as he was beginning to show his ability as a soldier and as an officer. He was succeeded at San Francisco by General E. V. Sumner, but the actual, imminent danger to the state and to the Union was passed. Historians tell, also, that one Doane, a sheriff of San Francisco, apparently more braggart than brave, enlisted a hundred men for the purpose of "capturing" General Johnston. Posting these armed men around a house in which the general was staying in the city of San Francisco, and ordering them to shoot to kill if Johnston appeared, Doane, accompanied by a fire chief whose name has been lost, called on the military commander. They informed General Johnston that they had been mistaken by the Knights of the Golden Circle for rebel sympathizers, and so had been informed that the general was contemplating turning over the military post and the city to the Secessionists. It is said that General Johnston, single-handed, threw both of them out of his office. Whether this be true or not, their visit followed that of the Knights of the Golden Circle, so that General Johnston's attitude was not influenced by the sheriff or his hundred armed men.

With General Johnston, when he left Los Angeles to go to his death on the battlefield of Shiloh, went 150 of the best men in the secession movement in Southern California. The remainder decided to wait until the forces of the Confederacy had won a striking victory; then, with this as a club, they planned to rise in arms and beat the state into the ranks of the seceding commonwealths. But their moment of possible victory had passed. Following the fall of Fort Sumter, strong Union supporters had become active throughout the state. Union clubs were formed in every city, including Los Angeles, to which trusted troops had been moved from Fort Mojave; artillery companies had been called into San Francisco and Vallejo from Vancouver Barracks and from Oregon; and the Sixth Infantry was stationed at Benicia. The Golden Gate swung open, and through it poured the tide of gathered gold from the San Francisco Mint to the Treasury of the Union at Washington. California was safe from secession, and more than half a billion dollars—a tremendous sum in those days—was at the command of Abraham Lincoln and was used in his successful efforts to preserve this nation.

The Confederate plotters, few of whom seemed to care to risk their skins in the actual fighting, continued, however, their schemes along the California coast. The cutter *Chapman* was outfitted for sea duty and equipped with cannon through funds supplied by a party led by Ridgeley Greathouse. Their object was to prey as a privateer on bullion-laden ships leaving San Francisco Bay. A boatload of loyal police from San Francisco captured the cutter, her crew and all her equipment, the day before her owners had plotted to make their break through the Golden Gate for the open sea. Another squad of policemen broke up a carefully laid plan to capture a steamer known as the *Guadalupe of Sacramento,* in San Francisco Bay, sail her northward on that water, and capture Benicia. Some two hundred men had agreed to sail on the *Guadalupe;* but a handful of policemen armed with oak clubs, took ship and crew into the port of peace without the firing of a shot. Still another plot, hatched in Marysville, involved the cutting of telegraph lines between Sacramento, Benicia, Vallejo and San Francisco, and the capture of the Benicia arsenal. Three loyal men, armed with old-time "hoss-pistols," wrecked that plot, but that is another story.

California by this time had become aroused to the necessity of immediate action to prove the staunch loyalty of the entire state, and the more heavily populated northern part of the state sent Leland Stanford, a Unionist of great wealth, ability and influence, into the office of governor. Thereupon, Southern California's Secessionists subsided, seeing their last hope of aiding the Confederacy go glimmering with the movement of gold eastward to Washington. It was this gold which enabled the government to maintain its money and its credit, and which, in no small degree, contributed the winning factor to the northern armies in the Civil War.

California's rich fruit lands have now taken the place of the mines that from the year 1849 onward provided metallic wealth for the nation. It is not now the California miners but the fruit farmers to which the United States looks for one of its most valuable products. Gold mines become exhausted, but the fields and orange groves will give of their fruits as long as man exercises his industry in them. After all, the nation that has unlimited sources of food supply is better off than one that has to depend on the false and fluctuating standards of a monetary system.



The San Francisco Mint in 1854, when it was beginning to fill with the millions of dollars' worth of gold which were saved to the Union when the Secessionists attempted to separate California from the United States. (From a print made in 1854.)

Imagine this street without its trees—robbed of those beautiful Gothic arches to soften the rays of the glaring sun on a summer's day.

Wires strung beneath the trees do not inconvenience the "power," and neither, by this means, do the trees need to be deprived of any of their beautiful branches.

One of Man's Best Friends—The Tree

Tree Surgery Has Become a Recognized Factor in City Beautification

By FRANZ A. AUST and HAZEL HANKINSON

EVERY good healthy shade tree adds a value of $500 dollars to a lot in city or town or country. Thus the courts have decreed. But if a man were offered twice that amount for a pet tree on his lawn or on the street terrace in front of his house, would he consider it? Most likely not. The reason back of that is the same as the reason why a man in Madison, Wisconsin, offered $50 reward for the satisfaction of finding out who cut down a little blue spruce growing in front of his bungalow. It's because individuals as well as courts know that trees which have taken years to grow are priceless. They have become so vital a part of the lives of men and women and children that mere money is nothing when there's a question of looking out of the window some morning and of not finding that tree-friend "on the job."

Few will allow their trees to be dug up and sold, nor yet will many sit quietly by and allow the cave-man act to be repeated even for the sake of letting someone have the Christmas tree he craves. And yet, seldom does an owner remember that an uncomplaining tree may likewise be beset by many a robber whose name is not listed in the two-legged class. Trees must be protected against various kinds of harm during their whole lives from babyhood to old age.

Very recently, tree insurance was proposed, and the idea is being gradually wafted to tree-lovers everywhere. Thus can the value of trees, like that of buildings, be made secure against wind and tornado and lightning and ice storm. Or rather, thus can their owners be amply guarded from property loss when the elements let loose. But, unhappily, the lives and the vigor of the trees themselves cannot be made safe even by insurance.

That's why some places provide city protection for their trees. The cities of Newark and Chicago and Minneapolis and Milwaukee, for instance, as well as others, have each set aside the sum of five or six thousand dollars a year with which to hire an expert. Each expert spends all of his time upon the shade trees of the city; he organizes a system for their handling and care; he examines and diagnoses and, if necessary, he operates upon those which are "sick." Each tree expert is health officer and surgeon combined for several thousand tree specimens.

One or two states, furthermore, have granted their trees state security. Every time you drive through Massachusetts, you cannot help being impressed with the feeling that the folk of that commonwealth respect their trees. Those trees all look so well-groomed and so well-cared-for. It's a state's responsibility in Massachusetts. And it's an admirable ruling, indeed.

But, for the most part, throughout the Middle West and the East there is, as yet, little city or state protection. Less than 25 per cent of the cities which have more than 50,000 inhabitants officially look after their shade trees' health. And under 50,000 population, towns concern themselves but little. It's the owners, therefore, almost everywhere who must see to it that the trees of their dooryard and street have the chance they so justly deserve. Planting the young shade tree at the right time and under the proper conditions is half the battle. But after all, it isn't the better half. Arbor Day shouldn't end when the sun goes down on that April or May day after the soil has been packed about the roots, and the mayor's speech is over. Arbor Day ought to last all the year round when a new tree has been planted. For there are many things to be considered that it may do well. And of great importance among these are sub-irrigation, and correct staking, and pruning so that the tree will have a chance to spread naturally.

Street trees usually have the hardest time of all, even after they have grown to full size under healthy conditions. In the small place, for instance, the town "fathers" will suddenly decide that the grade of Main street should be lowered. Or quite as unexpectedly it will seem necessary to lift River street bodily to the level of the rest of the town. In either case, it's "lo! the poor tree!" For its naked roots are shamelessly exposed to all the elements and left there. Or, on the other hand, its trunk is so swathed in layers of soil that the tree is well-nigh suffocated.

It's fairyland on top; but underneath it's the "slaughter of the innocents."

In some places where the grade has been lowered, the trees have loose stone walls built around their bases so that as much of the earth as possible may be held about their roots. Then, because removing so much soil weakens the support each ought to have, guy wires are attached for anchorage, and these are made secure by being fastened to stakes in the ground, or to nearby trees.

Raising the grade of a street to any extent is fully as fatal to the health and beauty of its shade-makers as the lowering of the grade. Gravel or crushed stone filled in about the trunk before the piling up of the heavier soil is often a life-saver. Thus the tree is allowed to breathe and will not be permanently harmed. In extreme grading of this sort, it is often found necessary to build a wall about the tree so that the trunk seems to be standing in a well. And in this way all danger of smothering is avoided. Where drainage is especially good, soil can be filled in about this wall to a depth of eight or ten feet without harming the tree's health at all.

That old "thief," the concrete sidewalk or pavement, is one of the greatest enemies a tree has in city or town. Watch a tree fighting for its life against such a violent robber. It will never give up without a brave struggle. The tree pushes and shoves to secure its rights to soil and air and moisture, and the concrete is heaved and cracked on all sides. Wise owners take care of this difficulty by breaking out the concrete for a certain distance and filling the space with crushed stone. This saves the tree, and, incidentally, it saves the pavement, too, and the owner's pocketbook.

And then there are the tree-robbers on wheels. Charlie takes the car out in a hurry some morning, and in flinging around the corner of the drive he causes the hub to tear a ragged "sore" on the side of the maple tree growing there. Or one day two cars meet in an accident in front of the house, and the tree on the terrace, as well as the cars, has suffered. Either of these is a common occurrence, and usually little notice is taken of the result to the tree, for it seems to go on thriving as before. But unless something is done, like making the place clean and painting it with creosote, before long another troop of highwaymen—insect-bandits, this time—will surely happen along to make that tree their headquarters. Or other outlaws, called fungi, moisture-made, may lie there in ambush to attack their unsuspecting victim with decay. And the tree is doomed.

Did you ever notice a broken branch hanging desperately to its mother tree and swinging in the breeze after a windstorm? Every sway breaks a little more of the bark and strips it down the side. The tree's owner knows that stalwart member is worth a thousand dollars to his property, but he is too busy to relieve its suffering. Maybe he doesn't know that delay in amputating the tree's limb and disinfecting the spot is fully as dangerous as not taking proper and instant care of a person's injured arm or leg. Lightning, that tricky sharp-tongued dweller in the sky, will rob a tree unmercifully in a number of ways. One tree recently had all its bark stripped off. If this misfortune had been taken care of by nailing the bark back into place before the raindrops accompanying the storm had dried, the tree could have been saved. But the accident was not noticed for several days, and then nothing could be done to keep the wound from proving fatal. For the tree had been completely girdled.

One of the favorite "stunts" which lightning performs is to slide down the entire length of a tree, ripping as it goes. Those who properly care for trees cut back the bark smoothly and paint the place with disinfectant so that vigor and growth are not lost, and for best results this is always done soon after the accident happens. On the other hand, if lightning shoots down one side of a

tree and merely loosens the bark, nailing the bark into place and painting any open wounds will usually prove to be the tree's salvation.

Scarcely does a winter pass in the northern section of the United States without one or more ice storms. Gorgeous are all the trees and bushes when clothed in silvery uniforms which shine in the sun. With every breeze the branches clank musically. But that very music is the "swan song" for many a tree. For as night comes on, and the air grows colder, twigs and branches begin to pop and snap as though all the trees were at rifle practice. Later the boom of the real cannonading begins, and the creaking groans of Nature's injured. Thus the contest with ice and wind rages on until melting takes place. Then, alas! you know that the trees have lost the battle, for the trees themselves and the ground beneath the trees are strewn with awful carnage.

And unless a man is particularly on the lookout for their welfare, he will neglect these wounded tree-friends at just the time when "first aid" is most needed. It is not the most pleasant "job" in the world to climb a ladder on a cold winter's day with saw and block-and-tackle in hand. And yet that is just what the true tree surgeon does so that every fracture and split may be examined, and that the very best treatment may be applied. Then, before growth starts in the spring, he cuts the stubs neatly and paints them. And even unto the second and third years after the wounds were made he keeps close watch that the battle-scarred veterans of the ice-war may be fully restored to health.

Even telephone and telegraph lines and electric power systems with their yards of wire can steal the beauty from the tree tops. Every property owner has a legal right to say what shall be done to those trees which are growing on his lawn or on the street terrace or along the country road beside his farm. But very often in town and village and in the country he is willing to sell that right for a few dollars. Hence the lineman cuts and slashes to his heart's content that the "power" may be convenienced. And the result is many a beheaded tree.

Above—The owner of the land upon which this tree is growing has a legal right to prevent this "robbery." Below—When the magnificence of the ice storm has passed, the trees display the terrible ravages upon their health and beauty.

Where wires pass through a cable, much of the difficulty is avoided, for fifty or more wires can be threaded through one passage. Where poles are placed close to a tree, and the pruning is properly done, the result is also satisfactory, for thus the wires cannot vibrate so much and cause damage to the branches. The use of a projecting cross-arm is also good, for in this way the wires are carried past the tree instead of through the tree tops. Another good plan in helping to give the trees their rights is the zig zaging of the wires across the street between trees. This can be done especially well where trees are tall. And probably, aside from the placing of wires underground, the most nearly ideal arrangement is the one in which the poles are considerably higher or lower than the trees so that the wires can pass either over or under without coming in contact with the branches at all.

With the passing of years, the shade-tree-friends of lawn and terrace and country road will surely increase in value. Appreciation of them will become higher as natural woods and forests disappear. More and more, the value of home grounds and of new lots will be estimated higher or lower according to whether they are "treed" or "treeless." Wise, therefore, is the man who saves and protects such growing property, not only from the hands of those who would carry it bodily away, but from all "brigands" ready to steal its life and health. Such a man is storing up future satisfaction for himself and for his children. And he is likewise fostering the spirit of the preservation of America's outdoor beauty. Once this beauty is gone it can never be restored except at the expenditure of much labor, time and money.

Cabal May Govern World's Gold

Concluded from page 2

especially when that design is announced by the one who does the designing.

1868

Mr. Paul Warburg was born in Hamburg, Germany.

1893

Arrived in America for the first time.

1895

Married Nina J. Loeb, daughter of Solomon Loeb of the banking firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., of New York. Mr. Loeb's residence was given as Frankfort-am-Main and New York.

1898

In this year, the great Jewish migration from Central and Slavonic Europe began to reach its height and continued until the opening of the great war. Most of these individuals reached this country on ships of the North German Lloyd and Hamburg-American Lines. Max Warburg directed the general policies of these two steamship lines through control by his banking house. At one time, the passage rate from points in the interior of Europe to the New York docks reached the low point of $28.50 an adult.

1902

Mr. Paul Warburg migrates to America. Before a subcommittee of the United States Senate in 1914: "I had no definite intentions then, because some of the reasons that brought me over here were family reasons. . . . That had a good deal to do with my first coming here; I was not sure at all that I would stay here when I came."

1906

Mr. Warburg began in this year to work upon monetary reform. He informed the committee, "I was not here three weeks before I was trying to explain to myself the roots of the evil" (i. e., monetary evil).

It was about this time that commercial acceptances began to appear among banks in New York for rediscount as distinguished from "three-name paper." Trade acceptances are a purely Germanic type of credit operation which transforms immobile promissory notes into bills of exchange, functioning in a limited capacity as a medium of exchange and to that extent acting as currency. Mr. Warburg was largely instrumental in bringing about this change. Incidentally, but of much greater importance, there went with it *the substitution of securities for character as collateral for loans.* International acceptances appeared later.

1907

Mr. Warburg published in this year, "Defects and Needs of Our Banking System." Later, he wrote and published, "A Plan for a Modified Central Bank," and "A United Reserve Bank of the United States" (1910).

1908

Mr. Warburg took out his first citizenship papers.

1911

Mr. Warburg took out his final citizenship papers.

Arthur von Gwinner, president of the Deutsche Bank of Berlin, brother-in-law of the Brothers Speyer, bankers of London and New York, made a speech at a dinner given at the American Embassy at Berlin in which he "advised the United States to establish a central bank modeled on the lines of the Deutsche Bank."

1912

Secret meeting of bankers at Jekyl Island, Georgia, which was called at the instance of Senator Aldrich. Mr. Paul Warburg was present and did most of the work. The meeting resulted in the drafting of the Federal Reserve Act. The purpose of the meeting was to "evolve and compile a scientific currency system for the United States, a system that would embody all that was best in Europe." So perfectly was this done that some of the phraseology of the Reichsbank charter is to be found in the Federal Reserve Act, just as whole sentences in our land bank laws are taken from the land bank laws of Germany. The relationships of the persons at this meeting were such that afterward Professor Seligman, of Columbia University, said: "It may be stated without fear of contradiction that in its fundamental features the Federal Reserve Act is the work of Mr. Warburg more than of any other man in this country." It may also be stated that the propaganda which paved the way for the Federal Reserve Act was the work of Mr. Warburg and the group with which he is associated.

1912-1913

The so-called "Pujo Investigation into the Money Bund," was preceded by two years of active agitative propaganda by the Hearst papers against American bankers and capitalists. It is thought by many that this investigation was staged for the purpose of getting information out of the offices of J. P. Morgan and Company for the benefit of Wilhelmstrasse which could not be secured in any other way. Mr. Samuel Untermeyer was the examiner by whom it was attempted to elicit the information. At that time, Mr. Jacob Schiff, of the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., was called to the witness stand but his testimony was perfunctory. The committee announced its intention of calling Mr. Warburg but he was never examined.

Passage and approval of the Federal Reserve Act, establishment of a central reserve bank, the culminating event of Mr. Warburg's migration to this country.

1914

In passing the Federal Reserve Act, Congress legalized the principle of ownership of bank stock by banks. Ownership of industrial stocks by banks is the next step in the program of the Jewish bankers who are endeavoring to impose their system of financial overlordship on this country.

Mr. Warburg was appointed head of the Federal Reserve Board by President Wilson, the Senate confirming after investigation. It is safe to say that under the Wilson Administration no one was appointed to this board without the approval of Mr. Warburg and that he did at that time and has since absolutely dominated the policies of the board.

To the Senate Committee, Mr. Warburg said: "That a thing which had a great deal of influence on my making up my mind to remain in this country, and work here, and become a part and parcel of this country, was that monetary reform work, *for I felt I had a distinct duty to perform here; and I thought I could do that;* and in fact I have been working on it since 1906 or 1907."

1918

Mr. Warburg declined a renomination to the Federal Reserve Board tendered by President Wilson on the ground that his German connections would make such an acceptance a subject of criticism.

1923

Mr. Otto H. Kahn, Mr. Warburg's partner in the banking firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., informs the American public that there is no such a thing as an international banker.

It is interesting to note at this juncture that the movement for the establishment of Federal Reserve systems in South American countries has been so widespread and successful that already there is talk of a "federated South American reserve system" of banks, a movement largely engineered through Jewish influence

Juries, Jurors and Jumping Jury Service

Citizens Shrink From the Task of Passing Judgment on Their Fellows

By A. RICHARD DI NATALAE

ON THE steps of an important court building in the city of New York a group of four jurors called to serve during the month of October—four men who an hour before did not know of the existence of one another—were spiritedly discussing a subject, if not a problem, which was obviously general among them. They intimately confessed that they did not want to serve as jurors. Jury serving was regarded as a sacrificial duty which the "law should not impose upon busy men to whom time is money," or for some such reason. The underlying temptation was to escape service if possible—something that was, at this juncture, regarded as improbable. Somehow, the impression obtained that to be a juror is tantamount to being a nonentity, on the supposition that the citizen lacked importance or influence in "getting off."

Jumping jury service is not a novelty, however, even though the subject has not received the attention it deserves in these days of complex legal systems, but it remained for one of the aforementioned quartet to make a declaration, in another group half an hour or so later, which reveals an inconsistency of American citizenship.

The later group was listening to the details of a recent case in which a "bone-headed jury" rendered the verdict in a manner not satisfactory to the speaker.

"What do you think of such a verdict? Is that justice?"

"Well, what can you expect, considering the grade of intelligence of the average jury? The average jury has a certain amount of common sense, but to trust life or property to the keeping of the average jury is dangerous. I'd hate to trust anything of mine to them!" This was the opinion of a most substantial citizen.

"You said it."

Thus we come at once to the crux of the whole problem.

If men belonging to that higher realm of prosperity that is associated with relatively keener intelligence persist in jury jumping or in serving half-heartedly and as seldom as possible, who remains in the ranks of available jurors?

Three Dollars a Day

IF MEN of means and ability and even leisure solidly align themselves against jury service, considering the jump either as a joke or a sport, it is evident that juries must consist of less able individuals. Laws and regulations practically exempt certain classes of citizens—I may say the most desirable classes from the standpoint of mental efficiency and moral balance—so that jury panels at the very outset lack a fair proportion of the best community minds, which leaves a residuum that may be good to fair in exceptional circumstances and fair to middling in most cases.

These two approximate degrees are not based solely upon my own observations in the course of privileged contact in courts and court business, civil and criminal, but actually represents the composite thought of most judges and prosecuting attorneys and private lawyers.

Conversely, the object which the courts of our land have always sought, in view of the limited and shrinkable group of available jurors, has been to prevent the formation of a professional juror class, especially in the larger centers of population. The most direct method has been that of keeping at a minimum the nominal per diem compensation of jurors, although plans have often been laid for increasing these fees.

Three dollars a day for every day of service or court appearance is the maximum, and many men refuse to serve, or endeavor to refuse, because they cannot afford, they say, to lose a day's time for three dollars, half of which goes for lunch and a good part of the remainder for transportation. Yet, although sixty dollars a month, calculated on the basis of twenty effective court days, is not a sum to brag about these times as an item of income for any adult, it has been found by experience that any city affords countless individuals who would be glad to attach themselves to a regular jury pay roll. It is taken for granted that higher jury fees, plus the inevitable *sub rosa* lubrication afforded by ward politics, would pave the way for a limited class of privileged talesmen.

Conspicuously prominent and solid citizens of any community are rarely found doing jury duty. In most cases, they are never called. In New York, for example, prominent citizens are quite regularly identified with the various grand juries but hardly ever in a trial jury.

Obtaining Exemption

CONFLICTING is the attitude, likewise, of the big employers and corporations. Among these will be found many, especially those engaged in public service, that manage to obtain exemption from jury duty of their employes, but there are just as many that make jury service compulsory, and there are records of dismissal from employment for an individual to seek being excused from this civic duty with an untruth.

On a jury in which I served, the economic angle of an employe was made quite plain.

"I work a month inside and a month outside," he said. "My store work is on straight salary; my outside work is salary and commission. I got called at the right time as I don't lose anything this month. I am here on company's time. If it had been my month out I would have asked the judge to put me off for a month."

Salaried men, especially those in the lower industrial categories, regard jury service as a little boon if they can put it across in their employer's time. One man told me that he had been called regularly for many years, and that he would have had no objection to serving as juror, but as soon as the notice to appear was shown to his boss, the latter took it and that was the end of it. How the boss explained it to court officials he didn't know.

Professionally I belong to one of the exempt classes. For many years I was not called. My first notice reached me two years ago and three times, owing to business exigencies, I was unable to serve, due explanation to the official in charge having been enough. Late in September, however, I received a notice, rubber-stamped "Month selected," which bade me appear before a certain court on the first day of October. Five or six men asked to be, and were, excused by the judge. Three were unsuccessful. Four were excused before the end of the two-week period. The twenty-four of us who actually served, as two rotating juries, actually served six court days out of ten, the other four merely putting in our appearance and responding to roll call.

Indeterminate Citizenship

SIX days out of two years—and six days which each juror was free to select himself—is not very much, yet nearly every man had a kick to register about it. Not only kicks, but much apathy.

How jury service is regarded was proved to me within the next few hours. I mentioned the matter to my grocer.

"So they got you, eh?" He laughed. "Didn't you know how to get off?"

"Do you?" I retorted.

"Sure. It's all in knowing how. I haven't served for ten years."

The next day my telephone bell rang. It was a friend who, in town for a day, wanted me to join him as he visited.

"Impossible, I am on the jury for two weeks."

"On the jury?" he repeated, with an inflection of disbelief in his voice, as though I had told him I was in jail. "I thought you had influence!"

The grocer is another of those numerous citizens whose attitude in this respect is anomalous, nay, incomprehensible, for he can well afford the luxury of serving. A few days before that a runaway horse attached to a delivery wagon struck the rear fender on his parked machine and did damage that cost sixty or seventy dollars to repair, fifty dollars of which his insurance would not cover through contractual exemption. He was roundly abusing insurance charges and the courts' attitude against the automobilist.

"It costs me ten dollars a day insurance because I am a business man and if my car tomorrow figures in an accident to a kid stealing a ride and losing his balance any New York jury would soak me for twenty thousand without batting an eye. You can't get justice out of a jury any more, especially if you own a car."

"Would you soak a car owner if you were on the jury?" I asked.

"But I don't want to serve. What's the use?"

Thus if juries today fail to be as just as they might, it is due to the fact that responsible citizens are absentees. Lacking representation in the courts they have enabled the average box to be filled with men who collectively represent an indeterminate and often inadequate citizenship.

The Privilege of Disagreeing

IN THE smaller towns, especially where the foreign element is negligible, or where it has not yet established an *entente cordiale* with ward politicians, this phase is of little interest, but in the larger and wealthier centers of population a retarding factor is the foreign-born juror who lacks fluent familiarity with the English language, but who is called to serve because he is a legal citizen of the United States. It often happens that a native American, even versed in law and familiar with national habits and customs, finds it difficult to understand fully and clearly the ins and outs of a case. Under the circumstances the naturalized but inadequate juror may vote with the majority through sheer influence of majority thought or, as happened on our jury, may elect, through that peculiar stubbornness born of his ancestry, to hold out indefinitely as one against eleven, even after admitting that he knew nothing about the questions involved in the trial, was not sure of what the judge charged as the law, but that because the judge said that he had the right to disbelieve he was going to "disbelieve even if it's necessary to stay in this room a week." He had neither facts nor logic on his side; he admitted ignorance and was going to avail himself of the privilege to disagree because "that's the way things ought to be even if they ain't."

It might prove impracticable or unfeasible to make this discrimination, but for the sake of expediency there should be elimination in that ancient process known as the "challenge." It is true that the challenging process has been overdone, especially in cases where costs and time are no object, until the process of elimination leaves a residuum in the jury box that cannot always be bragged about, that serves certain ends even if it does not serve justice, but the alien-born, pidgin-English juror has no place in an American jury box to pass judgment upon matters about which he is naturally and linguistically ignorant.

Nine-three, ten-two or eleven-one disagreements are not rare in our court annals, but as often these disagreements make way for retrial, with consequent expense to the community, it is just as well to guard them from needless disagreements in which law or burden of proof does not figure. If intelligent native Americans are eliminated upon sheer technicalities that often are nonsensical, it is just as possible to keep from the jury box individuals who are unable to maintain the normal American pace.

A peculiar human trait related to jurors is that which makes criminal cases more attractive than civil cases, once a juror realizes that he must serve. On the whole, he regards criminal cases as having more color, snap, interest, which he comprises, sometimes, in the single word—life. A juror who had been kicking about serving in a lower court where small civil suits are tried admitted that he would have liked serving in the next building—where a celebrated divorce scandal was about to be aired for the second time. Naturally, the lesser criminal cases are not so attractive as the major ones, either measured in terms of scandal or of prominence of parties.

Everything else being equal, in my experience I have found that civil cases are as interesting as criminal cases. When they are actions based upon modern business problems, and are well handled by expeditious attorneys, they transcend in interest because they beget new and original matter, as against the universe-old morbidity which pervades crime.

A New Education

A JUROR gave me an explanation of this trait some years ago. Said he:

"I'll tell you why I enjoy trials in this criminal court. It's the only time I have heard of the rougher side of life in direct terms. All the rest has been hearsay or newspaper stuff. I am nearly fifty years old, was never arrested except once because I broke some street ordinance; I have had my nose on the grindstone until I got from it enough money to raise a family, and I am a deacon in the church. I have heard enough scandal—but acting as an officer of the court for a time and having to attack seriously and gravely problems which are brought to my attention directly by those implicated therein—well, it's a new education. It is merely proving to me how little some of us know of what's going on in the world."

Naturally, there is little "pep" in the routine testimony or cross examination in a case involving a debt of a few hundred dollars. These cases are so much alike that judges have the habit of closing their eyes as if taking a nap and the juries become fidgety. Some cases consume days. Many a judge has asserted that the case before the court should never have reached the law—and there is much truth in that. Thus there is food for thought in the fact of how these picayune cases ever get to court. I suspect that lawyers are on the whole responsible for this excess traffic, and every statement I have heard a court make seems to bear out my impression. In a few weeks in one court I heard a judge repeatedly say of the cases before him that they were a needless drain upon the county and the taxpayers' money.

Another, and not unimportant phase, which one may easily identify by perusing the daily court record of any newspaper, is the growing percentage of foreign or alien cases in American courts, with the collateral array of like counsel. Now it is no secret that in many big cities, especially of the East, foreign-language counsel has done land office business by specializing upon the grievances of its brethren. The right to call upon the law for the adjustment of disputes is inalienable and no one thinks, of course, of curtailing it in any way, but, on the other hand, there are growing evidences that our courts have become flooded with cases that are not cases at all, and that see the light of a court room through the activity of pugnacious lawyers who must make cases that they may thrive.

That that is so is indubitable, otherwise no judge, from his bench, would ever venture the assertion that cases before him never should have reached the court.

Perhaps all cases involving property under ten thousand dollars should be arbitrated before a competent commission, whose members would have the right to question witnesses and attorneys as the trial proceeded.

An Arbitration Commission

IT HAPPENS too often that a juror would like to clear his mind over some point, but just too often he fails to do so, hoping that as the case progresses the doubt will be cleared by some chance evidence. Multiply that by twelve and one may surmise the chances of doubt—and the jury room does not settle them at all. Nor would it be feasible for jurors to interrupt the progress of the trial to submit questions to the court. The arbitration commission plan would eliminate this defect.

A Federal judge to whom I suggested the idea some time ago rather leaned toward it, but feared that it would prove unfeasible from the personnel standpoint. Eventually it was assumed that an arbitration commission, with a permanent chairman who would be a judge in the full sense of the word, and four commissioners (jurors) to be selected as jurors are now selected, ought to fill the bill.

There is no doubt that sooner or later Congress and the respective legislatures will be obliged to simplify our archaic court system, especially now that citizens seem more than ever disinclined for jury duty.

James Wood and the American Bible Society

Why the Bible Is the "Best Seller" in the World; Its Influence in the Making of Great Nations

By JEAN PIPER

WHEN one goes to interview a man reputed to be 84 years old, and finds him just returning from a tramp with his foreman over his 400-acre farm, and watches him stride briskly across his lawn to greet you, nattily attired in soft English tweeds, with low-cut tan oxfords and gray felt hat, a glimpse of the family Bible on birth dates would be most reassuring. The wonder grew, when James Wood, president of the American Bible Society, lifted his hat and revealed a handsome, iron-gray head, and gripped your fingers until they tingled.

Perhaps in all Westchester County, New York, there is no place that spells home and the world, all in one breath, as does the rough-hewn stone house on top of a high hill on the Old Road, where James Wood has lived through his 84 years, and his father before him. The Wood family came from Halifax and England, and for 120 years the estate has been in their name. Only one deed of the land stands between them and the Mohican Indians.

It is a mellow house, redolent with memories and filled with the atmosphere of much good living, and rich in treasures from Europe, Western Asia and Africa. And James Wood, sitting so comfortably there by the open fireplace, talking so fluently and earnestly about his work in the American Bible Society, gave the listener a vision of Longfellow. He does resemble Longfellow—his intent yet kindly expression, the broad brow with the wide-set blue eyes, the heavy mass of white hair, the square shoulders, and only the close-cut white beard breaking the continuity of the picture.

Scarcely a week before it had been a rare privilege to watch Mr. Wood acting in the capacity of clerk of the 229th Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends, tactfully heal the schism of 100 years that had kept apart the two branches of Quakerism, the Hicksites and the Orthodox, and leading them in a joint meeting, in which, unexpectedly, they welded into one body in their expression on two of the national questions of the day. James Wood has that extremely rare gift of knowing when he has said just enough, and following it up with a vigilant silence. This characteristic has made him famous as a leader of men.

"There are four great reasons why the Bible is the best selling book in the world," said Mr. Wood, settling himself in the big chair. "First to satisfy an innate longing. People want something outside themselves, and believe it can be found in the Bible. A step higher are those who want to confirm doctrinal beliefs, and this is not necessarily through a controversial impetus; and, last, that class highest up and most in number, those who want to know what is in the Bible that has made the people who read it superior to other people. This last is the most tremendous factor in the sale of the Bible. For the second time in its 108 years of existence, the American Bible Society has issued more than 7 000 000 copies. The exact number issued last year was 7,101,289.

"Queen Victoria struck at the heart of the whole matter forty years ago," he continued, "when Lei Hung Chang, Chinese ambassador of the old Manchu Dynasty came to her saying:

"'Your Majesty, the Emperor of China has sent me to inquire of you what has made your nation so great?'

"And the Queen replied, laying her hand on the Bible, 'This Book.'"

It is recognized that English-speaking people rule the world, and everybody else wants to know the reason why. It was a known fact, that in the ten years before the World War, the English-speaking people increased 216 per cent while no other language reached a 100 per cent increase. And forty years before Queen Victoria had let Lei Hung Chang into the secret. Today the Republic of China has more Bibles published and circulated in its territory than any other country in the world. Last year 2,500,000 volumes were distributed in China, and twice as many could have been circulated if the earthquake had not cut off the supply. It is their keen interest in Western ideas.

"Do you think people buy the Bible just for literary purposes?" Mr. Wood was asked, and he replied:

"Very few. Only the highly educated are attracted because of its literary merit. The rest of the world get it because they are looking for something they cannot find, and feel it is found in the Bible."

Here Mr. Wood paused, and with that clarity and system characteristic of him outlined briefly how the work of the printing and distribution of the Bible is carried on.

"There are two great Bible societies in the world," he said—"the American Bible Society at Astor Place, New York City, which was established in 1816, and the British and Foreign Bible Society, 146 Victoria street, London, established in 1808. The Bible is the best-selling book in the world, and this year after year. Last year 30,000,000 copies were sold throughout the world, and while in eight years Harold Bell Wright's books, the second-best sellers, have only mounted to 10,000 000 sales, the Bible has risen to 240,000 000 copies. Last year the American Bible Society sold 7,101,289 alone, 2,901.937 of which were sold in the United States and 18,334 in our island possessions."

The translation of the Bible surpasses that of any other work. It has been translated into 770 different languages and dialects, and, according to the reference librarian of the New York City Library, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" ranks next. It has only been translated into 107 languages and dialects, making the Bible farther reaching by seven times. The American Bible Society has made 137 of these translations of the Bible, Mr. Wood said.

The subject of the translations brought interesting revelations. Mr. Wood suggested a stroll around the lawn so that I might enjoy its beauty while hearing about the work of the society. From the front veranda a wide expanse of undulating valleys stretched, broken at last by five interlocking mountains forty miles away. At the foot of the hill on which the Wood home stood was a little lake. Mr. Wood sat quietly looking out across this beautiful vista, and later I learned that the lake had been made in memory of a daughter who had died at sea.

Resuming our stroll through the spacious lawn, he paused for a moment under a Spanish arch, half-covered with woodbine, that rose at the rear of the house, and sounded a bell hanging there. It bears the inscription, "Cast 1623, Seville, Spain"; and was the gift to James Wood from a sea captain, who recovered it from the Juan Baptiste Monastery. Its beautiful tone is attributed to the fact that it is made of one-quarter silver, the melted offerings of visitors to the monastery.

At the curve of the driveway he came to another halt and pointed to a column from the Giant's Causeway that once joined Ireland and Scotland, and now lies a hidden wonder at the bottom of the sea. Turning to the rhododendrons in full bloom that, tall as lilac trees, stood quietly in front of their background of pines, he said, "I brought those from England forty-three years ago."

Resuming the subject of the American Bible Society and its world-wide work, Mr. Wood said:

"It is very interesting to note that China has thirty-nine dialects to struggle with, while her neighbor, Japan, on her little volcanic island, has a universal language and no dialects whatever; and the Japanese are learning English more rapidly than any other people in the world.

(C) Marceau, N. Y.
JAMES WOOD.

The circulation of the Bible last year in Japan just doubled that of the year before.

"The earthquake wrought great havoc in the work of the American Bible Society, for, prior to the disaster, the city of Tokio printed more volumes of the Bible than any other city in the world, not excepting New York and London. In a moment the Fukuin Printing Company, its general manager, Mr. Muraoka, and sixty of his employes, were destroyed. The material loss amounted to $289.803, but the loss of time that will be necessary to rehabilitate the work cannot be estimated. The Fukuin Printing Company was an institution in the Far East. All the society's plates for its editions of Japanese Scriptures, certain of its Chinese Scriptures, and most of its Siamese Scriptures were simply a mass of molten copper. The Philippines suffered most, for the plates for the Scriptures in twelve different languages of the islands were utterly destroyed."

The unthinking person scarcely realizes the great service that Bible societies have rendered in keeping the Bible out of commercialism. Not long ago we read in a South American newspaper an advertisement of a Bible for $68, Mr. Wood said.

Bibles were once so costly that they were chained to pillars in the churches. In the reign of Edward I, a Bible cost $150. Wages then averaged 3 cents a day. Six hundred years later, in the reign of Edward VII, Bibles sold for 25 cents. Between these two dates the art of printing had been invented. The first book ever printed on Gutenberg's epoch-making press was the Bible. More than 600,000,000 copies have been printed since Gutenberg's day; and the story of this wonderful achievement is largely the story of the work of Bible societies, created especially for the purpose of "encouraging the circulation of the Holy Scriptures without note or comment."

Of all the countries in the world Russia is the only one who has any closed ports to the Bible. Unhappily, with the extension of the Bolshevik régime into the Caucasus republics, the prohibition on the circulation of the Scriptures has been very rigorously enforced.

Referring to the language problem in the United States, Mr. Wood said:

"It takes thirty-nine languages to supply

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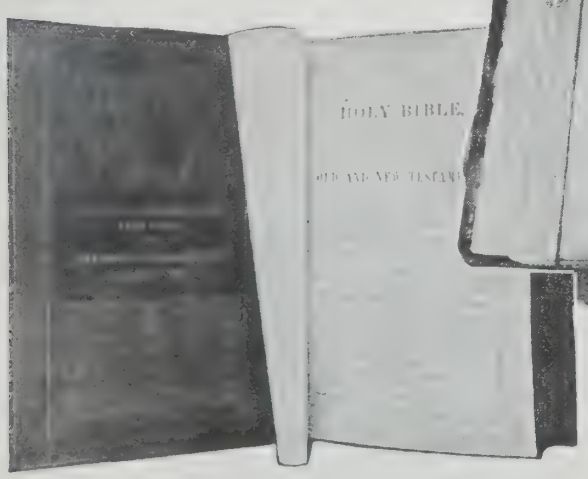
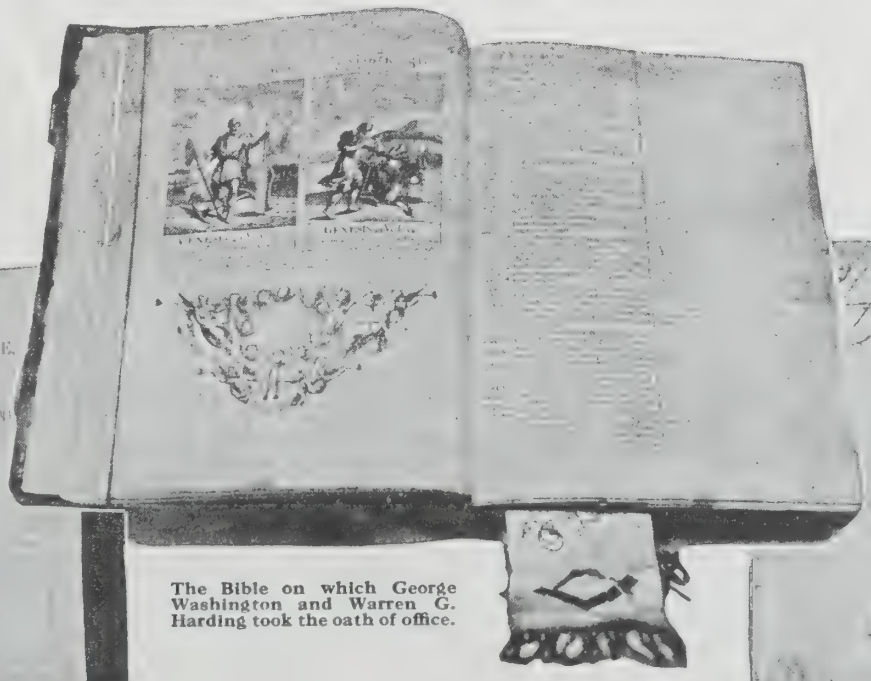


The Bible which President Roosevelt "always kept at his hand on the reading stand in the north room at Sagamore Hill."



The Bible on which George Washington and Warren G. Harding took the oath of office.

Lincoln's Bible.

James Wood and the American Bible Society

Concluded from page 13

the needs of the City of New York, and just as many to supply the city of Chicago, which goes to show the foreign language population of these two cities is about the same.

"Until a year ago all the printing and publishing of the Bible in the English language by the American Bible Society was done at its headquarters, Astor Place and 8th avenue, New York City; but it was found that it could be done better and more cheaply in the commercial printing houses. Contracts of 1,000,000 or more copies of the Bible are let to large concerns, many of which are out in Indiana, where there are fewer trade unions to interrupt the progress of the work than here in the East."

Cairo, Mr. Wood told me, is the great printing center for Bibles in the language of Egypt, Arabia and Syria. In Syria great interest has been awakened in the last year through the opening of the new American Printing Press Company in Beirut. Tokio is the center for Japanese, Siamese, Korean and the Philippine languages. The rest of Asia, outside of China, is supplied by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the printing is done in England, where you can get a better Bible for the money than any other place in the world.

"The American Bible Society labors under great difficulties because it is not financed so well as the British and Foreign Bible Society," continued Mr. Wood. "It has large trust funds, the income of which is used to enable it to sell Bibles below cost, which it does in all European countries. The American Bible Society is able to sell only at cost, except when it gives them away outright, and consequently the British and Foreign Bible Society constantly undersells the society to its great embarrassment, because people find they can buy better Bibles for less money in England and the Continent than in America.

The Need Is Universal

"THE American Bible Society," explained Mr. Wood, "gets its money from three great sources, from the incomes of bequests, of which they have some $3,000,000; from Protestant churches, who include them on their yearly budget, the largest amount from this source coming from the Methodist Episcopal church; gifts of private individuals; from persons who send their money to the society on the annuity plan, receiving a higher percentage of interest during their life than could possibly be got from any other quarter, and leaving their money to be used for the work of the society, when they have finished with it; and from the state and country Bible societies in the United States, the largest of these being in Massachusetts."

In the three methods of distributing the Bible it is the colporteur and the missionary who get the adventures and the heart throbs of human interest, Mr. Wood said. The commercial distributor gets little more than the amount of stock on hand and the number of sales. These colporteurs, who travel all over the country, sometimes in a motor car, more often on foot with only a pack of Bibles on their backs, know the romance of Bible selling, how the Eskimo sits in his ice hut in the southern quarter of the Arctic Circle, and by the light of his sperm candle reads the Bible in his own tongue; of the great ports of the world, where he meets the incoming vessels and sells aboard. And James Wood, whose work in the American Bible Society extends farther back than the thirteen years he has served as its president, sighed as he looked out across the green valleys, and one knew he missed that human contact with those who read the Bible he has worked so hard to send out. It is these same colporteurs who set the wheels speeding up in the great central office, when they come telling of other folks who want a Bible, who speak a strange tongue. The work of translating never ceases.

At present the American Bible Society is at work translating the Bible into the Indian languages of South America; and have just completed one very important translation into the Cachewa language. The Cachewas are descendants of the Incas, who at the Spanish invasion retreated high up into the Andes Mountains, and have lived there for generations unaffected by the civilization of their dispossessors. Sometimes, Mr. Wood declared, it takes as many as three years to complete a translation. All this work must precede printing and final distribution.

A Wonderful Bible

SITTING down beside some huge rocks of pink quartz, dug from a quarry over the hill, Mr. Wood told of the days when he became president of the society.

"It was in November, 1911; and I served as acting president until four years ago. When I became 80 years old," he said thoughtfully, "I felt some one younger should take complete charge of the work. Not that I felt incapable of doing it, but I wanted to establish a precedent that when a man reached the age of 80 he should retire. When I asked to be relieved," he said smiling, "I was made president emeritus, and, incidentally," he continued, nodding his head, "I have more to do than I had before." It is a common sight in Mt. Kisco, New York, to see James Wood, three or four times a week, unaccompanied, boarding the train for New York City. When the time for my train came the day I interviewed him, he hitched up a little brown horse to a two-seated carriage and drove me to town.

"The most wonderful Bible, perhaps," he said, "is the one known as 'The Silver Bible,' in the University of Upsala, Stockholm. It belongs to the very earliest manuscripts and is hand-printed in silver letters on vellum. In those days Bibles were so rare, in fact books of any kind, that they were chained to big pulpits in cathedrals and private libraries, and used only by professional readers. Today, the Bible is the cheapest book in the world, and can be bought for 43 cents, a single Gospel in a neat volume for a penny.

"I have every reason to believe," he said, as we descended the solid-oak stairs of one of the most remarkable private museums I have ever seen, that held everything from a stuffed wild cat, with a furry brush atop each ear, to Brazilian humming birds of exquisite beauty, "that the Bible used by Abraham Lincoln is one of the original 20,000 volumes imported from Holland, when the colonies were at war with England. Of course, you know we supply all the Bibles for the White House and Congress.

"And, by the way," he added in closing, "the world circulation of the Bible society increased last year 75 per cent; and the strange part of it is that the American Bible Society did not have any more money than it had the year before to promote it. The desire for the Bible was so strong that more books were sold and fewer given away. The society always gives Bibles away, if people cannot afford to pay, but it had rather sell them, not because of the money, for they are always sold at cost, but because a thing bought and paid for has greater value to the possessor."

The French Peace Prize Winner

THE newspapers have widely reported that a watchman or janitor was the winner in France of the first prize for a Peace Plan in a contest along the lines of the Bok contest. This would place the janitor in a new rôle as peacemaker, contrary to the experience of all dwellers in apartment houses. While it is a pity to spoil a good story, the truth, as pointed out by Professor Marcel Clavel, in the University of Michigan *Daily* (October 12, 1924), is that the winner, M. Fernand Maurette, is professor of economic geography at the École des Hautes Études Commerciales and assistant secretary of the École Normale Superieur. This is one of the most famous French institutions of higher learning, comparable to Harvard or Michigan rather than to an American normal school. The plan is not the first venture into print of M. Maurette as there are a dozen or more books to his credit. The international distinction of the winner is attested by his recent appointment as head of the scientific department of the International Bureau of Labor at Geneva.

The error arose from the fact that the French term "surveillant," which can be translated "watchman," refers rather to duties connected with watching over examinations, academic supervision, or charge, and not to the duties of a night watchman or janitor.

It is to be hoped that nothing in this note will discourage ambitious janitors from assuming the pleasant and possibly profitable rôle of peacemakers whether on a large or on a small scale.

A Lighthouse Summer Home

By J. C. GILBERT

SINCE the ancient Lybians and Cushites of Lower Egypt hung a brazier of burning fuel from a pole projecting over the sea cliffs as a warning to mariners of dangerous rocks, the lighthouse has been in the process of evolution, until now we have the modern steel tower with its flashing lights and trained operator. The old-type lighthouses have been abandoned to the elements and for the most part have disintegrated into the sea. Occasionally the old towers are put on the auction block and sold for what the government can get. On Nauset bluffs, on the picturesque ocean side of East-

ham, Cape Cod, the government recently erected a modern beacon with a triple flash, mounted on a forty-five-foot steel tower. This new tower takes the place of three old-style lighthouses which were sold at auction. Two of the towers were bought by Mrs. H. M. Cummings, of Attleboro, Massachusetts, for three dollars and were moved a distance of half a mile outside the government reservation and placed on the Cummings property.

A living room thirty-eight feet long and twenty-four feet wide was built between the towers. A large stone fireplace was built in the center and the kitchen and bathroom were built to the back. There are thirteen windows in the living room and three French doors. At one end is the dining room, at the other end the piano and books. In the center around the fireplace are lounges and chairs. Windows were cut into the walls of the lighthouses and two bedrooms arranged in each tower—one upstairs and one down. The original stairs in each which led to the lantern tops is intact.

The entire house is furnished with Cape Cod furniture—pieces picked up at antique auctions.

Most country homes have names, some of them scenic, some arboreal, some geographic, but very few significant. No more intelligent selection of names could have been made to describe this delightful summer home than the well-chosen appellation, "The Towers." It is certainly original, descriptive and appropriate. The Towers is painted white with green shutters. Its setting in the pine woods brings the richness of the background into prominence.

Nothing is quite so charming as a bit of surprise, an element of adventure, nothing quite so delightful as to sit in a half-hidden spot in the pines near The Towers and watch the wild deer loping past at sunrise and sunset to a fresh water pond in the vicinity. The deer are so plentiful here that it is impossible to grow vegetables due to the depredations of these beautiful, sleek creatures.

Seeing Things in London Now and Then

Concluded from page 3

"L" with a rounded curve. Back of it are two barmaids—girls in their early twenties. They are very neat and nice, attend to their business and have nothing to say to customers.

The barroom is small, large enough to seat only eight or ten persons. There are no chairs. Benches are built around the wall. The end of each bench has an arm, like the arm of a pew in a church. A beetle that likes dry wood has eaten great holes into these arms.

Near the benches is an old table upon which rests a large parrot cage. The parrot is an old attraction, well known to the customers. A lawyer who looked enough like Senator Borah to be his brother was kidding the parrot one evening when I came in to dinner.

"What do you want, Polly, what do you want?" he would say.

"Scawtch," came the answer. "Scawtch."

"Pull the cork, Polly," the lawyer would say, while he himself went through the motions of holding a bottle near his knees, turning a corkscrew into it and then pulling.

Just as he pulled, the parrot would make a noise exactly like a cork coming out of a bottle. Which, of course, made the lawyer and his friends laugh.

In one corner of the dining room a brass tablet marks the spot which is said to have been Dr. Samuel Johnson's favorite seat. A few feet away, another brass tablet indicates where, 200 years later, Charles Dickens used to sit.

The dining room will seat perhaps twenty-five persons. Benches are built around the walls. On one side, benches run at right angles like church pews, with a table between each two. Also, there are old chairs.

In the Cheshire Cheese

THE "Cheese" has but two bills of fare, one for winter and one for summer. During winter, the great dish is "Ye Famous Rump Steak, Lark, Kidney and Oyster Pudding," with different side dishes for each day of the week. Chief among the side dishes is "Ye Famous Pudding." In summer, the chief dish is also "Ye Famous Rump Steak Pie," with pudding and such fruits and vegetables as are in season. The cooking is excellent. The food is heavy, but about once a week it strikes the spot.

Books have been written about the old Cheshire Cheese tavern. Johnson made it the haunt of writers and the haunt of writers it has ever been and still remains. The list of the famous persons who have visited it reads like a list of the great writers of the last 300 years. Old Samuel Johnson put the pith of the place in a paragraph when he said: "There has nothing yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn."

London is too big to be seen, just as New York is too big. One can see Paris, but not New York or London. I did not make any serious attempt to go about in London, but in the course of my work I saw a great deal. The impression that I carried away with me is that London is a real town—a big place that is doing big work in a big way. Everybody seems to be doing something worth while. After you have been there a few weeks, you respect the place. You see that it has no shoddy. Of course, there is shoddy in it, but it is so small a part of the whole that it is not conspicuous.

But it is rather a sober place. You hear no music, for the most part, except in the hotels and restaurants that cater especially to Americans. Such places form a small percentage of the whole. Englishmen do not care for music at their meals. The best hotels have none. There are doubtless exceptions, but as a rule Englishmen prefer to enjoy their meals without the aid of an orchestra.

I did not observe any anti-American feeling in London, though I did find plenty of misunderstanding that had produced soreness. Whenever I found such misunderstanding I tried to remove it and always succeeded in doing so. Englishmen are reasonable when they understand.

Britain's Debt to America

ONE day I went into a cigar store to buy a package of smoking tobacco, the price of which in the United States is 15 cents. I was charged the equivalent of 57 cents. I told the dealer what the tobacco cost at home.

"Yes," he replied, "but we are taxed to pay money to America and it comes out of us. We have to pay more for everything and charge more."

I knew the feeling that prevails in Europe—that America is rich but a Shylock; so I explained to him that the men and women who bought Liberty bonds to enable the American Government to lend to the British Government were not rich; that for the most part they were poor; that they bought bonds, not because they were bond-buyers but because the government asked them to and that most of them sold their bonds for less than they paid for them. I explained to him that the money England borrowed came not from the rich but from the workingmen. That put an entirely new light on the matter. The Englishman seemed satisfied to go on paying his interest to America.

I did not like London at first. It rained all the while for a week and the thermometer went down to 47, which is rather cold for June. I also used to get lost every time I ventured to walk far alone and had to be hauled home in a taxicab to find myself. But after the weather cleared and I learned the streets, I liked the place immensely. The morning I left for Paris I walked two blocks to take a last look at Piccadilly before taking a train for Dover. The English are a fine people, staggering under a heavy burden, but determined to pull out.

Largest Yacht Club Holds Diamond Jubilee

Southern Holds Celebration on Shores of Beautiful Lake Pontchartrain

By HARRY H. DUNN

THE largest boating club in the world, and the second oldest in the New World, this autumn celebrated its seventy-fifth year of existence as a continuous organization. Founded in 1849, the year of the great gold rush to California, and twelve years before the Civil War began, the Southern Yacht Club, located on the shores of beautiful Lake Pontchartrain, on the outskirts of New Orleans, commemorated its three-quarters of a century of life with a Diamond Jubilee festival which attracted the attention of yachtsmen the world around.

With a membership of more than 2,700, the greatest of any similar organization in the world; with a fleet of more than 500 motor and sail boats, valued conservatively at $6,000,000, and with an investment of $450,000 in clubhouse and boat pen and equipment, this club yields only the palm of age, and that to the New York Yacht Club alone. The Atlantic Coast organization was founded in 1846, and is, therefore, three years older than the historic southern yachting body.

Invitations were extended to the governors of all the states, commodores and other officials of all the yacht clubs, and prominent men and women from all parts of the country to attend, and numbers of them accepted. The new $250,000 clubhouse of the S. Y. C. at West End was the home of the visiting yachtsmen, for the two days' celebration. There was a review of the entire fleet of half a thousand boats entitled to fly the burgee of the club, led by *Natasha*, flagship of Commodore W. Milton Miller, head of the club. There were motorboat and sailboat races, and regattas, forenoon and afternoon of each day. A banquet and a ball were held, and the entire affair concluded with a cruise to a few of the islands along the Gulf Coast of Mexico.

But, more important than this celebration, which was the largest and best ever held by a yachting organization in southern waters, is the fact that here is a club which has held together for three-quarters of a century, during some of the most stirring years of the history of the South. The Southern Yacht Club was organized by a handful of lovers of deep-water sailing, in the old Montgomery Hotel, at Pass Christian, Mississippi, on July 24, 1849. Edwin Burgess and Nat G. Herreshoff, since become famous as designers of ships and yachts, were born in that year, as was also Luther Burbank, the plant magician of California. In that year, Zachary Taylor was inaugurated President of the United States, and the Department of the Interior was established at Washington. For the first time railroad trains made continuous runs between New York and Boston, in that year, and the first telegram ever sent from Chicago to Milwaukee passed successfully over the wires.

Eighteen men formed the charter membership of the new yacht club, of which James W. Behan, of Pass Christian, was elected president, the title of commodore then being forbidden, except in the U. S. Navy. Besides Mr. Behan, there were present at this meeting, Thomas Kershaw, J. O. Nixon, Mortimer Turner, E. Jones McCall, J. B. Walton, S. L. Levy, M. Farrell, H. Fassman, A. B. Cammack, H. E. Lawrence, J. B. Rathbone, John Hiddleston, S. F. Herrman, B. F. Simms, John G. Robinson, R. H. Montgomery, and H. Rareshide. The vice-presidents of the organization were W. L. Balfour, of Mississippi City, Mississippi; Thomas Byrne, of Biloxi, Mississippi; James Campbell, of East Pascagoula; and George Urquhart, of New Orleans, not all of whom were present when the first meeting was held. J. O. Nixon, of Pass Christian, Mississippi, was the first secretary.

The first regatta of what has since become a historic organization was held on August 6, 1849, on the waters off Pass Christian, Mississippi, the first contest of the kind ever held in the South. Eighteen sailing craft, sloops, schooners, "sandbaggers," and other wind-propelled small boats got away to the start of this regatta, before an audience drawn from Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama, and Eastern Texas. The sloop *Undine*, owned and sailed by R. A. Heirn, won the race, which was over an eighteen-mile course, that distance being selected because of the number—eighteen—of men who had organized the new yacht club. Oddly enough, there also were just eighteen entries in the first race of pleasure boats ever held in the South. Of these eighteen entries, three were owned by J. G. Robinson, who afterward became commodore, and three by J. O. Nixon, who was secretary of the club for twenty years. The Robinson entries were the sloops *Mary Baker, Virginia* and *Pilgrim;* while the Nixon entries were the sloops *Harry Hill, I. L. Titus* and *Cora.* The first three to finish were *Undine,* first; *Eliza Riddle,* owned by H. Rareshide, second; and *Coralie,* owned by Thomas Byrne, third.

Inasmuch as the club was organized on the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, the meetings in the summer were held at Pass Christian, but, as winter came on, and the summer visitants on the Gulf Coast returned to New Orleans, the club followed its members back to the "City Care Forgot." Gradually, New Orleans became the "home port" of the organization, whose meetings were first held in the old Veranda Hotel, at St. Charles and Common streets, a building which still stands, and thereafter in the original St. Charles Hotel building, which was destroyed by fire many years ago. In 1851, seventy-three years ago, T. S. Dabney was elected to the presidency of the club. He was succeeded in 1853 by Harry W. Hill. Under the administrations of these two men, the club was placed on a firm financial basis, its fleet enlarged, its regattas increased in size and importance, and the organization established in New Orleans. In 1854, Thomas Kershaw became the first "commodore" of the club, the ban on the use of the title outside the navy having been removed. Commodore Kershaw was followed by Sidney Story, who served two terms, being succeeded by John G. Robinson, who was destined, after the Civil War, to assist the then Commodore Emile O'Brien in the reorganization of the club. Mr. Robinson also was one of the now celebrated eighteen men who organized the club in 1849.

Auspicious as were the beginnings of the Southern Yacht Club, and enthusiastic as had been its reception by both men and women along the Gulf Coast of the United States three-quarters of a century ago, the Civil War dealt yachting in that section a blow from which it would not have recovered for years had it not been for the determination of the men engaged in the building of a new South on the ashes of that conflict. In fact, it was not until the election of Emile J. O'Brien as commodore, in 1879, fifteen years after the close of the Civil War, that actual reconstruction of the Southern Yacht Club began. He served two terms, 1879-80, and was succeeded by A. A. Maginnis, who so ably carried on the work begun by Commodore O'Brien that he was given three terms, 1881, 1882 and 1883. There was such a demand from all the membership for the return of O'Brien however, that he was elected unanimously as commodore in 1884, 1885, 1886 and 1887. He was succeeded by Robert S. Day, who served four successive terms, from 1888 to 1891, inclusive.

All of these commodores owned and sailed their own boats, J. Walton Glenny, who became commodore in 1897, and served two terms, owning and sailing five fast boats, in as many different classes. He was the premier boat-owner of his day, his flagship being the sloop *Tawanta,* at one time the fastest boat of her type in the South, while in his fleet were the *Lucy, Gypsy, Lufkhumma,* and *Ishkoodah.* Following Mr. Glenny, Albert Baldwin was elected commodore, and under his administration, the large clubhouse which stood for some years was financed and erected. L. H. Fairchild, S. F. Heaslip, Ernest L. Jahncke, and Chandler C. Luzenberg, succeeded as commodores in the order named, and under the administration of Commodore Luzenberg, the club sent 150 members, all trained sailormen, into the naval service of this country during the World War. Percy S. Benedict, elected commodore by unanimous vote in 1918, found the club with 1,200 members, and $16,000 indebtedness. Under his administration, the membership was increased to 2,600, the indebtedness wiped out, a $250,000 clubhouse built, and more than $250,000 more expended in improvements to the boat pen and the grounds of the club. The organization now has one of the largest, if not the largest, clubhouses owned by any boating organization in this country, and boasts a fleet of more than 500 power cruisers, speed boats, auxiliary yachts, schooners, sloops and other motor and sailing craft. The estimated value of this fleet is $6,000,000, and boats are being added to it yearly. An effort is now being made, with excellent prospects of success, to increase the membership to 3,000. Careful selection is made of all candidates for membership, and the club is being kept purely American.

The present commodore is W. Milton Miller, under whose direction the Diamond Jubilee celebration of the Southern Yacht Club was held on September 20, this year.

Among the men who have contributed greatly, in an unostentatious way, to the development of the Southern Yacht Club is W. H. Parham, who has been secretary-treasurer for nearly twenty years. So great have been the services given by Mr. Parham to yachting in the South that the Mississippi Valley Powerboat Association, the leading organization of its kind in the world, recently elected him president. Commodores come and commodores go at the Southern Yacht Club, but "Bill" Parham goes on forever, guiding the business, boating and social activities of the club so cleverly that every one of the 2,600 members is a "booster" for him.

Each boat is named for some well-known fish, and, as all the boats in the class are exactly alike, skill in seamanship wins in each contest. Rathbone de Buys, a prominent architect of New Orleans and an enthusiastic member of the Southern Yacht Club, has been chairman of the Fish Class Committee, and has developed the sport to such a point that young women from New Orleans, Biloxi, Mississippi, and Mobile, Alabama, have taken up the sailing of these one-design boats with much enthusiasm.

The longest motorboat race within the waters of the United States is held annually under the auspices of the Southern Yacht Club. The course extends from the clubhouse at West End, New Orleans, on Lake Pontchartrain, to Pensacola, Florida, and involves driving the speedy cruisers through the shallow waters of Lakes Pontchartrain and Borgne, the complicated channels of the streams connecting these lakes and linking them with the Gulf of Mexico, and eventually, some ninety or more miles of running on the open Gulf, where storms are not infrequent, and where direction is by the compass alone. Thus, in addition to keeping itself alive for three-quarters of a century, the Southern Yacht Club has developed sailing and motorboating along parallel lines, giving equal attention to each, until it has made the lower end of the Mississippi Valley a center for one of the best, cleanest and most healthful of outdoor sports.

One of the oldest cups raced for by the fleets of the Southern Yacht Club. This is the Southern Yacht Club trophy, first contested for by sailing craft at Pass Christian, Mississippi, in 1854, just seventy years ago.

Above, left—DR. W. MILTON MILLER, commodore of the Southern Yacht Club during this, the seventy-fifth and Diamond Jubilee year of its existence. Above, right—EX-COMMODORE PERCY S. BENEDICT, under whose administration, three years ago, the development of the half-million-dollar plant of the Southern Yacht Club at New Orleans was accomplished. Below—New $250,000 clubhouse, part of the $450,000 plant of the Southern Yacht Club at New Orleans.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

A congress at Paris is studying the possibilities of manufacturing synthetic petrol and its derivatives from mineral, animal and vegetable matters that are susceptible to transformation. Large circulation newspapers are devoting a great deal of space to the subject which is chiefly technical.

Governmental expenditures in 1923 were $10,045,000,000 or 15 per cent of the total national income of that year.

The fish rushing up the Siberian rivers to the Altai Mountains each spring swim in such close-packed ranks that it is impossible to row amid them; the boat thrusts them aside upon the flat river banks where the natives kill them with sticks.

Out of 146 homicides, taken at random, only one person paid the death penalty, according to a published report of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

So terrific was the exertion of movement at the altitude of 28,000 feet in the last Mount Everest expedition, that the explorers were able to climb only 80 feet in an hour. Another attempt will be made to scale the mountain.

It is doubtful whether the American Indians in what is now the United States exceeded the present number at any time since the advent of Columbus, according to the Interior Department.

An airplane to and from Paris every 30 minutes, for passengers and freight, is included in the program of development which the British air lines have drawn up for the near future. The British lines have several 16-seater airplanes under construction at this time.

They have special services in the telephone administration of Vienna. They have a "rapid" rate costing nine times the normal and a "lightning" rate costing forty times the normal charge.

Sugar is obtained from the Douglas fir. This sugar appears in white masses of different sizes, ranging from a quarter of an inch to two inches in diameter. The masses form like white drops at the tips of the single leaves of the fir growing in the hottest and driest parts of the interior of British Columbia.

Chang Tso-Lin, the Manchurian war lord, has decreed that each of his officers and men must memorize the "thousand" Chinese characters that make the minimum requirement of literacy under the new standard of the Chinese Republic.

A scientific expedition cruising the South Seas reports the discovery of an uninhabited island, the exact location of which has not been revealed, near the Galápagos. Ancient sculptured rock, pottery, and stone implements have been found. The island is covered with dense jungle and in its center is a mountain peak rising to a height of 1,296 feet. Three hundred years ago it was the resort of buccaneers.

There are no hotels in Asia Minor. The traveler rests in a khan, or courtyard, inclosed by a mud wall, with a two-story structure on one side the lower story being used as a stable.

An English astronomer states that matter exists in some of the stars, so heavy that a teaspoonful weighs more than two ordinary men.

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. This set includes: "The International Jew," Vol. 1, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

"Aviators are circling like vultures over the great cities of Europe. Civilians have no conception of the effect of modern bombs. As a man who knows what war actually is I am striving to promote a spirit of peace and good will among nations. Unless the peoples of the world come to their senses, the Continent and England will be devastated again—by a disaster one hundred times worse than the Japanese earthquake."—*General Ian Hamilton.*

As a final precaution in suppressing the dread foot-and-mouth disease in California, deer on two ranges of the Stanislaus National Forest are being exterminated by means of rifles equipped with silencers and by poisoning the salt licks.

To kiss your sweetheart or your wife in Japan you are risking social ostracism. The ordinary method of salutation in Japan is by nodding the head slowly and gravely. The greatest approach to familiarity ever seen is a light patting on the back. Nothing resembling an embrace is ever seen.

The system of central heating in Korea is similar to that of ancient Rome. A fire is built in a fire box beneath the home, and the warm air and smoke are conducted under the floor to a chimney on the opposite side.

Due to the severe cold periods of last winter in the South the emergence of the boll weevil in the Cotton Belt this year was much lighter than usual.

The next twenty-five years will decide the question once and for all whether the white race is to have any part in the ultimate development of South Africa or is to be crowded out by the native Negro population, according to a statement in a government bluebook analysis of the 1921 census.

Nelson's flagship, the *Victory,* is being restored.

Before the World War, Latvia claims to have had within what are now its national boundaries a larger number of secondary schools in proportion to its population than any other country. Latvia is between Esthonia and Lithuania on the Baltic Sea.

In Korea, the sexes are rigidly separated even within the family circle. Before the Japanese came, and the new era began, a lady of rank in Korea was more carefully guarded than even a Mohammedan woman of similar social position.

More than two centuries ago the Japanese were advertisers. The Mitsukoshi department store furnished oiled-paper umbrellas to customers caught in spring rains. The customers thus became willing "sandwich" men and women on their homeward ways through the streets of Yedo.

The private secretary to the Chief Executive of the United States is paid $7,500 a year.

In China, the ballroom floors are divided into squares, each of which bears a sign of a bird, fish, or some other form of nature. Dancers must keep to their own squares and if they fail to do so are stamped with a colored disc. Three failures to keep within the square assigned results in the penalty of leaving the place.

A stranger is accepted as a guest in an Arab home for three days without question, after which time the host may inform himself as to who he is and whence he comes.

A Korean proverb reads: "He who would enjoy his food should not look over the kitchen wall."

The ancestral home of the goldfish is China where it still abounds in a wild state.

Nero's bath house, the largest of the Roman period yet discovered, has been excavated at Agnano, near Naples. The building is six stories high and 1,125 feet long. Individual steam baths were reserved on the three topmost galleries.

In Japan, where there is less than 2 per cent illiteracy, all the children go to school.

An old Lettish proverb reads: "He who cares for the land will be fed by the land."

Arabian women go to war with their men, but they do not fight and are not permitted to share in the plunder. Neither may they be slain except by accident.

More than $30,190,035 worth of diamonds were mined in South Africa alone last year. In spite of the fact that this is three times the amount mined in 1922, the sales exceeded the production by 531,175 carats.

The most powerful machine gun ever perfected is the new .50-caliber Browning machine gun. It fires a bullet weighing a quarter of a pound, firing 500 shots a minute and has a maximum range of 9,000 yards. It is said to be the most formidable enemy of the airplane, because its caliber is such that it will destroy one two miles away.

Of the total registration at Harvard this year, 224 of the students come from foreign countries. European students lead with a total of 106; 21 are Japanese; 22, Latin-Americans; 9, East Indian and 17 miscellaneous.

The number of silver dollars in use dropped from $84,000,000, in 1919, to $54,000,000, on July 1, 1924.

The Federal Government collected as its share of the World Series $109,310 in amusement tax.

The *Mercure de France,* a very important Paris publication, is published without the use of a telephone. All business is carried on by personal interview or mail.

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Financial Making and Breaking

Bottling Up a Brand New Vitamin

Mexico's World-Lost Children

The "Almighty Dollar's" Career

Beavers as Expert Engineers

Mussolini Acts as Lion-Tamer

Woman's China War Experiences

Stirring Stories Told by the Log

The Romance of Lambeth Palace

Franklin's Great-Granddaughter

Chronicler of the Neglected Truth

Science Captures and Imprisons a New Vitamin

The Story of How Six Magical Crystals Were Isolated and Bottled Up

By MAX BENTLEY

SOMETHING happened recently to set scientific tongues wagging. The medical journals were full of it, but the lay world may have overlooked the modest announcement by Dr. Walter H. Eddy, of Columbia University Teachers' College. The announcement was that he and his associate, Dr. R. R. Williams, of the Western Electric Research Laboratory, with the assistance of Dr. Ralph W. Kerr, of Columbia, had isolated—for the first time—had captured and imprisoned in a bottle, a pure-D vitamin.

Dr. Eddy told me the story as we sat in his laboratory overlooking the beautiful university campus. It fell from his lips in simple words. Only when he suddenly reached into the lower left-hand pocket of his vest and produced a small phial containing six white crystals, with the offhand remark that "These are pure vitamins," was it realized that his narrative was an epic such as no man has had the right to speak before. The phial toppled over with a faint and musical clink and rolled erratically toward the edge of the desk. Four frantic hands made reach for it. Eddy, who recovered it, smiled in ghastly fashion as he stowed it away. The thing was priceless.

Why was it priceless? What had made this feat so big?

Well, behind it is a forty-five year background, the last twenty-five years of which have seen a devoted little band of scientists pushing against the door of dietary knowledge, gaining an inch at a time, in search of the fifth food factor without which, it was then suspected and is now known, man cannot live. What they sought—and found—was literally a golden fleece for man's ailing stomach. The world now calls it a vitamin. In due time they discovered it, an elusive something too tiny for even microscopic detection, lurking in the so-called impurities of nearly all foods; and they proved that it controls diseases. Since 1906 *six* vitamins have been discovered and turned to account for mankind. What Eddy and Williams and Kerr have done is to lift a vitamin from its hiding place and offer it to the world in crystal form.

Something should be told of that background. To appreciate Eddy's story, laymen should know something of the origin of those six vitamins, where they were found, what their demonstrated uses are, and why they are called vitamins.

The story rests on this self-evident truth, that the functioning of the human body is the world's greatest mystery, outside of life itself. The best minds have studied it, and not one has yet answered the question of what makes it work.

The starting point to solution is, of course, food. Food starts the body going and the absence of food brings it to a full stop. For fifty years science has grouped all foods into the four major divisions of carbohydrates, fats, proteins and mineral salts. Every school child knows about them. They are the elements needed to build muscular energy and supply a reserve thereof, create and repair the tissues, make bone construction, and, collectively, govern appetite and digestion by satisfying the one and regulating the other. They accomplish all this through heating, and the amount of heat they liberate is measured in terms of a unit called a calorie. The calorie is a unit of heat, nothing more, precisely as the pound is a unit of weight.

But heat is not self-starting. "Laying a fire" does not supply heat: you have to touch off the kindling. There must be a substance within the body, taken in with the food, that supplies the spark that lights the fire that starts the heat that feeds the body. And there is. It is the vitamin. The vitamin is the spark, the little stimulator, touching off the inert mass of food in the stomach, lifting it from a dead state into a living something which starts to working. Without the spark the automobile will not run—without a vitamin or so in his food the human being would perish forthwith. All life would end without it.

The history of the vitamin goes back to 1881 and an unreckoned remark by the German scientist Lunin that the commonly accepted food "balance" of carbohydrates, proteins, fats and minerals was incomplete; that something was still missing—that it was indispensable. Unreckoned, yes, but on the way to proof the next year when beriberi ravaged the Japanese navy and was cured by the cutting down of the polished rice ration and the addition of milk and meats. The change did not alter the ratio of carbohydrates, proteins, fats and minerals, and the calories were undisturbed, but it restored ailing sailors to health.

Fifteen years later Eijkman, a Dutch physician, found that fowls fed on cooked polished rice invariably developed symptoms akin to beriberi, and could be cured with raw unhusked rice. This was a step further. It proved that the husk of rice, lost in the milling, contained a curative for beriberi. Eijkman, of course, did not know it, but the little lurking something in the husk was a vitamin—later definitely to emerge as vitamin B and be found in a variety of foods including eggs, yeast, animal liver, root and leaf vegetables, and fruits.

The first vitamin was still unclassified when, in 1900, the Belgian doctor Wildier reiterated the Lunin theory and poetically named the missing factor "bios" (life). His, too, was a voice crying from the wilderness, but a few years later Gowland Hopkins, of Cambridge University, pushed the door at least half open with his discovery that sore eyes were, like beriberi, diet-deficiency diseases and could be controlled by the grouping of certain foods.

Hopkins experimented on rats. Milk was the ingredient used. Milk is the perfect food. It is singularly well balanced in carbohydrates, proteins, fats and minerals: on a total of 100 units the ratio of the first three constituents is five-five-four. Milk is easily synthesized; all its constituents, or their isolated equivalents, can be made into "manufactured" milk and fed in quantities sufficient to supply the fuel needs of the body, instead of whole milk itself. That sort of diet *ought* to be satisfactory.

But it was not. Hopkins tried it on two sets of rats. Both sets were given synthetic milk, and one set was also given a minute quantity of whole fresh milk. The result was astonishing. The whole milk-fed set thrived and produced offspring, while the set restricted to a synthetic diet developed sore eyes and declined rapidly. The formula was reversed—it proved! The test extended over a period of fifty days—and fifty days in a rat's life is equal to twenty-four years, the entire growing period, in a human being's life. From Hopkins' experiment emerged what is now called vitamin A, very potent in butter fat but subsequently found to abide in many animal fats, fish oil, eggs, and green vegetables.

The vitamin was named by Dr. Casimir Funk in 1911, after he had added yeast as a source of beriberi cure. Funk was the first scientist to attempt vitamin isolation. By reducing 200 pounds of yeast to one-twelfth of an ounce he found that he had a substance which, while it was not pure, was electric with curative qualities. He called it a "vitamine," connoting the term "vita" (life) with "amine," in the belief that the amino acids in the body were the habitat of the fifth food factor. That theory has been disproved, but the name was retained, with the final *e* whacked off in deference to science and its passion for strict accuracy even in nomenclature.

The discovery that a diet lacking fruits and green leaf vegetables produced scurvy added vitamin C to the scientific map. Axel Holst developed scurvy among guinea pigs by feeding them whole milk and yeast. Since those two foods were rich in vitamins A and B, it followed that the pigs would not develop eye diseases nor beriberi—the fact that they developed scurvy was another step forward. It showed that diseases can be created, as well as cured, by food grouping. Holst cured his pigs with a small addition of orange juice. Since undernourished children are peculiarly susceptible to scurvy, his experiment emphasized the importance of adding orange juice to an infant's diet.

Vitamin D, a preventive for rickets, was found by Dr. E. V. McCollum, of Johns Hopkins. E, or X, newest of discovered vitamins, has been found by Drs. Evans and Bishop to produce fertility. Their experiments have shown that while rats will thrive on foods rich in vitamins A, B and C, they will not produce offspring without the addition of other foods; the *ergo* being that there is a something in those foods necessary to prevent sterility.

With six vitamins classified, the next achievement was the complete isolation of a vitamin: the recovery of a pure homogeneous substance whose chemical constituents could be, and actually were, determined upon analysis.

That is the story Dr. Eddy told me. He calls his white crystals bios, from Wildier who identified it in 1900 as "that extract of certain substances able greatly to stimulate the growth of yeast cells." Until Eddy and Williams began experimenting with autolyzed brewer's yeast to run down its elusive reproductive spark it was commonly thought that bios was simply vitamin B under another name. Eddy and Williams themselves thought that was so, but it is now definitely said by them that bios is not vitamin B. They are not sure, however, that it is not synonymous with vitamin D.

The isolation of bios has been the result of the joint efforts of Eddy, Williams and, in the latter stages, Kerr. The process was toward separating the vitamin promoting the yeast growth. At first they tried solvents but without obtaining a pure substance, although in certain cases they obtained complexes of high activity. Finally, reaching a stage where they required a trained organic chemist, they called in Kerr; and, at his suggestion, turned from solvents to absorbents.

"To make this clear to the lay reader, consider the following problem," said Eddy. "Suppose I have a mixture of sand, salt and sugar. Obviously with water, a solvent, I can never completely remove all the sugar in free form, for sugar dissolves in water. Salt is similarly soluble, but sand is not. If, however, I could use something to which sugar would 'stick,' and salt and sand not stick, I could use this something to drag out my sugar.

"Such a something is an absorbent. In the late war (Eddy was chief dietitian of the A. E. F.) we used an absorbent, charcoal, to pick poisonous gases out of the air. Fuller's earth is another absorbent. Our first step in the successful isolation of bios made use of fuller's earth. That was practical as far as it went, but we found our solutions still rich, not only in bios, but in other substances. We then turned to Kerr's suggestion of the use of what is known as colloidal iron hydroxide or ferric oxide hydrosal."

That solved the difficulty. Eddy and Williams discovered that at a certain acidity they could first make the iron pick out a great many impurities and not touch bios; and then, by taking a new lot of iron and reducing the acidity, actually make the bios stick to it. When that effect was obtained they had only to "tear away" the iron from the bios to secure the latter in free form.

"One very happy morning we attained that step," Eddy went on. "In other words, we obtained a new solution in our experience which was a powerful stimulant to yeast growth, while the residue—the substance left behind in the yeast solution—had lost all its stimulatory property. Another long series of experiments followed. They definitely proved our product to be a homogeneous crystalline substance, free from any impurity, melting sharply at 223 degrees centigrade, having the formula $C_5H_{11}NO_3$ (carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen and oxygen), and a molecular weight that seemed to confirm the formula. Also tremendous physiological effect in almost infinitesimal quantities: for 56/1,000,000 of a gram of bios a cubic centimeter of culture medium will increase the growth of yeast twentyfold, and it takes nearly thirty grams to weigh one ounce avoirdupois.

"How does bios make a yeast cell grow? Another problem for the future: is it possible of synthesis? Will our method work for other vitamin separation? Those are all points demanding much more study, but not one is impossible of solution. Meanwhile, we are happy to have secured for Columbia University the credit for what we believe is an important step in progress to a better understanding of nutrition and hence of betterment of the race in general."

Being a people that eats on the run, will we ultimately abandon live foods in favor of vitamin-loaded pellets? No, says Eddy, not so long as appetite governs mankind. If he, Eddy, thought his bottled vitamins might bring about that sort of thing he would, some dark and stormy night, remove the phial from the lower left-hand vest pocket, pry off the stopper, step to the rail of the ferryboat which transports him nightly to his Jersey home, and with a glitter of the eye, albeit with a sigh, drop six whitish homogeneous crystals into the turgid deep for the advancement of science among the benighted fishes. Dr. Eddy confesses to loving his porterhouse steak and onions even more than he loves his science.

It is a fact, he points out, that only one-twelfth of our day is spent in eating, but the amount of sheer happiness we derive from eating and the thought of eating soon is another matter; it is out of all proportion to the time involved in the process itself. There may be, he intimated, some scientist wandering in the outer darkness willing to offer himself as an experiment in the life-sustaining qualities of pellets unrelieved by a dash of raw vulgar food, but (with a twinkle), "You and I and the world will continue to lay store by our porterhouse and onions. In that direction we draw a deadline for the advancement of learning, and we draw it red." Besides—and Eddy agreed to this, too—how about the calories? It takes quantity to make the calories that liberate the heat that makes the body live, and you cannot get quantity from a pellet.

All that, said Eddy, is just plain foolishness. But this is not: The isolation of bios suggests marvelous possibilities for the transport of more foods, and better foods, in compressed form, to famine-stricken areas where fresh foods are not to be had. He does not believe it is drawing the long bow of imagination to see a day when science will be able to spray a few milligrams of crystal vitamins into a few tons of "dead" foods, and electrify the mass with life. Since vitamins A, B, C and D can be put back into de-vitamized milk, rice, potatoes and butter, and, respectively, heal a sickly animal's sore eyes, cure beriberi and scurvy in man or beast, and bring new life to the child with rickets, will it not be possible some day to cure *all* diet-deficiency diseases simply through the discovery of new vitamins? Vitamin possibilities are enormous, but are they limitless?

Forty-five years ago a German doctor said: "The food balance of carbohydrates, proteins, fats and mineral salts is not sufficient to supply the perfect diet. Something is missing, something that is indispensable. There must be a fifth food factor."

And there was. It was the vitamin. Science has made great strides since Dr. Lunin advanced his theory. Today six vitamins are on the map of science. They are:

Vitamin A, found chiefly in butter, fish oils, but not vegetable oils, eggs and green vegetables. It is antixerophthalmic in nature; that is, it is a preventive and curative of eye diseases.

Vitamin B, in cereal embryos, eggs, yeast, animal liver, root and leaf vegetables and fruits, is antineuritic: cures beriberi, supplies nerve reserve.

Vitamin C, in fruits and green leaves of vegetables, is antiscorbutic: cures scurvy, and is the effective agent in sound bone and teeth formation.

Vitamin D (Funk), now thought to be synonymous with bios, in yeast and plants is rich in vitamin B. Promotes yeast growth.

Vitamin D (McCollum), in cod liver oil, egg yolk, and so on, is antirachitic: cures rickets, and appears to regulate absorption and use of lime in body structure.

Vitamin E, or X, in lettuce, whole wheat, milk, and so on, produces fertility; is, therefore, essential to the continuance of life.

Mexico's Children—Submerged in World-Lost Little Villages

By HELEN BOWYER

This is the first of a series of articles in which the writer displays an intimate knowledge of conditions in Mexico. Social welfare work among the people of this country has furnished material for much that is interesting and illuminative, and not hitherto published.

Homeless boys who are being cared for by the Mexican Humane Society founded by an American woman.

WITHIN a score of years, these children of Mexico will be the citizens with whom we shall have to deal in all those tangled relationships with our southern neighbor which, in the past, have so sorely taxed our understanding and good will.

For in Mexico not only do adults under thirty-five outnumber all the rest of the adult population, but the generation now growing up is the very first to be given any widespread exercise of citizenship.

The constitution of 1917 conferred the suffrage on all men of twenty-one and over but the overwhelming majority of these men are quite unaware of this fact and could not understand it if it were imparted to them.

So it is only as the children reach their majority that we can hope that public opinion will influence public action south of the Rio Grande.

We think vaguely of Mexico as "Spanish America." But of course it isn't. Mexico is Indian America. Of the fifteen million inhabitants of that big, half-empty land, it is doubtful if one million are of pure Spanish blood. Six of the remaining millions have never had a white drop in their veins while the other eight, the *mestizos,* or mixed breeds, are mixed in very little except their type of civilization. Racially it is not possible that they could be much mixed.

In all the long three hundred years that Spain held Mexico not more than three hundred thousand of her sons crossed to the colony to pour their blood into the bronze sea of its native races. And how much difference could three hundred thousand of them make, strung out over a period of three hundred years?

So Mexico's children are Indian and if we are to do anything to help them—even to the extent of a sympathetic understanding of them—we must keep this biological fact clearly in our minds.

Mexico's children are, moreover, peasants, born into the life of primitive and world-lost little villages. Only about three million inhabitants of the republic live in cities, even if we class as cities places of four thousand. And of these, at least 50 per cent earn their bread in the fields on the edge of the town where the cobblestone streets peter out. And finally the mass of these children whose generation is, perhaps, to form the first active citizenry of Mexico are, by all our standards, sub-civilized little humans, gentle, courteous, most appealing ones, to be sure, but still children whose material environment and mental outlook is little above that of young Kanakas and Malays. The most generous estimates of even the Mexican authorities do not place the number of their people "living in a state of white culture" at more than three million. For the other twelve million, of all that proud civilization which Cortes brought with him from old Spain, little remains but the Catholic faith and the Spanish tongue. The rest of their environment comes to them from old Anahuac and Michoacan and other ancient entities of Montezuma's realm.

It is not much that comes. Montezuma slain, their local chieftains hostages, the common people were soon reduced to that level of brute subsistence in which we find them today.

"They are *animalitos,* nothing more," said the governor of one of the little states through which we took the Family Welfare Expedition of the Ministry of Agriculture. Of course, that "nothing more" was only a turn of Spanish speech. The divine fire has broken out too recently among the people of this state to leave any question that it is smoldering still.

Mexico's children, then, the mass of them, the children who in twenty years and less will form the bulk of the voters, are Indians, peasants, sub-civilized, even *animalitos.* And it is to them that we are to look for co-operation in the solving of those border and trans-border problems which yearly grow more complex and which, within the next score of years, may reach a magnitude which no man now can gauge.

For if democracy is to become a fact in our neighbor republic, there will be no one else to whom to look. And, this being so, we could do no better turn, either to ourselves or to the sons and daughters who will inherit both our achievements and our problems, than to invest a little thought, a little kindly interest, in the subject of these children.

First, then, how many of them are there?

If we classify as children the boys and girls under fifteen, we shall find about six and a half million of them in the land. If to this we add the youth between fifteen and twenty, we get a group of minors aggregating eight million.

Eight million. That is not so many. In the United States we have a much larger number to care for, forty-three million, perhaps.

No, eight million are not many. The care and education of just that number would be child's play for us.

Owing to the appalling death rate among the younger adults, Mexico is full of orphans. A group of them asleep at night in the streets of the capital.

But for Mexico it constitutes a burden under which she can probably never rise to civilization without some outside help.

Her total population is only fifteen million. If eight million of these are children, it follows that only seven million can be adults. In our country for every eight million children under that age there are twelve million persons of twenty years or more.

That is to say that while in our country there are twelve grown persons to bear the expense and care of every eight minors, in Mexico there are only seven, less than one adult for every child.

How does this happen? Whence comes this enormous disproportion of minors to adults? Is the birth rate among Mexicans so much higher than among us?

The *birth rate* is higher but it is the *death rate* that explains the situation.

The mortality among the children themselves is incredible, appalling, but the thing that makes their position catastrophic is *the mortality among the adults.*

Among the *younger men and women,* those from twenty to thirty years of age, they *die at almost three times the rate* of the corresponding group in the United States. Among those in their early prime, those from thirty to forty-five, there is an average of three and a half deaths for every one in our country. Few ever reach the age of forty-five—*only one out of five Mexicans attains the age of forty.*

What are the consequences of a state of things like this? Well, what would they be among ourselves? What would happen in our country if the mortality among our grown-up citizens should jump to three times its present rate until only seven out of every fifteen Americans of us were above the age of twenty? We should still feed and clothe and shelter our young after a fashion. The Mexicans do that and with our traditions behind us we should do it better than they. But what would happen to those public activities on which we depend so much for the rearing and the civilizing of our children? What would become of our schools, our libraries, our health services, our settlements, playgrounds, juvenile courts, mothers' pensions? Where would the money for them come from, if, while the burden remained as heavy as ever, the number of adults to bear the burden were cut by more than a third? And if only three—less than three—out of every fifteen of us were as old as forty, whence would come the maturity, the experience, the judgment to organize and administer these things?

Is it any wonder, then, that Mexico's children should be peasants, sub-civilized, even *animalitos?* There have never been enough grown people in the land to raise it much above the level of primitive subsistence.

It would seem, therefore, that the basic need of the rising generation was an increase in the number of adults in the population of the *patria.*

The Mexican authorities seem to have recognized this need—as for centuries before them their predecessors have done. And they are seeking to meet it by immigration—as in the past their predecessors have sought. Scheme after glowing scheme has floated through the mind of official and amateur statesman, colonies have been planned, foreigners have been assembled from every corner of the white man's world and planted in that sun-drenched land below the Rio Grande. And all to no avail. Mexico is the white man's land in that its destiny is indissolubly linked with his, but it is not, perhaps never can be, the white man's home. If nothing else stood in the way, there is the insupportable altitude—insupportable over any considerable period, that is—at which the greater part of the country lies. Perhaps the yellow man can support it. He is making a determined tryout of it these days. But the Mexicans do not want him in their borders. And we, do we want him that near?

If, then, white immigration cannot furnish the needed increase of adult population and it is undesirable that yellow immigration should, the only feasible plan seems to be to have the native do it. It is an idea so simple that you would suppose it must have occurred to the Mexican authorities. But if so they have never taken the steps to put it into action. Probably they cannot. Probably if it is to be done, we shall have to help them.

Obviously, the way to increase the number of adult natives is to keep the adults now living from dying in their early maturity. And obviously the first step in that enterprise is to find out why they die.

Well, there is no mystery about that. They die of digestive diseases, of pneumonia, of tuberculosis. They die of smallpox and malaria. They die of all sorts of sicknesses induced by insufficient food and bad food, by sleeping arrangements indescribably wretched, by a lack of sanitation such as the untraveled American cannot even conceive.

There is no need for this state of affairs, much less need in that radiant land than in our own sterner climate. A little effort, a little organization and all the simple things that make for life might be abundantly within the reach of all. But the Mexicans cannot make that effort, they cannot develop that organization, unaided. If it is to be done—done, at least, in time to be of any use to the rising generation—we shall have to help them do it.

For the Mexicans are sick. Those of their adults who are not yet dead are sick with all the diseases that have killed off those that are. They are debilitated with stomach trouble; they are dragging round in all the stages of bronchial and pulmonary affections; they are chilling in the paroxysms of malaria or sunk in the apathy, the good-for-nothingness that is its after-effect. There is probably no people in the world as sick as the Mexicans, as universally, as continuously sick. And the last thing we can ask of sick people is that they themselves shall organize the measures to drive Death away. We can ask their co-operation, we can ask that trusting compliance which, in our own isolated districts, the sick man accords the neighbor who comes in to care for him. But the initiative, the energy, the directive power to combat the Destroyer we cannot ask of the misery, the apathy, the disheartenment of illness. So, if the Mexican people are to cut down that appalling, that de-

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Mexico's children are peasants—born to the life of world-lost little villages.

Breaking—the Means of Making

Factors in the Strange Fate of the Foreign Trade Financing Corporation

By HAMILTON YORK

Why should German business men not do business direct with American business men? Why should a Jewish intermediary hold them apart? This second article deals with these matters.

THE backbone of the struggle of certain political Jews for an international super-nationalism lies in their financial program. It is characterized by so little of the spiritual that it may be regarded as almost materialistic. Idealistic, to be sure, but at the expense of non-Jewish elements. Its progress as a whole may be gauged by the success of its achievements in the world of international finance.

The system by which Jewish overlordship in Germany is maintained has for its basis the control of credit and the fluid capital of the Reich. The means used are the banks. It is impossible to do business with anyone in Germany without using the facilities which this group controls. It can have anything that it desires in Germany and almost without opposition.

The entrance of Jewish methods of economic slavery into the United States, methods characterized by interlocking directorates of major key banks, pyramiding of banks and corporations and allocation of interest, was not possible without a revolution of American banking laws by legislation. Congress has passed within the past decade, the Federal Reserve Act, the various acts which established land banks and joined them to the Federal Reserve System, the so-called intermediate credit banks, the Edge Act which authorized the establishment of banks for special financing of exports, and the re-establishment (temporarily) of the War Finance Corporation, under Eugene Meyer, Jr.

The principle that banks may hold stock in other banks has been introduced into the fiscal system of the United States; the amount is still limited, to be sure, but *the principle has been established.* The enormous increase in the establishment of branch banks has the same if not more positive effect.

The American Plan Was Not Favored

THAT the Jewish nationalists do not hesitate to scuttle anything which runs counter to their program or which they cannot control is best illustrated by the events now to be described. Mr. John H. McHugh, a well-known New York banker, with the most patriotic motives in the world, endeavored to establish in 1920 under the Edge Act, the Foreign Trade Financing Corporation. The attempt failed, but the reasons for its failure are important to the American citizen.

The principal reason was the authorization by the Federal Reserve Board for American member banks to rediscount *German Schacht Bank acceptances.* These German acceptances reach this country *exclusively through the International Acceptance Bank of No. 31 Pine Street, New York City.* This is Mr. Paul Warburg's *protégé. The principle has been established, and no limit has been set as to the amount which may be so rediscounted.*

When these acceptances reach that ultimate potential destination, under present laws, paper currency may be issued against it, and a certain portion of it will find its way back to the German bank which issued the acceptance. This form of financial jugglery simply means eating your cake and also having it.

The commercial leaders of the United States had the right idea as a post-war program, everybody go to work and produce. The world needed the products. That program indicated that markets must be found for surplus production, and immediately the government and especially Congress was called upon so to arrange matters that world trade with the United States could be carried on with the least effort. Among other things, a mechanism for providing long-term credits must be devised. The markets in countries like those of South America, where the consumers had had the advantage of long terms for payment, were to be captured and held.

It was with such thoughts in mind that the McLean-Platt and the Edge amendments to the Federal Reserve law were passed late in 1919. In reality, they were passed to legalize what was afterward termed the Foreign Trade Financing Corporation, worded in general terms, of course, so that anyone could and as a matter of fact others did organize export banks under its provisions.

But the Foreign Trade Financing Corporation was the real objective. The motive behind it all was thoroughly loyal and exceedingly farsighted. The men who engineered its passage, both from the banking world and in Congress, saw that some special provision for export financing must be attempted to meet competitors in world markets. The Edge Act was the answer, and it was a perfectly correct answer except in one matter, that is, *the Act authorized banks to hold stock in Edge bank corporations.* This was a perpetuation of the principle of pyramiding introduced with the Federal Reserve Act.

There is every reason to believe that the Edge Act did not suit the Jewish nationalists working for domination in international trade. Openly, as will be shown, they backed it; in their hearts, they damned it. It opened up the field of international credit in trade *that could not be controlled.* The door was ajar to such an extent that it let in too many real American competitors. They did not dare oppose its passage in Congress openly because the Act did exactly what they had all along been crying for. The chloroforming came later.

Plans for the establishment of the Foreign Trade Financing Corporation had been discussed at the 1919 meeting of the American Bankers Association, and they met the full approval of all who heard the report of the Committee on Marine and Commerce of which John McHugh was the chairman. Mr. McHugh, vice-president of the Mechanics and Metals Bank of New York, urged the organization of an export bank as a legitimate opportunity for American industrials to make honest money in world trade. It was put up to the association not as something out of which all concerned could grab gold profits by the handfuls, but as an institution *which would help American manufacturers, workingmen and farmers exact legitimate profit from world trade.*

The scheme of organization was laid out on large lines. The capitalization was set at $100,000,000 with a potential capacity of carrying on annually a billion dollars' worth of business. Mr. McHugh himself took the position of chairman of the Organization Committee, of which the total membership was thirty, some of them the best known bankers of the country. It was generally believed that if Mr. McHugh had gone to the bankers of the country and especially to Wall Street, there would have been no difficulty in securing all the money that was needed to finance the undertaking. But apparently that was not Mr. McHugh's idea. He desired the stock to be sold throughout the country, to the small investor, to laboring men, and especially to farmers so that each individual owning stock might have the feeling that in the Foreign Trade Financing Corporation, there was one bank that was doing something to bring profits to those who produced.

Carrying out this idea, J. R. Howard, then president of the American Farm Bureau Federation, was placed on the Organization Committee and was later slated to be an officer and director of the corporation. The name of Herbert Myrick, editor *Farm and Home,* of Springfield, Massachusetts, also appeared. There were others of similar connections. It was hoped that labor leaders would be found later who would join the movement, become officers in the corporation, and attract some of the "labor money" which was and is plentiful all over the United States if only the golden well could be tapped.

This is the way Mr. McHugh put it:

> "Believing that the development of this project will mean so much to the country as a whole, we urge the financial and practical co-operation of all members of agricultural, manufacturing, financial, and labor interests."

At the organization meeting held at Chicago, December 11, 1920, the Illinois Manufacturers' Association pledged a half-million dollars in subscriptions to stock and promised to double that amount if necessary. The American Bankers Association at its Washington meeting in 1920 passed resolutions of endorsement, the event being marked by an incident to be detailed later. Such organizations as the United States Chamber of Commerce, the National Association and Manufacturers, and the National Foreign Trade Council gave active co-operation. All this was good but not good enough in view of the program laid out. *The amount of money to be raised was so large that it necessitated active co-operation and good will of the labor and farmer elements without opposition if it was to be successful. These latter elements could not be allowed to regard it as another venture of Wall Street into speculative financing, as indeed it was not.* This point was emphasized as it should have been. "Many labor unions have large surplus funds which could be made to bring good financial returns through this corporation," said Mr. Richard Hawes, ex-president of the American Bankers Association, "and we strongly urge them to join us in this work."

Mr. Hecht Takes the Floor

A FEW wise observers who watched the evolution of Mr. McHugh's scheme desired that it might go through. It meant more than could be estimated to this country. But some of them *knew* that the Foreign Trade Financing Corporation would never function. *The chief reason for this thought was that with such a program of organization it ran counter in every step to the program of the Jewish nationalists.* The main reasons were:

1. Jewish nationalism contemplates the widening of the breach between employers and employes. That is the objective of the whole Communist-Radical movement.

2. The project of the Foreign Trade Fnancing Corporation was too democratic and too large for the Jewish nationalists to control in that form. Once organized and functioning, it threatened their position in the field of international credit and finance.

3. The Jewish financial program contemplated headquarters in Berlin. The establishment of such a corporation as the Foreign Trade Financing Corporation meant the downfall of German-Jewish interests in international trade, and the center of world's production and financing shifted to New York.

Consequently, we are prepared for the events which followed. Mr. McHugh made his report at the American Bankers Association meeting in Washington, October 20, 1920. With it were resolutions which insured the moral support of the association as it was contemplated that bankers generally would invest funds in the stock of the corporation. There were none present but that expected that these resolutions would be passed with a shout. But no sooner were they read, than Mr. Rudolph S. Hecht was on his feet.

Now, who is Mr. Hecht?

In the South and especially among bankers generally, Mr. Hecht is, as of the date this was written, the president of the Hibernia Bank and Trust Company of New Orleans, one of the big ones. He has been interested in sisal, the Comision Exportadora de Yucatan. Mr. Hecht is also interested in Japan. Along with Barney Baruch, Aaron Sapiro and Eugene Meyer, Jr., he is interested in cotton. He may be said to be the Paul Warburg of the South, a designation which he probably would take as a compliment.

Mr. Hecht said:

> "Without in any way wishing to belittle the very efficient and important work which has been done by this committee, I think it may be well for us to stop and consider for a moment whether the American Bankers Association as such wants officially to give and recommend to its membership the going into business of any kind. . . . I, for one, doubt very much that as an association we should go on record as recommending to our members any class of business, no matter how attractive, no matter how necessary it may be."

It was carefully explained by the presiding officer that the resolutions did not do what Mr. Hecht thought they did. Mr. Hecht persisted. Eventually cries from all over the room called, "Question." The resolution was put and unanimously carried.

Mr. McHugh could have taken his cue right then and there but he didn't. The limitations of his political knowledge as applied to the field of finance did not permit of a visualization of the connections between Mr. Hecht and Jewish nationalism.

Spiking the Guns

MR. HECHT did not stop. As far as the American Bankers Association was concerned, it was all over and the resolutions had passed. The end, however, was not yet. There was still something which could be done. On the following day, Mr. Daniel G. Wing, president of the First National Bank of Boston, received the following telegram. Please mark the name, as it will appear in future transactions in such a way that it may explain why Mr. Hecht turned to Mr. Wing:

> Daniel G. Wing,
> President, First National Bank,
> Boston, Mass.
>
> The very excellent and interesting report of the Commerce and Marine Committee was received with much genuine interest. Subsequently, a resolution was introduced which practically commits the American Bankers Association as such to lend its influence and prestige to a hundred million dollar export corporation to be organized under the Edge Act. I heartily approve the work of Mr. McHugh's Committee but doubt the wisdom of having the Association go into any business or endorse one Edge bill corporation as against other similar organizations now in existence or in process of organization. I would appreciate a telegram from you giving me your views on that phase of the situation.
>
> R. S. Hecht.

Mr. Hecht certainly did not stand alone, for on the same day, that is, the day following the passage of the resolutions by the American Bankers Association, Mr. Paul Warburg, who shortly afterward organized the International Acceptance Bank of No. 31 Pine Street, New York City, telegraphed Mr. Hecht in Washington, like this:

> R. S. Hecht,
> Hotel Washington,
> Washington, D. C.
>
> You remember that I was the first I believe to urge a corporation of the character now contemplated. Success will depend on operating sagaciously at proper moment both here and abroad. Without wishing to express any opinion as to merits of plan under discussion with which I am not fully familiar I strongly hold that while Bankers Association could well express its views in principle it would be bad precedent and beyond its proper functions to endorse any individual enterprise.
>
> Paul M. Warburg.

The seal of approval had been set on Mr. Hecht's efforts to block the passage of the resolutions of endorsement before the Bankers Association. They had been passed before the opposition could be organized, but here again a little study, chronologically arranged, will help in elucidating the reasons for the Foreign Trade Financing Corporation never functioning.

One month later the organization meeting of the Federal International Banking Company was held at New Orleans. Stock in this corporation was widely sold to southern and western banks. Mr. Rudolph S. Hecht was largely instrumental in its organization and became its executive director. It specializes in the export of cotton to Germany and maintains relations to a small extent with South American banks. In this connection, it is interesting to recall:

Germany purchased in 1922-1923 from the United States more cotton than all other foreign countries combined, including England with her Indian market. For these purchases, Germany paid spot cash, *gold,* in New York.

Between January 1 and June 15, 1924, Russia purchased $35,000,000 worth of American cotton, financed

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Reading from left to right the coins in the above illustration are as follows: A dollar of the year 1794, the first United States dollar. One "real," also called a "bit," from which we get "two bits" for a quarter. Reverse side of a Pine Tree shilling of the New England Colonies. The King of Coins, an 1804 dollar, worth about $1,200. The obverse side of a Pine Tree shilling. The reverse side of a "real." A Spanish dollar, upon which the United States currency was based.

"The Almighty Dollar"—A Brief History

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

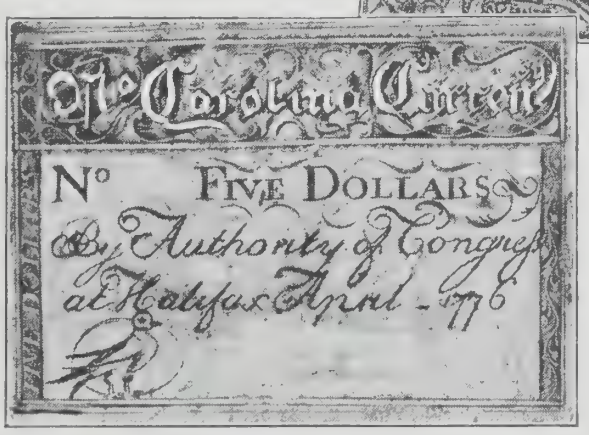
IN THE year 1837 Washington Irving interjected in his work, entitled "Wolfert's Roost," a phrase which struck the popular fancy: "the almighty dollar, that great object of universal devotion throughout our land." At the present time the dollar is no less an object of devotion at home and also the American dollar has become almost the universal standard of monetary value abroad. The story of the progress of the dollar or "thaler" from Europe to America and back again is almost a history in miniature of America.

A little more than four hundred years ago a large silver mine was discovered in the valley (German, *thal*) of Joachim in Bohemia. From this silver a large number of silver coins were struck in 1519 and these coins were called, after the valley or *thal,* Joachimsthaler, and for short, thaler. This name became in Denmark "rigsdaler" and in Sweden "riksdaler," or dollar of the realm. In English, the word in its present spelling was used in 1601 but many variations could be found even in Colonial times, as in early times people were more generous in spelling than at present. An author would not hesitate to use the same word with two or three or four different forms of spelling. So we find "dalers" in 1553, "daleiris" in 1560, "Philippes dolar" in 1587, referring to the Spanish dollar.

In the Spanish colonies so much silver and gold were produced that mints were established and the Spanish colonists had plenty of metal money in circulation. However, in the early colonies of New England little money had been brought from abroad and no metal was found. In consequence, a currency of natural products was established actually as legal tender. In Massachusetts, in 1630, Sir Richard Saltonstall was fined "four bushells of malte for his absence from Court" and about the same time an Indian, Chickataubott, was fined "a skyn of beaver for shooteinge a swine," belonging to the above Sir Richard. It was ordered in Massachusetts, in 1631, "that corne shall passe for payment of all debts at the usuall rate it is solde for, except money or beaver be expressly named." "Muskett bulletts of a full boare shall pass currantly for a farthing a peece," up to forty-eight at one time. In Canada for many years wealth was reckoned in beaver skins and even today in the extreme North such currency is not entirely out of fashion. The early deeds commonly stipulated payment in natural products.

The American Indians used wampum or wampumpeage of polished shells in long chains. The English and the Dutch made it for a time legal tender; at first eight white or four black beads made a penny, but the white man learned a process of quantity production and so the value depreciated, according to the immutable laws of commerce.

The enormous production of silver in the mines of South America enabled the Spaniards to mint large quantities of the silver dollar, largely in the Spanish-American mints of Mexico and Peru. This coin traversed the world and was the most common coin in all America from about 1650 until about 1850. In fact, such dollars were legal tender in the United States until 1857. The Spanish dollar was called the "piece of eight," being eight reales. In English, the term eight bits was used; "two bits" made a "quarter." The coins were, it is said, occasionally actually cut into "bits," but the smaller Spanish coins themselves were also long in circulation in the states.



State currency during the war—North Carolina five dollars.

The Continental Congress issued Continental paper currency payable in "Spanish milled dollars," beginning May 10, 1775. These notes were, by Congress and by separate enactments by the states, made "full legal tender." However, as there was neither metal currency nor natural products back of the bills depreciation began almost immediately. The questions of national revenue had not been settled and no stamping machine could take the place of adequate systems of taxation. The states also issued bank notes and these depreciated to an even greater extent than the Continental currency. The money for the Revolution was in part furnished by the English in expenditures for supplies, but above all furnished by France. The money and credit given by France together with her ships and officers and men absolutely made the success of the American Revolution.

The scale of depreciation of Continental currency was so intricate that practically all the popular almanacs from 1780 to 1785 and later printed the scale of depreciation for convenience of reference. The following is taken from "A Pocket Almanac, for the Year of Our Lord 1783. Boston, Printed and Sold by T. & J. Fleet."

"One hundred dollars in Gold and Silver in January 1777 being equal to One Hundred and Five Dollars in the Bills of Credit of the United States.

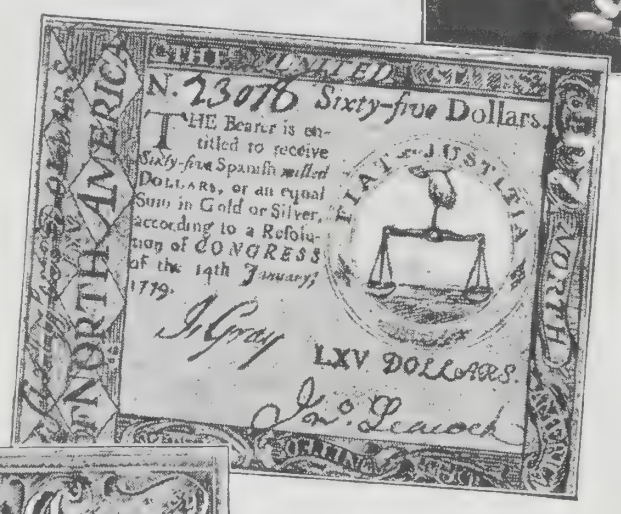
"One thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven—January, 105; February, 107; March, 109; April, 112; May, 150; June, 120; July, 125; August, 150; September, 175; October, 275; November, 300; December, 310.

"One thousand seven hundred and seventy-eight—January, 325; December, 634.

"One thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine—January, 742; December, 2,593."

Up to April, 1780, 4,000; by February 27, 1781, the dollar in coin was worth seventy-five in Continental notes. There was then a "New Emission" of paper dollars which ran the same course.

The metal coins in circulation during the Revolutionary War consisted first of Spanish dollars, then also British gold and silver, French gold guineas, Portuguese gold moidores and "joes" or "johannes," Spanish gold doubloons and pistoles, and French crowns and livres. The Continental notes were supposedly payable in "Spanish milled dollars," but there was no reserve of such dollars upon which to draw in the Continental Treasury.


THE UNITED
N. 23076 Sixty-five Dollars.
THE Bearer is entitled to receive Sixty-five Spanish milled DOLLARS, or an equal Sum in Gold or Silver, according to a Resolution of CONGRESS of the 14th January, 1779.
LXV DOLLARS.
NORTH AMERICA

Continental currency.

Robert Morris, the financial genius of the Revolution, proposed in 1782 a coinage system not on a purely decimal basis. In July of 1785 the purely decimal system recommended by Thomas Jefferson was adopted in the three following resolutions of Congress:

"That the money unit of the United States of America be one dollar.

"That the smallest coin be of copper, of which 200 shall pay for one dollar.

"That the several pieces shall increase in decimal ratio."

On August 8, 1786, Congress passed the following resolutions concerning Federal money:

"Resolved, That the standard of the United States of America, for gold and silver, shall be eleven parts fine and one part alloy.

"That the Money Unit of the United States (being by the Resolve of Congress, of the 6th of July, 1785, a Dollar) shall contain, of fine silver, 375-64/100 grains.

"That the money of account, to correspond with the division of coins, agreeably to the above Resolved, proceed in a decimal ratio, agreeably to the forms and manner following, namely:

"Mill the lowest money of account, of which 1,000 shall be equal to the federal dollar, or money unit, 0,001.

"Cent, the highest copper piece of which 100 shall be equal to the federal dollar, 0,010.

"Dime, the lowest silver coin, of which 10 shall be equal to the dollar, 0,100.

"Dollar, the highest silver coin, 1,000.

Indian wampum, the first currency of America.

"That, betwixt the dollar and the lowest copper coin, as fixed by the Resolve of Congress of the 6th of July, 1785, there shall be three silver coins, and one copper coin.

"That the silver coins shall be as follows: One coin containing 187-82/100 grains of fine silver, to be called a Half Dollar; one coin containing 75-128/1000 grains of fine silver, to be called a Double Dime; And one coin containing 87-64/1000 grains of fine silver, to be called a Dime.

"That the two copper coins shall be as follows: One equal to the one hundredth part of the federal dollar, to be called a Cent; and one equal to the two hundredth part of the federal dollar, to be called a Half Cent.

"That 2-1/4 lb. Avoirdupois weight of copper, shall constitute 100 Cents.

"That there shall be two gold coins: One containing 246-267/1000 grains of fine gold equal to 10 dollars, to be stamped with the impression of the American Eagle, and to be called an Eagle: One containing 123-134/1000 grains of fine gold, equal to 5 dollars, to be stamped in like manner, and to be called a Half Eagle."

The only coins to be made under this law were the copper coins, and the first of these, a large copper cent, was dated 1787. However, these denominations were adopted in the subsequent legislation.

Alexander Hamilton, the first Secretary of the Treasury, in 1791, in connection with his reforms of taxation and introduction of a banking system, introduced the ratio 15 to 1 and provided for the free coinage of silver and gold with a dollar of 371.25 grains. The current Spanish silver dollar was recognized as equal to 24-3/4 grains of pure gold and the ratio 15 to 1 gave 371-1/4 (or 15x24-3/4) for the silver in the silver dollar. This was the first legal bimetallic free coinage adopted anywhere in the world. The ratio of silver to gold was fixed by law at 15 to 1. Anyone bringing 15 ounces of silver to the mint would receive silver dollars (about 17-2/3 dollars); anyone bringing one ounce of gold to the mint would receive the same number of gold dollars. However, in the period immediately following 1792, when the plan was put into operation by Congress, the enormous production of silver in Mexico made silver cheaper and the ratio changed in the markets of the world to 15-1/2 and even to Mr. Bryan's famous ratio of 16 to 1. In consequence, the banker and moneychangers exported the gold dollar to Europe where the gold per ounce would buy sixteen ounces of silver. Taking fifteen of these ounces to the mint in Philadelphia the banker would obtain legal silver dollars, equal in currency form to one ounce of gold; the profit was the extra ounce of silver, approximately 7 per cent. In consequence of such transactions gold disappeared from circulation in the United States.

The disappearance of gold, with further difficulties brought about by the fact that in many foreign countries American silver was taken as equal in value to the heavier Spanish dollars, resulted in the exportation also of American silver and the importation of the foreign coins to be sent to the mint as bullion for free coinage. As the Spanish dollar was heavier it commanded a premium at the mint. When banks had to export dol-

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Mussolini Appears in Role of Lion Tamer

Dictator Entertains Roman Crowd by Stunt in Cage at Zoological Gardens

By JOHN HUBERT GREUSEL

In this, the second and concluding article by Mr. Greusel, we are made familiar with the genesis of the Fascist movement, and the psychology of its leader. Further light is thrown on the inner workings of the Mussolini mind, and the motives which have guided his policy thus far.

A SHORT definition of Fascism, such as Americans could quickly understand, would be, "A gatling gun with a conscience."

While in Rome, recently, the writer saw a remarkable procession, a triumph for Fascism, in which 5,000 mayors of towns and villages in all parts of Italy were reviewed by the King. This procession which symbolized the hold of Fascism on national imagination was several miles long, and for more than an hour the King stood on the palace balcony at the Quirinal to take the Fascist salute.

Mussolini cuts all discussion very short; merely replies to all arguments: "Fascismo has risen to power from no ministerial crisis, but from a revolution; and the Black Shirts are willing, if necessary, to fight that revolution over again.

"Fascism means the collaboration of all classes to defend Italy from attacks from within or from abroad. It is a doctrine of life not of death."

Mussolini's basic idea is unquestionably to bring in a régime of law; also to define rights and duties. His motto is a gross flattery of that Germany whose military power Mussolini professed to hate from the bottom of his heart, "Deutschland über alles." Change "Deutschland" to "Italia" and you have it in three words, "Italy's cause first."

In the United States, both during and for a time after the war, Americans were urged to make a religion of patriotism.

That's Mussolini, exactly.

Scraping Away the Barnacles

IT IS easy enough to shrug the shoulders and say, "Mussolini is going too far; he is a tyrannical ruler; it cannot go on forever."

Italy, since 1871 a constitutional monarchy, has been the friend of liberty for centuries. Frederick II's parliament preceded that experiment in England, although the fact is not usually commented on by English, much less by American, writers. Our Republic has borrowed very many of our ideas of democracy from Italy's classical period. There was a Senate in Rome long before the time of Christ and the spirit of Roman law goes deeper into American life than the little school teacher ever dreams. Make a list of our customs, superstitions, ceremonies, our family interests, and you hark back to Rome.

But Italy has always been hounded by tyrants of all degree; and on account of her mixed population the Italian problem of nationality has for centuries remained for the strong to solve.

Americans should understand that it is impossible for Mussolini to make the customary appeal of modern statesman, to wit, to the Middle Class. In Italy, the Middle Class is quite new, and is snobbishly referred to as the "industrial élite." Because of the prevalence of the Feudal idea, "work is a sign of social degradation." Sons of the Middle Class as a rule desert the shops of their fathers and as soon as possible seek political jobs. Italy is filled with officeholders superficially educated to be engineers, doctors, lawyers, but who find a stool in a government bureau the height of their ambition. Up to within recent times, this stupid bureaucracy has had altogether too much to do with public life. They are barnacles on the ship of state.

Part of Mussolini's policy has been to get rid of tens of thousands of these chronic officeholders. There will be time enough for the various discordant elements in Italy to determine their individual rights; but first a law-enforcing agency must dominate the Italian peninsula. Before the Italian Government can be the servant of the state, in its broadest sense, the sense meant by the Fascists, the Italian Government must create an enlightened public opinion to back up the state.

On account of the salubrious climate, it usually turned out that the very conquerors from over the Alps sooner or later relaxed their authority and in the end were swept aside by more restless eager tyrants, who in turn went the same way. A curious condition resulted. In Italy the passionate desire for liberty has always been associated with violence. Italian friends of liberty, in all centuries, have come to believe that the highest purpose of the ruler is to make his enemies tremble. The point of honor has been, then, to preserve order with the iron fist.

Italy Against the World

A HEROIC band of Italian patriots, Cavour, Garibaldi, Mazzini, and others, have within the last half-century succeeded in developing national belief in "united Italy." Mussolini is carrying on, and though his methods are rude he is a shrewd prince and his work is not in vain.

Mussolini is frankly, fearlessly and by deliberate choice working for Italy against the world. His is not the strength of the stupid peasant who takes it out in beating his dog, till the dog fawns at his feet. There are millions of men of that type in this world, men who accomplish nothing by their work except frighten a dog. Too much of that type of leadership in Italy, all down the centuries, accounts for her fall from freedom.

"I have raised up one from the North, and he shall come: from the rising of the sun shall he call upon my name; and he shall come upon prices as upon mortar, and as the potter treadeth clay." Isaiah wrote that bitter truth many centuries ago. Without a leader, the people fall into the ditch.

Mussolini knows well Italians must be trained to freedom and self-government. His plan is somewhat like that of Frederick the Great, who as he walked about Potsdam or in the rural regions cracked peasants over the back with his cane, saying in a loud voice, "Get to work!"

S. E. BENITO MUSSOLINI.

Remembering Caesar

MUSSOLINI'S keynote: "Force and right govern everything in this world; force till right is ready."

Also this: "I must bring this nation under a single rule, superior to all sects or factions. The late war has made Italy into a people, but the task awaits to make of this nation a state. An arduous and difficult undertaking! But life is not worth living if one does not face such tasks. Italy must be disciplined and armed. You must not believe in the humanitarian ideals of the pacifists. Above all else, Italy must have a powerful army, navy and air force."

However, there is a raw side. The recent dastardly assassination of Matteotti, whose mangled body was found hidden in a villa near Liuggi, brings up anew the much-discussed question, "Has Mussolini run his course?" Linked with the murder of the Socialist member of the Italian chamber were the names of Aldo Finzi, Mussolini's secretary of the interior, Filippo Filippelli, Fascist editor, Cesar Rossi, head of the Fascist press-bureau. Matteotti had threatened to expose alleged bribery and corruption in Mussolini's government, more especially oil scandals. To stop the disclosure the abduction that ended in murder is said to have been planned by the Fascisti. In rebuttal, Prince Caetani, Italian ambassador at Washington, says: "Fascism will come out of this storm stronger and more respected than ever. The supposed murderers call themselves Fascisti, but were unworthy of such a name for they violated all the ideals of Fascism."

Mussolini's problem is attractive to him, because of its immensity. He conceives society to be corrupt, undertakes to reform its very soul. In some respects, Mussolini is a fanatic. But for that matter, all first-rate leaders have in them a streak closely allied to madness. Julius Caesar suffered from epileptic fits, and so did Napoleon; Cromwell was a fanatic in religious intolerance, but knew enough to keep his powder dry; Mohammet taught faith with the sword; Bismarck expected, when he spoke, that his generals should wheel like an ensemble drill of circus horses; while the fanaticism of Old John Brown in his philanthropic desire to free the slaves has been charged to an unbalanced mind.

Mussolini's enormous appetite for order, discipline, success, takes on a peculiar form closely allied to personal vengeance against those who differ with him. He torments all classes by incessant mutterings of dissatisfaction. He would burn a city, sell its inhabitants into slavery if he thought by that means he could rouse Italians to an ardent passion for a united state.

"Higher than the rights of man are the rights of the state," is his severe proclamation. Also this: "It is more important in the life of the state how citizens act than what citizens have. All parties should be absorbed into the state."

This is a direct throw-back to the divine right of kings, as expressed by Louis XIV, "I am the state." But Mussolini is too shrewd to go that far, in his own behalf. In other words, before him ever is the lesson of Caesar who was assassinated primarily because he represented in his own person all the functions of the state, religion, military, legal, social.

Scene in the Borghese Gardens

ON THE contrary it may not have occurred to Mussolini that mankind loved, hated and had other private interests, long before the state was known, will go on loving and hating centuries on centuries after the present form of state has passed into oblivion. For there is no page in written history which decrees that the state as at present known is the final form of all political intelligence, much less that it represents the highest hope of mankind. Like everything else, the state is changing and although Mussolini seems not to know it, his very audacity presses new ideals to the front, in proportion as his overlordship discloses hate and tyranny. He wants Italy to find her soul, and Italy will, but at that it may be another sort of soul than Mussolini ever dreamed.

Curiously enough, the last glimpse I had of Mussolini was at the Zoological Gardens in famous Borghese villa park. It is late in the afternoon; crowds have gathered, as though to enjoy a program of pleasures.

I learned that for a diversion, the dictator of Italy enters the lion's cage several times a week to play with the lion's cub. Mussolini presently appears and is instantly recognized; a cheer goes up; he bows and smiles his acknowledgments.

He is dressed in smart riding breeches, black cutaway coat, derby hat, cream-white gloves of strong material, carries a riding whip. The man has a fine youthful figure, is wonderfully athletic, and his animation is supreme.

At first glance, you think it is Rodolf Valentino doing a movie stunt. In fact, there is a strong resemblance between the handsome athletic Mussolini and the movie sheik.

Mussolini wastes no time. He proceeds to roll the lion cub over, opens its mouth, and makes the cub snarl. This snarling of the little lion causes Mussolini to laugh, as though he enjoyed mastering the beast with the sharp teeth and long wicked claws. With boundless energy, the cub fights back, but Mussolini is plainly master, a rôle in which he delights. The spectators crowd forward, highly entertained, yet filled with apprehension lest the lion will suddenly spring on Mussolini, wound him to death.

Here then you have the whole picture. The lion is the people of Italy, the ruler is Mussolini. Anything he does to make the lion respect authority, whether a caress or a sharp blow on the nose, is justifiable because the lion is at heart wicked and treacherous.

Mussolini is a solitary, a tragic figure with the weight of Italy on his shoulders. When Rome is sleeping, the man with the burning eyes and strong jaw is walking the floor trying to answer questions that even he is unable to solve.

Wheel Will Turn Again

AS A mystic he makes a religion of the state, but as one of the shrewdest, most practical realists since Caesar's time, Mussolini rattles his sword, boldly announcing to the world, "Italy is not concerned with what others think; she will settle her own problems in her own way."

One day, Mussolini will die and then Italy will have to find another leader, will try new theories; for all history discloses the evolution of political, religious and social forms.

Mussolini, like all strong men, would reply to these words, "You are wrong. I have shown Italy the way to peace, prosperity and happiness. I am on the winning side and my work is permanent."

We discount the enthusiasm that sees in each reform the dawn of the millennium, but cannot help admiring Mussolini for the reasons we have set up in this study of his remarkable traits, personality and character.

Italy's cycle of progress toward democracy has barely begun. We must not lose hope. Democratic evolution though painfully slow goes on ceaselessly down the centuries. The fact that Italy exchanged her old monarchial ideas for the menace of the man on horseback, was to be expected.

In the end, although it is furthest from his thoughts, Mussolini's experiment in overlordship will actually hasten the cause of ultimate democracy for Italy. The wheel has turned before, and the wheel will turn again.

Mr. Ford's Page

THE old idea of business, that it consists of one man getting the better of another man, is no longer acknowledged as businesslike even by those who practice it. In this as in other matters, however, human professions run ahead of human practice; there is yet too much of the old idea in business, although progress toward a better practice is much greater than is sometimes credited.

The American idea of business is based on economic science and social morality, that is, it recognizes that all economic activity is under the check of natural law, and that no activity of man so continuously affects the well-being of others as does the daily activity of business. Business has scientific, humane, moral, social and political consequences all in one—because of inherent elements which cannot be separated from it.

In former times business practice was determined by three principles: first, that the greater "the circulation of trade," that is, the more hands a transaction passed through, the better for business in general. Any short-circuiting of commodity to user was treachery to trade. Second, the guild monopoly which compelled the tea store to stick to tea, the cloth store to cloth, the bread store to bread; forbidding bread and tea to be sold together. This was but an extension of the first principle of dividing an occupation among as many people as possible. Third, prevention of service to the public by warning them of another merchant's shoddy, or by selling better goods at lower prices. Business under these principles was a close corporation with the public as the butt of its activities. The best that can be said of it in those times was that quality of goods was uniformly high; substitution was unknown.

The whole trend of modern trade has been away from these principles. If the same service can be rendered by two persons (say manufacturer and retailer) which was formerly rendered by nine (the cloth-maker, the factor, the woolen-draper, the shopkeeper, the tailor, with four carriers between them), and seven charges upon the ultimate user of the cloth thus eliminated, service is undoubtedly improved and life is made more efficient for all concerned. If instead of four stores—the tea store, the jam shop, the baker's shop, the greengrocer's stall—with their four burdens of upkeep to be charged against the public, they are combined in one general supply store, the guild system may suffer but public service is helped. And after all, business does not exist to support business, but to serve the people with what they need. And so with competition—the best goods and the best service win. Competition in prices means nothing; all genuine competition roots in quality and service.

These departures from the old principle are now established in modern business. Waste of unnecessary costs, waste of unnatural divisions of duty, these have been eliminated. But not without objection, and certainly not with the full benefit of these changes handed on to the people. Internal efficiency of modern business means nothing if the benefit is retained within the business; the whole genius of efficiency is to flow on until the last consumer feels the life of it. Otherwise the economic body begins to suffer from disturbed circulation.

The buyer and the seller are always quick to see the benefit to be derived from the curtailment of waste. The buyer notes the benefit in the price he has to pay for an article efficiently made; the seller notes the benefit in the easier flow of commodities to the public that needs them.

But the professional labor leaders who would set up an artificial class of producers (as if both buyers and sellers do not comprise the total of producers) insist that this efficiency makes less work, fewer jobs, decreases the rate of employment. Their logic is that where two men conduct a process that formerly used eight, six men are thus left without work.

Of course this has been proved over and over again to be unadulterated fallacy. Take it in England at the present time. Hand-in-hand with English unemployment goes the preaching of the false theory that doing less work results in more work to do and more men employed. On paper, perhaps, it should work out that way, but in life it works out differently. The trouble with all such theories is that they seem to blue-print very well, but actual life upsets them. Russia is an example.

So, the British bricklayer, with kind intent toward his fellow bricklayer who is out of a job, is easily persuaded that if he will only lay half the number of bricks that he formerly laid, the bosses will have to hire his out-of-work friend to lay the other half. That is, he thinks he is creating two jobs where only one existed before, and so decreasing the evils of unemployment.

But what is it he really does? He increases unemployment by making bricklaying so expensive that few can afford to build houses. Instead of making a job for his friend, he more than likely loses his own job through "slackness in the building trade." Though England cries for houses, few houses go up. Workingmen's houses do not go up at all, the reason being that bricklayers will not lay bricks enough to make an honest day's work, and thus double costs are imposed upon a house, with the result that the workingman who should inhabit it with his family cannot afford to. To hold back in any service is not to increase opportunity for others, but to destroy yours and theirs too.

THE British bricklayer thinks that if he lays only half the number of bricks he formerly did, the bosses will have to hire his out-of-work friend to lay the other half. He thinks he is increasing the number of jobs and decreasing the rate of unemployment. What he really is doing is increasing unemployment by making bricklaying so costly that few can afford to build houses. Instead of making a job for his friend, he more than likely loses his own job through "slackness in the building trade." To withhold service is not the way to create or increase opportunity, but it is a pretty sure way to destroy it. England cries for workingmen's houses, but the false notion that less work makes more work holds up building. Natural law is more work done, more to do all round.

It is perfectly easy to see this when the English bricklayer is the example: the facts in his case are there before us, they simply cannot be evaded. They illustrate the tremendous hold which an economic lie can get on the mind of otherwise honest men. The way for the English bricklayer to make work for all his fellows in the trade is to make housebuilding easy, to create a deluge of housebuilding, to make England joyful with the ease with which workingmen's cottages can be built with free workingmen's labor. There will be no question about wages where there is labor. It is not wages that hold enterprises back, it is service withheld.

But when these same principles are applied to the business end of affairs, agreement is not so easy to get. It is clear what the bricklayer should do, but when the same principle is applied to the front office, a change in temperature occurs. There has been so much talk about the duties of men that we have forgotten to talk about the duties of managers. Counsel has been so often directed at labor, that capital's need of the same has been forgotten.

All the devices of watered stock and hosts of absentee-dividend-drawers are parallels in waste to the practice of dividing the job among twice as many men as were necessary. The manufacturer who gives the public as little as he can for its money is a parallel to the bricklayer who will handle only half as many bricks as he can. The abuses and fallacies which show up so sharply in the handling of material by labor, exist also in managerial spheres. Only it comes out more sharply in the handling of materials by labor, for there is something naturally, inherently, fundamentally honest in materials and in work. The service which ought to characterize the making of the commodity ought also to characterize its sale to the public.

And there is no lesson taught to labor which capital does not need to learn.

They are both in the same world, on the same mission and subject to the same laws and penalties. Recognition of this basic truth is part of the American idea of business.

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Neither a LaFollette Nor a Dawes

THE recent presidential campaign brought vividly home to the minds of observers the fact that in this country education of public opinion on economic matters has been left largely to the propagators of discontent and anti-Americanism on the one hand, and defenders of special privilege on the other. Fallacies that were exploded a quarter of a century ago made their reappearance between the conventions and the election, and far too many people credulously absorbed them as Gospel truth. Not so many, perhaps, as might have done so 25 years ago, but more than is reassuring in this enlightened age.

It is always a question who is responsible for these misconceptions of our fundamental economic life—the people themselves, or those who diligently plant false ideas. And when the term "people" is used, certain distinctions must be observed. There are some races which instinctively know that generous promises of something out of nothing are false. The northern white races have never suffered themselves to be led into serious economic trouble by the impossible promises of would-be leaders whose chief asset was a readiness in spoken address. There are races, however, which are constantly falling into the traps of enticing demagogues, constantly reaping the bitter consequences thereof, but never seeming to grow much wiser as a result of their experience.

Mixed in with our own people in this country are multitudes whose minds offer ready soil for every kind of fallacy and every incitement to upheaval. For example, Bolshevism could no more take root in the American type of mind than a grain of wheat could take root in a lava field, yet in a country like our own where there is so large a representation of alien-mindedness, it offers a soil for all poisonous ideas. Bolshevism entered the United States, beyond a doubt, but it was not the American mind that succumbed to it.

The main responsibility for fortifying the people with facts rests upon those who are in a position to teach the people. Demagogues are like scavengers who infest the waste places. If we have been so intent on production in the United States that we have forgotten to equip our people with defenses against the insidious attacks of the demagogue, the waste places of the public mind will certainly be infested by peddlers of every possible fallacy. We must disseminate sound economic knowledge, and we must do so honestly—not stopping short of where economic knowledge challenges the soundness of some of our accepted practices.

The last campaign showed that education of the American mind, the creation of American-mindedness on vital questions, is a duty sadly needing to be performed. It cannot be left either to a La Follette or a Dawes.

Britain's Reaction

THE inevitable has taken place in Great Britain. The political pendulum has swung back to where it was before Ramsay MacDonald got his great chance to show what Socialism could do for the country. If MacDonald had stuck to his original program for healing the ills of unemployment and lack of housing he and his party would have been in power today, but when he followed up his Russian pact by sheltering a seditious penny-a-liner under the egis of the government, it was too much for the British mind. The announcement of the plot hatched in Moscow for Red revolution in Britain was the last and decisive blow against the MacDonald administration.

It is trite but true that "a man is known by the company he keeps," so also are governments, and the Laborites' hobnobbing with the Bolsheviks sent warning shivers up the spinal column of John Bull.

Lady Astor, after her victory at the polls at Plymouth, tersely expressed the situation as follows: "I attribute my success to the fact that Great Britain prefers the Union Jack, just as good Americans prefer the Stars and Stripes, and steady progress rather than revolution and socialism."

Extremists are not permanently successful anywhere, and when destructive forces are at work to undermine a country's constitution and violate all the canons of stable government it is time to do some "redding up." This the people of Britain have done. Had MacDonald in his methods of statesmanship made use of that "ca canny" policy which the Laborites have been so fond of applying to industrial production, he might have steered a clear course. He has had his chance, and not outer opposition but inner incompetency has been his undoing.

The victory of the Tory party, however, does not mean a victory for reaction. The old Tory party, creator and protector of special privilege, is dead. In its place stands the party of the new conservatism which holds that all the managerial ability which created the classes should now be placed at the service of the masses. What Socialism would do but could not, what the old Tories could have done but would not, the new conservatism of Stanley Baldwin stands committed to do. In the Socialist party idealism was divorced from ability; in the Tory party ability was divorced from idealism; in the new conservatism both combine in a policy of progress along sound and constructive lines.

The British election is not primarily the triumph of any party as such; fundamentally it is a sign that the British people, after "shopping round" among various possibilities, have finally settled down on a sound and practical basis.

Guns and Gunmen

A SUGGESTION that some form of prohibition should be applied to the use of firearms in the interests of public safety has attracted considerable attention in all parts of the country. While there appears to be a consensus of public opinion in favor of restriction in the use of firearms sufficient to lessen materially lawlessness and to safeguard human life, there is a section which evidently takes lawlessness as a matter of course, and the use of firearms by all and sundry as an institution which cannot be abolished, a sort of necessary evil that must continue because it has to combat evil.

Here we have truly a vicious circle; a state of matters as senseless as it is futile. The disarmament of individuals is a problem which awaits solution like the disarmament of nations. The remedy seems as hard to find in the one case as it is in the other.

A Transformation

MANY will remember that the first blue-blooded aristocrat to float himself as a limited liability company was that celebrated Gilbertian creation the *Duke of Plaza Toro,* a grandee of Spain. The comic opera writer little dreamed that his merry quip would be transformed into a reality in the course of a few short years. The principal cause has been the World War, that great leveler of social mountains. The burden of consequent taxation has affected the dukes and earls in Great Britain as well as the common people, and they have found that to be the owners of vast estates, the income from which does not cover overhead expenses, is by no means an ideal position.

The Duke of Buccleuch was the first to turn to the *Plazo Toro* scheme to find relief. As a preliminary he published duly audited accounts showing that taxation and managerial expenses had risen nearly fourfold from 1912 to 1920. The duke and his son, the Earl of Dalkeith, then floated themselves as a private joint-stock company.

Their example has been followed by other noblemen threatened with financial extinction, among them being some of the holders of the largest acreage in the United Kingdom.

It was Lloyd George who started the game of despoiling the scions of aristocracy through the medium of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and so zealously did he follow this line of action that a lot of the fun was taken out of the distinction of being the titled proprietor of hereditary acres. But some of the lords and dukes have turned the tables on the former premier by publicly making known what they had hitherto guarded as a secret, namely, that they themselves belonged to the ranks of the unemployed, and were unable to make ends meet.

Pacifism Is Neither Peacemaking Nor American

IT IS unfortunate that of recent years the Y. W. C. A. has become the harborage of unbalanced radical feminine minds. Part of the program of infiltration of alien ideas into the mind of American women has been carried out through Y. W. C. A. activities in a number of instances so great that it amounts to proof that the revolutionary radical program among American club women has found a rather strong place among the newer Y. W. C. A. leaders. Local instances abound in all great cities. The propaganda, as usual, enlists the humane and Christian sensibilities of good women, whose emotional response to high and holy idealism blinds them to the ultimate end which their idealism is meant to serve.

The public prints report that the Y. W. C. A. refuses to join in the observance of Education Week—November 17 to 23—as requested by the United States Bureau of Education, the assigned reason being that somehow Education Week is intended to destroy world peace and prevent international cooperation. An examination of the suggested program for that week does not bear out the contention:

Monday, November 17, is Constitution Day, with its slogans—"Ballots Not Bullets," and "Master the English Language." What is wrong about that? Of course, the English language is dangerous to revolutionary radicalism. It is a language that compels thoughts to be spoken out clearly.

Tuesday, Patriotism Day, has its slogans—"Liberty, the Opportunity to Do Right." "The Commingled Race Called American." "The Common School, the Bulwark of American Liberty." The only objections possible to these would have to arise out of anti-Americanism.

Then come School and Teacher Day, Illiteracy Day, Physical Education Day and Community Day, with Sunday bringing the observance of the week to a close as For God and Country Day, with its slogans—"Religion, Morality and Education are Necessary for Good Government." "A Godly Nation Cannot Fail." "The Educational Triangle: The Home, The School, The Church."

This is a pretty thorough American program for the schools—so American, indeed, that opposition to it attracts attention. One "peace authority" objects because the American Legion is mentioned, among Rotary and Kiwanis clubs, Parent and Teachers' clubs, Civic Improvement Associations and Labor unions, as possible sources of speakers and other cooperation. This "peace authority" is Reverend John Haynes Holmes who will regard as a compliment the statement that his name is to be found wherever the white flag is raised in time of war or the red flag in time of peace. He feels that the inclusion of the American Legion will be "unfortunate in its effects on large sections of public opinion." Not large sections, Mr. Holmes, but very noisy and disloyal sections, to whom men like yourself lend a respectability that even you cannot long maintain for them! The only specific suggestion made concerning the American Legion as a co-operating agency in Education Week is found on page 22 of the pamphlet of suggestions:

> "American Legion.—Give demonstrations of the care of the Flag, and instruct the citizens and school children in its history, its meaning, and our duties toward it."

It is going pretty far when the Y. W. C. A. and men like John Haynes Holmes line up together in petulant objection to the Americanism of the Constitution and the decent treatment of the Flag of the United States.

Ich Dien

ICH DIEN, which means *I serve,* is the motto of the Prince of Wales. It is a motto which commends itself to the American mind, which recognizes that on the spirit of service depends the well-being of all.

In his personality the prince combines the blood of the ancient Celtic kings, that of the fair-haired vikings, and that of the sturdy Anglo-Saxons, a blend of the best characteristics of the European races, which has endowed him with mental and physical energy of a high order.

The Prince of Wales sought to know something of American ways and American methods, and his wish has been amply gratified; he sought to become acquainted with the democratic spirit of the people of this country, and found it congenial. He has followed in the footsteps of the men of his own race who blazed the trails in America, and has learned that they too had for their motto *Ich dien.*

The Busy Beaver—Nature's Greatest Engineer

A clever piece of tree-felling performed by beavers. Note how clean the cut is made.

Furry Creature of the Wilds Shows Uncanny Ability in Felling Trees and Constructing Dams in Difficult Places

By DONALD HOUGH

An ash tree, seldom tackled by the beaver. This one measured three feet across the base.

SPLASH! Not more than three rods in front of your canoe—and it seems to you, as your heart twitches violently, that a meteor must have fallen from the darkening sky . . . . In another instant, realizing that it was merely another beaver, you regain your serenity and peace of mind. You are impatient with yourself, for you know that the place is full of beaver. You can hear them slapping their tails on the water far ahead of you; you had to lift the canoe over a beaver dam not a half-mile back.

The dark banks of the little river slip past, the spruce trees cutting a jagged sky line against the dimming light of the heavens. No sound disturbs the silence of the Minnesota woods save the intermittent dripping of water from your paddle. Your thoughts revert to home, to your last meal at a table, to—

Splash!

Not three rods in front of your canoe; and it seems to you, as your heart twitches violently . . . .

The beaver, aside from his relation to the fur market, to collars for coats and to the hats our great-grandfathers wore, has a status so peculiarly his own among the creatures of the woods that he seems almost to embody a distinct species of life all his own.

Among the people who frequent the woods, he is regarded with mixed emotions. He is one moment a despised enemy; the next, a warm friend. One evening he disturbs your peace of mind with his boisterous splashing and makes of himself a pest, whose visits to your vicinity should be discouraged. Again, when you are alone in the woods, sitting in your solitary tent, the omnipresent beaver cheers you—he is your only friend. One day he floods your arduous trail with water halted in its natural course by one of his dams; another day, in the course of an upstream struggle in which you must pull the canoe through riffles and portage it around rapids, you come to a beaver dam and with a sigh of relief you launch your canoe and paddle in peace and comfort across the resultant pond.

Beaver have long been given credit for more than ordinary intelligence. A calm appraisal, however, discloses the fact that the animal is a rodent, not a demigod, and is probably about as intelligent as any other rodent, of which the common house rat is an example. The instinct of the beaver calls for the construction of dams, a sense of water levels, an understanding of the principle of drainage, erosion, general topography and other fundamentals of the engineering art.

The beaver does these things, but he could never solve the problems of the house rat, nor of the squirrel, nor in fact could he accomplish anything foreign to his intimate mode of life, and since this is the test of intelligence, there is no doubt but that the beaver does his work from instinct—a fact which does not detract from his personality, and makes him an even more interesting subject for study.

A beaver dam across a small stream in Northern Minnesota. The United States Forest Rangers came across the dam and pond while making a mile portage through the woods.

The forests of Northeastern Minnesota constitute one of the last real strongholds of beaver in this country. The region is settled only around the edges, the interior remaining a waterway labyrinth in the midst of a forest that is virtually primeval. The dams of the beaver are found in every possible location, from the smallest creek to the bed of a good-sized river. They range in size from a few sticks thrown across a trickle of water for no apparent reason to dams a dozen feet high, scientifically constructed to harness a considerable volume of water. Some of these larger dams, and some of the larger houses, too, are so old that they are overgrown with vegetation, even small saplings, assuming the appearance of a freak formation of land. Some of these are said to be hundreds of years old.

Of particular interest, however, are the dams that are now in process of construction. They are found in every stage, from the preliminary falling of a tree across a stream to a completed dam, carefully chinked with mud: a work of art.

When first made the dams are loose in construction and the water flows between the sticks at will. This is to avoid heavy pressure on the dam while it is still weak. When the framework has been completed, and the pillars of strength set, the filling in begins. This is carefully done so that the water pressure will be directed against the whole dam, and not against any special part of it. Finally the finishing touches are put on, the water completely harnessed, and controlled by means of a small opening in the top of the dam. This is done instead of letting the surplus water escape over the top of the whole dam so that a constant control of the water can be maintained, thus enabling the beaver readily to shut off the escape of the water in time of drought by closing the opening. It also provides the opposite control in time of flood.

Selection of a site for the dam demands what is apparently human intelligence. The drop in the water level, that is, the bed of the stream, must be accurately judged so that the resultant pond will be deep enough to preclude freezing to the bottom in the winter. The lateral contour of the stream bed and its immediate valley must also be accurately considered, else the water from the pond, while perhaps held back enough by the dam itself, will be in danger of spilling over the sides of the stream bed.

In spite of the intricate details the beaver seem to master with ease, they are not infallible. There are many examples of failure in the forests of Minnesota. There is a partly finished dam across a rapid in the Isabella River in the Superior National Forest which was abandoned after many years of hard work because the fall of the river bed was so steep that a dam high enough to form a pond could not be constructed. A forest ranger near Ely watched a colony of beaver work on a small creek near his station for three years. They felled a great many trees and tried to make a dam with the branches. But something was wrong; the pond would not stay in place, and the beaver left.

Aside from his engineering ability, the beaver is a distinctive animal of the forest in two other respects. First, the cutting down of trees with his teeth; second, the use of his tail as a signal. The little animals cut down trees ranging from a few inches to a foot and a half in diameter. They show uncanny ability in so felling them that they fall in the right direction, escaping the branches of other trees, or falling into the river. The trees are cut to bring the tender upper shoots within reach so they can be cut up and used for food and for construction purposes.

Perhaps the most amusing trait of this tree-destroying little animal is his manner of bringing the flat surface of his tail down smartly on the water at the slightest provocation. To do this he must dive, the two actions occurring simultaneously. Both acts are done so rapidly that the swimming beaver seems suddenly to have disappeared in an explosion of water, not unlike the genii of the fairy tales. If the beaver is extraordinarily agitated, he will repeat this performance as rapidly as he can recover himself.

He uses this signal to summon other beaver to his assistance, and to drive away intruders, probably by scaring them. Men are not the only cause of such a demonstration. I have seen beaver become excited when deer and moose approach the water to drink. Once I saw a beaver become greatly agitated, and to splash his tail as fast as he could dive and recover himself, when a deer approached him. Yet he had seen me, and had watched my movements for some time, never once becoming alarmed.

The beaver may be intelligent, they may be mere instinctive automatons, but they have carved for themselves a peculiar niche in the animal hall of fame, and remain today the dominant personalities of the woods.

When America was first entered by Europeans, the beaver was found inhabiting almost all the woodland streams of the whole northern continent, from the Arctic Circle down to Central Mexico. Its temperament and manner of life made it an easy prey and prevented it from adapting itself to changed conditions as did its neighbor, the muskrat. It rapidly disappeared, therefore, wherever civilization progressed or trapping was systematically carried on, and now no beaver are to be found south of the rivers that flow into Hudson Bay, except in the northern parts of the Rocky Mountains and in a few remote and scattered places like the forests of Maine and the Lake Superior region, where they are more or less protected by law. A few survive, nevertheless, in the wild ranges of the southern Alleghenies and along the borders of Mexico. The principal use to which beaver fur was originally put was for the making of hats; and it is probable that had not the method of making hat-coverings from silk been discovered, the animal would long ago have become extinct.

A beaver house, on the shore of Lake Ogishkemuncie, Superior National Forest, Minnesota.

A beaver cutting near the Jackpine Trail, Superior Forest. The attempt to form a pond here failed.

Chinese Civil War May Last for Years

American Woman Relates Further Experiences in the Area of the Fighting

By MRS. L. M. CRAMER

The further experiences of Mrs. Cramer in Shanghai are given in this, her second article from the war zone in China. Some idea is given of the causes which led up to the conflict, and there is an entertaining account of the adventures of some Americans who went out to see the fighting at close range. Since Mrs. Cramer wrote this article the field of hostilities has been considerably widened, and the people of Shanghai have been brought into more intimate contact with the firing line.

Shanghai, September 24—

THREE weeks ago today the first shot was fired in the war between the provinces of Chekiang and Kiangsu in China. In the beginning people said it would be all over in a few days, with nothing settled, or that it would become a general civil war, perhaps lasting years.

In the north, the war lord of Manchuria, Marshal Chang Tso-lin, of Mukeen, a Chekiang sympathizer, has declared war against the Chihli party in general, naming President Tsao Kun and Marshal Wu Pei-fu in particular, and the peaceful province of Shansi has already been drawn into this conflict.

In the south there is the spectacle of Dr. Sun Yat Sen at war with the Fukien government. Out in the west in the Szechuen province, where after eleven years of intermittent warfare there seemed to be signs of a dawning peace, there is now renewed activity. It looks as though within two months all China will be involved. The chances are that if it is, there will be nothing accomplished except a hundred thousand new graves dotted over the farming country of this queer land.

All the war lords are talking in high-sounding, flowery language of their mission to unify China, a China which shall be "prosperous and peaceful." Each war lord proclaims himself the chosen of the gods to bring about this situation. "Peace by Force" seems to be the slogan throughout this former empire. And it never was less peaceful, less unified.

What makes things still more serious is the strong anti-foreign feeling that is springing up all over China. At Pekin it reached the stage of handbill propaganda on the eighth of this month, when handbills were printed and distributed throughout the legation quarter. These bills, which may mean nothing, and again may mean much, are as follows:

"We Chinese citizens apply to you foreign diplomats and citizens and warn you that the Chinese people cannot tolerate any further acts of violence and insults of your governments.

"Our patience has come to an end. Woe to you if you will not awake in time and not (sic) give up predatory treaties which strangle China. Today the Chinese people protest against the protocol of 1901 as a source of violence and insults to China. We demand:

"Obedience to our laws.

"Retrocession of concessions at Shanghai, Tientsin and other places.

"Restoration of customhouses.

"Stop robbing our customs revenues.

"Don't strangle with your customs tariff our young industry.

"Remove your troops from Pekin. If you are not thieves and robbers what reason have you to fear the Chinese people?

"Don't interfere with our internal politics and struggles that are going on in China. This is our own affair. If you don't like it go away from our country. We don't keep you in China by force; think it over before it is too late.

"The British, Japanese, American, French robbers and bandits be careful, the time of redress is near.

"Either stop the policy of violence and give up the treaty of 1901 or the high walls of the legation quarter and the troops will not keep you safe.

"Since the legation quarter is a part of our city it must be governed by our laws. We cannot have any Chinese being looked upon as a defenseless dog in the legation quarter."

For the polite Chinese, this note of warning is very serious, though the reader up in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, U. S. A., may see nothing very threatening in it. To the old foreign resident in China the warnings and the rumblings and the veiled threats that they used to receive before the Boxer Rebellion are all brought vividly to mind, and no man can tell where all this will end, or when.

While all the war lords involved in this war insist it is not a war against foreigners, it is a significant fact that a strong anti-foreign feeling is growing from one end of China to the other.

At the beginning of this war it rained and rained and rained, and those who pretended to be in the "know" among the foreigners smiled, and said: "It won't last long if this rain keeps up, for Chinese soldiers won't fight in the rain." If you have lived in China you will recall that in this respect a cat and a Chinaman are somewhat alike—neither wants to go out in the rain.

Can Fight in the Rain

THAT the Chinese soldier went to war intending to protect himself from the rain that might fall was evidenced by the fact that every soldier had his oiled paper umbrella strapped to his back. But although for more than a week after the first shot was fired it rained almost constantly, the Chinaman fought on. Thousands of Chinese soldiers have been killed or have died of their wounds since this war began, and other thousands have been wounded.

Of course, there have been many near-tragedies that are now looked back upon as huge jokes, especially among the foreigners. Presumably under the impression that a Chinese war must be highly amusing, some foreigners have gone too close to the firing line, and escaped death by the miracle of inches.

The American novelist, Peter B. Kyne, creator of lovable old Cappy Ricks, came to China just about the time the war broke out. He had been planning the trip for twenty-five years, he said. Accompanying him were his wife and his private secretary, Miss Ruth Ohlson. Carl Crowe, one of the best-known Americans in the foreign colony here, invited them all to take a drive in his car. They would all go out toward where the Chekiang soldiers were encamped, and see them with their birds, their fans, and their paper umbrellas.

Mr. Kyne had another engagement, but the other three, together with the Chinese chauffeur, set out one afternoon. In a short time they arrived in the village of Liuho, where since there has been the bitterest fighting of the war. The party decided to get out of the car, and see the old town right. They heard popping sounds about them, but Mr. Crowe dismissed it with the one word—"firecrackers." But suddenly they noticed a soldier near them duck to cover, then another and another. Their chauffeur got out of the car with dispatch and crawled underneath it, and neither coaxing nor threats would dislodge him.

The three foreigners started down a narrow street in the direction of a foreign hospital. This they did about the time they discovered that the "firecrackers" were really infantry fire. The gates of the hospital were closed and barred when the party reached them, and just then hell broke loose in the shape of heavy artillery fire with shells bursting all about them.

Off across a paddy field, ankle deep in mud, they started in the direction of Pekin, or Leningrad. They tried to go with dignity, but when a "dud" buried itself in the soft mud, within ten feet of Mrs. Kyne, they dropped ceremony and ran as fast as they could in the sticky mud.

Refugees Flee to Shanghai

THEY ran for four miles before they came to a high-road and were picked up, together with some Chinese wounded, and brought back to town by an American who had also driven out to see how a Chinese war looked at close range.

The No. 1 boy at the boarding house on Avenue Joffre, where I am still sheltered, with his hand over his heart, said:

"Missie, I think the fighting is very bada. Belong why? So some Chinaman may feed his greed for more land and more power. My think very bada, and my country suffer very much. More better all live in peace as Confucius willed. Today Confucius' birthday, and still Chinaman fight."

If all the Chinese were like this very delightful, very charming No. 1 boy, China would indeed be happy, and contented. He is of the old school—polite, gentle, honest, gracious—in short, a gentleman whose bearing would be a credit to any country. He is a type of his race fast disappearing.

Refugees are still pouring into Shanghai till the sides of the city are fairly bulging out with her unwonted hordes. Many missionaries who stayed at their posts are now being forced to vacate them because of fighting in their very front yards. Some of these are making their escape in chairs, in ricshas, and in wheelbarrows; some are walking, carrying all of their belongings they can pack upon their backs. One of those who escaped in a wheelbarrow was Miss A. G. Waters, of the American Methodist Mission at Nanziang, who fled from her station only when very fierce fighting started right in her compound.

General Lu, heading the Chekiang army, with headquarters at Hangchow, fled to Shanghai when two divisions of his men deserted. Twenty thousand men deserting in a body would discourage almost any general, but General Lu issued a proclamation telling of his plans after he had conquered in this war, and taken over Nanking, the stronghold of the opposing General Chi. General Lu simply changed his headquarters to Shanghai, a better and more advantageous point, he contended, and in the same breath declared that whichever of his generals reached Hangchow first should claim the province of Chekiang. Moreover, when within a week five of his six ships deserted from the Chekiang navy (it is rumored the "Squeeze" was $160,000 paid by Kiangsu) Lu again declared his intention of a final victory over the Chihli party in general and Kiangsu in particular; also he suggested that he would be the cause of President Tsao Kun's becoming a fugitive.

Modern Death-Dealing Devices

GENERAL LU certainly has a stout heart if he can close his eyes to the desertion of twenty thousand men, and five battleships, and still vision a victory which, he contends, will end in a unified China.

The Chekiang-Kiangsu war, which has already cost its thousands of lives, and its tens of thousands of wounded, is but as a flea-bite compared with the warfare that will be raging in China within the next two months, according to the wise and older heads in this country.

Last summer a so-called peace treaty was made between Chekiang and Kiangsu which was worse than no treaty at all, because it failed to touch upon the most important question between the two provinces, namely, whether Shanghai should remain independent or should again become a part of Kiangsu. Unless this matter is settled once and for all, there will be no lasting peace between the two provinces or in China. The government at Pekin—called the Central Government—is also dissatisfied.

This war, unlike any other Chinese war all down the ages, is being prosecuted in an up-to-the-minute manner. Only modern death-dealing missiles are being used. Except for poison gases, all the missiles that were used in the World War are being employed here—trenches, mortars, bombs, hand grenades, airplanes, armored cars, everything.

Russians are being more and more recruited into the Chekiang army, and most of them have seen service in the great war. They are regarded as a distinct asset to a Chinese army, and are being enlisted at $8 a day, payment being made daily. Aside from this there is arranged certain insurance providing for wounds, and other insurance to be paid to dependents in case of death.

Spanish Interruptions—By V. S. PRITCHETT

"DEMONIO! Stop it!"

I look out of my window. The sky pours its molten blue upon Madrid and upon the pale, burnt plateau that varies from ledge to ledge, table-land to table-land, slope to slope, a hundred and fifty miles and more around it. In the hot haze due south are the red hills of Toledo, where the olive groves are marching, squadrons of them. There is the oasis-green of the Tagus valley. On the white roads the bells of the ox teams knell, the bells of the mule teams jingle, and the bells of the dusty sheep talk and talk like the bubbling and dropping of brook water. In Toledo the thin convent bells hit and hammer and the boom of the cathedral bell treads the air. On Toledo the sky pours its molten blue all day. In the brief twilight its silhouette, sharp and indigo, stands gravely against the white gold of the western sky.

"Demonio! Stop it!"

I come back to looking out of my window. The western walls of Madrid stare, white and red, at the sun. Madrid is glaring. It is a hard, unflinching glare. I hear the hard snarl of taxi horns. I hear the splitting cries of the news-women, the hard cries of the sellers of lottery tickets, the lugubrious cries of the men who sell crabs, the thin nasal voices of beggars singing below. And then comes the hard, sledge-hammer voice of Maria in the kitchen:

"Carlos! Demonio! Stop it!"

How can I think of beautiful things? Maria has dusted the hall and Carlos is teasing her in the kitchen. Don Carlos de Bourbon we call him, because it is absurd and makes him laugh. He is the youngest son of the family. Maria, whose tongue beats out the words like a sledge hammer and who walks like a queen, is the maid. Always when I am looking out of my window and traveling with Don Quixote through La Mancha, or with Borrow over the Leon Pass to Segovia, Maria sings a hoarse northern song, or Carlos pulls her hair, and I am brought back from castles in Spain to life in Spain.

Maria is from the north and cooks well, and breaks things, and is always scrubbing the hall when one's guests arrive. But she is energetic withal. Carlos is from the south, from Andalusia. Doña Carmen, his mother, is slight and dark and pretty, with black dull eyes. She is reserved, gentle, apathetic and affectionate. But talk to her of Cadiz and a radiance falls on her slim body, her eyes talk and have the eloquence of stars. The good days in Cadiz and Jerez, that blue week in Malaga and that white week in Seville with orange blossom odors in the air, will she ever forget them? How she climbed the Giralda! And sat by the deep emerald flow of the fountains in the Alcazar, and scarcely noticed the ceremonious wave of the palms as the courtly wind passed by! There were roses, too, millions of them, red and white and yellow, and the inspired honeysuckle.

In Seville all the senses were content in that white Easter. All one needed to do was to sit half in the shade, half in the sun, and close one's eyes, and the perfection of the hour came upon one in a gentle and cool crescendo, with the solace of a fan. The heart soared. The spirit deepened. So the eyes of Doña Carmen will tell you. Seville, like fairy porcelain, lies on the green tray of Andalusia, green no longer with the burning of the terrible sun. In Seville there is enchantment. But Juan, the brother of Carlos, a handsome boy, dark and fatally conversational, shabby and familiar, who doesn't do a stroke of work, often brings to my mind the other picture. As when I have been looking out of my window and Maria has cried, "Demonio! Stop it!" or *"Madre Mia"* or *"Maria Santissima,"* my dreams drop from me. The oil, the drains, the cafés, the alleys and the oily people sprawling and breathing their way in the dust up Sierpes—black and white and breathing blots they seem in the violent sunlight—these are things one forgets in the Alcazar when one's head is turned by the smell of orange blossom in the air. In Sierpes, heavy, fat men sit in a club, vacantly, drowsily, silently, in a condition of perspiring mental vacuum all day. Once, on the site of that club stood a prison. There, Cervantes was once an unwilling guest.

Commodore Stephen Decatur, hero of the *United States-Macedonian* duel. At twenty-five a captain, with a gold medal and a sword from Congress—at thirty, commander of the *United States*, the ship on which eleven years before he had served as midshipman.

Stories Our Old Log Books Tell

A Gallant British Officer Eats His Words

By WILLIAM J. MADDOX

ONE evening in the early summer of 1812, two officers sat over their wine in the cabin of the U. S. Frigate *United States* at anchor in Hampton Roads off Norfolk. Dinner had been cleared away, and they chatted in easy informality across the smooth-worn board. They were captains. But there the likeness stopped. One wore the uniform of the youthful American Navy, the other that of the British. Beyond this, too, there was an interesting contrast in the men themselves.

The host—the American—was scarcely above thirty. Pretty young, one would think, for the responsibilities of commanding a frigate of fifty-four guns. And there was just the merest suggestion of such a feeling in the manner of his guest. A thoughtfulness and poise about the American, though, bespoke early maturity in the school of experience. By a feat of daring at Tripoli during the war with the pirates he had earned his captain's commission at twenty-five, with a gold medal and a sword from Congress. At thirty, he commanded one of the pride frigates of the American Navy, the ship on which, eleven years before, he had served as a midshipman.

Such was Stephen Decatur, the younger, commanding the U. S. Frigate *United States*.

His guest, Captain Sir John Carden, commanding His Majesty's Frigate *Macedonian,* which rode peacefully at anchor not a cable's length away, was a man of different stamp. He was much older, with all the cocksureness of the British officer, conscious of his training in a navy to which the sea is a tradition. He was a born disciplinarian. Severity had lined his face and tightened his mouth. Throughout the British Navy he was known as a martinet—an able officer and a brave man.

Peace existed between the two countries just then, but war was in the air. English men-of-war were overhauling American ships on the high seas, on the pretext of taking deserters, and impressing American sailors. The conversation of the two officers turned on the prospect of the United States taking the last recourse to protect the rights of its seamen. They were good friends, but Sir John could not entirely forget, even as a guest, his uniform and years. At last he broke forth tartly:

"Look you here, Decatur, can Yankee seamen think to meet the ships of the Royal Navy on the high seas with hostile intent and not go down to defeat at the first test of battle? Vain thought! 'Tis simply absurd! Though your ships may be good enough and you are a clever set of fellows, what practice have you had in war? There's the rub!"

Decatur might well have asked where the rub was when Paul Jones swept the English Channel and sent English ships scurrying to cover—and were glad enough to have a place to hide. Whatever his reply, though, is not important. The irony of the thing has kept Carden's vanity alive. Within a few months, he and Decatur were to meet in one of the most notable sea duels of naval history. And Carden was to lose his ship in the first encounter.

Not only that, but in the eighteen encounters of the war, the Royal Navy was destined to meet with fifteen defeats.

One day in London, William Cobbett, the English radical, was praising the American victories. A British naval officer took exception to his remarks.

"There was good reason for it," rapped out the officer hotly. "I went aboard their men-of-war after our defeats, and found half their sailors were English."

"And," retorted Cobbett, "had you not *all* English?"

Carden and Decatur parted at Norfolk with the esteem and good wishes of one gallant officer for another.

War clouds were gathering thick. Americans even had but little confidence in their sea forces. The very name of the British Navy, weighted with traditions, seemed irresistible. President Madison and a coterie of weak-kneed advisors were for keeping the navy out of harm's way by mooring it up in safe harbors. Yankee ships and Yankee seamen were not thought capable of defending their right to go and come on the seas. And it's likely they would have had their way had not two distinguished officers, Commodores Stewart and Bainbridge, pleaded earnestly against it. In the end they carried the day.

On the eighteenth of June war was declared, and our second fight for independence—this time on the seas—was begun. Decatur with the *United States* was on a short cruise. As soon as he heard the news he hastened back to New York and joined the squadron being formed under Commodore John Rodgers. They were all ready to sail, and on the morning of the twenty-first, with the unlucky *President* as flagship, Rodgers weighed anchor. Clearing Sandy Hook in the afternoon, the squadron ran off to the southeast.

Rodgers' mission was to intercept a fleet of English West Indiamen returning to England. Two days out, a British frigate, the *Belvidera,* thirty-six guns, commanded by Captain Richard Byron, hove in sight. The *President* gave chase. But the best she could do was to engage the Britisher in a running fight from which she emerged much worse for the encounter. When things became too warm for her, the *Belvidera* showed a clean pair of heels. The pursuit of the West Indiamen carried the squadron as far as the chops of the English Channel, where Rodgers turned back having failed in his object. On August 31, the *United States* returned to Boston.

The second cruise of the *United States* in Rodgers' squadron was a short one. On October 8 they left Boston. Four days out Decatur decided to shift for himself. Taking advantage of a favorable opportunity he slipped away from the fleet and stood to the southward and eastward, with a view to getting into the track of the enemy's Indiamen.

Decatur's bold stroke was hailed by his men with delight. They had had enough of the Commodore. They wanted action and prize money. They were spoiling for a fight. The war had been on four months and they had hardly struck a lick. So their hearts gave a bound when they saw that Decatur was daringly trimming his course toward the heart of the British trade routes. Here, if anywhere, prizes were to be had and telling blows delivered at the enemy.

And they had not long to wait.

Unlike the *President,* the *United States* was known as a lucky ship from the start. She had been the first of the new frigates built under the Authorization of 1796, at a cost of $299,336. No less a person than Commodore John Barry, senior officer of the navy, had supervised her construction. And when she slipped into the water at Philadelphia, July 10, 1797, she was considered the last word in shipbuilding. She was 175 feet in length, with 43.6 beam, and mounted thirty-two 24-pounders and twenty-two 42-pound carronades.

When first fitted for sea, however, the new frigate revealed decidedly poor sailing qualities. She was dubbed the "Old Wagon," and the name stuck. It was soon discovered, though, that she could hold her own with most of the ships of her class when trimmed by the head.

But she had the name of being a lucky ship—and that was what counted with the men. It meant action and prize money.

The weather kept fine. Occasional calms were encountered, but for the most part there was a good wind and easy sailing.

The afternoon of Saturday, the twenty-fourth, found the *United States* about eight hundred miles due west of the Canaries. The weather was pleasant and moderate. The light sails and storm staysails had been stowed away. At 2 p. m. what little breeze there was began dying down, and the mainsail and spanker were hauled up. At midnight a calm fell which continued until 4 a. m.

The *United States* was now in the track of the enemy's merchantmen and every man was on his toes.

Sunday morning broke clear with a light wind from the south and east. At 6 o'clock the lookout descried a strange sail from the masthead to the south and east. Decatur ordered the ship cleared for action. At 8 o'clock it was seen that she was a frigate with British colors.

The *United States* was in latitude 29° north, longitude 29° 30′ west.

Both ships were eager for the fight. The Britisher, who had been running a little free, now bore down under a full press of canvas with topmast and topgallant studding sails set. The *United States* was close hauled on the port tack, the wind being fresh from the SSE. It was a gallant sight for a peaceful Sunday morning, the ships standing toward one another gracefully spreading their dimity like belles in a minuet.

With a grim sort of joy, Decatur made out the stranger to be the *Macedonian.* She was a frigate of the largest class, two years old, four months out of dock, and reputed to be one of the best sailers in the British Navy. She mounted 49 guns, the odd one shifting, and carried a complement of 301 men.

The *Macedonian* was slightly lighter than the *United States.* But Carden prided himself on the efficiency of his ship. And being to the windward, he had the advantage of engaging at his own distance. This was considered a position of great importance, and Carden was determined to keep it. For when he had come to within a league he hauled by the wind and came round on the same tack as the *United States.* Decatur was keeping close to the wind, so close that the leeches of his sails shook. The distance between the ships was gradually diminishing. When he had closed to little more than a mile, Carden hauled up on an easy bowline and opened the action. Decatur replied with a larboard broadside that fell short. The distance was too great for the carronades.

Wearing round, the *United States* now came up to the wind on the other tack, heading northerly. This brought her starboard battery into play, and Decatur delivered another broadside. This time his long 24's reached home. The fire from the *Macedonian* was doing but little damage.

"Aim for the yellow!" was the word passed round to the gunners by Lieutenant Allen, the man to whose training their telling marksmanship was largely due. The yellow was a stripe that marked the Britisher's hull at about the water line.

Coming round again, the *United States* headed once more to the southward, on the same tack as the *Macedonian,* both ships keeping up a heavy cannonade.

Seeing that his fire was ineffectual, and having the advantage of the wind, Carden attempted to close. But he had put off too long a move that should have been taken early in the action. Dropping his foresail, he bore up and came down on the *United States,* keeping the wind on his port quarter.

Decatur, meanwhile, laid his main-topsail to the mast and poured in a terrific fire on the approaching ship. Hauling up, Carden replied with his starboard battery. But Decatur gave him two for one. It was his first advantage of the action and he pressed it home with a will. So fierce was the American fire and so

(Concluded on page 15)

The *United States* raking the *Macedonian* in the last stages of the fight. Decatur crossed her wake handsomely and withdrew to reeve new rigging. When he returned to renew the action, Carden struck his colors.

Ringing at the Door of Yesterday

The Romantic Fascination of Lambeth Palace

By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

Drawings by L. Pern Bird

I FELT as if I were ringing at the door of yesterday when standing before the Great Gatehouse of Lambeth Palace: a mellow, red-brick building with gray, stone dressings; set up or rebuilt more than four hundred years ago by John Morton, Cardinal, Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Chancellor to King Henry VII and as famous a builder as his master.

Behind me the River Thames glinting in casual sunshine; beyond it Westminster and the City; close on my right hand the parish church of Lambeth, in which many an archbishop lies sleeping, let us hope the sleep of the just, and against the sturdy tower whereof Mary Beatrice of Modena, Queen to King James II, flying from the Royal Palace of Whitehall across the water, with her infant son in her arms cowered for shelter one bleak winter night in 1688, the while they brought a common coach to carry her to Greenwich, on her way to helpless exile.

Despite the clanking of the trolley cars, the uproar of automobiles and heavy wagons, and now and again a snort from a river steamer, it seemed as if I were saying farewell to today as I passed through the gate into the spacious courtyard and that I was stepping into yesterday; countless yesterdays.

As with many another ancient building in London, Lambeth Palace is a case of new spirits in an old bottle; the vivid life of then mingling freely with the no less vivid life of now. Looking round the quiet, stately courtyard my thoughts ranged backward and forward, to the business of the past and of the present.

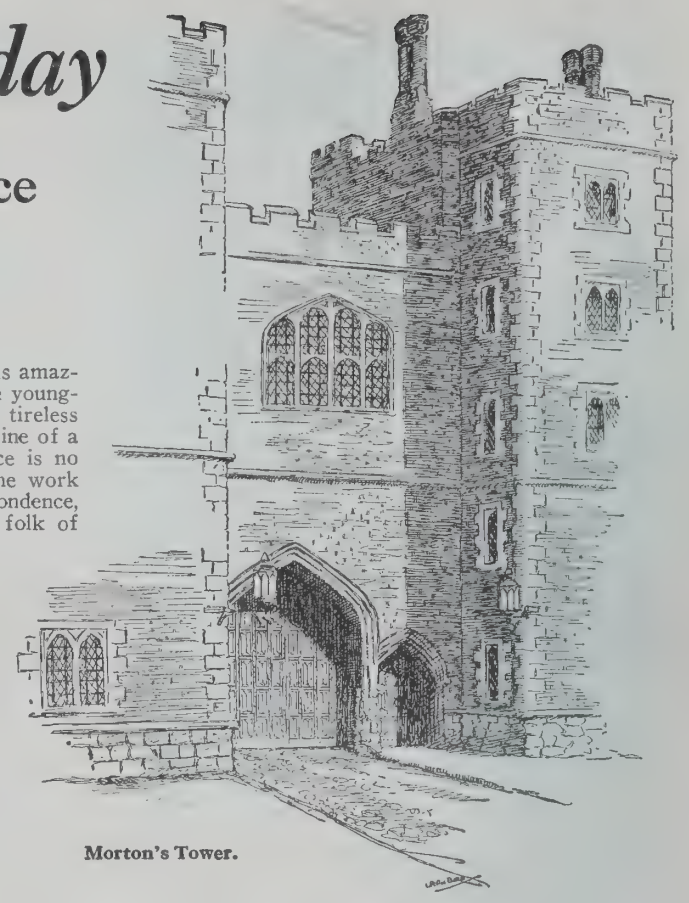
Today, here lives and works a most eagerly busy Englishman: the Most Reverend and Right Honorable Randall Thomas Davidson, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of All England and Metropolitan; born in April of the year 1848; Bishop of Rochester, 1891-1895; of Winchester, 1895-1903, in which year he was appointed to the See and Archbishopric of Canterbury. In earlier years he had been Dean of Windsor and a favored counselor and personal friend of Queen Victoria. It is interesting to note that among those who assisted at his consecration as Bishop of Rochester, in Westminster Abbey, was Benjamin Whipple, Bishop of Minnesota. There is a close bond between the Church of England and the Protestant Episcopal Church of America.

At His Grace's kindly invitation I had come here to learn somewhat of the strenuous life the Primate leads and of the multifarious calls that are made upon his time and energies.

He succeeded to a great tradition; has followed in the footsteps of many men of high place in the history of England. The names of some of his predecessors spring readily to memory. Long before Lambeth Palace was built was the first Archbishop of Canterbury, Saint Augustine, the earliest of the missionaries sent from Rome to this country; Saint Dunstan, a man of many ventures and adventures, who is said to have put the Devil's nose out of joint by tweaking it severely; Saint Thomas à Becket, 1162-1170, whose shrine was an attraction to so many Canterbury Pilgrims; the aforementioned Cardinal Morton, 1486-1500; Thomas Cranmer, 1533-1556; burned at the stake for persisting in holding pestilent Protestant heresies; William Laud, 1633-1645, faithful servant to faithless King Charles, and so on.

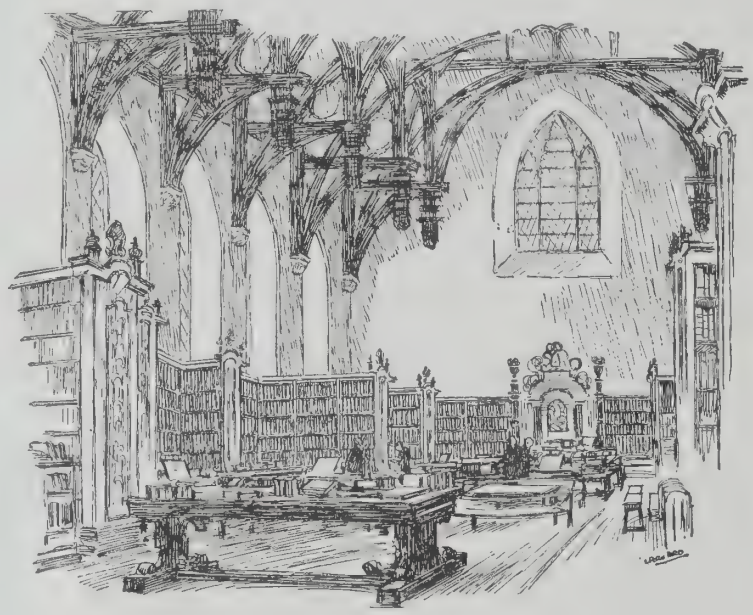
I rang at an inner door, and, passing through the lofty entrance hall, was greeted at the top of the broad stairway by His Grace's chaplain. Crossing the threshold I had immediately sensed that I was in an abode fitting for the first Peer of the Realm, who takes precedence of all officers of state and of all dukes save those of the royal blood; supreme head of the Anglican church, second to the King of England only.

Assisted by his secretaries in his private room, "My sanctum," as he terms it, the Archbishop daily spends many strenuous hours. Despite his 76 years he is amazingly vigorous in mind and body, astonishing the youngest of his visitors and fellow-workers by his tireless energy and facile mentality. The following outline of a typical day's work serves to show that his office is no sinecure: Prayers, 8:30, then breakfast; routine work and dealing personally with his immense correspondence, 9:45 to 11:00; interviewing some of the many folk of all degrees and almost all nations who come to him for advice and help, 11:00 to 12:00; then, say, a visit to the British Museum, of which he is one of the principal trustees and in the working of which he takes a great and lively interest; luncheon at 1:30; more routine work, 2:00 to 3:45; then, when it is sitting, a walk along the Embankment and over Westminster Bridge to the House of Lords, 4:00 to 6:00 or 6:30; back to the palace for more routine work, the signing of letters and so forth, till 7:30; dinner at 8:00; prayers at 9:45; clearing up odds and ends of work till, say, 11:00; bed about 12:00. A well-filled and laborious day!



Morton's Tower.

Imperative calls upon his time are almost endless. Nominally the King is governor of the Church of England; the Archbishop may be described as its permanent prime minister. He plays a big part in national life, by no means confining himself to things ecclesiastical. He is constant in his attendance at the House of Lords; being in a sense looked on as the Father of the House, advising with and being consulted by his fellow peers of all parties not only upon all political matters which in any degree trench upon this kindly, fatherly interest "does not tend even remotely in the direction of what could be called an autocracy. The risk of any outcome so disastrous as that would be, grows less, not greater. But in scores of cases in which there is no actual jurisdiction to be exercised this filial relationship results in the encouragement of mutual loyalty between part and part, and in the maintenance of truest communion and fellowship throughout the scattered branches of what is now a world-wide church." He is officially consulted by the bishops of the Church of England upon knotty points of church discipline and doctrine, and often upon legal problems of many kinds. They all, including the Archbishop of York, act in co-ordination with the Primate in the conduct of church affairs.



The Great Hall, or library.

There are two important Anglican Communions in North America: in Canada and in the United States. In 1787, Dr. Charles Inglis was consecrated Bishop of Nova Scotia with jurisdiction over all British possessions in North America.

Many of the bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States are among the personal friends of the Primate; all are in close fellowship with him, trusting in him, looking on him as a wise advisor and as one always ready to help with counsel and sympathy. Numerous are the visitors from the United States and none more warmly welcome. It is worthy of note that Doctor Randall Davidson was the first Archbishop of Canterbury to cross the Atlantic, in 1904 visiting America, speaking and preaching in Washington, Philadelphia, New York City, Boston and elsewhere.

Such is the man. Such is his work.

Yet the whole atmosphere of Lambeth Palace is one of peace, not of stress and strain. Difficult it is to believe that anyone is ardently busy in these tranquil rooms with their air of quiet dignity. I hear no call to be energetic as I look out of the broad windows of the drawing-room on trim lawns and stately trees. But I turn to look at the fine portrait of the Primate painted by Sargent, and remember the busy brain at work in the "sanctum" nearby. These rooms are in the modern portion of the palace, built by Archbishop Howley in the years 1829-1834; not a high-water period in English architecture; all that can be truly said of this prelate's handiwork is that it is "not so bad as it might have been."

The best-known portion of the old palace is the Lollards' Tower, dating from the middle of the fifteenth century; so called by reason of the popular belief, for which there is no sound foundation, that here were imprisoned many Lollards, followers of Wycliffe. But certainly in this grim place, in the year 1648, Colonel Richard Lovelace, Cavalier soldier and poet, was a prisoner. It is pleasing to know that he was described as "the most amiable and beautiful person that ever eye beheld." It was not here, however, but in the Gatehouse prison at Westminster that he wrote:

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage.

And I like to think that in olden days, when the river was the busiest highway in London, the watermen doffed their caps as they rowed by to the image of Saint Thomas à Becket that stood in a niche on this tower.

Many a long and profitable hour could I have spent rambling hither and thither here, but had not the hard-heartedness to trespass too heavily upon the good-nature of my kindly entertainer. I looked into the dining room, known in the past as the Guard Chamber; a fine apartment, of which the most humanly interesting feature is the magnificent series of portraits of the Archbishops since the year 1503; most admirable perhaps is that of Archbishop Warham painted by Hans Holbein, which hangs over the ample fireplace; but almost equally noteworthy are those of Laud by Vandyke and of Thomas Secker by Reynolds.

Then into the Great Hall, a noble chamber, built, or, rather, rebuilt by Archbishop William Juxon, who, it

The Archbishop in his private room. (Drawn by special permission of His Grace.)

the interests of the church but also upon questions affecting public morals. By the way: William Wake, 1657-1737, was the last archbishop to go to Parliament in his stately barge: "a boat of noble shape, and ornamented with the ensign of the archbishop's dignity, always on the river, in which he can at any moment cross to Whitehall."

The Anglican Communion comprises all the churches in communion with the Church of England; namely, the Church of England itself, the Scottish Episcopal Church; the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States of America; also the various provinces throughout the British Empire and certain missionary jurisdictions attached to the See of Canterbury. The Archbishop is the foremost personage in the National Assembly of the Church of England, which was constituted "to deliberate on all matters concerning the Church of England, and to make provision in respect thereof," and which consists of three houses—Bishops, Clergy and Laity. He is the chairman of the Upper House of the Convocation of Canterbury. Seemingly, this would be enough work for any one man, but to this has to be added all the regular work of the diocese! He also presides over the Lambeth Conferences, held since 1878 every ten years and attended by all the bishops of the Church of England and of the churches in communion with it. He holds almost numberless offices, which entail work to which he gives patient and painstaking attention. His authority, official and unofficial, moral and material, is boundless. But never has any man presumed less upon the power of his place, or made smaller demand to have "the say so" except when strictly called upon to do so by the exigencies of his office. He is *not* an Anglican pope! But he is trusted, consulted, esteemed by high and low in Anglican communities throughout the world. As he himself has pointed out,

will be remembered, attended Charles I upon the scaffold at Whitehall and received his last words. Of the many places in London town that are haunted for me by those who have lived in the pages of fiction only this is one. Do we not read in the "Memoirs of the Life of Mr. John Inglesant, Sometime Servant to King Charles I," set forth by John Henry Shorthouse, that one day in September of the year 1640 Inglesant went by water to Lambeth, having been invited to dinner by Archbishop Laud? After the repast, which was served in this Great Hall and during which many anxious matters were discussed, "the Archbishop rose from table, and retired into one of the windows, at the upper end of the hall, overlooking the river, requesting Inglesant, to whom he pointed out the beauties of the view, to follow him." Today, we too can stand there, looking upon the beauties of the view, though all things there have been vastly changed since those days when Lambeth was an outlying village.

This hall now houses the library, which was founded with a bequest of books from Archbishop Bancroft, who died in the year 1610, being a contemporary therefore of two quite well-known folk—Queen Bess and her servant William Shakespeare, both of whom may have been here; the former certainly was on more than one occasion, an exacting, expensive, and sometimes exasperating guest to entertain! Among the valuable books here gathered together is preserved her prayerbook, looking almost as freshly bright as a thing of yesteryear.

"In Lambeth Palace chapel no instructed man can look round him without the inrush of thoughts, associations, and memories, rich and plentiful, modern as well as old," says Doctor Randall Davidson; true saying, indeed. It dates from about the year 1250; its builder Boniface of Savoy, Archbishop, who died in the year 1270, while accompanying Edward I upon a Crusade. Bald, bare facts, but they resound of the medieval and rouse strange, murmuring echoes in this little house of worship. Herein since that date many archbishops have been consecrated; in 1750 the first Anglican American Bishop, Charles Inglis, already mentioned; herein for more than seven hundred years—with a brief intermission during the Commonwealth—daily service has been said or sung morning and evening. Herein ribald men danced and sang in the Puritan days, as is more or less credibly stated; if truly so, the less Puritan they! Puritanism had been made by its enemies to cover a multitude of sins never committed.

But the Palace and this chapel in particular were evilly entreated in those days; after the Restoration Juxon found it in poor condition; very much of a ruin. There has been too much indiscreet restoration since in these ancient buildings. But there still lingers here the spirit of the past. It is still haunted by memories of the great dead.

Archbishop Potter (1715-1737) was the first to call this manor house a palace. Officially, in documents, it is still designated "our house" at Lambeth. Strictly speaking, a bishop's palace is situated in the city from which the see takes its name; the house being his mansion elsewhere, as this of the Archbishop at Lambeth. His palace is at Canterbury, where he yearly spends four of his busiest months, October to January.

The Old Guard Room (with the famous Holbein portrait of Archbishop Warham over the fireplace).

But whether it be palace or house, what matters it? Herein have dwelt many leading players in the tragedies and the comedies of English history for centuries past. It is the abode of the dead and of the living; a part of yesterday and of today.

"The Almighty Dollar"—A Brief History

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lars, naturally American silver dollars were sent, as the Spanish coins commanded a premium at the mint. To meet this difficulty Jefferson suspended the coinage of the silver dollar and from 1805 to 1839 no American silver dollar was struck. However, as the smaller silver coins had relatively the same quantity of silver, gradually these also were exported and foreign coins constituted a large portion of American currency. From 1826 to 1830 out of eleven million of silver money coined in America, eight million were coined from foreign dollars.

In 1834 a heroic measure was passed by Congress in the Coinage Act of 1834 fixing the ratio of silver to gold at 16 to 1. This over-valued the gold just as the 15 to 1 over-valued the silver. As the actual ratio was 15.7 to 1, one could buy for $157 in silver bullion an amount of gold which would give $160 in American gold coin. The gain on such a transaction was approximately 2 per cent, which was more than sufficient to make the exchange highly profitable. During the period from 1834 to 1873 the silver disappeared just as the gold had done in the preceding years. During this time gold and, during the Civil War, "greenbacks" were the medium of exchange and silver was obtained with difficulty. Simon Newcomb, the astronomer, wrote in 1879 that "it would probably be safe to assert that .... one-half of the citizens of our country, born since 1840, had never seen a United States silver dollar."

It must be remembered that both silver and gold have intrinsic value for many commercial purposes even aside from the very evident gold and silver smiles which we all see every day. Gold and silver are commodities like potatoes and the possessor of either metal naturally seeks to sell it where it purchases the most. An actual debasement of American currency was introduced by the act of 1834 in that the gold eagle was reduced from 247.5 grains to 232 grains, a reduction of more than 6 per cent.

In 1853 Congress recognized the urgent need of fractional silver currency, that is, half-dollars, quarters, dimes, and half-dimes, by an act decreasing the amount of silver in these coins below the point where it was profitable to sell them as bullion. Silver like copper was treated in this act as a subsidiary metal, used for convenience and not as the standard of value. The amount of silver in the fractional coins was reduced to 345.6 grains to the dollar and free coinage of silver was abandoned.

The paper money of the Civil War drove out both gold and silver just as first (1792-1834) the cheaper silver had driven out the gold and then as the cheaper gold (1834-1853) had driven out the silver. This is according to what is known as Gresham's law, that when there are two types of currency the cheaper will drive the other out of circulation.

In 1873 the silver dollar was dropped and by the act of 1873 the fractional silver coins became "legal tender at their nominal value for any amount not exceeding five dollars in any one payment." In 1874 this act was extended to include all silver coins. This, and the act of 1873 in suspending the coinage of dollars, constituted the demonetization of silver. From 1874 to 1877 no silver dollars were struck but in 1878 their coinage, but not free coinage, was resumed with the weight 412.5 grains and .900 fine.

The price of silver began to fall quite rapidly in 1874 and continued to do so for about thirty years with particularly violent fluctuations during the last ten years. The first cause of the decrease in silver was doubtless the increased production due to the discovery of the Nevada silver mines. Before 1860 more ounces of gold were mined in America than silver, but the amount of silver produced here was more than double the gold from 1861 to 1865, four times as much from 1866 to 1870, eight times as much in 1871, thirteen times as much in 1872, and sixteen times as much from 1873 to 1875. Further than this, during this period, Germany, in 1871, and other countries about that time, went on a gold basis as gold was found so much more suitable to the larger commercial transactions. The financial supremacy of England with its gold standard had no little to do with the general adoption of gold. The metal itself has, it cannot be denied, a strange fascination for Europeans and Americans, more so than it has for Orientals.

At the present time the bullion value of the silver in a silver dollar is less than 50 cents gold, and during the past twenty years has been as low (1909) as 40 cents and as high as 86.7 cents (1919).

The dollar sign which we commonly think of as some form of U. S. with the letters intertwined has nothing to do with these letters. Professor Florian Cajori, of the University of California, after extensive study of documents used in Colonial times, has shown that the $ sign is an abbreviation first used for the Spanish dollar or peso, a combination of the letters *p* and *s*. Since the dollar itself was adopted in America largely because of the wide use of the Spanish dollar it is highly appropriate that the symbol should happen to be Spanish in origin.

During the period 1794 to 1804, inclusive, about one and one-half million dollars were coined, the first one being struck in 1794. From 1805 to 1837 none were coined; from 1837 to 1873, six and one-half million appeared. During the years 1873 to 1878 nearly thirty-five million of so-called trade dollars of 420 grains were struck for commercial use in dealing with India and the Orient to compete with the Mexican dollars. A large portion of our American dollars continue to be used for this purpose. Aside from trade dollars slightly more than eight hundred million of the so-called "iron men" have been coined by the United States. A grand total of one billion three hundred sixteen million dollars and then some not worth mentioning has left the American mints in the form of silver coins while three billion five hundred forty million and then some odd thousands in gold coin have been thrust upon the American public by a supposedly generous government.

By far the larger portion of gold coin and bullion, more than four billion in the two forms, is held by the United States Treasury and the Federal Reserve System. Some four hundred million of gold is technically in circulation, although much of this is in small banks as reserve. Some fifty million of silver dollars and two hundred fifty of subsidiary silver is in circulation but Uncle Sam has at the present time about 450 further million in vaults largely represented in circulation by the silver certificates. According to a recent Federal Reserve Bulletin the per capita gold in circulation is $3.52, gold certificates $7.11 (a lucky combination), silver $2.73, and silver certificates $3.23, with a grand total of all forms of U. S. notes and conveyances Federal Reserve notes of $42.20 a head. Of this $42.20 nearly $17 per capita is in the form of Federal Reserve notes, which have certainly helped to swell our currency.

At the present time we certainly do have, by the influx of gold and other means, the cheap money which was the goal ardently sought by the advocates of sixteen to one. However, all the signs of the times point to a dollar with more purchasing power. Keep this in mind and remember that the only mighty dollar is the one which is to your credit.

Mexico's Children—Submerged

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civilizing death rate among their adult population, we shall have to come to their assistance.

Why should we not? We are the world's richest nation, we are perhaps the world's best organizers, we are among its most humanitarian peoples. We have sprung to the relief of China and Japan, of France and Poland, of Austria, of Russia, of the Near East. Everywhere our initiative, our energy, our faculty for getting at the causes of things, have not only relieved the calamity of the moment but have brought about basic changes in the environment that in some cases have made possible an almost magical rise in the level of life and well-being. The stamping out of hookworm in infected areas has changed the face of the world for whole populations, the diverting of a river bed has banished the specter of famine from a province where for centuries it has stalked. As the people of these infected areas, these starved provinces, recovered from the enervation, the depression, the paralysis of their basic evils, they have more and more developed the intelligence, the ambition and the will power to tackle their other problems for themselves.

And so, beyond question, would the Mexicans. Their basic evil, the evil from which all their other evils spring, is the devastating death rate—with all the widespread sickness such a death rate indicates—among those age groups of the population who should be the very bulwark of the national well-being. Until that is checked there is little we can hope for either from the present generation or the one that is to succeed it. If children are to be brought up in anything like the standards of the civilized world, there must be grown people enough to do it. There must be enough not only to feed and clothe them, to shelter them, to cook and wash and sew for them, but there must be whole armies of men and women engaged in services less immediate but none the less vital for that. There must be roads and railroads to break up that isolation in which nothing but savagery or barbarism can exist. There must be schools, there must be libraries and playgrounds, there must be abundant and pure water, there must be food inspection, public sanitation, medical and nursing services within the reach of all. There must, therefore, be men and women to build and organize these things and run them after they are organized and built. And back of them there must be men and women enough to meet the cost of these tremendously expensive undertakings.

Mexico's tragedy is that just as her citizens reach the age for this they die. But are we willing that they should keep on doing so? Are we willing that this generation of her children, bright children, lovable children, children whose potentialities impress every foreigner who has to deal with them, should grow up in the poverty, the ignorance, the violence that has made their nation so antipathetic to us, so difficult in all the contacts we have had with it? Wouldn't we rather that they had their chance at the standards, the ideals, the relationships of the modern world?

If so, we can see that they get it. And we are probably the only people that can.

The Lord's Acre

By J. C. GILBERT

> Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap in mercy; break up your fallow ground: for it is time to seek the Lord, till He come and rain righteousness upon you.—*Hos. 10-12.*

MEMBERS of the Methodist Church of Plainville, Kansas, tiring of the usual methods of raising money for their church, put in 160 acres of wheat last autumn. The wheat on this quarter section turned out 3,261 bushels of the finest grain of which the church realized a two-thirds share. After all expenses had been paid the church realized a net balance of $1,383.97 which was later augmented by a donation of $22.22 made by the man who hauled the wheat, swelling the total net revenue to $1,406.19.

The labor was given free by the people who had the interest of the church at heart and the result is seen not only in the money raised but in the new solidarity of the membership which this activity has caused. The good feeling that existed from the day the field was planted until the grain was harvested and sold was evidenced by the fact that there were those that did not belong to the Methodist church or any other church who willingly put their shoulders to the wheel and helped the cause. It is indeed a remarkable achievement and one worthy of repetition. Apart from being a creditable financial undertaking in itself it is a welcome departure from the usual bazaars, ice cream socials and other revenue-raising events on which the churches so often have to depend for their very existence.

Another instance comes to our notice. Last year, the Rev. H. M. Melton, pastor of the Baptist Church of Bluffton, Georgia, induced seven planters to sign the following agreement:

"We, the undersigned farmer members of the Bluffton Baptist Church, hereby agree to plant, cultivate and harvest one acre from our farm, said acre to be known as the Lord's acre. We agree to turn the proceeds of said acre in to a committee appointed by the church. They are to dispose of same and distribute the funds derived from it in such a way as we may instruct."

The boll weevil did its worst that year but it touched not the Lord's acres. One planter grew a bale of cotton on his Lord's acre, which he did not even spray with calcium arsenate. "It is in the Lord's hands," said he. As a result of this little experiment, this year Baptist headquarters in Atlanta were amazed to find that 100 churches in Georgia had instituted the Lord's acre idea, making a total of 500 acres, from which the yield is expected to be at least $20.000. Surely these are commendable undertakings and serve to stabilize church finances.

Breaking—the Means of Making

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by the Chase National Bank of New York. Spot cash in *gold* upon delivery was paid.

In this enormous cotton movement to Germany and Russia, governments are wondering what proportion is to be used for war purposes. Germany has more stored, unmanufactured cotton today than she had in 1913.

> The Federal International Banking Company of New Orleans, of which Mr. Hecht became the executive director, is the only Edge bank now in existence. The law is practically a dead letter notwithstanding the fact that upon its passage it was believed by everybody except the Jewish nationalists that it would solve the problem of financing America's export trade.

Pine Street Whispers "Wall Street"—Hist!

THE organization meeting of Mr. McHugh's projected Foreign Trade Financing Corporation was held in Chicago, December 11, 1920. The meeting was called by the ex-president of the American Bankers Association, Mr. Hawes. There was great enthusiasm. There were discussions and rediscussions. Mr. McHugh himself was made the chairman of a committee of thirty to supervise the formation of the corporation. There were some interesting names on that list: note them, they appear later.

> Mr. Paul M. Warburg, former governor of the Federal Reserve Board; chairman (at the present time) of the Advisory Committee of the Federal Reserve Board; afterward organizer and chairman of the Board of Directors of the International Acceptance Bank of No. 31 Pine Street, New York City.
>
> F. O. Watts, president of the First National Bank of St. Louis.
>
> Levi L. Rue, president of the First National Bank of Philadelphia.
>
> Philip Stockton, vice-president of the Old Colony Trust Company of Boston.

Mr. Warburg was a financier at the moment out of a job, having left the partnership in the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., and he was made a member of the executive committee of the Committee on Organization of Mr. McHugh's Financing Corporation. Rudolph Hecht was called in to help organize the southern bankers. William F. Collins, now of the Seaboard National Bank of New York City, was made executive secretary of the organization committee. Offices were opened on the seventeenth floor of No. 66 Broadway. Everything was going along in a swirl.

In January, 1921, Mr. McHugh was warned that the organization program was slowing down. It was pointed out to him where the opposition lay and the reasons for the opposition. He refused to believe that there was any opposition.

During the month, however, a number of things happened; in fact the first real gun of the opposition was fired. Jewish nationalism, as a rule, has no difficulty in handling labor.

It whispers around the word "Wall Street," and labor reacts in the way that labor has been educated to react.

Whispers concerning *"Pine Street"* never start.

Something had to be done to shelve the farmer.

In a farm publication of January 24, 1921, there appeared an article signed by one William Wallace Brauer, in which the Foreign Trade Financing Corporation was called a typical Wall Street project designed to squeeze money out of the farmers. That was sufficient.

The announcement of the organization of the International Acceptance Bank of No. 31 Pine Street, New York City, appeared February 13, 1921, and the announcement was made by Mr. Warburg himself. It was organized under New York State laws, capitalized for ten million dollars.

Enter International Acceptance Bank

ON THE following day, the now defunct New York *Call,* owned and controlled by Morris Hilkowitz, gave three-quarters of a column to a laudatory story of its inception. It added that Max Warburg, of Hamburg, was organizing a similar bank in Germany. In the columns of the *Call,* anything touching on or appertaining to Wall Street leads to invective and abuse. Touching on or appertaining to Pine Street, it receives dignified presentation.

In his opening announcement, Mr. Warburg was careful to say that his bank would in no way interfere with the operations of the Foreign Trade Financing Corporation. The former, he claimed, was designed to handle short-time paper only, the latter would deal only in long-time credits.

That Mr. McHugh and his associates had not yet realized that their venture was doomed to obscurity is indicated by the fact that the *Literary Digest* carried a laudatory article of two and a half pages, March 5, 1921, on the subject of the organization of the Foreign Trade Financing Corporation. This was afterward used by the McHugh forces as advertising, the patriotic *motive* being strong.

The International Acceptance Bank, Inc., of No. 31 Pine Street, New York, was opened for business April 12, 1921. Mr. Paul M. Warburg had another job, and it was not in the Foreign Trade Financing Corporation. The organization headquarters of the latter became frequented less and less; and, finally, in June, Mr. McHugh read its obituary notice. It was said that the official opening of the Foreign Trade Financing Corporation had been placed in the hands of a committee of the Advisory Council of the Federal Reserve Board. The names of this committee were given as follows:

> Levi L. Rue, president, Philadelphia National Bank.
>
> Paul M. Warburg, formerly governor, Federal Reserve Board.
>
> John J. Mitchell, chairman, Illinois Trust and Savings Company.
>
> Philip Stockton, president, Old Colony Trust Company, Boston.
>
> E. F. Swinney, president, First National Bank, Kansas City.
>
> F. O. Watts, president, First National Bank, St. Louis.

Mr. McHugh's statement concludes as follows:

> "In view of the world conditions in trade, and in view further of the suggestion that has been made that credits should not be extended until the machinery of the League of Nations is perfected, it was deemed wisest by the organizers of the Foreign Trade Financing Corporation that a committee on policy, such as that named, should at once be appointed."

The International Acceptance Bank, Inc., of No. 31 Pine Street, New York, is doing a thriving business under the laws of the State of New York. The Foreign Trade Financing Corporation is dead.

If Mr. Warburg's bank was to do all the acceptance business out of Germany under conditions which approach normalcy, *it was quite necessary that there should be some more legislation by Congress.* In the first place, his bank was not big enough to do all that would be required of it. His position and connections with other banks were such that a large percentage of those acceptances offered from Germany could be rediscounted, but bankers generally did not like that kind of paper. It "froze" up assets even if it did pay good returns. It is quite necessary sometimes to have money where one can put hands on it quickly, even in the banking business.

Mr. Warburg as Propagandist

IN THE second place, international acceptances had not been very popular with bankers, especially outside of the big cities. As bills of exchange they were comparatively new instruments. The form had not been standardized, and even yet it sometimes takes a Philadelphia lawyer to decide as to their legality. Bankers scrutinize them with doubtful eyes before deciding to invest. In the case of paper "accepted" by a foreign bank, and failure to pay by the buyer of the goods, collections were often difficult.

But the one final reason for the legislation desired lay in another direction. The Federal Reserve System largely emanated from the brain of Mr. Warburg and was copied after the central banking system of Germany. A situation was arising which defeated its excuse for existence. That lay in the amount of its non-money-making assets. These assets were rising by leaps and bounds. The system had more money than it knew what to do with. The funds were dead and not earning, and the prospect was that, with the increase of prosperity, the difficulty of over-prosperity was not only to continue but to increase.

The solution to these many difficulties naturally lay in legislation which authorized rediscounting of this kind of paper by the Federal Reserve Bank. This latter would then be the buffer. It took two years of quiet educational propaganda in Washington to bring it about, and Mr. Warburg, of course, was the chief propagandist —but eventually it came.

The so-called *Federal Agricultural Credits Act* of 1923, which was approved in March of that year, had a rider which amended the Federal Reserve Act and it read like this:

> "Upon the indorsement of any of its member banks, which shall be deemed a waiver of demand, notice and protest by such bank as to its own indorsement exclusively, any Federal Reserve Bank may discount notes, drafts, and bills of exchange arising out of actual commercial transactions; that is, notes, drafts, and bills of exchange issued or drawn for agricultural, industrial, or commercial purposes, or the proceeds of which have been used, or are to be used, for such purposes, *the Federal Reserve Board to have the right to determine or define the character of the paper thus eligible for discount, within the meaning of this Act."* (Italics for emphasis.)

Federal Reserve Makes Money for Germany

IT IS extremely doubtful if any of those who had to do with the passage of this Act knew the ultimate objective of these words. If they did, it does not appear in the discussion. The authority was now in the hands of the Federal Reserve Board when the time should come for action. But the time had not come. The Schacht gold bank was incorporated *in Berlin* by special act of the Reichstag, *March 12, 1924.* Mr. Warburg announced to Europe and especially to Germany, through Reuter's News Agency, *on April 24, 1924,* that the International Acceptance Bank in America had established an American banking syndicate for the granting of unrestricted credit facilities to the new German gold bank.

The move for putting into actual operation the authority granted to the Federal Reserve Board began at a meeting of the Advisory Council held in Washington, May 14, 1924. It will be remembered that Mr. Warburg himself is chairman of the Advisory Council. Resolutions drafted by Mr. Warburg and afterward redrafted by himself because the originals were not entirely acceptable to some of the members of the council, were passed, asking that the Federal Reserve Board take every possible step to aid in the financial readjustments incident to the creation of the German bank of issue (that is, the Schacht gold bank which was ready for business) proposed in the Dawes Report. The Dawes Report had as yet been accepted by nobody! The confidence with which acceptance of the Dawes Report was postulated passes belief!

> With the Federal Reserve Bank as a final buffer for the absorption in this country of Schacht gold bank acceptances, this form of paper becomes very valuable to American banks and increases the market manyfold. Member banks could rediscount them at the Federal Reserve and change frozen into liquid assets. Keep in mind all the time that Schacht gold bank acceptances will reach this country only through the International Acceptance bank.

Credit for Germany's Overlords

THE organization of Mr. Warburg's syndicate to create credit for Germany's Jewish overlords was announced in the papers on April 26, and the amount named as being available for credit was given as five million dollars. On June 12, it was "officially" announced by Mr. Warburg's bank that a new syndicate had been formed comprising thirty-four banks "covering the main centers of the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific" and that the Schacht bank credit had been increased to twenty-five millions. *The principle had been established.* It opened the way for the rediscount of German trade bills in unlimited amounts.

> Nor is the system confined to German bills and acceptances but the same facilities are available to banks of issue of all other recognized commercial countries.

This point is important in the light of what is to follow. The same Federal Farm Loan Act of 1923 which carried authority to the Federal Reserve Board to determine the nature of the paper which might be rediscounted in Federal Reserve banks, also carried another amendment to the Federal Reserve Act.

> Upon the indorsement of any of its member banks, which shall be deemed a waiver of demand, notice, and protest by such bank as to its own indorsement exclusively, any Federal Reserve Bank may, subject to regulations and limitations to be prescribed by the Federal Reserve Board, discount notes, drafts, and bills of exchange issued or drawn for an agricultural purpose, or based upon livestock, and having a maturity, at the time of discount, exclusive of days of grace, not exceeding nine months, and such notes, drafts, and bills of exchange may be offered as collateral security for the issuance of Federal Reserve notes under the provisions of section 16 of this Act: *Provided,* That notes, drafts, and bills of exchange with maturities in excess of six months shall not be eligible as a basis for the issuance of Federal Reserve notes unless secured by warehouse receipts or other negotiable documents conveying or securing title to readily marketable staple agricultural products or by chattel mortgage upon livestock which is being fattened for market.

In other words, *Federal Reserve notes may, under certain circumstances, be issued against German credit paper. Issuing paper money against credit paper is a feature borrowed from the Reichsbank charter and is the feature which enabled the bank of issue of Germany to depress the German mark to zero.* It is a truism of economics that expansion of credit, which is always easy, leads to expansion of circulating money, and this in turn to inflation.

The Right to Do Business Direct

WITH this authority in existence what is there to prevent manipulation for personal interests of the credit-money system?

I asked a banker friend of mine, and his reply was: "The country banker. He watches the volume of paper currency like a cat watches a mouse."

"Suppose he gets caught in a system wherein he cannot help himself, or his protests are of no avail? What then?"

"Nothing," was the answer.

What the politicians of Europe in diplomatic correspondences and prolonged and costly parleys and conferences were unable to do, one clever German Jew with a bank—not a very large one either—succeeded in doing with neatness and dispatch. He has done it not with Jewish money but with Gentile money.

I am reminded of what William Z. Foster, the Communist, said before the Bridgman convention which was raided by the Federal authorities in August, 1922: "Communists get things done and paid for by others."

If there is any real help for the German people, it will not come through financing Jewish bankers and industrials which are their overlords. It will come by giving the real German nationals themselves a chance. The opportunity is here, and they are taking advantage of it. During the past eighteen months, there have come to America an increasing number of German industrials of moderate resources who desire to shake the system and get on their own feet. They have been doing business directly with a few New York banks with which they have established their credit, and in which their paper, including acceptances, have been promptly discounted. American business men have a right to demand the privilege of doing business with Germans face to face, and not exclusively and compulsorily through the Warburgs, et al.

Mrs. Barnes, who is the great-granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin, is here shown with Frederick Warde, the actor. Inset—Mrs. Barnes, who is ninety-one years old.

Franklin's Aged Descendant Likes Her Poor-Farm Home

By HARRY H. DUNN

WITH ninety-one years of life behind her, and happy to spend the "next ten years" amid the surroundings provided by organized charity, a great-granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin is ending her days on the far western rim of the Republic her illustrious ancestor helped so largely to found and to maintain. She is Mrs. Caroline A. Barnes, who was born March 21, 1833, forty-three years after the author of "Poor Richard's Almanack" had passed away. To her, the life and the deeds of the discoverer of the Gulf Stream and the father of modern applied electricity are almost as much of mere history as they are to the average schoolboy, though she still retains the memory of certain sayings attributed to Franklin, which, she claims, never have been published.

Bright-eyed and clear-minded, Mrs. Barnes has refused offer after offer to leave her place in the Los Angeles, California, county farm at Downey, where she finds her pension of $30 a month from the National Government sufficient for all her needs. "If I went away," she says, "I should be lonely for the friends I have made here, and loneliness is the surest friend of death, the enemy of happy old age; unless they make me go, I shall never leave this place." Fortunately, there is no intention on the part of any one to "make" her leave her place in life at the county farm, though funds have been raised and are waiting to put her in a rose-covered bungalow in Southern California, with an elderly woman as a companion, if ever she changes her mind.

"Contentment," Mrs. Barnes said to me, when I last saw her a few days ago, "is a mixture of industry and idleness. I work and I loaf; just enough, and not too much, of each. Here, they let me work when I want to work; if I went away from here, they wouldn't let me work at all, and all rest and no work will rust the best engine. I expect to live at least ten years longer, for I want to see all the wonders and changes of a full century between my birth and my death.

"I am the youngest of fourteen children, and my father, Thomas Mervin, lived to be 102 years of age. My mother, Charlotte Bach—they called it Bash in those days—died when I was 2 years old. My mother's father was Richard Bach, a composer and singer of Philadelphia, and founder of a chorus or company of singers, which in those days numbered 100 persons, a large musical organization for that period. My grandmother, Mrs. Bach, was Sarah Franklin, daughter of Benjamin Franklin, and thus I became one of the few remaining direct descendants of the man who contributed most largely to the drawing up of the Declaration of Independence."

Mrs. Barnes was the third wife of William Barnes, a veteran of the Civil War, a private in Company B, Twelfth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, according to her records. After seventeen years of effort, aided by prominent Pennsylvanians, she succeeded in getting a pension of $20 a month from the Federal Government. This has been since increased to $30 a month, by act of Congress.

"This is all the money I need to live on," Mrs. Barnes continued. "In fact, there is seldom a month at the end of which I do not have some money left over. I often think of an expression my great-grandfather used regarding economy, in one of his letters to my grandmother. Most of his discoveries, both in science and in philosophy, were put into his letters to his relatives and friends. He said, 'The economical man is like the trained carpenter, who smoothes down the edges of two short boards and gives them the appearance and usefulness of one long board. That is, he trims his income to meet his expenses.' Of course, I never knew Ben Franklin; he died more than forty years before I was born, but I have seen a great many of his letters. I remember one comment he made on marriage, in a letter to a granduncle of mine, which was my mother's at her death, and which I inherited. He wrote:

"'Marriage, my dear relative, is to a man like a graft on a tree; if the tree does not take the graft to heart, then the combination cannot bear fruit.'

"I am like my great-grandfather in only one respect—he was the fifteenth child in a family of seventeen, and I was the fourteenth child in a family of fourteen."

Mrs. Barnes tells of her going to the Pacific Coast as follows:

"I had been living in Vineland, New Jersey, when a woman in Pasadena wrote to me, telling that she had heard of my relationship to Benjamin Franklin, and asking me to come to spend my last years with her. I left Vineland, but when I arrived in Pasadena, and this woman found that I had no funds, she lost interest in me and in my ancestry—possibly because I was unable to assure her that she, too, was a descendant of the signer of the Declaration of Independence. So I left them one evening, and started to walk to Los Angeles."

It is about nine miles from Pasadena to Los Angeles, and, on the road, the aged Mrs. Barnes was found by a Mrs. John Vail, of Pasadena, who speedily learned that she could do nothing for the independent old lady, and so took her to the county farm at Downey. There she was found—not by the printers' organization, as one would suppose, since Ben Franklin is almost a patron saint of the workers with the stick and rule—but by the bakers' association of Los Angeles, and presented to the world on Franklin Day of Bread Week. Funds were raised immediately to provide for her home and future away from the county farm, but when the matter was mentioned to Mrs. Barnes, the proposal met an emphatic negative. She declared that at last she was contented, happy in her surroundings and with the friends she had made at the county institution, and that, most of all, if she left that place, her opportunity to work every day would be taken away from her, and that she had no desire for a "life of idleness."

"William Mervin, an uncle of mine, was a rear-admiral in the United States Navy," Mrs. Barnes continued with the history of her family. "I do not remember exactly the date of his service, but his home at the time was in Utica, New York, and he had letters from Ben Franklin to his father. In one of these letters, I remember, my great-grandfather advised his nephew to 'remain away from the sea, which ultimately destroys men and ships.'"

Mrs. Barnes entered the county farm October 1, 1923, and has been there since. It seems probable, if she is allowed to follow her own inclinations, that she will remain there the remainder of her life, which she plans will equal, if not exceed, the number of years her father remained on earth. She has a badge of membership in the Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic, the organization of veterans of the Civil War, and also claims to be a member of the Women's Relief Corps, another similar society. But her greatest treasure is a costume patterned after those worn by the women of Revolutionary Days. Occasionally she dons this, and entertains the other inmates of the farm with stories of the closing days of the eighteenth century, which were handed down to her by her grandmother and her father.

Many of the details of her early life are lost to her memory, but she recalls with ease incidents which have been told her of the life of Franklin. Inasmuch, however, as none of these incidents are different from those told in books written about Franklin, particularly Bigelow's interesting work, it is possible that she obtained them from reading these volumes. In the long years that have passed it is not improbable that she has so incorporated these incidents into her own thoughts that she believes they were told to her by the direct descendants of America's first ambassador to Europe.

The most striking characteristic of Mrs. Barnes appears to be her unceasing industry, and her ability to move about with comparative ease and without assistance. She claims to have, in her former home in Vineland, a number of relics, letters and personal belongings of her illustrious ancestor, but her memory as to their exact whereabouts is hazy, and if she has any such relics in her possession at present, she seems not to know where they are or of what they consist.

Stories Our Log Books Tell

Concluded from page 11

well-directed that the guns of the *Macedonian's* starboard battery were dismounted and the gun deck turned into a shambles from the effect of grape and canister. The ship itself was being rapidly dismantled. The forecourse was shot to ribbons, the fore and main topmasts hung over the side, the mainyard was cut away in the slings, and the foremast was tottering. At 10:45—an hour and a quarter after the commencement of the engagement—a shot carried away the mizzenmast about ten feet above the deck. All the men on it were lost.

Carden decided to try conclusions hand to hand. Calling away his boarder from the guns, he ordered the helm put hard aport and prepared to board. Just then a shot carried away his forebrace. The yard swung round throwing the ship up in the wind, exposing her to a raking fire.

The *Macedonian* was helpless, drifting down nearly before the wind. Decatur, filling his mizzen-topsails, gathered fresh way and tacked. Heading up high, he easily crossed the *Macedonian's* wake, his men still manning the larboard guns. His cannonade at this moment was particularly heavy and for a few minutes the *United States* was enveloped in smoke and flame. The *Macedonian's* crew thought she had caught fire and sent up three rousing cheers. But they soon discovered their mistake.

A few minutes more and the *Macedonian* was little better than a mastless wreck, rolling helplessly in the sea. The long swells washed over her main-deck battery. Her fore and maintop mast and mainyard were down. All her boats were smashed. Two guns of the main battery and all but two of the forecastle and quarter-deck guns were disabled. More than a hundred shots had found a place in her hull. The carnage among the men was terrible.

Decatur had suffered somewhat himself. Having reduced the *Macedonian* to such a plight, he hauled off to reeve new rigging and secure the lasts. This took about an hour. At noon, under easy sail, he bore down across the stern of the *Macedonian* prepared to renew the action. But Carden had had enough, and struck his flag. He had met one of the "inexperienced" Americans, and in a clean give-and-take encounter lost his ship. He was outmaneuvered and outfought.

Decatur hove to and dispatched Lieutenant John B. Nicholson to receive her surrender. Carden returned with him. Decatur was awaiting them on the quarter-deck. It was a touching scene. With a dignified grace, the gallant Englishman stepped forward and tendered his sword as token of defeat. But Decatur declined it, saying:

"Sir, I cannot receive the sword of a man who has so bravely defended his ship. Give me your hand."

Decatur placed Lieutenant Allen aboard the prize. During the rest of the day, and Monday and Tuesday, too, the two ships lay side by side. All hands were busily employed transferring prisoners and baggage and in making repairs to the *Macedonian*. A jury mast was rigged up for her. The damage to the *United States* was not enough to make it necessary for her to return to port, but Decatur considered the capture so important that he thought it best to accompany her to the States.

After little more than a month, December 4, the vanquished frigate limped into the port of New Haven. Decatur was greeted with the utmost joy, and a large ball was given in honor of his exploit. His first act was to dispatch Lieutenant Hamilton to Washington with the *Macedonian's* colors, which, together with the figurehead, are preserved at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and his report of the engagement.

The prize was then taken to New York. Its arrival was the occasion for great public dinners and receptions. Congress voted Decatur a gold medal and a sword. Lieutenants Allen and Hamilton also received swords, and each officer a silver medal. The crew got a nice piece of prize money—not to mention public dinners.

As for the *Macedonian*, she was refitted and under the same name had a memorable career in the United States Navy.

Not long after arriving in the States, the *United States* was caught in Boston Harbor by the British blockade, which held her and a number of other American ships cooling their heels until the end of the war, 1815.

One Sunday, an old tar from the *United States*, chafing under the enforced inactivity, went ashore to church. The text of the sermon was "Fear God and honor the king." Like many ministers this one repeated his text a great many times. At last it got too much for the veteran of the *United States*. Jumping to his feet, he shouted:

"Fear God and honor the Congress—let the king alone."

The congregation was scandalized, and several men nearby remonstrated.

"Oh, choke your luff," exclaimed the old salt, "if the lubber says so again I'll pull him out of his bunk."

The only ship to slip through the blockade was the sloop *Hornet*.

BRIEFLY TOLD

In the United States there is a doctor to every 724 persons; England has one to 1,087 persons; while Central Europe has only one doctor to every 2,000 to 2,500 persons.

Gamaliel Ratsey, a notorious bandit whose deeds amazed England during the sixteenth century, always wore a hobgoblin mask which he made as hideous as poss.ble to terrorize his victims.

It has been estimated that it costs the American people $30,000,000 or at the rate of 80 cents a vote to conduct a national election.

The largest American educational institution in the Near East is the American University of Beirut, Syria.

Yellowstone National Park was discovered in 1807 by John Colter, a trapper, who brought news of it to St. Louis, where his story was doubted. Later, he was acclaimed the discoverer of "America's Greatest Wonder."

The forum in Rome is said to have been the point of convergence of twenty-four roads during the time of the Roman Empire. These roads and their branches had a total length of 52,904 Roman miles. They learned the art of road building from the Carthaginians.

Tuscon, Arizona, is the only walled city in America. The wall, which at one time encircled the entire city, is in ruins at this time.

Antonio and Joseph Mungo, of New York City, specialists in illumination, have just completed an illuminated copy of "The Sonnets from the Portuguese," on which they have been working for ten years. It is an exact duplicate of early Renaissance work and is to be presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The United States adopted the eagle as her national emblem in 1783. It is also the ensign of Germany and Russia.

Footprints of dinosaurs have been found in Neskla-Nizadi canyon in Northern Arizona, by the C. L. Bernheimer expedition of New York. The ground in this region is petrified and at least thirty traces of three-toed animals are easily perceptible.

After a study of the biographical sketches of people who appear in the 1923-24 edition of "Who's Who in America," it has been found that 25.9 per cent of present-day American notables were born on farms; 24.5 per cent in villages and towns; 24.8 per cent in small cities; 20.6 per cent in large cities and 4.1 per cent in suburbs.

Plans for a highway from New Orleans to Portland, Oregon, which will follow as nearly as possible the boundary lines of the old Louisiana Purchase, have been officially launched. It will commemorate the purchase of the territory by the United States.

Three times as much snuff was sold last year in New York City as in 1897, which may indicate that snuff-taking will again become popular.

"Injun Joe," who was said to be the famous character in Mark Twain's story of "Tom Sawyer," died recently at the age of 102. He had wandered up and down the Mississippi River for seventy years.

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. This set includes: "The International Jew," Vol. 1, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

During his lifetime John Wesley preached 27,000 sermons. Canon Hay Aitken, England's greatest revivalist, who hopes to surpass that record, has preached 22,000 sermons.

There are still 800,000 war veterans on the unemployment list in England.

Enrollment in American colleges will total more than 300,000 this year, which is a record in increased attendance. The largest enrollment is at Columbia which has 35,000 students. In 1900 the total enrollment in colleges and universities was 115,271; in 1910 it was 184,712; in 1915 it increased to 237,168; and in 1918 it reached 290,106.

Efforts are being made by members of the veterans of the Navy and Marine Corps for the preservation of *"Old Ironsides,"* which is reported to be disintegrating at the Charlestown, Massachusetts, navy yard.

The Vincennes fortress, which is located outside of Paris, is to become a war museum. According to legend, it was here that the "Man With the Iron Mask" was imprisoned. It also served as a prison for political offenders under the Bourbons.

Spain's first woman mayor has taken office at Cuayatre Tondeta, in the district of Concentaina. She is Marie Perez, and her election is considered significant, because Spain has no law giving suffrage to women.

In Prague, Czecho-Slovakia, there is to be found a button museum in which every type and form of button ever manufactured or wrought by hand is on exhibit. The museum was founded by Henry Waldes, a button manufacturer.

Although it has been customary for the heirs of the throne of Great Britain to marry nobility, the Prince of Wales could lawfully marry a commoner without its affecting his inheritance of the Crown.

Ezra Meeker, ninety-four years old, flew from Vancouver, Washington, to Washington, D.C., over the trail he covered in 1852 in a wagon train. It took him five months to make the journey in 1852 and the return trip, piloted by Lieutenant O. J. Kelley, was made in twenty-four hours, flying time.

The Rock of Gibraltar, commonly called the "Watchdog of the Mediterranean" is about 1,437 feet high.

Paris has decided to retain several of the buildings erected for the Olympic Games, which were held there last summer. The Colombes Stadium will become the property of the Racing Club of France and it will be the scene of all the international Rugby and soccer matches as well as the finals of the French football leagues. The swimming pool and stadium at Les Tourelles will be taken care of by the city of Paris and will be thrown open to the public. The tennis and polo stands at Saint Cloud will be destroyed.

Minnehaha, the Indian maiden, is buried at De Soto, Wisconsin, on the crest of a hill overlooking the town. Many persons believe that she was buried in Minnesota where the Minnehaha Falls are located, but this is not so.

In Europe it is permissible to have the policeman on beat in the residential districts act as call boy. As a result, many policemen call those who desire to be aroused at a certain time if it does not conflict with their official duties.

Jean Patou, a French manuscript collector, is presenting as a gift to the American Government letters written by Lafayette and letters written to him by American admirers during the American Revolution.

In view of the fact that the South for years stood firmly against woman suffrage, it is interesting to note that Georgia sent the first woman to the Senate and Texas was the first state to nominate a woman for governor.

Forty years ago the total assessed valuation of New York State was about $3,000,000,000. Last year New York City's valuation increased more than half that amount, to a total realty settlement of $13,145,000,000.

One of the issues of Uncle Sam's 20-cent air-mail stamps got into circulation with an error, the airplane pictured flying upside down. Only 100 slipped by the inspectors, and while their real value is absolutely nothing collectors are paying as high as $700 for them.

Seaweed has a variety of uses. Green dye is obtained from the weed found on the Welsh coast and a Japanese seaweed provides a fiber which can be spun and woven like cotton. Packing is made from the weed in Sweden.

Although London is less than six hundred miles from Berlin, a telephone conversation between the German and British capitals will be made possible soon for the first time.

The first grain drill was invented seventy years ago by a man named Harcourt living near Rushville, Indiana.

Letters of George Washington, captured by the British General Clinton, and held for generations by his family, are to be auctioned off in London.

A heavy dripping fog rolling in from the Pacific Ocean put out effectively a fierce forest fire which had been burning for days in the Olympic peninsula southwest of Port Angeles, Washington, recently.

Sweden prohibits the killing of eagles. This is the result of the efforts of "Sweden's John Burroughs," Bengt Berg, who has aroused great enthusiasm through his films and books.

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Shall the Child Be Sovietized?

Development of the Newspapers

Fundamental Facts About Fiction

Dombey and Son—A Chinese Ruse

Shows, Both Ancient and Modern

"Red" Grange, the Lion of Football

The Wonderful Caves of Carlsbad

Pine Street Crowds Out Wall Street

Thanksgiving Turkeys' Last March

NOV 29 1924

Shall the American Child Be Federalized?

New Amendment Takes Control of Child, Not of His Conditions: An Analysis; Some Dangers of Bureaucratic Methods in Dealing With Juvenile Labor

By IREDELL MEARES
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, WASHINGTON, D. C.

In this article the writer discloses pertinent facts concerning the latest attempt to tamper with the Constitution.

THE Washington (D. C.) *Star* publishes a synopsis of a textbook issued by the advocates of the Child Labor Amendment to the Constitution of the United States "definitely contradicting statements" of its opponents, it is claimed, and in defending the amendment the textbook says:

1. The proposed amendment is an *enabling act,* not a statute.

No one claims it to be a statute. It is worse. Statutes can be repealed. Not so easily a constitutional law. It is a grant of power. But who ever heard of a constitutional power being an enabling act? Every intelligent person knows the Constitution, and the laws made in pursuance thereof, is the supreme law of the land. It supersedes and overrides all state laws. Even by the second section of this amendment it is provided that the state laws shall remain unimpaired, which would be true, whether stated or not, except when necessary to give effect to this amendment and statutes made pursuant to it by Congress. To say it is an enabling act is manifestly a misleading statement made for effect.

Regulates Labor, Not Employer

2. This textbook claims it grants power to Congress to make laws against the exploitation of childhood.

It does not. Congress under it *can regulate the child* in his labor *but not the employer* in his employment, except negatively in prohibiting the child by directing how, when and where he may work, and neither "child" nor "employment" is mentioned in the proposed amendment.

3. To fix a minimum standard for the employment of children is another claim.

Not at all, except to say to the child that he may not under a certain age engage in work, but, if he does so engage, no act under this grant could attach a penalty to the employer who might employ such child under the prescribed age. It is the *child's labor,* not the person employing it, which it may limit, regulate and prohibit. In fact, the proponents of the bill, when considered in committee, objected and had discarded from the proposed amendment the words—*child* or *employment.*

4. To prevent employers sending work across state lines for children to do, or to employ children who migrate from one state to another and "to enable Congress to protect high standard industries with good child labor laws to protect their children against low standard industries and backwood states"; but this it could do only by prohibition of the labor of minors under eighteen, not by imposing fines upon low-standard industries so as to compel them to raise their standards. There is no grant of power to regulate industries or to prevent the shipment of goods from state to state for any purpose. It might prohibit any person under the age of eighteen from labor on goods so shipped, after such goods had reached the state of the person's labor. No grant of power is given to regulate such shipments, if for such purpose ever made, or to impose penalties upon shipper or transportation company.

Confidence, the Parent of Despotism

5. It is not, says this textbook of errors, a regulatory measure and does not itself prohibit or regulate anything.

No, but it grants the power to Congress, and, if granted, Congress may enact laws to execute the power. Every advocate in committee of this proposed amendment urged it so as to enable Congress to legislate and knowing such legislation would supersede all state laws, now existing or hereafter made, if in conflict with any act of Congress upon the subject. Of course, if adopted, Congress might not pass any law on the subject and the power conferred might remain dormant, but Congress will probably do so, if given the power, and that is the purpose of the amendment.

It is said we can have confidence in Congress and rely on its exercising the power wisely; but let us recall and act upon the counsel of Thomas Jefferson who said "confidence is everywhere the parent of despotism—free government is founded in jealousy; not in confidence—it is jealousy and not confidence which prescribes limited constitutions."

Will the mothers of this land vote to confer upon Congress the power to limit, regulate and prohibit the labor of their children under eighteen years of age? Consider the question in terms of *your own children,* Mothers of America, not in terms of *other people's children,* and then act and vote as mother love, mother conscience, dictates! If this power is granted, Congress will exercise it, and then we shall have regulations prepared and prescribed by high-salaried philanthropists, at Washington, directing all persons under eighteen *when* to labor, *how* to labor and *where* to labor, even *not to labor,* whether that labor be for gain, pleasure or in unrequited service to parents!

6. It is not contemplated, this textbook says, to regulate the labor of domestics, like girls who may go out to work in homes or who work at home with their mothers, without compensation but in co-operation with the family.

If not, why did not the proposed amendment limit the power of Congress to regulate the exploitation by employers and conditions of labor in factory, mill, mine, or other places where children are employed, and except those engaged in domestic service? *The amendment includes all occupations of every kind, whether for or without compensation, beneficial or deleterious either to health or morals.*

7. It exempts no occupation this textbook admits—it could not do otherwise—it would explain, because the place to make exemptions is in the law which Congress will enact.

Destroys the Power of States

WHEN, however, the Senate rejects a motion, as it did, to exempt "those engaged in outdoor employment" and another to limit the power to those "who are engaged in occupations other than agriculture or horticulture," may it not be said that it is contemplated Congress will enact, if the power is given, a law to limit, regulate or prohibit the labor of all persons under eighteen who are engaged or want to engage in such pursuits?

8. "It takes away no power the states do not now have" is the inexcusable misstatement of this textbook.

If not, and it is not its purpose, what is the reason for the amendment? The moment Congress enacts a statute "to limit, regulate or prohibit the labor of all persons under eighteen years of age" all state laws in conflict must give way and the Federal statute becomes the supreme law of the land. At present the states have exclusive power to legislate, within reasonable limits, as to the welfare of their children, each within its own borders. Congress has no such power.

The amendment proposes that the states surrender this power and confer it upon Congress, and, if adopted, the states could pass no law in conflict with any act Congress might enact in pursuance of the power granted. THE POWER THUS PROPOSED TO BE GIVEN IS ONE NO STATE LEGISLATURE COULD EXERCISE OVER "ALL PERSONS UNDER EIGHTEEN" WITHOUT HAVING HAD IT EXPRESSLY GRANTED TO IT BY THE PEOPLE IN THE CONSTITUTION OF THE STATE. There is no state in the Union whose people have conferred such unrestricted power upon its legislature by constitutional grant.

It was proposed in the Senate to strike out the words, "That Congress shall have the power to limit, regulate and prohibit the labor of all persons under eighteen years of age" and, instead, to provide that "The Congress shall have the power reasonably to limit and regulate the labor of persons under eighteen years of age and to prohibit such in pursuits involving special hazards to health, life and limb," but the proposal was voted down.

Born in Russia, Exported to U. S. A.

SENATOR FLETCHER has well said that "refusal on the part of those responsible for the introduction of the proposed amendment to consent to the adoption of these amendments *clearly indicates their influence, intentions, and what may be reasonably expected in the way of legislation* should Congress be granted the power to "limit, regulate and prohibit the labor of all persons under eighteen years of age."

Senator King, of Utah, speaking in the Senate on the question, said: "If the Senator from Delaware will pardon me, every Bolshevik, every extreme Communist and Socialist in the United States is back of the measure. The Bolsheviks of Russia were familiar with the scheme that was about to be launched to amend our Constitution.

"In conversation with one of the leading Bolsheviks in the city of Moscow, one of the educators, when I was there last September and October, I was remonstrating with him about the scheme of the Bolsheviks to have the state take charge of the children: 'Why,' he said, 'you are coming to that' . . . . 'A number of Socialists in the United States,' and he mentioned a number of names but I shall not mention them here, 'are back of the movement to amend your Constitution of the United States, and it will be amended, and you will transfer to the Federal Government the power which the Bolshevik is asserting now over the young people of the state.'"

We are further told in their textbook that this proposed amendment "does not prohibit the labor of children up to eighteen nor does it contemplate a Federal law containing a general prohibition up to eighteen years."

Reaching After the Child

THIS assertion is mere camouflage and a gullible public is relied on to accept it, as if the amendment does not in itself manifest its intention. If not contemplated, why did the proponents of the measure so make it read?

So it is the child, not the employer of the child, after which the proponents of this measure are reaching, and expecting, if Congress is granted the power, that by gradual legislation, here a little and there a little, effected by influencing the passage of bills, or amendments adopted in committees upon recommendation of bureaus and passed without understanding by members of House or Senate, that ultimately the Federal Government will control the persons under eighteen by limiting, regulating and prohibiting their labor.

It is my judgment, backed as this amendment has been chiefly by persons identified with Sovietism and Socialism, that it is the foundation which has been laid for subjecting the youth of this country to control by the Federal Government under the pretense of protecting child labor and providing for its welfare.

As the persons identified with this movement have been able to lead Congress to the submission of this proposed amendment, so they hope by appeal to sentiment to enlist the support of a sufficient number of states to adopt it and, if so, to influence Congress from session to session to secure the passage of legislation which will gradually enable them to accomplish their ultimate designs. As no time limitation has been placed in the act within which the states shall act, if they fail to get it adopted at this time, agitation will continue so as to induce the states, now rejecting it, to reverse their action and ultimately to secure favorable action of a sufficient number to adopt the amendment.

It is worthy of note that the President of the American Child Hygiene Association, at the hearings on the Physical Education Bill, January 12, 1921, declared that "the child is not private property to be controlled and treated at the will of the parent but public, belonging to the public, and must be brought up for the good of society," and Mrs. Florence Kelley, a recognized leader in so-called social welfare legislation, and the chief promoter of this amendment before the Senate Committee, said, "It is unsafe to leave children to the tender mercies of the pressure of ignorant parents."

The Milk in the Cocoanut

IT IS only necessary to review the hearings in committee and to know the records of its proponents to realize the above-quoted words reflect the views of the majority of them. It is claimed eighteen women's organizations are back of this proposed amendment. Would it not be more accurate to say eighteen self-constituted leaders?

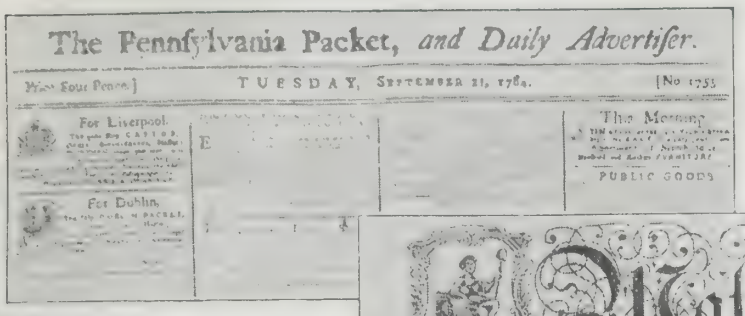
Having a constitutional proviso "to limit, regulate and prohibit the labor of all persons under eighteen years of age," we will have a law by Congress; having the law, we will have a bureau; having a bureau, we will have welfare workers; having welfare workers, we will have rules and regulations; and the milk in the cocoanut is the creation of a lot of jobs at Washington for a self-created profession of non-productive laborers in the vineyard who call themselves social welfare workers.

Hiking around the country, bedecked with Federal badges, will be so-called experts on child labor, which will be construed to relate to all things pertaining to children if this twentieth amendment is incorporated in the Constitution of the United States. The power is there and, once given, it will be exercised, sooner or later.

How News First Got into the Newspapers

Italy the Birthplace of First News Sheet; The Story of America's Newspaper Press

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI


The Pennsylvania Packet, and Daily Advertiser.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1784. [No 1753

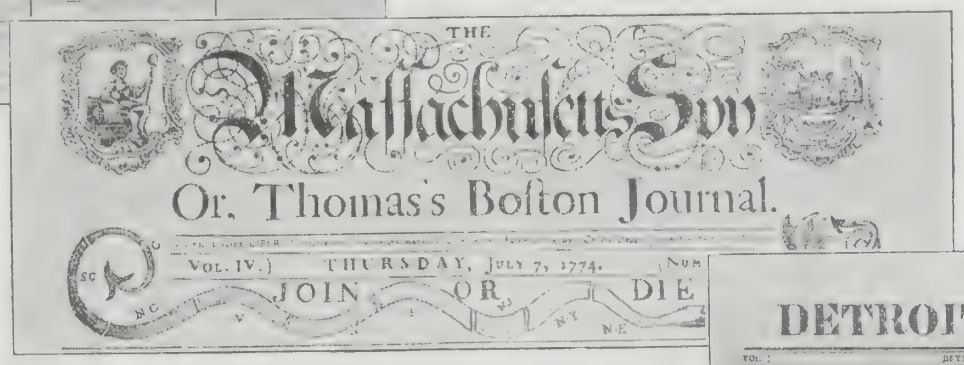
For Liverpool.

For Dublin.

The Merrimg

PUBLIC GOODS

The first daily paper issued in America. The *Packet* was a daily continuation of a paper issued before September 21, 1784, twice a week.


THE Massachusetts Spy

Or. Thomas's Boston Journal.

VOL. IV.] THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1774. [NUM

JOIN OR DIE

The Massachusetts *Spy*, 1770-1786. This was an important issue of the *Spy:* the first to contain the peculiar snake and dragon emblems of the Colonies and England, respectively. From 1775 on the paper was published at Worcester, Massachusetts, by Isaiah Thomas, sometimes called the father of American printing.

DETROIT GAZETTE.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN TERRITORY, FRIDAY, AUGUST 1, 1817

THE

KENTUCKE GAZETTE

SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1787.

The Kentucke *Gazette*, 1787-1848, published by John Bradford at Lexington (Transylvania), Kentucky. The first American paper west of the Alleghenies.

The Detroit *Gazette*, 1817-1830. Early Michigan newspaper. The first to enjoy any continuous circulation. One page was in French and the other three in English.

FOR many centuries and in many countries poetry was the medium through which news was spread. Commonly, too, music was employed. The bard, the ballad singer, and the minnesinger took the place both of the historian and the journalist. The purpose of the verse and song was to facilitate memorizing the events to be recounted. The professional newsmongers acquired the ability to memorize long and detailed accounts. In this art practice makes perfect as elsewhere.

Nearly a century elapsed after the invention of printing, about A. D. 1450, before some bright genius thought it worth while to put the happenings of the day immediately into print. This came first in Italy, which was then the great center where happened events supposedly worth recording. These Italian news sheets, usually on a single page, were called *Gazzetti.* The word *gazette* comes from a Greek word, meaning "treasury." The idea of a treasury of information from all the world appealed to many editors. In addition to the cheerful implication of "treasury," the word has real snap when pronounced. Both these points have made gazette long a popular term for a newspaper, particularly in England and Colonial America.

Another Italian term, *"coranto,"* was used for accounts of current events; the French term *"courant"* was also used, as well as the English "current." The first English journalistic efforts were called *"corantos."* "Relation" was a popular word, also, for the early news letters.

Another type of news enterprise consisted in a bound book recounting the events over a longer period of time. In 1594 there was published in Cologne, the *"Mercurius Gallobelgicus"* which contained 625 pages devoted to events from 1588 to 1594. Later volumes consisting of 50 to 100 pages appeared half-yearly up to 1635 and were much used by English printers for "relations" giving foreign news to which printers were restricted by law.

The first English news sheets were printed in Amsterdam in 1620 and 1621 and sent over to England. Possibly the presence of the English Puritans in Holland was connected therewith. These contained foreign news only. Probably the close censorship of the press in England largely accounts for their appearance in Holland. However, it is strange to relate that the first English books were also printed in Holland about 1478 by William Caxton, who a few years later became the first printer in England.

Real British journalism begins definitely with a pamphlet of 1622 entitled: "A Currant of generall newes. Dated the 14th of May last." A copy of the second issue, May 21, 1622, published in London like the first, by Thomas Archer and Nicholas Bourne, is preserved in the British Museum. Until 1640 these *"corantos"* appeared, frequently using the expression, "Weekly Newes of foreign affairs," but with no regular titles.

Names for the English news books began to be regularly employed about 1640. These titles correspond to many terms later employed in American journalism. Corresponding to the term Mercury we have the Oxford *Mercurius Aulicus,* meaning Court Messenger, of 1643, and the London *Mercurius Civicus,* beginning a little later in the same year, which was the first regularly to use illustrations, but rather crude ones.

The Kingdomes Weekly Post began in 1643 and continued for only two months, despite a good name. The *Spie* of 1644 had a similar fate. "A True and Perfect Journall of the Warres in England" appeared in 1644 while the popular title *Exchange* was used first in the *Exchange Intelligencer* of 1645. The *Mercurius Republicus* of 1649 enjoyed so far as known only one number. The *Mercurius Democritus* was twelve years behind the *Mercurius Populus* of 1647. However the *Democritus* survived about half a dozen issues whereas both *Republicus* and *Populus* survived apparently only one issue.

The real newspaper made its appearance in England with the Oxford *Gazette,* November 16, 1665. The preceding periodicals were rather news books whereas this consisted of a large single sheet whence it became known as a "paper" or a "paper of intelligence" and then "newes paper." The first use of the term was in a letter to the editor of the *Gazette,* Charles Perrot, written in 1670: "I wanted your newes paper Monday last past." With the twenty-fourth issue the name of the Oxford *Gazette* was changed to the London *Gazette.* This paper appeared twice a week and continues so to appear to the present day.

From the beginning of journalism the freedom of the press was again and again the subject of agitation. Countless English and Irish editors spent enforced vacations behind the prison bars; particularly the Irish editors in England and America had a gift for vigorous vocabularies. The story of the imprisonments of editors would involve a review of English history covering a fairly long period of time.

The first newspaper to appear in New England was entitled:

PUBLIC
OCCURRENCES
Both FOREIGN and DOMESTICK,

printed at Boston on Thursday, September 5, 1690. The printer was Richard Pierce, and the editor Benjamin Harris. The latter was a London bookseller who after a brief sojourn in America returned to London, probably soured on America by his experience. Immediately upon its appearance the legislative authorities "stated that it came out contrary to law" and that it "contained reflections of a very high nature." It was forbidden to put "anything in printing without license, first obtained from those appointed by the government to grant the same." Evidently the press was not to make its way more easily in the Colonies than in the mother country.

Fourteen years later (April 17, 1704), the Scotchman, John Campbell, postmaster in Boston and bookseller, began "The Boston *News-Letter.*" The imprint reads, "Boston: Printed by B. Green. Sold by Nicholas Boone, at his Shop near the Old Meeting House." Like many another editor Campbell was often in financial difficulties due to the inclination of the public to accept the paper as the gift of the gods, without money and without price. In 1719 Campbell attempted to enlarge the paper to a full sheet (four pages, 12 by 8 inches), but this did not meet suitable reward. Campbell says that he "cannot vend 300 at an impression, tho' some ignorantly concludes he Sells upwards of a Thousand; far less is he able to print a Sheet every other Week, without an addition of 4, 6, or 8 Shillings a Year . . . . (and that) giving his Labour for nothing."

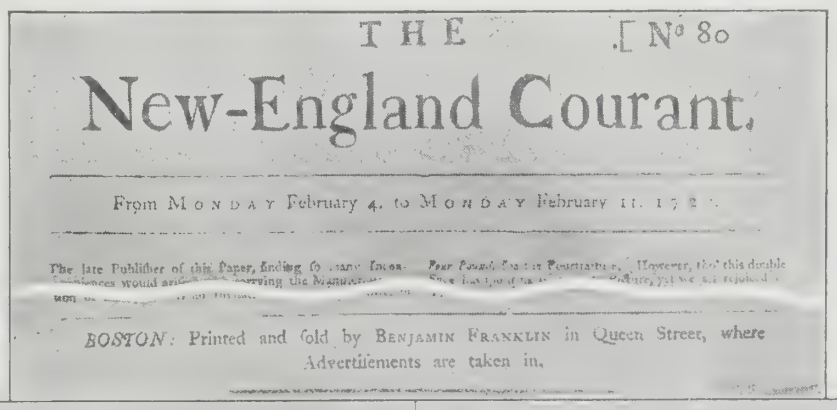
The early English journals did not contain advertisements, but in the first issue of this Boston effort the following appears: "This News-Letter is to be continued Weekly; and all Persons who have any Houses, Lands, ... etc. to be Sold, or Let; or Servants Runaway, or Goods Stole or Lost; May have the same inserted at a Reasonable Rate, from Twelve Pence, to Five Shillings."

The *News-Letter* with some modifications of name continued to appear until after Boston was evacuated by the British in March, 1776, when it suspended as it had been a Tory organ through the siege.

The Boston *Gazette* was the second (or third) New England paper, continuing to appear until 1741. James Franklin appears upon the scene in Boston in 1721 with the New England *Courant,* the first exponent of yellow journalism in America. The governor and the clergy, particularly Cotton and Increase Mather, came in for vigorous but not academic discussion by the *Courant* editors, "a Hell Fire Club," as they were called. After about a year of publication James Franklin was "strictly forbidden" by the General Court "to print or publish the New England *Courant* . . . ." To avoid the difficulty the paper continued to appear in the name of the younger brother, Benjamin Franklin, then a printer's devil in his brother's shop. This satisfied the authorities and the paper continued for several years.

A complete file of the early issues of

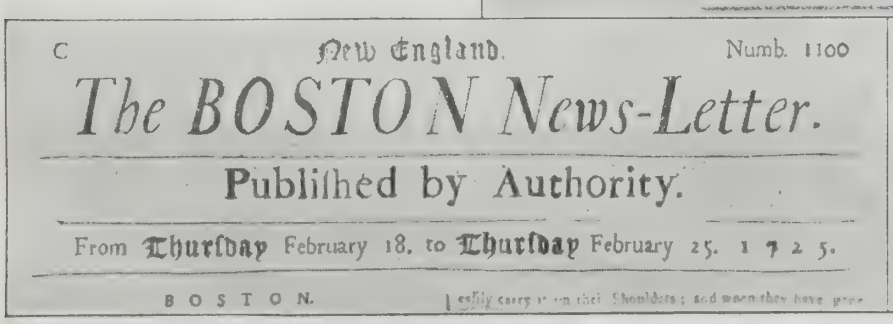
(*Concluded on page 15*)


THE [No 80

New-England Courant.

From MONDAY February 4. to MONDAY February 11. 1723.

BOSTON: Printed and sold by BENJAMIN FRANKLIN in Queen Street, where Advertisements are taken in.


C New England. Numb. 1100

The BOSTON News-Letter.

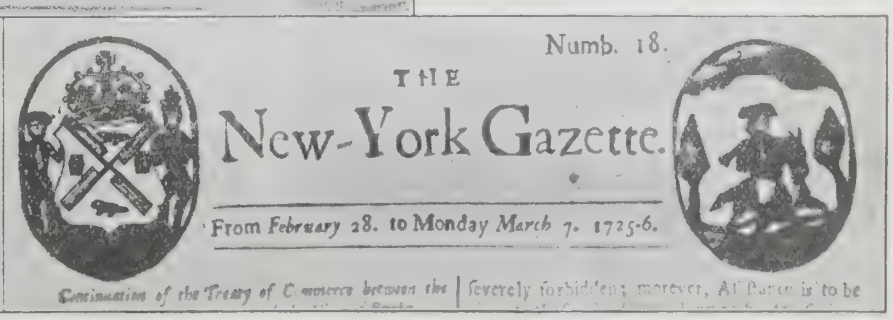
Publiſhed by Authority.

From Thurſday February 18. to Thurſday February 25. 1725.

BOSTON.

The first newspaper in America except for a single copy issued in 1690. The *News-Letter* began publication in 1704, and ceased publication in March, 1776.

Paper published in the name of Benjamin Franklin by his brother, James Franklin. It was the second Boston paper.


Numb. 18.

THE

New-York Gazette.

From February 28. to Monday March 7. 1725-6.

The first New York newspaper, published by William Bradford, first printer of New York.

Some Fundamental Facts About Fiction

"Talk" and Characterization Are All Important in the Writing of Novels; Jazz Dialog Has Become a Feature of the Majority of Modern Stories

By THOMAS L. MASSON

A YOUNG woman who may be described as "a very nice young lady," and therefore representative of a large number, once told me that when she selected a novel in a bookstore, she turned over the leaves to see if there was much "conversation" in it. If there was, she bought the book. Observation and experiment have convinced me that ordinary people (like ourselves!) stick to this rule rather closely. Solid pages of type frighten us away. We expect the characters in a book to say something at once, and worth while. We do not care a great deal, even about the author's opinion of them. Indeed, if this is given in long passages of description, we are likely to lay back our ears and get ready to bolt. We count too much description as a distinct weakness. And we not only know what we want, but over long periods of time we are the best judges of true literary art. We are the ones who, from one generation to another, keep alive the good old books, which, in the very beginning, may have been "turned down" by the smart literary critics of their day as being too common.

"It was the custom of Scott," writes Bliss Perry in his "A Study of Prose Fiction," "to devote a page or two of personal description to each character at the time of its first introduction into the story. After this preliminary description of the personal appearance and costume of the character, Scott seemed to trouble his head no more about the matter."

The three American authors, writers of fiction, who appear to understand this rule best are Thomas Beer, Willa Cather and Ring Lardner. Beer opens his latest book, "Sandoval," with a short preliminary description, but on his first page are:

"Hey, is that spur silver?" . . . .

"Silver, ain't it?"

"I don't know."

Willa Cather, in "The Lost Lady" (issued last year), begins with six pages (they are short pages) of description, yet we are bound to admit they are easy reading.

"But we will begin this story with a summer morning long ago," she opens her second chapter. The boys see Mrs. Forrester, hesitate, and consult together.

"You ask her, Neil."

"You'd better, George . . . . She barely knows me—"

And so it goes. Willa Cather's indirect method of character development is perhaps more closely akin to that of Joseph Conrad's, than that of any other American writer.

In "How to Write Short Stories," Ring Lardner begins his first one, "The Facts," with a fake "doormat" description, which is really a satire on a publisher's blurb. "This story," he urbanely declares, "was written on top of a Fifth Avenue buss and some of the sheets blew away." Make no mistake about the story that follows. It is a good one. This, and all the others in the book, are not only real stories, but they are mostly all talk, even when they are composed of letters, as in the case of "Some Like Them Cold." The letters, essentially, are merely the utterances of the characters. What the girl writes to the fellow is a perfect delineation of her own character, only she doesn't know it; and this is genuine art.

Two other American works of fiction, both recent, reveal the morass into which a writer falls when he fails to understand the importance of talk. These books are "The Mirage," by Edgar Lee Masters, and "The Avalanche," by Ernest Poole. These writers are distinguished American novelists. Mr. Poole, in particular, has earned a respectable reputation through his powerful book, "The Harbor," although even this book, as I now recall it, is too descriptive. Mr. Masters achieved his enviable place through his "Spoon River Anthology." In "The Mirage," the dialog, although in spots clever enough, is about on the same low level of dullness achieved by Mr. Poole. Both have made the too-common mistake of inflicting the reader, through their characters, with their own views. On the other hand, Struthers Burt, in his first novel, "The Interpreter's House," an astonishingly well-written book of New York society, has erred on the other side, in making his dialog too clever, putting into the mouths of his characters a vocabulary which is entirely above them.

The Value of Talk

IF WE now turn, more or less casually, to two British writers, we shall see the value of talk brought out. H. G. Wells' last novel, "The Dream," contains nothing new, it being only a variation of the well-matriculated Wellsian formula. What the characters say is said in such a way that Mr. Wells' well-known views about things in general are, so to speak, relieved solely because he makes his talk interesting. This, naturally, does not excuse him from mixing up his propaganda with his art. But the talk lifts the book above the ordinary. So with May Sinclair's "A Cure for Souls," it is her clergyman's way of talking that gives him his reality. It would be unfair to assert that the dialog in these two books is necessarily any better than in, say, certain books of our own Booth Tarkington or Edith Wharton. Nevertheless, Americans are undoubtedly handicapped by the disadvantage of having transplanted their mother tongue to another soil. For instance, after the age of Pericles, most Roman writers acquired an intimate knowledge of Greek, but thus diffused, Greek lost its power. The English language, with its three elements, Anglo-Saxon, Norman and Latin, was welded together by the Island people over generations. A language seems to require intensive nursing for a long period to bring out its strength. And if on the British side, we go back as far as Jane Austen, and on the American side to Nathaniel Hawthorne, who was our first American novelist of note, and compare the fiction written on both sides since they wrote, we shall realize at once that the British dialog all along is by far the better. There are reasons for this, aside from the one I have mentioned. We are much more loosely held together, geographically and racially. It seems to be difficult for our writers to create a kind of dialog that is basic—that is to say, that springs from the soil, when the soil is so diverse. (In drama, perhaps the best result has been achieved by Eugene O'Neill; in poetry by Vachael Lindsay or possibly Robert Frost.) Thus we see that the talk of the Middle West, as shown in the works of Booth Tarkington, Ring Lardner, Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson and a number (or school) of other writers, is about the only exclusively American talk to which we can lay claim as a national possession. The Negro dialect, it is true, has been handled with much skill by a group of southern writers, Harry Stillwell Edwards perhaps being the best. Mark Twain never made much of the raw speech of the West and at present, if we wish to know the depths of philological depravity achieved by certain "literary" artists, we have only to witness some western screen melodrama, and writhe under the cowboy dialog thrown on the screen. In comparison with this crude stuff, how refreshing is the poorest kind of cockney. In connection with this, it is interesting to observe that in the works of three American writers of fiction whose books are declared to outsell all others, namely, Zane Grey, Gene Stratton Porter and Harold Bell Wright, the talk is all commonplace, everyday talk; and that largely accounts for the success of these writers. Here is a fair sample from Harold Bell Wright's last book "The New Neighbor":

"I ain't blind, be I?" answered Bob. "An' wouldn't she take notice? My gal ain't no wizened-up old mummy like me an' you. Why shouldn't she take notice of a fine, up-standin', clean-eyed, straight-limbed fair-spoken youngster like him, heh? It's nateral enough—an' right enough too, I reckon."

An Example of Jazz Dialog

HERE we have a perfectly obvious method, where direct description is avoided, by making a character describe another. To sensitive literary ears this all sounds commonplace. But it is popular because it drips with raw sentiment, and deals with universal traits.

Apropos of the ordinary tone of some of the best sellers, Arnold Bennett ("The Author's Craft") has this to say:

"It is a hard saying for me, and full of danger in any country whose artists have shown contempt for form, yet I am obliged to say that, as the years pass, I attach less and less importance to good technique in fiction. I love it, and I have fought for a better recognition of its importance in England, but I now have to admit that the modern history of fiction will not support me." He goes on to show the clumsiness of the best writers of fiction—Balzac, Stendhal, Dostoievsky, and adds:

"I begin to think that great writers of fiction are, by the mysterious nature of their art, ordained to be 'amateurs.'" In this he is borne out by Anatole France:

"Now what is a scholar?" exclaims France. "A deadly creature who studies and publishes on principle everything that is fundamentally uninteresting." He then adds:

"All great authors write badly. That is well known . . . . To the pundits good writing apparently means writing according to the rules. But born writers make their own rules, or rather make none."

In this country, within the past few years, we have developed what may be termed a jazz dialog, the source of which I think may be traced to Scott Fitzgerald, a young man who, in spite of his defects, is a marked genius. This talk is a new kind, born doubtless of war decadence, which overlays the racial strata, exotic and enormously clever, much more clever indeed than we realize. For as British critics have severally pointed out, we Americans have a true genius for catch phrases, slogans—the spontaneous creative skill to condense a whole atmosphere in a sentence or even a single word. Thus, to the substance of this sort of thing we give the word "snappy"—perfectly expressive of a mixture of university slang and "go-getting" Americanism. Make no mistake: as bad as this may seem to the so-called intellectuals, it is much more wholesome in its tendency than the decadent fruits of European civilization too often thrust upon us by these same intellectuals. In the end, we shall produce a great literature. There are signs of it already. We shall, in time, assert our native majesty.

Yet to show that the so-called jazz dialog is not exclusive with us, a young English girl, only 16 years old, has recently produced a book, which, as a projection of the younger set, is quite remarkable in its, so to speak, up-to-datedness. Mollie Panter-Downes, in "The Shoreless Sea," has not only caught the jazz talk in its perfection, but she instinctively grasps the importance of talk, subordinating, with positive genius, the essential descriptions in her book. This book is stark realism, family exposure with a vengeance, removed, however, from the rottenness so common in so-called smart fiction.

Now the point which I make in this article is, if our American writers of fiction will come to see that, in a novel, everything should be subordinate to the talk, the whole result of this understanding must invariably lift our novel writing to a much higher level than it is at present. Furthermore, the public is as much, if not more, interested in this result as are the writers. There is a very real and definite sense in which it may be said that the importance of literature in its bearing on our daily lives is greatly overestimated. But it is certainly true that good fiction, in its influence over the thought and manners of a people, is perhaps more important than any other branch of literature, for it is much more universally read. We need good stories, stories that conscientiously show us, through living characters, what we ourselves are. These characters not only furnish us with models of individual conduct, but they show us what to avoid. And it is through their talk that we know them. When our writers come more definitely to understand this fundamental fact, that it is what their characters say and how they say it that counts the most, we shall then be making a considerable advance toward that goal to which William James referred when he asked, pertinently, if it is possible to make a standard of literature.

All I have written does not mean that the value of talk in fiction has not been known—known, indeed, ever since fiction was first written. It does mean, however, that this value has not been properly understood; that, indeed, it has been largely overlooked, even by our ablest commentators. Nowhere in the works of the great majority of writers who have aimed to show how novels and stories have been, or should be, written, do I find any adequate treatment of this subject. If it has been so treated, and I have overlooked it, perhaps some kind reader will enlighten me. For example, Clayton Hamilton, in his very intelligent "Manual of the Art of Fiction," remarks that "In fiction, as in life, actions speak louder than words: and the most convincing way of delineating character indirectly is by exhibiting a person in the performance of a characteristic action." He then proceeds to give us an instance of characterization through action by reproducing a passage from the duel scene in Stevenson's "The Master of Ballantrae," which consists of nothing else but straight dialog, with scarcely any intervening words. (It is too long to quote, but I refer the reader to it as a striking example of my contention.)

So it is with all exciting parts. Talk tells the story. And the reason, of course, is so simple that it would seem absurd to state it, were it not for the fact that it is so generally ignored. It is that the novel is only an extension of the drama, and, as a pure work of art, is correspondingly weak in proportion as the writer leans upon the description, instead of on what the characters say. I hasten to observe that there can be no possible objection to description as such, for this is naturally a form of art in itself, but the difficulty usually occurs when it is overplayed, as a substitute for dialog, often because the author is, frankly, too lazy to work over his dialog so that it will reveal accurately what the characters are. This tendency to lean upon description is a form of "passing the buck," not uncommon among us. Indeed, we can pick up almost any recent American novel of any pretention, and by a little sympathetic insight witness the moral struggle going on behind the scenes in the mind of the author, in his effort to pry his characters loose from their descriptive setting, in order to make them stand up by themselves. Perhaps the most striking example among us is that of Thomas Beer, whose "Sandoval" has already been referred to—a young writer who has achieved a deservedly high reputation. He has the true artist's passion for perfection. He knows that he must make his characters talk. By this process, he succeeds in most instances. But he sometimes leans over so far as to leave too much to the reader to understand. This is not necessarily due to too slight a background of description as it is to the limitations of his dialog. If we wish to know how the thing can be done without any description at all, we have only to turn to Shakespeare. I defy anyone, confined, say, in a guest chamber at a week-end and without recourse to anything but Shakespeare, to read one of his plays without being interested in the story. The characters create themselves as they go along, saying precisely the things which make us see them as they are. Now all this seems very trite; yet we must remember that even Bernard Shaw, who declares that he is an improvement on Shakespeare, cannot write a play of his own without long prefaces and passages describing the characters. Mr. Shaw's genius is unquestioned, but economy of utterance is not among his most conspicuous virtues.

Themes for Novels

WE MUST also remember that, as time goes on and so many other influences act upon the reading public (movies, sports, motors, periodicals and newspapers, radios) to draw them away from books, the authors of these books yield more to a temptation to make it as easy as possible for the reader to get him to read at all. They say to the reader: "See the man. He has a sinister look. By this I establish the fact that he is a villain. Is the man about to murder some one? He is. Here comes a woman. She is—," and so forth.

A play must be concentrated and as a rule must deal with a single climax, which is also true of a short story. A novel, on the other hand, may deal with an epoch ("A Tale of Two Cities") or the life history of an individual ("Tom Jones"). When Dickens begins his great book with "It was the best of times, it was the

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Dombey and Son Still Live in Shanghai

Enterprising Chinese Merchant Makes Good Use of Dickens' Famous Creation

By MRS. L. M. CRAMER

THE first time I saw the sign I pinched myself to see if I was dreaming. I was not. The sign read "Dombey and Son, Ltd."

Many a time in China one wonders if he is awake, and if awake, if perhaps his mind may not be wandering.

One of the most fashionable thoroughfares in Shanghai and, in fact, in the Far East, is Bubbling Well Road. In Bubbling Well Road shops one expects to pay a bit more for everything he buys than he would have to pay on any other street, even more than he would pay on Nanking Road. If he is a renter on that thoroughfare he pays many more taels rent each month than he would pay for a like house or apartment on Seymour Road or Joffre Avenue.

On Bubbling Well Road a few years ago a Chinaman elected to open a high-class grocery store. He bore a name that sounded to foreign ears something like "Domba." Now this Chinese had had a fairly good English education, and he had read Dickens. He knew the value of a name, and he was not slow to hit upon what seemed to him to be good joss. He had no son. The gods had not been kind, perhaps; but even Dickens' "Dombey" had not been blessed with a son, and because he could not put the sign "Dombey and Son" on his office door he went to the grave a sorrowing old man.

Mr. Domba saw possibilities in the name, for he hoped to cater to a foreign trade in his new store, and besides it might serve as a hint to the gods, this sign "and son," and eventually a man child might be born to him, who would worship at his grave after he had been gathered to his fathers.

And so it happens that in Shanghai, ten thousand miles from Dickens' land, Dickens' admirers see Mr. Dombey's ambition realized, except that Mr. Domba, having incorporated himself according to the laws of China, has added "Ltd." to his sign.

But the things that astonish the foreigner in China are not confined to the signs over grocery store doors. The *China Press*, one of the leading English-printed newspapers in Shanghai, recently carried the following:

"The fifth concubine of Marshal Chang Tso-lin is busy planning the establishment of a University for Women in Mukden. She will be the principal when the University is in working order."

And, where in the world except in China would you find a human being with finger nails three feet six inches long?

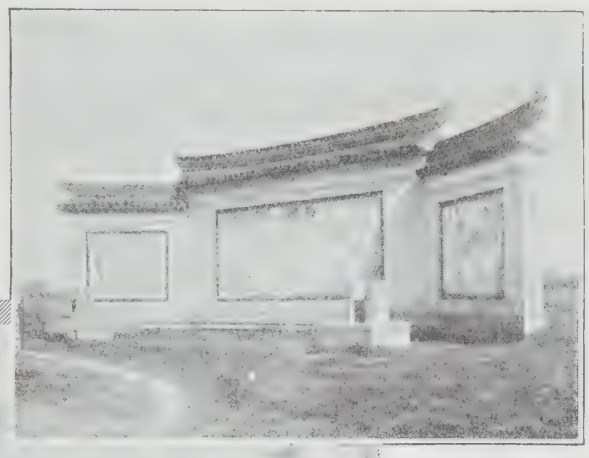
Up in Chowkiakow, in Honan Province, lives an old mandarin, a gentleman of leisure and considerable money. His name is Wong Lo, and he still clings to the old order of things in China when it was the mark of a gentleman to let his finger nails grow long, thus proving to the world that he never worked with his hands.

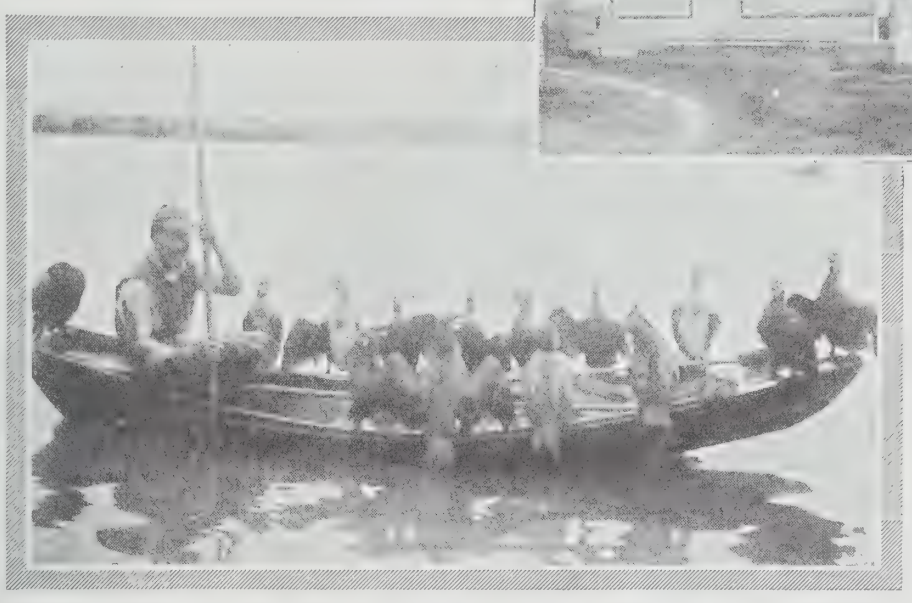
Wong Lo's favorite nail is three feet and a half in length. He has spent fifty of his seventy-three years in growing this nail, which adorns the little finger of his left hand, and on another finger on his right hand he has grown a nail a bit over two feet long. Other nails on his fingers are not over five or six inches long. His pet nails he keeps in bamboo sheaths for protection.

Wong Lo is naturally forced to limit his activities to his brain. The sleeves of his jacket are made detachable so that they can be the more readily slipped on and off. He cannot go out in a crowd for fear someone will jostle him and break off a foot or two of his favorite adornment. His eating is not the pleasure it would otherwise be, because his long nails interfere with the easy manipulation of his chopsticks. In sleeping he has to make special arrangements for his finger nails to rest, so that he will not turn over suddenly in the night and ruin his lifetime's attainment.

And when he dies they will have to make a special coffin so that his pride and joy won't be ruined when he reaches heaven.

China invented many things—printing, and gunpowder, and football. They didn't call it football; they called it Tz'uk Kuk, and it was invented by none other than Huang Ti, the "Yellow Emperor," who reigned more than 4,620 years ago. This is believed to be the oldest outdoor sport in the world. Incidentally, the emperor's favorite wife originated the silkworm industry in China.





Above—A spirit wall, protecting a temple from wild spirits. Below—Cormorant fisherman with his birds—Soochow.

In Wuhu, a Chinese city on the Yangtze, which is every bit as funny as its name implies, there are several little mud huts, straw thatched, in which there are more than the average of little children. This group of huts is just without the big south gate of the city. The girls are just the average little, dirty-faced girls in China, but the boys, even dirtier than the girls, if possible, are the ones to attract attention, for they wear gold rings in their noses.

I learned that the rings are not a matter of adornment alone, but to fool the evil spirit into thinking these little boys are little cows. No evil spirit likes little cows, and by masquerading these little boys with their nose rings to look like little cows, the evil spirit is going to be greatly fooled and pass them by.

What strikes the foreigner as being so queer is that the Chinese will have such fear for an evil spirit, when they know how very easy it is to fool one.

Practically everywhere one goes in China he will see little boys with silver rings around their necks. Sometimes the boys are almost grown to manhood before they remove them, and sometimes the rings grow most uncomfortably tight before they are removed.

When the boy is very young—a mere babe—a silver ring is put around his neck and locked there. Then, if the evil spirit is about, seeking whom he may devour or infect, or whatever it is that evil spirits do, he will find himself thwarted, because with this silver ring about the child's throat, the evil spirit could not enter his mouth and go down his throat to take up an abode in his heart. The ring would stop him, and once stopped it is an easy thing for the child to spit out that naughty spirit.

In Shanghai I noticed that when my ricksha coolie took me to the station to catch a train, he always took me in the most roundabout way, dodging down one narrow crooked street and then up another equally so, and yet when he came to the station to meet me on my return he took a much shorter way home, and through streets wider and less crooked.

Later on I found that he did this because he was solicitous for my safety on the train journey, and took me through these out-of-the-way streets, so that he might throw the evil spirits off my track, thus insuring me a safe and pleasant journey. Evil spirits travel only in straight lines. Thus if any man wants to escape one it would seem that about all he has to do is to travel a zigzag course.

To keep the evil spirits out, a joss house or temple is protected by a "spirit fence" placed so that it stands in front of the main entrance. Of course, as an evil spirit can go only in a straight line, it would never think of going around one end of the spirit wall, and thus gain access to the temple at will.

In Kalgan district there were terrible floods last summer, resulting in great loss of life and property. One day during the worst of the flood I said to my cook: "A-bou, the papers say there are terrible floods in Kalgan and all the country is under water, and people and livestock are being drowned. It is too bad we cannot get some of that rain down here to even up things a bit, for we are suffering for the want of rain, and many men die for need of it."

Then A-bou told me that owing to the drought earlier in the summer that had threatened to lay waste all the splendid crops of that section, many men had prayed to their gods every day for rain, but no rain came. At last one Chinese got so infuriated at his rain god that he fired a revolver at him, not only striking the thing of dried mud and straw, but setting it afire. This so infuriated the god that he let loose a thunderstorm which broke over the district almost immediately, and flooded it. The rain continued for some time despite prayers to the gods to check it. Lightning struck the man who fired his god.

There is a new Chinese butchery in Shanghai which has installed a very modern and up-to-date cold storage room. At the beginning of summer its owner caused a great many circulars to be printed and distributed throughout the residence section of the city. The circular said:

"It is now, the summer will be drew, the provisions of all kinds as fresh Beef, Pork, Mutton and Poultry are not necessary to put, so we make a Cold Storage Room. It is opened from 6-12 and 4-7 Closed; if it is not so please deposit or Order on our Stock."

All of which is very enlightening if one could but read the Chinese mind.

Foreign ladies living in Soochow have been very much interested recently in a circular sent out by a Hankow tailor soliciting their custom. It reads as follows:

"Ladies and Children Complete outfitter to dress in latest style, with various kinds of skin supplies etc, to Embroidery and hats make. Skilful handwork will restore responsibility for unsatisfaction. Being Reliable. The Patronage of Customers are Greatly Welcome with Best Wishes."

July is not the favorite month for brides in the United States. In China it would seem that it might be a month to be avoided. The *China Press* carried this news item one hot July day this summer: "A Chinese bride was suffocated in a covered sedan chair, as she was on her way to the home of her future husband, to be married there. In conformity with ancient custom

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Chinese child.

A mandarin with a finger nail three feet six inches long.

Ancient Circuses and Modern Reviews

By PETER SCHUYLER

THAT the theater is nothing but another form of the pagan circus is something which the producers of musical shows demonstrate irrefutably every summer. In ancient days the advertising slogan was, "Bread and the Circus." The press agents of the Caesarean period without doubt bruited abroad the news that on a certain day a record number of Christians would be thrown to the lions. The result was a packed amphitheater. Today the pagans who control the Manhattan circuses do not hand out bread to the customers. It is true that at some of the vaudeville playhouses a queer, pinkish liquid, a sort of left-hand brother to the more virile-tinted red lemonade of the traveling outdoor circus, is passed around without charge to innocent, inexperienced victims.

* * *

Mr. Earl Carroll recently stole a few rumbles of thunder from his brother producers when he started a drive for recruits for "Vanities" by radio. From Station WHN, located on the roof of Marcus Loew's State Theater building, a call was broadcast for girls to fill up the chorus of the forthcoming show. The requirements announced were "pretty faces, good figures, and neat ankles." For fear some deception might be practiced on Mr. Carroll's anatomical judges the applicants were required to display their qualifications in bathing suits. When asked if there were not enough chorus girls walking the Great Shine Way looking for jobs without drafting more, Mr. Carroll was quoted as saying that he wanted "fresh ones" because in the chorus "they got old in a few weeks." In the same interview the producer made more specific the qualities he demanded in the new army. The specifications, in order of importance, were—"first, figure, second, face, and third, merit." Mr. Carroll, pressed for an explanation of his requirements, is reported to have explained that a face could be changed if it was not satisfactory, that merit did not count, but that a figure had to be naturally beautiful as it was impossible to alter that. Surely nothing could be more lucid than Mr. Carroll's elucidation. A snub nose might be straightened by the use of a little putty; it did not matter whether a girl was a moron as long as she could meet the other requirements, but her figure must be real because the amount of clothing she would wear would make deception of ticket buyers impossible.

A shout of protest went up over this misuse of the radio. An angry mother was quoted as being especially wrothy over the invasion of her home by an invitation to her daughters to put on their bathing suits and run down to the Earl Carroll Theater to get a job in the chorus of "Vanities" at $35 a week.

When sufficient publicity had been secured the broadcasting was stopped. Announcement was made that the American Radio Association was going to urge the next Congress to limit the liberties of the sending stations and set up what would amount to a radio censorship. Station WHN, located on the roof of Marcus Loew's State Theater building, was singled out as one of the chief offenders against the purity of the air. The managing editor of one radio publication, writing to Secretary Hoover to inquire if there was any law which could be invoked to clean up the atmosphere, asserted that his paper had been receiving complaints about the stuff sent out from WHN from the time the broadcasting station was purchased by Loew and moved to the theater roof from its original home on Long Island.

The management of WHN pleaded innocence in sending out the call for "Vanities." The use of the station had been given the producer as an act of kindness, it was asserted, and no one knew that the invitation was to be broadcast to the world of inexperienced girlhood. Mr. Carroll's press department was reduced to tears when it learned of the ungrateful action of the Angry Mothers. What was in reality an act of charity had been misconstrued by the evil-minded! The press agent's defense deserves to be included in Great American Addresses. In the interest of good literature, lofty idealism, perfect unselfishness, and unconscious humor it should not be permitted to be buried under the mounting heap of disinterested statements to the Manhattan newspapers.

"Most of the girls who have applied support their mothers," says this ought-to-be-immortal utterance. "As Broadway needs a fresh supply of chorus girls to take the place of those who have grown old, we feel it is a perfectly legitimate method of reaching inexperienced girls. It is a pity these girls have to be deprived of an opportunity to support their mothers just because a few Puritans object!"

* * *

Of all the elements in the amusement world the independent or "little theater" groups have the bitterest struggle for existence. Unless they happen to be subsidized by some rich, philanthropic souls who write plays (which no one will produce), or who wish to perform upon the platform (when no one will hire them), or who like to paint crazy scenery (which no one will let into an established playhouse), they are born to die an early death. The competition from the commercialized theater is fierce and unrelenting. The attitude of the ordinary ticket purchaser is one either of ribald contempt, cynical indifference, or brutal neglect. To the man in the street individuals who seek to uplift the stage, whose utterances, public and private, and whose productions afford some ground for the characterization, are "a lot of nuts." Most people go to the theater to be entertained, not to have the latest continental inventions in stage mechanics or lighting crammed down their necks in the name of art. They are not keen for psychological problems, puzzles in sex perversion, and all the other trash with which the independents almost always dabble.

Always the "independent" theater has an idol to be worshiped: Shaw or Schnitzler, Galsworthy or Dunsany, Kapek or Andreyev, O'Neill or Glaspell, Molnar or Kaiser. Bowing down to the idol is the main business of the "independent." Everything is done in the name of novelty and art although producing plays which no one goes to see is neither novel nor artistic.

Of all the "independent" groups in Manhattan the Equity Players started under the biggest handicap. It was sponsored, at least ostensibly, by the Equity association of legitimate actors. For that reason it carried the trade union stigma. It was under fire from the beginning on two sides; it was an independent theater and it was a union enterprise. Explicit denial was made that the union was in any way involved with the venture but it was later admitted that some thousands of dollars had been contributed by the union to keep the Equity Players going when the public refused to do anything toward that end. But it is not a union activity.

The record of the Equity Players is interesting because it shows the steadiest succession of artistic "failures" either the commercialized or the little theater has known. It started its career with Jane Cowl in "Malvaloca," which even Miss Cowl's popularity could only keep going for forty-eight performances. Then followed "Hospitality," forty-six performances; "Why Not," one hundred and twenty-three performances; "Anathema" (with Maurice Schwartz, director of the Jewish Art Theater, as guest star), twenty-three performances; "Roger Bloomer," described as "a vivid American play with a background of modern psychology" lasted fifty-six performances; "Sweet Nell of Old Drury" (a revival with Laurette Taylor in the principal rôle) fifty-one performances; "The Chastening," twenty-two performances; "The Rivals," another revival, twenty-two performances, and "Antigone," three special matinees. The season of 1923-24 included "Queen Victoria," James K. Hackett in "Macbeth," "The New Englander," and "Expressing Willie." This last is the first and only substantial success the Equity Players have enjoyed and just why Rachel Crothers' play should be the one to chase away the jinx is a mystery, unless the reason be that it slakes the universal desire to see a snob get his deserts, and gives Louise Closser Hale once more her sphere as a wasp-tongued old woman. Miss Hale is the most accurate and indefatigable sharpshooter among the female comedians. No laugh escapes her eagle eye. If the audience has any doubt that what Miss Hale says is funny she lets the secret out by laughing at the lines herself. There must be something in the thought-transference theory because the audiences at "Expressing Willie" certainly laugh at Miss Hale.

Dickens, Pickwick and Us—By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

DICKENS was born on February 7, 1812. But both the New and the Old World are very much more than a century or so older than they were when he uttered his first whimper. In many ways, both mental and physical, we are separated from his early days by a deeper divide than that which stands between us and the times of Queen Bess. Early Victorian is almost as much a back number as is Early Elizabethan. We have moved quickly the last hundred years; are driving on quickly still. It's the difference between the coach and the auto.

It would be waste of your time and mine to speculate what Dickens would make of us and our ways; but it will not be uninteresting to glance at some of the changes which he assisted to bring about in the art of fiction.

It's a mighty big pity that Dickens wrote anything else than Pickwick, which was given to the world in 1836 as "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club, Containing a Faithful Record of the Perambulations, Perils, Travels, Adventures and Sporting Transactions of the Corresponding Members," with a green cover which gave promise that sport was to play the most prominent part in the said record, which it did not. It is a picaresque story of middle-class adventure. Pickwick is a long way the finest as well as the jolliest thing that Dickens did. It might have gone forever, more perambulations and perils; all that is typical of his genius that is exhibited in his other works could have been hung upon the Pickwick peg. Dickens was a humorist and good-humorist; beyond that practically negligible as a literary force; beyond that no more than one of his many contemporary purveyors of sentimental, melodramatic slipslop. I am leaving out of count his essays, very many of which are charming and worthy of more esteem than they receive; and "A Christmas Carol." Dickens could have gone on pouring out his heart Pickwickianly had he not unfortunately taken it into his head that he was born to be a writer of more or less serious novels and been encouraged in that undertaking by shortsighted critics and an undiscerning public.

How immense and amazing Pickwick is as it stands. What a tremendous flood of youthful high jinks; of animal exuberance; of glorious funniments; of admirable character creations! What inexhaustible hilarity! What exuberant prodigality of incident! With here and there, as always is the case in the performance of a supreme comedian, a touch of pathos, even of tragedy. The first few chapters move slowly and are labored; then he gets into his stride; then has his full fling; and we rush along with this go-as-you-please tale till we arrive breathless at the end.

Let's stretch the wings of our imaginations. Suppose Pickwick had gone on and on, month after month, year after year, what sport would have been the encounters and the achievements of Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller with—to take but a few examples—Mr. Micawber, Dick Swiveller, The Marchioness, Captain Cuttle, Major Bagstock! And there are others we would have had them meet. But Sam, at any rate, would have had no truck with the maudlin Little Nell or Paul Dombey, or with the melodramatic Sidney Carton or Carker. They wither at one touch of nature. He and his master would have had, I hope, a soft spot for Little Dorrit and would have delighted in David's aunt. But Agnes, whom the said David married, I'm sure to his cost. Good Lord, we miserable sinner-men don't want to marry our guardian angels! That would not be bringing heaven to earth! Dora is far more to my taste, but she did not meet her due meed of admiration and appreciation from the somewhat top-lofty David after he had married her. I am positively certain Mr. Pickwick would have loved her dearly and have told me that I was not worthy of her. But then if we all got only what we deserved in the way of a wife, we should mostly be sad-like husbands. Yes; I should like to have a dozen or more volumes of Pickwick upon my shelves. They would contain the quintessence of Dickens.

Not so long ago I read right through Pickwick again and enjoyed myself hugely. Every now and then it was tiresome to find so much fun based upon the over-consumption of punch and other hilarious drinks, many of them even in this country mere matters of memory, or rather of history; quite all of them so with you! Once Pickwick & Company, with whom that delicious rascal Jingle, have driven out of the yard of The Golden Cross, at Charing Cross, on their road to Rochester and immortality—all is well. Tallyho! Tootle-tee-tootle the horn, Mr. Guard! Along we go on the only-too-short tour of riotous jolliments; not a bit tired or bored when we arrive at "The End" amid a clashing of wedding bells! Tired? On the contrary, very ready to go on along. But Dickens would not have it so; more's the pity, say I.

The setting, the scenery, the manners, customs, costumes, and so forth, of Pickwick belong to a dead past. When the social historian of London comes along to teach our children's children about our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers and what London was in the early twenties and thereabouts, he will turn to Pickwick for authentic information. He will get it. It is a vivid picture of the life of those dim days. Compared with now, London then was a small place and the country was nearby; it was dirty and dingy; ill-lit and ill-paved; the means of communication scanty; its manners for the most part rude and boisterous and often cruel. And—but turn to your Pickwick; you'll find all about it, though here and there will be felt the want of an explanatory footnote or illustration. It will soon be a vanished city; already vastly changed. Dickens and Pickwick would find it easy to lose themselves in it now; many slums and other ill-savored quarters have been swept away; but the diligent and zealous seeker can still find many a spot redolent of Pickwick.

It is a usual accusation against Dickens that he was a caricaturist. Not much of it, anyway. Anyone who knows London highways and byways intimately and who also has a full knowledge of the London of a hundred years ago will meet many a quaint and curious figure. It needs only the observant eye to see them; but the fact is that never has there been another writer, except Shakespeare, who could put them on paper in such complete, lifelike fashion. The misfortune really is that Dickens had in his composition much of the actor; in his other works he could not steer clear of melodrama and theatrical claptrap. Yet, strangely, his stories do not make good on the stage; his plots, such as they are, are not adapted for the theater. One of the charms of Pickwick is that it is plotless, amiably rambling. That is why Dickens was his best self in it.

Is their any kinship between the fiction of Dickens and that of today? Surely. Though not at first sight apparent. Dickens lifted story-telling out of the rut of dealing only, or almost only, with the middle and upper classes; he looked for characters and took them everywhere he could find them. He was not a maker of plots; most of his best writing stays the progress of his tales, just as much of Shakespeare's greatest poetry does the same with his plays. His stories centered round his characters, round his people. Is not much of this true of the finest fiction of today? The well-fashioned plot is fought shy of by those in our and in your country who are doing the best fiction work. The portrayal and development of character is the chief concern. But one striking difference there is between then and now; then stories ended with happy marriage bells; now they often only begin with them.

Dickens was a good-humorist; hated what in life he found was not good-humored, and when he tried to depict it was always out of tune and flat. Today there is a lack of good-humor among our cleverest writers of fiction; so there is among yours.

What of the morrow? I don't know; do you? But I hope this: that there will come a writer endowed with a large portion of good-humor and gifted with *unconscious* powers of insight and analysis. We want life whole. Dickens did not, could not, give it so. I know one only writer of English fiction who has done it; Fielding. It is another Fielding we need; shall we get him? A human, sympathetic, understanding man.

But let us not forget to be thankful to Charles Dickens for Pickwick. Let us read and laugh. The greatest gift of the gods is laughter.

Mr. Ford's Page

THE election simply means that the men who can do things are going to be given the chance to do them. The people are through electing honest men merely because they are honest, and earnest men merely because they are earnest, and so-called "progressives" merely because they have adopted that name. Honesty does not always imply ability; earnestness does not imply knowledge; "progressive" labels do not imply true vision. The people are through voting for piecemeal qualities; they want working units.

Anyone who would draw partisan boasts from the people's action on November Fourth—and of course all politicians naturally do this—would simply be illustrating once more the blindness of those who cannot see the inner sources of our national convictions. In a way, all the parties were beaten. The Republican party was beaten before the election and would have been beaten there had not fundamental changes occurred, and the other parties were beaten at the election.

For, if there is anything clear about the people's action it is this: it was not a party movement in any sense. It was approval of a type of mind and a quality of action which had inspired national confidence. One has only to line up, in imagination, the Old Guard of any of the parties, to see how impossible any party victory was.

There is not a political organization in the country that the people would vote into power. If they had thought they were voting the Republican organization into power, they would have withheld their hand. They voted for a President in whom they had sufficient confidence to give him four years to see what he could do in curbing political interference with the proper functions of government.

It is simple truth to say that winning the election this year is a mighty serious matter. The cry of the revolutionary element that the election is a throwback to reactionism is just as false as the cry of the politicians that the election is a vindication of things as they are.

There is no need to deal harshly and in a spirit of hate with the extreme radical view. Many inexperienced people hold it because they have nothing better. They desire an enrichment of life, and shrewd or ignorant leaders have exploited that desire. The desire itself is normal and right. But they need to learn that Progress is not the possession of any party—not even the most "liberal" party. Progress is not political, though political principles may be a a part of Progress. Progress is the growing life of the people. Political parties do not create it and they cannot hinder it except in their own, the political, sphere.

We have, for example, the spectacle of the nation having progressed without hindrance in every sphere. The march of invention does not stop to ask whether Republican or Democrat is in power. Science, religion, philosophy, are perfectly indifferent to parties as long as freedom is not curtailed. Has politics kept up with these other columns of progress? Certainly not. Partisan technique has. Party organization has. But these things are husks. They are dead skins which growing life sloughs off. So that, suddenly, the most perfectly organized party finds itself drying up for lack of vital sap; it has been cut off from the people because in real politics it has made no progress.

Only incidentally can political parties keep step with progress and that is in seeing that the service to be rendered from the political sphere is as good in quality as that rendered from other spheres.

The radicals ought to be informed that no party can "make" Progress. The "regulars" ought to be informed that the last election was not a sign that the people are satisfied with the degree of Progress made. And all parties ought to be informed that the highest service that politics can perform is clearing the way for Progress that is coming.

A statesman is a man who clears the way for Almighty God. Politicians who obstruct that way are swept aside with the rest of the rubbish.

Now, that just about states the task which confronts any man whose fate it has been to win an election this year. It is Stanley Baldwin's task. It is Calvin Coolidge's task. First, to bring their own service specialty—the political instrument—up to the level of efficiency attained by other instruments of human service; and above all to *clear the way for Progress.*

Certainly no man or party has any mandate from the people to maintain things as they were or are. And to secure the reforms and improvements necessary will mean meeting great obstacles.

One obstacle will be prosperity. There is no doubt that business will reach another peak. But that is not enough. The danger of any period of great prosperity succeeding an election is that it leads people to think, "this is what we wanted, and we are getting it." It also influences leaders to think that the old system is good enough. Prosperity acts as an opiate on political initiative. We have confidence that Mr. Coolidge will not think his job is over simply because prosperity comes to the country. No period of prosperity can compensate for the moral and material damage done by a period of depression and adversity, because depression always hits the body of the people, who should never be injured in the simplest needs and rights of life.

Mr. Coolidge can be trusted to be aware that the time is past when even prosperity can be attributed to any party—the country has grown too big for any interest or group to bring on "hard times" or "good times" at will; although, it is admitted, that confidence in the Executive is a big influence in releasing the prosperity-making energies. But all prosperity of the present era is uncertain of continuance. It is not standardized; like the weather, it may be foretold, but not controlled. And yet, being economic, it could be controlled for the advantage of all. And in that control the political factor, when it grows big enough, will have a part.

Another obstacle to be met is *old methods.* Just because the government does a thing is no proof that it is best. All methods of government should be scrutinized to see if they in any way hinder the natural flow of progress or make prosperity spasmodic. Because the Government has handed its money functions over to private corporations, does not prove it to be right. Because the Federal Reserve System has gradually retired the United States Government and become a new money power in its own right, does not prove the propriety or national advantage of it. Methods must be scrutinized with care and overhauled where necessary.

This work of reconstruction is best undertaken in a time of prosperity. Patchwork improvements, under the stress of depression, do not serve. Politicians always try to "do something" when the time for doing it is past. You cannot prevent a system from breaking down after it has broken down. You must use your preventive wisdom before the break comes. Prosperity is the period in which to prevent adversity.

There are four years to show what honest intelligence and unfettered courage can do toward these substantial ends. That is all the election means. And the great majority was heart's hope that the four years be made to tell impressively in the increase of the plain people's liberties.

ALL parties were beaten, one of them before, the others at the election. What won was the people's confidence in the type of mind and quality of action which are found in the man elected President. He is given four years to see if he can do what parties have promised and failed to do. He cannot command Progress, but he can clear the way. Progress is not political, but there is sore need of politics becoming progressive. Only up to a certain point is Prosperity political. Confidence in the Executive releases prosperity-making energies, but does not create them. Prosperity has always been the politician's excuse for neglecting the main job. The people trust that it will not be so with Mr. Coolidge. A system so organized that prosperity is the exception and not the rule needs overhauling. It is that task which makes winning an election in 1924 so serious a matter.

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The Essence of the Elections

THE election is over, with results that were foreseen by anyone who observed the country instead of the candidates. The country began to say in the primaries of last spring that Calvin Coolidge was the national choice for the Presidency. In spite of campaign exigencies and opposition, that sentiment received no check or setback; it grew steadily into the tremendous majority of November 4.

Perhaps there were never three more incompetently managed presidential campaigns in the memory of living voters. Davis, of course, was finished in the convention that nominated him. La Follette started with a certain amount of strength, but dropped part of it at every public appearance until none was left. Coolidge attacked no one, misrepresented no one, spoke only American common sense, and swept the country.

Of course, to certain inflamed minds the election indicates that the American people are incorrigibly reactionary and have once more placed their necks in the capitalistic halter. That is, generally, the view of La Follette supporters. To others it indicates that a mammoth "slush fund" bought and bribed the American people. How unintelligent these charges sound now, and how magnificently the American people have justified their own sound discernment between men and issues. It is a loss in public education that we do not have a post-election period in which the nation might study all campaign utterances and consider them calmly in the light of events. It would render the people wiser against the next election, and the candidates more respectful of the popular intelligence.

Taken in connection with the election results in Great Britain, the indication is that the Anglo-Saxon peoples have returned to a firm basis of common sense. The extremist shouters have been discarded in favor of the quiet doers. Panderers to an unintelligent discontent, inciters to enmity against the institutions which preserve to us such justice and economic opportunity as we possess, vociferous promissors of a New Era to be had through the influx of inexperienced revolutionaries into the seats of government—these have been judged, tagged and set aside by the two ruling nations of the earth. There has been no question of the motives of the promissors, but the elections answer that there *was* question of their ability to perform. And this is not snap judgment on the part of the people. Ramsay MacDonald was given his chance—he has been before his people all his life. La Follette has been before his people and in public service for forty years. They were not rejected in public ignorance nor through public impulse: they were thoroughly known: the people measured them, and found that they came short. The most significant event since the war is the refusal of these two great peoples to follow the revolutionary will-o-the-wisp any farther.

But all this means but a return, a clearing away of new obstructions, not necessarily a step forward. The elections are not an achievement so much as they are a place of beginning, an opportunity to achieve. The next four, eight or twelve years are to be more crucial in the world's history than the ten years that have passed since 1914. Winning an election is the assumption of responsibility from which any man might shrink. Partisans may glory in their "victory" or gloom in their "defeat." To those who see the problems ahead there are no such terms as victory or defeat in the campaign sense, there is no such thing as the prestige of office—there is work that will require all of human wisdom there is, and all of divine illumination that may be vouchsafed. The spirit of party must die as the Spirit of Humanity now advances to its epochal trial.

The March of Modernity

TRULY the old order of things is changing in Europe. It is not alone princes and principalities that are being scrapped, but cherished institutions of quite a different description. Now it is Venetian gondolas and the famed hospice of the Great St. Bernard.

"A traveler, by the faithful hound, half-buried in the snow was found," says the poet. The "faithful hound" still remains, but things are undergoing a drastic change for the traveler. The famous hospice in the Alps is to be turned into a modern hotel.

The increased use of the automobile and the consequent greater volume of travelers has proved too much for the good monks, and the voluntary contribution box was too often overlooked or niggardly recognized by those who had partaken of the monks' hospitality. So that alongside the hospice will be erected a modern lodging where guests will register and pay their shot as in any other hotel.

The same wave of modernity has overtaken that other happy hunting ground of tourists, Venice the peerless, and the gondola is doomed. An edict has been issued that all steamboats and all gondolas in Venice must be equipped with electric engines.

Let Ruskin not arise from his grave and smite Mussolini Caesar! No more will the gondolier warble weird melodies to the rhythmic beat of his oar, no more will the picturesque craft glide along the placid bosom of the sparkling lagoon. Electric launches on the Grand Canal! Automobiles and hotel clerks on the highest altitudes of the Alps! And more than that—a scenic railway projected for Mt. Sinai! The world is moving.

Very Fair and American—to Be Sure

THE *Christian Century*, an alleged religious weekly of no particular connections, whose mission seems to be the handling of those idea-seeking and thought-shirking clergymen whom the *Nation* and the *New Republic* shock too much, voices this patriotic sentiment:

> "No man who values freedom of opinion and speech has any business in an army officer's uniform, just as no Christian minister whose first allegiance is to Jesus Christ has any business in an army officer's uniform. An army, whether in time of peace or in time of war, is just the sort of thing that can exist only by the partial unmanning of the manhood of those who participate in it."

There seems to be a great deal of freedom of opinion and speech in that paragraph, which the records of our nation show was won and is protected by men in uniform. Why this bitter anti-Americanism of lily fingered, but rough speaking, clerics? Are they bent on succeeding the "parlor anarchist" with a pulpit anarchist?

In any case, it is instructive to watch the steady alienizing of a section of the American pulpit, and the adroitness with which the church's base is moved about in agreement with the exigencies of alien propaganda.

D'Annunzio the Jester

IF GABRIEL D'ANNUNZIO were to forego the spotlight pleasures which he so much enjoys he would fade away much quicker than the leaves on Vallombrosa. His latest stunt would do credit to a movie star. He has withdrawn himself (he does not say for how long) from "worldly affairs." "Every evening," he says, "I burn before an altar of stone the heap of the day's unopened and unanswered letters." It is quite evident that Gabriel is at present expecting no checks.

This method of treating one's diurnal mail will doubtless commend itself to those unfortunates who are continually but vainly endeavoring to dodge the tailor and the tax collector, and to ignore their importunate missives.

D'Annunzio has hitherto been regarded as a patriot, a poet, a perfervid producer of international sensations. He can now lay claim to being something more. He is a humorist.

Senator Lodge

"I THINK I may say that I have done a good deal of difficult and responsible public work," said Henry Cabot Lodge in his last campaign, and it is true. Born a man of leisure, he had done a tremendous amount of work in several fields. But how much he accomplished by it, and whether any of it will long survive him, are other questions. Clearly the most impressive work he did was the prevention of the United States Government entering the League of Nations. That this was Senator Lodge's work more than that of any other man, President Wilson recognized. And whether Senator Lodge's motives in that work were mixed, has been another question. Certainly there was far too much personal feeling in the matter, from whatever angle it may be viewed. Still, taking the long view of the thing itself, history may record that act as Senator Lodge's highest statesmanship. Certainly, at the time, it was in concord with the state of the public mind. Otherwise Senator Lodge's work might not have found a so successful issue. In any event, it is easily the biggest political feat the Massachusetts Senator ever achieved.

The later years of his life saw him classed with the political reactionaries. Yet he was not reactionary; he only maintained the *status quo*. Once his stand might have passed for "progressive," but political progress passed him. He stood still; progress moved on and left him behind. Not that his principles were wrong; he was thoroughly American; but there were other principles of which he did not seem to be aware. There remains behind him no memory of vicious legislation which he fostered, no aspersion on his personal character, no falsity to his trust as he saw it. He belonged to a type of life which has passed from the stage; his points of view were necessarily from that type.

The Vogue of Windshield Art

POLICE authorities in certain cities of the United States and Canada are ordering removal of all ornaments, such as bathing girls, red devils, and the other trivial decorations from the windshields of automobiles. Undoubtedly any obstruction of an auto driver's view constitutes an element of danger.

Another side of the matter illustrates the sheep nature of certain classes of people. A recent American visitor to Europe, who left before the windshield cult manifested itself, was surprised on his return to see hundreds of thousands of automobiles bearing girls or devils plastered against the glass. He inquired what had occurred during his absence; what new fete was being advertised, or what great feat celebrated. Blank faces met his inquiry everywhere. He doesn't know yet why motor America suddenly broke out in red blotches of bathing girls and devils. Neither does anyone else. But it offers an opportunity for study. Somewhere one who is a conscious or unconscious master of mob psychology is applying his knowledge to business. It would be worth a story, this capture of the public minds at intervals. The method of it should be made known to the public whose co-operation is so essential to its success.

Public Opinion

THE man who tries to please everybody generally pleases nobody. Long before the Christian era Esop illustrates this in his story of the old man who tried to conform to public opinion in the treatment of his donkey—all that he had—and not only miserably failed but lost his donkey into the bargain.

In the course of a speech recently made in Perth, the "fair city" which Sir Walter Scott has rendered famous in one of his romances, Lord Dewar made some pointed observations on public opinion as it is today. He said that as one walked along life's highway one would find that public opinion was "paradoxical at every turn from the cradle to the grave." For example, if a man did not succeed in his calling he was pronounced a failure. If he made money he was called a profiteer. If he went to church on Sunday he was a hypocrite; if he staid away he was a sinner. If he gave to some public object it was an advertisement; if he didn't he was stingy.

The *vagaries* of public opinion have played too great a part in shaping the destinies of nations as well as individuals; thus occasions have arisen when dictators were found the only means of disentangling nations from the muddling of "many men of many minds." If individuals were to follow the conglomerate advice so freely handed to them by their friends confusion and disaster would be inevitable. A man should be guided up to a certain point by the experience of others—this is only common sense—but his ultimate course must be shaped by his own reason.

"Red" Grange—Newest Pigskin Furore

Grange, a halfback on the University of Illinois football team, was the most discussed football player of 1923 and he is even a greater star this season. For two years he has been the outstanding player in a sport that closely rivals baseball for popularity. On three occasions this year more than 70,000 persons have crowded the great stadium in the village of Urbana, Illinois, coming from all parts of the Middle West to see this football marvel perform.

Football Player Receives More Publicity Than Presidents or Actresses

By PAUL MACDONALD

Why do more than 70,000 persons fight to get into a stadium just to see a boy, who delivers ice in the summer months and goes to school during the other months, run with a football? Why do more than 70,000 stand and cheer themselves hoarse about it? And why is this boy now generally regarded as the greatest broken field runner of all time and by many laymen as the greatest player of all time? Why was he discussed more in the last two months than the presidential candidates?

MORE than 70,000 persons jammed into a double-decked stadium on a Saturday afternoon. Thousands more, outside, unable to get in because of "limited" seating capacity. As the hour of two in the afternoon approaches there is hardly an empty seat visible to the eye; at two there will be none vacant. Just before two the gates at one end of the stadium swing open and thirty-three men in football uniform rush onto the gridiron while most of the 70,000 cheer. But while the cheering is going on every one of that vast throng is searching for one player, a tall, lithe chap on the back of whose jersey is the figure "77" in bold deep orange. The wearer of this number is soon discovered and for two hours he holds the attention of all present.

If, perchance, you know nothing about football and happen to hear someone say, "There he is—the one with the '77' on his back," you will turn to your program to identify "77." And you will discover that the wearer of this number is Harold Grange, a halfback on the Illinois football eleven.

For two years Grange has been the lion of football, the idol of the game's enthusiasts. In those two years he has established himself as the greatest individual player of a football age and the most powerful scoring weapon any team has been able to place upon the field. He is the greatest individual drawing card the game has known; he has, by his own talent, brought more people to football games than any single player that ever lived.

Grange is all the more remarkable because he developed at a time when football leaders had concluded that the day of individualism in football had passed. There would, of course, always be players that stood above their fellows, but, they argued, there could not be another one that would stand out alone. Team play has been finely developed in recent years and modern football exacts more team play than the game used to demand. As team play advanced it lessened the chance of the individual to become distinctly separated from his mates. Team play makes for uniform excellence and not individual superiority. But Grange became the outstanding figure of his sport regardless of the present conditions. He became the superman of football.

In two years Grange has received more publicity than any three football players combined. In the heat of a presidential campaign Grange was being given as much newspaper space as the candidates for the Presidency. Many times as many people read about his individual performances as read through the campaign speeches. His pictures were printed more times than those of Calvin Coolidge or those of either of his opponents in the campaign. He is discussed more than any team in the land.

And, who is Grange and why all this fussing and fuming about him?

Grange is a well-built youth who is playing his second year of collegiate football for the University of Illinois. He is red-headed and he has large feet and big hands, strong legs and broad shoulders. His home is in Wheaton, Illinois, and he drives an ice wagon during the summer months in his home town. His father is a deputy sheriff and he has a younger brother, Garland, also a halfback, who is now a freshman at Illinois. He will make his debut on the Illini varsity next autumn when his brother plays his final season of major football.

If you are a follower of football you will be able to name at least six good halfbacks of recent years, men like Gipp, Mahan, Casey, Pfann, Killinger, Martineau, Kipke, among others. You may even argue that some of them were better backs than Grange. But there is one thing that stands beyond dispute and the one thing concerns the drawing power of this young man. No player in the history of the king pastime for college men ever succeeded so highly as a magnet. While there may have been better players there is no one that ever appealed so highly to the public.

Grange is like Ruth. Analyze them and you find the same principle ruling their popularity. Ty Cobb was a great drawing card in baseball but he was never so great as "The Babe." And Cobb was infinitely a better ball player. The reason is plain. Most of Cobb's best performances were inside baseball; they delighted the men that knew the technique of baseball; only they could fully appreciate Cobb's work. Cobb was the players' player. They could, better than any amateur or layman, fully understand the finesse of his work. The things in Cobb that brought forth their admiration nearly all escaped the audience. Ruth is nothing of that kind. Ruth has the punch. He can hit a ball harder than any man who ever tried to hit a ball. No one who goes to a ball park will fail to appreciate and fully realize the gifts of Ruth. They are within the comprehension of all who watch baseball while Cobb was beyond them; they could understand and appreciate but a small percentage of Cobb's accomplishments.

In football much of the splendid play is above the heads of the spectators. The average man who follows football does not know enough about position play, strategy of attack and defense and the finer points of the general play fully to appreciate the keen work of a clever quarterback, for instance. He does not know enough about tackle play, center play, guard and end play to appreciate the work of a skilled performer at one of these positions. There have probably been several players who were better linemen and ends than Grange is a back but their work escaped the general football public. The greatest center, guard or tackle that football ever produced would have no appeal to the stands; only those with an expert knowledge of play would appreciate his talents.

The backs in football appeal to the public. It is the back who carries the ball. It is generally the back who throws it and a back who receives it. Anyone can receive a forward pass, providing he is at end when the ball is passed or in the backfield, but it is generally a back who streaks down the field and receives the pass. The work of the backs is done out in the open, mostly. The public can follow them and the result is that nearly all the heroes of football played behind the line.

Grange has the advantage of position; he is a halfback. Grange carries the ball. More than that, Grange's best work is done in a broken field, where he glides by tacklers. When Grange makes one of his long runs he is visible to everyone in the stadium. He is carrying the ball. One after another the defense men leap for him. Sometimes they catch him; more often they do not.

People come from afar to see Grange play. They want to see him run. They want to see tacklers miss him. They want to see him elude the swiftest backs that can be held back to stop him. They like Grange because Grange is visible, understandable, sensational. One does not have to master a mass of technique before the talent of Grange becomes apparent; it is self-evident. Whether or not you know a thing about football it is a thrilling sight to see this man Grange speed over the flat green top of the gridiron and make tacklers miss him. Anyone can watch a man run and elude half a dozen men who are trying to catch him. It is cleverness that all can appreciate even if only a comparative few understand the technique of the runner.

To say that Grange is the best football player of all time is going a bit too far. His own coach, his team mates and his most enthusiastic followers who have a good knowledge of the game would not claim that for him. Grange, for instance, does not block or tackle. He has no defensive value. A good back must be as capable on defense as he is on attack. He must be able to block and tackle and put his ability to use. But, it can be said for Grange that he is the greatest broken field runner of all time. His record should convince any skeptic.

Then, what makes Grange such a superman in his opponents' territory?

In the first place Grange has the physical gifts. He has the build and the natural speed. He has large feet and big strong hands. Large feet, while frowned upon in drawing rooms, are considered an especial gift of nature on a football field. So are big and strong hands and thick and strong legs. Grange has these. He also has good shoulders and football coaches like to see good shoulders. There have been few football players above the mediocre who had narrow shoulders.

(C) Fotograms, New York.

HAROLD GRANGE.

Grange is probably the most complete runner of all time. By that we mean he has every quality that a runner should have. He has speed, agility, quickness, power, change of pace, reverse, pivot, and a deadening straight arm. He carries his knees high, swings his hips wide when in the proximity of a tackler. His steps are rather long and he seems to float over the ground rather than run. He does not carry the ball in the orthodox style, against his chest, but grasps the end in the hollow of his hand and pins it against his forearm. This gives him two free arms and he uses the one carrying the ball to balance himself in twisting, turning and reversing.

His long runs have nearly all started around end. He generally goes around his own right end and he goes unusually wide. On these end runs he starts from a deep formation. No attempt is made at deception. Grange goes deep, behind his center, and his interference forms to his right. When he starts there is a three-man interference ahead of him. The ball is passed and the opposing linemen charge. The Illinois line permits the opposing forwards to come through, slightly checking them as they pass. By the time the linemen come pouring through the Illinois forward wall Grange is on his way and there is not a lineman in the country who can catch him from behind. In the meantime, Grange's interference has blocked off the opposing end and tackle and the Illinois linemen are scattering in the defense territory as Grange circles the end. His linemen, serving as cut-off men, are blocking off the opposing secondary defense. On circling the end Grange reverses his field and begins darting through the openings.

This is how Grange ran against Michigan and all his long runs were made in this manner. The Michigan game is referred to because it was the greatest performance of Grange's brilliant career. In 1923 Illinois and Michigan were tied for the "Big Ten" championship. Neither was tied nor beaten during the 1923 season and when, last December, the two universities agreed to play in 1924, the game immediately became the most important on the Western Conference football schedule. Michigan coaches had studied Grange's play in 1923 and it was generally agreed that if any team would be able to stop Grange that team was Michigan.

The opening kick-off of the Illinois-Michigan game was a low, driving boot that went directly into the hands of Grange. He caught the ball on his own 12-yard line while on a dead run and he continued running until he crossed the Michigan goal line. In the first 10 minutes of this game Grange handled the ball six times. Four of these times he scored touchdowns and he gained a total of 256 yards. That stands as the greatest achievement in major football. Nothing like it is found in the record books.

In 1923 Grange won every important game that Illinois played by his individual runs. The skeptics were waiting for Michigan to test Grange. Against Michigan he did what no other player has been able to do against any opponent and that performance stamps Grange as the super-runner of all time; at least it gives the convincing proof to the statement that he is. He played only part of this game but scored five touchdowns and threw the forward pass that gave Illinois a sixth touchdown.

Some who try to discredit Grange say that his success is due mostly to the line in front of him and the interference that he gets. Take the Michigan game as an example: After Grange left the lineup and sat on the sidelines, Illinois tried the same plays that Grange had used with other backs carrying the ball. Michigan stopped these plays each time and several of the attempts resulted in loss of ground. The failure of the plays with Grange out of them would indicate the part that Grange plays in their success.

This Illinois line that is given credit for the success of Grange happens to be the weakest part of the Illinois eleven. The strength of the team is behind the line. Illinois is a poor team with Grange out of the lineup; a great team with Grange in the backfield. During the time that he was on the sidelines Michigan had no trouble with the Illinois line; Michigan outplayed Illinois.

Grange, against Iowa, proved that he can cut in as well as go wide on his runs. He cut in repeatedly against Iowa. He went off tackle and he was supposed to be weak in those thrusts.

As a forward passer he is one of the best in the game. He could not throw a ball last season but in the spring Coach Robert Zuppke had Grange practice pitching overhand. He developed a good overhand motion and in the autumn he used this to throw a football. He discovered that he could. His passing is of great value to the Illinois attack, for Grange, after starting several runs from a deep position, finds himself able to bluff the run and throw the ball instead. Since the opposing team is dead anxious by this time to reach Grange and smother him before he gets well started, Illinois is able

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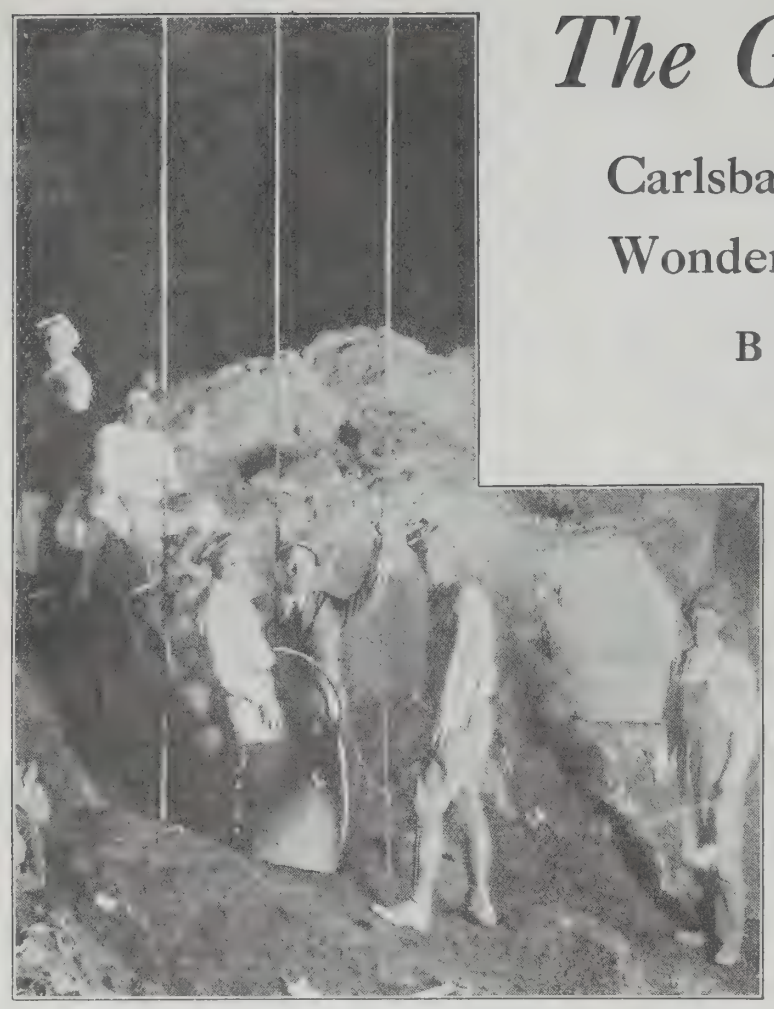


The beginning of the Carlsbad Cavern.

The Grandest Cave in America

Carlsbad Cavern an Aladdin's Palace of Beauty; Wonder of the World in Guadalupe Mountains

By MAX BENTLEY

AT THE top of a low ridge on the extreme southeastern break-off of the Guadalupe Mountains of New Mexico sits a cluster of small buildings, and among them a derrick, a hoisting engine, and a steel bucket hanging over a shaft. At 180 feet straight below them begins a cavernous void reaching downward along the edge of the mountains, northeast to southwest, that is now known to be one of the earth's natural wonders.

The elevation is 500 feet above the nearly level plain stretching away southward. The plain is hard to the sight but brilliantly visible to the very point where the eye fails. It is sparsely grown to thorny cacti—ocotillo, sotols and lechuguilla are the predominating species—but relieved by a hard green coloring of catclaw, sage and greasewood shrubs. Off to the west Guadalupe Peak rises sheerly from the plain, a stupendous pile of rock 8,500 feet above the sea, and behind it, ascending swanlike a thousand feet higher, the conical dome of Signal Peak, highest point in the range. Though thirty-five miles distant it is silhouetted clear and sharp in the attenuated desert air.

I know of no spot in America standing out so boldly for all men to see, and yet seen by fewer men, as this abrupt southern ending of the Rocky Mountains and the wonders it holds. Until the past summer not a hundred persons had been where Jim White took me—and Carlsbad, New Mexico, only thirty miles away. I know there is no spot more worthy to be seen than the cavernous limestone perforations in the Guadalupes, beginning at the foot of the shaft I have mentioned. The hoisting bucket drops the visitor 180 feet into a chamber one mile long, and this chamber is the beginning of Carlsbad Cavern. The cluster of buildings, weather-beaten now from long disuse, was used by crews of laborers lifting guano, rarest of fertilizers, for shipment to the orange groves of California.

"Occasionally," said Dr. Willis T. Lee, in the *National Geographic Magazine*, "a matter-of-fact statement of a geographic discovery sounds incredible." And because it happened to be Jim White, a cowboy and not a scientist or writer, who discovered the Cavern, its marvels lay unrevealed while Yellowstone and Niagara drew the crowd. Reporting his findings in the most matter-of-fact way, Jim White was met with incredulity for twenty-two years—until, last autumn, he interested Dr. Lee who interested the National Geographic Society and the National Parks Service, which together appropriated $21,000 for scientific exploration by Lee himself.

Lee was a reclamation engineer working along the Pecos River when Jim White went to him to report that the inside of the Guadalupes was hollow. Nine months of exploration by Lee, White, and a party of surveyors has revealed not one cavern, but a series of caverns whose dimensions even now cannot be estimated, since various winding passageways have been explored only for fifteen miles, in a general southerly direction. The discovery was of such startling magnificence that in October of 1923 President Coolidge set aside the region as the Carlsbad National Monument, and the government withdrew from public sale 80,000 acres on the mountain top lying above the explored portions. Luckily for posterity the government owns nearly all of the Guadalupe country in New Mexico.

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT sent me to New Mexico to see the Cavern. At Pecos, Texas, on the Bankhead Highway, I was joined by Judge J. C. Hunter, of Van Horn, Texas. Late in the afternoon we turned our car northward and traveled ninety miles across the arid plain, over a rough but quite negotiable road, to the town of Carlsbad. Tourists will take note that the Cavern can be reached either from Pecos or Van Horn, northward, or from Carlsbad westward. Two days will suffice for the round trip. Unusually good accommodations can be had at Carlsbad.

Next morning, with Jim White and a party of Colorado oil men, we made the thirty-mile run in two hours flat to the abandoned headquarters of the fertilizer company, and by 10 o'clock were standing by the bucket. The last pull was the hardest of all. The road degenerates into a 27 per cent rocky grade as it leaves the plain very suddenly to crawl around and up a steep hill two miles from the bucket. Thereafter the way is rough but level.

Hunter and I gazed timorously down the shaft and stealthily tested the steel cable which lowers the bucket, while Jim fussed at the engine. Jim said, "Don't get skeered if she lets go all of a sudden. Just hang on and hold your insides in. I figure I can stop her." We climbed aboard in twos—it was a tight fit for Hunter and me, thank heaven!—and were shot upward four feet as the trapdoors lifted outward, then plumped straight downward—down, down, down. It took a minute to make the descent, but in an instant we were transported from the hot and dry sunlight of the upper world to the cool twilight of the lower regions. How did Jim follow? Why, down a wooden ladder. Two minutes had hardly passed before he stood beside us.

We were in the mile-long room. It is high and narrow and littered with boulders which made the way difficult, but not at all dangerous. What lay beyond? Far ahead we saw a broad shaft of light lying obliquely across our path, making our lamps unnecessary as we approached it. The light was from a natural entrance, though not used, in the side of the mountain. The hole is large, much larger than the shaft entrance, and widening downward like an inverted funnel, with a precipitous hundred-foot drop into piles of boulders making its use impossible without extensive work.

The King's Palace. Thousands of stalactites hang downward from a few inches to fifty feet.

But the bats use it. Numberless thousands of these little guano depositors make their home in the Cavern, departing through the natural entrance each evening to roam abroad, and returning each morning at daybreak to fasten themselves against the walls. It is a not-to-be-forgotten experience to see them issuing forth, a winged stream taking the form of a swiftly moving funnel, and one must stand well away as they return, darting through the hole with blinding speed, wings folded for the final downward swoop.

"Why," said Jim White, "we took guano from this cave for fifteen years. This room here and east of the bucket is a hundred feet high. When I saw this place twenty-two years ago the guano deposit was only eighteen feet below the ceiling and a quarter of a mile long."

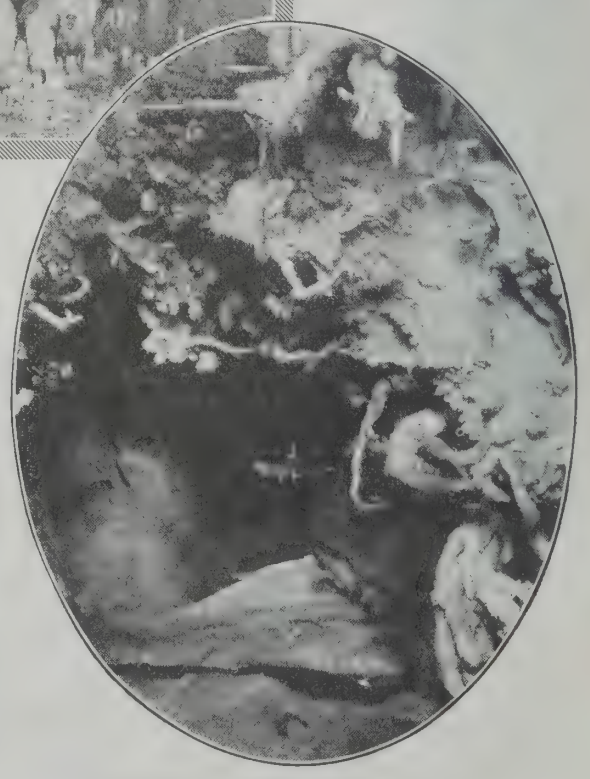
How long before man trod the North American plain was the first winged bat depositing his droppings in Carlsbad Cavern? In the fifteen years that Jim White mined out the guano as the fertilizer company's foreman he frequently worked crews of fifty men, and hoisted to the wagons above as high as 150 tons a day. The bat of today in his tiny ugliness more nearly resembles prehistoric form than any other living creature. Might he not have been, in the youth of the world, an enormous flying reptile with wings fifty feet across? *Must* he not have been of great size to have left such abundant record of his tenantry?

From the natural opening we passed into black darkness. Our lamps were but a flicker, but they threw fantastic shadows against stalagmites of lime carbonate, some with bases fifty feet thick, others so slenderly fluted that the lightest touch sent them crumbling. These were in the early making—their giant companions had been forming through unreckoned centuries and now were rearing themselves a hundred feet high to meet and join the stalactites hanging from the ceiling. This marvel of Nature had been wrought with water; not in a stream or even a trickle, but in the ageless process of drop by drop, evenly, methodically, patiently. They were forming—there can be no doubt of that—before the Neanderthal man tamed the first wild dog. Geologists can study the rock formations above-ground and fix the earth's age at 300,000,000 years. The ignoramus—even as Hunter and Jim and I—can descend to a cavern and with know-nothing eyes see that it's all true.

We picked our way on reasonably level footing to a pool of water formed in a hollowed-out sheet of limestone. It was the first water we found—cold, clear and deathly still. Whence came it? We could hear no drip from above, yet here it was, at our feet, giving back our features, our spectrally gray faces, against the gleam of our lamps. There is nothing more vibrantly alive than what the arid West calls "living water," and surely nothing seems so utterly dead as still water in a cave. We searched the depths with lamps held close: no fish lived there. Beside the pool was a squat stalagmite so startlingly like a recumbent lion that we named the place, with Jim's good-natured permission, Lion Fountain. The lime carbonate building this monster had formed in symmetrical layers, and the sides were dry and cold.

Then we began to drop. Jim led us to the edge of a fall-off so deep that fragments of rock dislodged by our feet tinkled away to nothingness in their fall, and so dark that our lamps barely reached the first ledge thirty feet below. Jim had been working in the cavern twenty years against the time when the world would come to his bucket. He has built a way down this terrifying declivity with hundreds of sacks, arranged as winding stairs, with a swaying wire handhold following them.

This was Devil's Den. We descended single-file, very slowly. Below the first ledge was another and wider ledge where the sack stairway gave way to level footing a score of steps. Then a ninety-foot ascent, again on slippery wet sacks, over a ridge which Jim had named Camel's Hump; and then a 400-foot descent to the entrance of a vast chamber more



Hanging pendants in Carlsbad Cavern.

gorgeous than man ever dreamed of, much less built. The entrance was canopied with draperies of delicate stalactite fretwork and the way thither was through an avenue of stalagmites of many shapes and colors, and each more beautiful than the one behind it.

This was the King's Palace. No king ever had such a palace. We came suddenly into a room of unbelievable proportions. It was without a single support, almost a perfect circle, one thousand feet in diameter and two hundred feet high, the floor perfectly level and carpeted with a velvet dust. Stalagmites had not formed here, but thousands of stalactites hung downward from a few inches to fifty feet.

The King's Palace is 750 feet below the hoist bucket and 250 feet below the level of the outside plain. It was in this thousand-foot auditorium, in the light of many torches, that the governors of New Mexico and Texas, with a party of 176 persons, including the highway commissions of both states, met a few weeks ago to pledge themselves to further the undertaking of creating a national park in the Guadalupe region, for the preservation for all time of the Cavern and the wondrous mountain country above it. At this meeting the highway commissions of the two states officially designated as state highways the route leading from Van Horn to Carlsbad, thence to the Cavern and around the base of the mountain. Women of Carlsbad turned the King's Palace into a dining room and served sandwiches and coffee to the entire party.

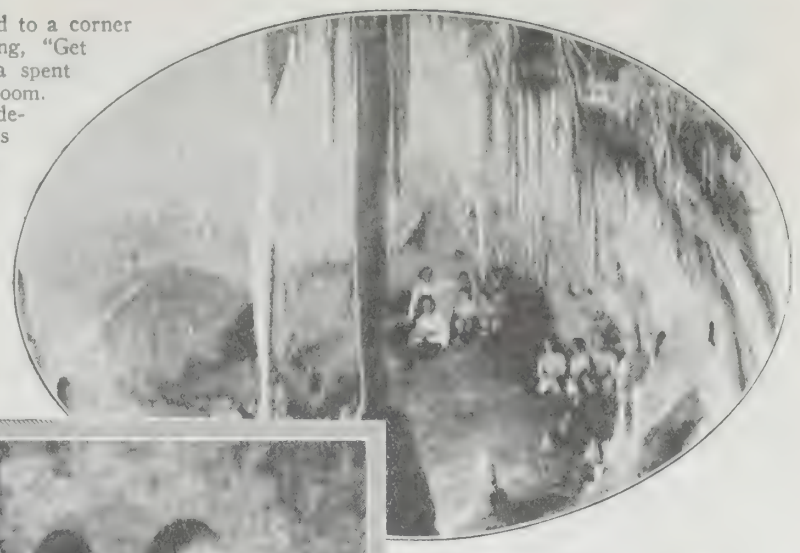
We, being neither official nor important, had brought our own provender, and so we lunched beside a subterranean pool in the Papoose Room, the smaller of two chambers opening off the King's Palace. Dr. Lee has suggested Indian names for many of these show places, drawing on Navajo mythology for his inspiration. A magnificent onyx column near the Cavern's entrance he has named Yeitso's Pillar. Devil's Den is Yeitso's Den, after the Navajos' mythical monster "whose blood formed Red River (the Colorado) and congealed in some places in lava flows when he was slain by the great god Sun." The King's Palace is Shinav's Wigwam, after the wolf-god Shinav, who, as the Navajos had it, used petrified trees for arrows in battle. But to plain Jim White, Shinav's Wigwam is the King's Palace, and Yeitso's Den gives way to the easier-said, and certainly the more suggestive, Devil's Den.

Pools in Carlsbad Cavern.

The climax of our tour was just ahead. Jim had reserved the Big Room for the last. We retraced our steps a short distance; thence through a narrow aperture so thickly studded with hanging pendants that we traveled on all fours lest we break them; then, suddenly, into a chamber in one corner of which the King's Palace might be swallowed.

It was sixteen city blocks in length and four blocks wide. The ceiling ranged from 150 to 250 feet in height. Fifty thousand persons could be seated in comfort; indeed, among a dozen potholes that once had held water were natural camp stools of crusted limestone and onyx, formed by the recession of the water, perfect in design and very comfortable. Hunter called them toadstools, while Jim suggested lily pads. Each consisted of a thin, crusted sheet, grown outward in concentric rings to a knife-like edge, and supported on bases a foot thick.

Jim lighted a flare. He retreated to a corner so remote that his shouted warning, "Get ready!" came to us as faintly as a spent echo. Then the light flooded the room. Stalactites, stalagmites, flowstone designs along the side walls, all in tints of snow white, clouded gray, deep black and faintly opalescent reds and oranges, leaped before our bewildered eyes. They ran in sizes from a few inches—there were millions of these tiny hanging jewels—to massive columns with bases fifty feet thick. They ranged in shapes from symmetrical totem poles to hideous monsters with leering faces and gleaming teeth.



Entrance to the King's Palace is canopied with draperies of delicate stalactite fretwork.

These giant stalagmite domes have been forming through unreckoned centuries.

In the center of the vaulted dome, at least 250 feet overhead, hung a 50-foot chandelier of white stalactites bordered with orange slashes and tipped in black.

We saw it all in two minutes. Then the flare flickered and died and we were again as ants crawling in the twilight gloom, raising our lamps in feeble efforts to pierce the veil—crawling to the edge of a precipice falling off sheerly 130 feet below the level of the Big Room, peering into a void as yet unexplored. What lies down there no one can say, not even Jim White. Once he descended on a rope and again on a wire ladder of his own making. But he did not go far. He showed us the ladder—a crude and frail thing anchored to an iron pipe thrust into holes in the limestone wall. He told how, on his first trip, it had turned over, leaving him dangling on the underside in imminent peril of death. "Would any of you boys care to climb her?" No, thanks. Some other time, perhaps.

Outward bound we stopped at a niche to inspect a pile of crumbled human bones. Many years ago, Jim White found the skeleton of an adult on that ledge, in a sitting position as though buried Indian fashion. Might it have been a prehistoric man? Jim did not know. Had he reported the discovery to the Smithsonian? No, that had not occurred to him. He had handed the skull to a local doctor, and the doctor had lost it! Jim is not a scientist, worse luck, but only an old-time cowboy who went down into a bat cave and spent the next twenty-two years exploring it for his own entertainment, with only a string to guide him safely back. Fragments of that string, rotted now, lay along our route. Jim refused to grow sentimental over them.

We came out in mid-afternoon without misadventure. The upward hoist was more breath-taking than the descent had been; Jim's homely countenance seemed positively beautiful to Hunter and me as our heads came level with the trapdoors and we saw him standing carelessly by the hoisting engine. We had truly seen one of the earth's wonders. Prior to the Geographic expedition not a hundred persons had ever stood in the King's Palace, so Jim said—and a transcontinental railroad only thirty miles away. Why? Because Jim White is not a talkative man. He is a cowboy—and an explorer.

One of the Colorado oil men had visited the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. I asked him for a comparison. He said, very soberly, "You can multiply the Mammoth Cave by one hundred and still not do justice to this place."

The Carlsbad Cavern is a noteworthy addition to the geographical wonders of the United States. Few persons now traverse Southeastern New Mexico and few realize that mountains rise there to altitudes of nearly 10,000 feet. These mountains are carved by erosion into a remarkable series of sharp ridges and steep-walled gorges which are scarcely surpassed for rugged beauty.

The rocks of these mountains consist of limestone of late Paleozoic age, in thick, massive layers which slope gently in an easterly direction and pass under red sandy shale in Pecos Valley. The shale contains thick beds of gypsum and rock salt, which dissolve in the circulating underground water. The limestone also is soluble, but less readily than the salt and gypsum, and because of its greater resistance to the action of the water, the caverns in it are formed slowly, but become enormously large, and endure through long ages.

Carlsbad Cavern is only one of a dozen or more known to exist in Guadalupe Mountains, although little aside from their mere existence is known of these, even locally.

The plants near Carlsbad Cavern are of great interest to those unfamiliar with the Southwest. This part of New Mexico has a warm semi-arid climate in which thrive a variety of plants of amazing shape. These give to the landscape a strange aspect that is a source of never-ending delight to the visitor. However, to those for whom the novelty has worn away, these weird forms of vegetation are sources of annoyance and discomfort.

The predominating characteristic is thorniness. There are thorn trees; thorned shrubs with spike-like leaves; Spanish bayonets and Spanish daggers. This is a country of prickly pears and cat's-claws; sagebrush and greasewood; thorny mesquites and screw beans, and many less familiar but no less interesting forms of plant life. The beauty of the cactus in bloom and of the great flower stalk of the century plant is well known, but the equally gorgeous appearance of many of the other plants when in fruit or in flower is less familiar.

Probably the most interesting plant near Carlsbad Cavern—certainly the most prolific one—is the sotol, of which there are many closely related species. It consists of a spongy base a few feet high, crowned with hundreds of linear leaves about a yard long.

All photos (C) Ray V. Davis.

When Jim White's flare flooded the Big Room stalagmite totem poles leaped into view. Among other wondrous sights was revealed an exquisitely formed fringed shawl (on the extreme right).

When Pine Street Elbows Out Wall Street

A Series of U. S. Laws Give International Finance a World Grip; What the Schacht Gold Bank May Do, Free of Government Control

By HAMILTON YORK

In this, the third article of the series, the writer summarizes the sequence of events which led to the creation of a monopoly in control of American Trade.

PINE STREET, New York, begins at Broadway opposite Trinity Churchyard, runs parallel to and next north of Wall Street, past Nassau and then William, and finally meanders down to the East River. That block between Nassau and William streets, where the sunshine rarely seeps in, is the most important. The United States Subtreasury, with the big statue of George Washington in front, faces Wall Street, runs along Nassau street, and finally backs up on Pine Street. It faces, therefore, on three streets. The big shipments of gold from Europe and other places, usually packed in casks, are rolled into the Pine Street or rear entrance. Picked porters do the job, guarded by trusty men with guns. When the man who owns the gold desires to talk it over, he goes into the Wall Street or front entrance—if he doesn't talk over the telephone.

Halfway down Pine Street toward William is the International Acceptance Bank, Inc. Two brass signs flank the entrance. They are always beautifully polished. This is No. 31, and it is the bank of which Paul M. Warburg is "chairman of the board." As has been shown, he came to this country from Germany in 1902 for the purpose of reforming our banking and monetary system. How successfully he has done this, and in fact is doing it all the time, has already been told in this paper.

Pine Street's Financial Setting

DIRECTLY across the street at No. 30 is Goldman, Sachs & Company, and in the same building, Huth & Company. When the International Acceptance Bank was organized by Mr. Warburg, it took over the foreign exchange department of Huth & Company, and also the foreign credit business of the First National Corporation of New York, owned by the First National Bank of Boston. Until a few months ago, and for many years, the offices of Harvey Fisk & Sons were at No. 34. The place is now for rent. The most notable achievement of this firm in the world of finance was to find the money with which Mr. McAdoo built the Jersey tunnels under the Hudson River. It was ably assisted by Kuhn, Loeb & Company, a fact which may or may not be important.

Next door to where Harvey Fisk & Sons used to do business is the well-known organization of Hallgarten & Company. This is at No. 44 Pine Street. On the other side, again, between the International Acceptance Bank and the corner of William, is the Bank of Manhattan. Then across William street on the corner is Kuhn, Loeb & Company. Paul M. Warburg was for many years a partner there even as his brother Felix and Otto Kahn are now. The new Federal Reserve Bank building is only a short distance away toward the north. The next block south is Wall Street with Heidelbach, Ickelheimer & Company, in the building on the southwest corner. The Equitable Trust is in the same block.

This topography is given with some detail for, if the plans of Mr. Warburg and the Jewish Nationalists are carried to a successful conclusion, sight-seeing coaches will trundle through Pine Street instead of Wall. The main entrance of the Subtreasury will be where the gold is now carried in, and in turn the rear entrance will face Wall Street. George Washington's statue will stretch its neck but little to look in the windows of Speyer & Company, at No. 24 Pine Street, windows always neatly shaded by brown pongee curtains. The building is of beautiful white marble, the doors are works of art in bronze. The Speyer brothers, it will be remembered, are offspring of a famous banking family of Frankfort-am-Main, whose sister married Arthur von Gwinner, once head of the Deutsche Bank. James Speyer had something to do with the recent "reorganization" of the M. K. & T., while his brother, ex-Sir Edgar, is a man without a country. His apologist here was Samuel Untermeyer.

Debts and Starving Babies

ALL this will attract the glance of George Washington's statue, now in its new place. Alongside it will also be that remarkable bas-relief of Washington in an attitude of anxious prayer which now is at the side of the Wall Street front. The radical papers, of course, will continue to yell at Wall Street, as before, and grovel at Pine Street, but Wall Street will be only a memory. There will be nothing left but Pine Street.

In opening these articles, I promised to show that through the machinery set up by the Dawes plan, the control of the world's cover gold was about to pass into the hands of the group of internationalists that has been described here. With that control would go a power which the world has never yet seen. It carries an authority which is absolute though concealed.

The Dawes Report was given out for publication in Paris, April 9, 1924, and appeared in full in the morning papers of the United States, April 10. For weeks the world press, and particularly the press in this country, had been staging its appearance, carefully nourishing an expectant spirit which would insure a dramatic climax to the work of the committee. The spirit of the occasion was that Germany was so poor that it could not pay its debts and babies were supposed to be starving. General Dawes and his associates were to suggest a method by which the economic life of Germany could be rehabilitated. Germany could pay its debts to the Allies, and Germany could assume again its place in the world. To start was the question, and this indicated that outside *help* must be provided, principally from the United States. Suggestions of this character always include help from the United States.

The Dawes Report went over with a bang. Few understood it, but it was accepted by all as if the last word had been said. No word of real criticism has been uttered either as to the suitability of the methods to be employed or the suitability of the application of the methods.

It is very certain that if the plan suggested by the Dawes Report had not been acceptable to those who have their heel on Germany's neck, and who have co-racial friends, associates, and relatives in every commercial center of the civilized globe, there would have been discussion in plenty. Doubts would have been raised as to its advisability. Questions would have been asked. Finally, underground work like that which chloroformed Mr. McHugh's Foreign Trade Financing Corporation would have been started and the Dawes Report would have been thrown into the discard, never to have been heard from again. I stated that there had been no protests, but there has been one. It appeared on the inside page of a Chicago newspaper, inconspicuously placed. The date line was "Berlin, July 6," and it read:

> "The Dawes plan was made and inspired by Jews for the purpose of putting Germany under Jewish control," said General Ludendorff, the leader of the Voelkische or Fascisti party, in addressing "German Week" meeting of the Voelkische youth movement in Munich . . . . "This . . . . Jewish work means future slavery for the German people and also the complete crushing of the Germanic spirit."
> Rather remarkable—only one protest!

Facts About Organization

TO APPRECIATE the real significance of the Dawes Report, it is essential to keep in mind constantly the system which it is supposed to rehabilitate dominated by a hundred Jewish bankers who hold Germany in the hollow of their hands. Under ordinary circumstances it is quite impossible for the average reader to wade through a mass of technical verbiage which is to be found there. There is more than three-quarters which has only relative value in discussing the phase of the matter which is to be followed out here. So the essential features have been picked out, largely expressed in the words of the report.

The plan of organization of the new Bank of Issue for Germany as outlined by the Dawes Report follows. Portions are italicized for emphasis:

STOCK

The amount of stock is to be four million shares of one hundred gold marks each, all stock to stand on the same basis. *One million shares represent the assets of the Reichsbank,* presumably set aside in case the Reichsbank is made the bank of issue by suitable legislation or by merger. Three million shares are therefore left for sale under conditions which shall be most advantageous to the bank either in Germany or abroad, and must be paid for in gold or in gold exchange on foreign banks. The stockholders choose, directly or indirectly, the German national members of the General Board, "in such a manner and under such conditions as the stockholders of German nationality shall decide in accordance with German law."

TEMPORARY ORGANIZATION

COMMITTEE

President of the Reichsbank (Dr. Hjalmar Schacht).

One Member of Committee of Experts (Owen D. Young).

This committee is authorized to frame the statutes regulating the administration of the bank; it has power "if it deems wise to carry out this plan by the transformation of the Reichsbank under suitable legislation rather than by the organization of a new corporation"; it fixes the period of service of the Managing Board members appointed by the President, and its action is subject to the approval of the General Board; fixes the manner of selecting the first group of German members of the General Board, subject to the approval of the President of the Reichsbank; appoints foreign members of the first General Board, *subject to consultation with banks of issue of several countries involved.*

BANK ADMINISTRATION—

THE PRESIDENT

He must be a German national and is the chairman of the Managing Board and the General Board. He is also the Managing Director of the Bank. *For the first six months, the President shall be the president of the Reichsbank.* Subsequently, he shall be appointed by a majority vote of not less than nine members of the General Board, of which majority at least six votes shall be the votes of the German members. This appointment shall be countersigned by the President of the Reich.

Subject to such limitations as may be imposed by law, he shall perform duties as are assigned him by the bank's statutes. He appoints members of the Managing Board for the period to be fixed by the Organization Committee, subject to the approval of the General Board, and in turn countersigned by the President of the Reich.

With certain reservations, the President may be chosen from the members of the General Board or chosen from outside the board.

THE MANAGING BOARD

The administration of the bank shall be intrusted to the Managing Board, all of whom are to be German nationals, and under the chairmanship of the President. The method of appointment and term of service on this board has been indicated. Decisions shall be reached by a majority vote.

IT IS CHARGED WITH THE DUTY OF DIRECTING THE CURRENCY, DISCOUNT AND CREDIT POLICY OF THE BANK.

THE GENERAL BOARD

Consists of fourteen members, one-half of whom shall be German nationals and one-half made up from single representatives of England, France, Italy, Belgium, United States, Holland, and Switzerland. "Members of the German nationality shall be chosen in such a manner and under such conditions as the stockholders of German nationality shall decide in accordance with German law." The term of office is three years except in the case of the first election or appointment. The plan of selecting the first group of German members is to be determined by the organization committee with the approval of the president of the Reichsbank. The foreign members to be appointed by the organization committee with due regard for their qualifications and *upon consultation with the banks of issue of the countries involved.* After original organization, the foreign members of the board are elected by the board *on consultation with the banks of issue of the countries involved.* The number of German members may be increased by unanimous vote of the General Board.

In general, this board is given broad powers in such matters of bank organization and operation as might affect the interests of the creditor nations.

Under certain restrictions, it elects the Commissioner.

THE COMMISSIONER

The Commissioner shall be a foreigner. He is to be elected by a majority of not less than nine members of the General Board and the term of office is to be fixed by the Organization Committee.

His duties are to be present at meetings of the board; to enforce the provisions of the law and the statutory regulations relative to the issue of notes (paper money) and the maintenance of the bank's reserves which guarantee the issue. Notes shall be delivered only when authorized by the Commissioner.

GENERAL POWERS OF THE BANK

1. It has the exclusive right, with certain qualifications, to issue paper money in Germany for the period of its charter, fifty years.

2. It issues these notes for circulation against gold coin or bullion, statutory discounts, demand credits in foreign banks, *foreign commercial trade bills with maturities of three months or less,* taken at their present gold values at current rate of exchange. Notes or bills bearing less than three names of known solvency shall not be discounted.

3. The notes of the bank shall be redeemable in gold. At the time of inception, the situation will not allow temporarily of the application of the rule of convertibility. It, therefore, is suggested that a currency should be created which will be kept stable in relation to gold and, as soon as conditions permit, be placed on a convertible basis, like the present Reichsbank.

4. The new bank will serve as a bankers' bank, rediscounting the safest category of short-term bills and *so establishing an official rate of discount.* It will handle for other banks the Giro system for the transfer of bank credits. It will deal with the public, making short-time loans and discounts, effecting transfers and receiving deposits.

5. It will be the depositary and fiscal agent of the German Government, may make short-term loans to the government which are strictly limited, and the granting of such loans is carefully guarded.

6. The German Government is to participate in the profits of the bank but the bank is to be entirely free from governmental control or interference.

Right at the outset, consider the plan independent of its proposed setting. If one believes in capping a financial pyramid, if one believes in a central control of liquid capital, there is little to criticize in the Dawes plan. It is right up to date. To be sure, it allows the issuance of paper money against accepted bills of exchange either of German or foreign origin. It permits of that vicious cycle, expansion of credit and expansion of circulation. It, therefore,, perpetuates the system which had its origin in the country where it is now to be reimposed. All of this you may believe in, but I do not.

Jews Hold Germany's Wealth

AGAIN, this bank of issue for Germany is "entirely free from government control and interference." This "freedom from governmental control" *is one of the dangers in the present relationships between the government of the United States and the Federal Reserve Bank. It is one of the real dangers in other countries where central banks of issue have been established free from government control. Governments have delegated certain of their powers which, if the interest of the people at large is the paramount issue, should never have been delegated. The issuance of paper money is about the only business that the government itself should strictly control.*

Certainly, it is no way to help Germany to superimpose upon her a system which has already been her undoing. But, perhaps, that was necessary in the judgment of the Committee; and, perhaps, given the conditions, it really was necessary. On the other hand, if not responsible to the German Government, to whom is this gold bank of issue, this bankers' bank, responsible? Is it responsible to the German stockholders who have the power under the German law to elect the Board of Managers? And who are they? For all practical purposes, that means Jewish control, for the wealth of Germany today, especially since the collapse of the German mark, is in Jewish hands. Or is this bank responsible for its acts to the Commissioner? Only insofar as it affects the interests of the Allied nations. In all probability the Commissioner is to be Mr. Young. The fact that he is vice-president of the General Electric Company, and a director in General Motors and International General Electric is not without significance.

No, there is not much help for Germany in this sort of thing. It is pulling one's self up by one's own boot straps. The real answer lies in a general liquidation of the present banking and corporation laws of Germany with real responsibility to a genuine representative *republican form of government.* That is not the kind of government that the Jewish Nationalist likes.

The Sequence of Events

ALL this, however, is really beside the issue of our discussion. It is perfectly evident that even if Mr. Dawes had had all the facts in front of him, he was powerless to do anything about it.

Mr. Dawes recognizes that fact himself. It was said in the report:

> "As regards past history, it has not seemed necessary to establish the causes nor the responsibility for those causes which have operated to produce the present state of German finances and currency, except insofar as recognition of their character is required for the prescription of the remedies."

Which means that the committee could not go beneath the surface of things at all, for if it had there would have been no Dawes plan. He may have known and probably did know all about it, but what could he have done?

To continue:

> "Finally, convinced, as we are, that it is hopeless to build any constructive scheme unless this finds its own guaranty in the fact that it is to the interest of all parties to carry it out in good faith, we put forward our plan relying on this interest. We hope the character of our plan will itself assist in securing this guaranty, which is essential for its execution, but in the main, of course, it must be for others to take such measures as are necessary to maintain and assure it."

On July 1, 1924, the writer went on record as follows: *"I can positively assure both Mr. Dawes and Mr. Young, who comprised the American Committee, that there will be absolutely no difficulty as far as Germany is concerned, either in the acceptance or the operation of the Dawes gold bank of Germany.* It is exactly what our International Jewish Nationalists desire." Subsequent events have proved the accuracy of the prophecy.

Then the Dawes Report continues:

> "If political guaranties and penalties intended to secure execution of the plan proposed are considered desirable, they fall outside the Committee's jurisdiction. . . . It is, however, our duty to point out clearly that our forecasts are based on the assumption that economic activity will be unhampered and unaffected by any foreign organizations other than the controls herein provided."

In using the word "foreign" the committee indicated France and the general reference was to the Ruhr. However that may be, the committee in effect says that if any chicanery, political or otherwise, is attempted, it washes its hands of the results. Naturally. That releases the committee from any responsibility for failure due to those causes. If there is a sure bet in the world, it is that eventually there will be a lot of it.

Another collateral question: To what extent was the Dawes plan, aided and abetted by Mr. Young, forced on the committee? The available answer to this may best be stated in chronological form. Watch the events dovetail.

April 12, 1921

Formal opening ("ready for business") of the International Acceptance Bank, Inc., of No. 31 Pine Street, New York.

1921-1924

Various meetings between Paul Warburg and his brother Max of Hamburg. According to the *Literary Digest,* Walther Rathenau's murder was the 378th of a political type in Germany beginning with the death of Scheidemann. The date was June 24, 1922. Two months later, in company with his brother Paul, Max was discovered in the cabin of an inward bound steamer nearing New York. He was much disturbed because he had been recognized. His family was in France. While in Hamburg and after the murder of Rathenau, the police of that city had forbidden him to leave his house.

March, 1923

Congress passes the Federal Farm Loan Act which authorized issuance of paper money by the Federal Reserve Bank on bills of exchange, and authorized the Federal Reserve Board to rediscount bills of exchange, making it possible to rediscount Schacht gold bank acceptances. The Federal Reserve Board did not make use of this power until May, 1924.

1923

Otto Kahn says that there is no such thing as an international banker.

March 12, 1924

The Schacht gold bank was incorporated by special Act of the Reichstag.

April 7, 1924

The Schacht gold bank was opened in Berlin and "ready for business."

April 9, 1924

The Dawes Report was published. It says among other things: "One of the first steps which the Committee took was to request Dr. Schacht, the Governor of the Reichsbank and the Currency Commissioner of the Reich, to give evidence before them with a view to their being fully informed of the existing currency situation." Later, the report states: "While coming to this conclusion and while reducing the general plan to details, the Committee . . . . was informed that a scheme for a gold bank was in preparation. It was expressly and admittedly limited to providing the means of carrying on foreign trade. When first submitted it contained some features which the Committee would not have recommended, and it omitted others which seemed to the Committee to be essential to any permanent settlement of the problem as a whole. Moreover, an attempt to settle particular difficulties in isolation and without reference to other essential requirements appeared to the Committee to involve certain risks. The Committee, therefore, without expressing any opinion on the plan as given to them in outline, assured themselves in consultation with the authorities responsible for Germany's monetary policy that the bank would be so organized as to facilitate its absorption into a new bank of issue which might be set up in accordance with the recommendations of the Committee."

April 24, 1924

The International Acceptance Bank, Inc., announces that a gold credit of five million dollars has been extended to the new Schacht bank of Berlin in which credit a syndicate of American banks would participate.

May 14, 1924

Meeting of the Advisory Council of the Federal Reserve at Washington, Paul Warburg in the chair. The Federal Reserve Board in conformity with the authorization of the Federal Farm Loan Act of 1923 was asked to "take every possible step to aid in the financial readjustments incident to the creation of the German Bank of Issue proposed in the Dawes Report." The recommendation was promptly acceded to.

June 10, 1924

It was announced by the International Acceptance Bank that the first of the German trade bills from the Schacht gold bank of Berlin to the amount of one million dollars had arrived.

June 12, 1924

The Schacht gold bank credit was increased to twenty-five million dollars by the International Acceptance Bank, it being announced that thirty-four other banks would participate in the syndicate. It is, of course, impossible to conceive that absorption to this extent of this form of credit would be possible without the Federal Reserve Bank acting as a buffer. Owing to the development of the mechanism provided for in the Dawes Report, this credit has since been withdrawn.

June 20, 1924

A Berlin dispatch states that Otto H. Kahn has been offered the fifth place on the foreign control railways under the Dawes plan.

Did these successive events take place by accident or design?

What else could General Dawes do?

This financial question, in its broadest sense, is not a question of bills of exchange in the form of acceptances being rediscounted in our Federal Reserve banks through member banks and the International Acceptance Bank. It is much broader than that. At the present moment, such bills of exchange from Germany are now being rediscounted by the Bank of England and have been for some time. Similar bills of exchange can be rediscounted by banks of issue in other commercial and financial centers. In turn, most banks of issue now rediscount bills of exchange arising in any recognized commercial country.

The Consumer Pays

THIS of itself is not dangerous or of any moment. From one point of view, it is very desirable and facilitates the consummation of international trade, that is, if one believes in using bank credits and *paying for them,* in every crook and turn of business procedure. The consumer eventually pays for it, and in that form the cost becomes an overcharge on business to that extent—which is one of the causes of high prices. The fact is that *the banker at present is charging too much for his services.*

Some of the acceptances which are now reposing in the vaults of member banks of the Federal Reserve System bear four and five indorsements, these indorsers splitting discount fees up to fifty per cent for sixty AND NINETY DAY DISCOUNTS. Prices under such circumstances are only limited by production in countries foreign to Germany.

What is happening in Germany all this time? The Dawes plan provided that the Schacht gold bank should be for the present an interim central bank, a bank of issue, to be merged later into a bank which is to be for fifty years the bank of issue for Germany. It is provided that the charter of the Reichsbank may be so changed by legislation of the Reichstag as to conform to the Dawes plan, and thus become with the Schacht bank the final "Dawes bank" if it can be referred to in that way for convenience. The capital of this new bank is to be four hundred million gold marks, one hundred millions of which is to be used to purchase the Reichsbank, in case its absorption is deemed advisable. The present board of directors are about 99 44/100 per cent Jewish nationals as opposed to German nationals, and they are responsible for the present condition of the monetary system in Germany. Dr. Schacht himself is president-governor of the Reichsbank and is also currency commissioner for the Reich. Under the Dawes plan, the government has absolutely no control over the operations of this new bank of issue. That makes no difference anyway because in Germany the banking system and the state are coextensive. In making provision for the absorption of the Reichsbank and the purchase of its assets, the interests now dominating the Reichsbank will, of course, receive proportional representation on the board of the new bank of issue. Jewish nationalism gets a good start.

Setting Up a New Method

THE Dawes plan also provides that this bank shall be managed by a board of managers who are to be native Germans, but it does not exclude Jewish Nationalists. The latter, as has been shown, dominates the board. To the board of managers is given authority to "direct the currency, discount, and credit policy of the bank."

The Dawes plan also provides:

> (a) The bank shall have the exclusive right of issuing and circulating bank notes in Germany during the period of its charter . . . .(b) The bank may issue notes for circulation against gold coin or bullion, statutory discounts as defined in Section 9, demand credits in foreign banks *and foreign commercial trade bills with maturities of three months or less taken at their present gold values at current rates of exchange.*

It will not take a professional expert in a university to realize the power which will naturally evolve out of such a situation. Arbitrary fixation of exchange rates as opposed to that natural fixation which follows the international exchange of goods and products is not only probable but certain. It sets up a new method of international exchange based on credit which is expressed in terms of gold but which in reality depends on the ability and willingness of individuals to pay. Gold is thereby simply a term expression. The system can bring prosperity to one country and poverty to another. It can crush any individual or group of individuals who refuses to kotow to their overlords.

Turkeys for Thanksgiving March to Music of Band

Bird Is Absolute Monarch of Dinner Table

By EARLE W. GAGE

THE first time that Thanksgiving Day and the turkey were brought into intimate relation was in 1621, when Governor Bradford, of Plymouth Colony, set aside a day to celebrate the gathering of the first American harvest—made by the Pilgrims who had come over in the *Mayflower* the year before. This initial harvest had saved the colony, and incidental to the religious features of the occasion the governor sent forth four men with their flintlock fowling pieces to procure meat to grace the festive board that the colonists "might, after a more special manner, rejoice together."

When America was first explored by white men, wild turkeys were found in large numbers from New England to Mexico. History shows also that turkeys had been raised in a domestic state by the Aztecs of Mexico at a still earlier period, and that they were introduced into Europe by white explorers and were there greatly prized as a table delicacy upon important festive occasions.

In the days of the Pilgrim Fathers wild turkeys still strutted in unrestricted pride and splendor through the forests of New England, in great flocks. Doubtless the then friendly red man had introduced the early settlers to the creamy taste of the white and the succulence of the dark meat of the turkey; so wild turkeys were the quest of hunters, and constituted the *piece de resistance* of the first Thanksgiving Day table.

From that good day to this the turkey, either wild or tame, has occupied the place of honor at the American Thanksgiving dinner from the eastern tip of Maine to the Golden Gate, and from the most northern border to the magnolia-scented shores of the Gulf of Mexico.

Just why the bird should have been called "turkey" in the English language no one seems to know. The realm of His Sultanic Majesty had no more to do with the introduction of the bird into polite society than did Greenland or Kamchatka. The real turkey is a bird indigenous to North America and was from here introduced to the rest of the world.

It may be that since the bird was brought to Northern Europe from Spain it was concluded that, like many other unusual things, it came from Turkey or the Near East. Again, the bird may have named itself, since the call of the hen to her chicks sounds very much like "tur-r-r-k, tur-r-r-k, tur-r-r-k." At any rate, there is no actual connection between the bird and the country of the same name.

The turkey was a favorite fowl among the aboriginal inhabitants of America. It has its habitat over all that section where grew its favorite food—Indian corn. When Cortez, in 1519, first reached the realm of the Aztecs, Montezuma entertained him with royal splendor, and among the delicious viands set before the Spanish invaders was roasted turkey. It was found that the Aztecs had domesticated the fowl to quite an extent, and that it was also plentiful in its wild state.

North of the Rio Grande the bird was well known, and the adventurous Coronado found it among the cliff dwellers and other tribes he met on his expedition through what today is Texas, Arizona and New Mexico.

The Zuni Indians seem to have known of the turkey for centuries, and some of their earliest traditions deal with this interesting bird. Not only did the bird serve as a delectable food, but its feathers formed a valuable feature in the headgear of the Indians, for embellishing the garments of the women, and for lending accuracy to the flight of arrows. When the English settled Massachusetts they found wild turkeys in abundance, and other colonists found them from New England to Florida.

The wild turkey of America is without doubt the progenitor of all kinds of turkeys the world over. Ornithologists in general accept the view that all turkeys have descended from the three forms known today as the North American, the Mexican, and the Honduras varieties. The bird found in certain forests of South America known as the curassow, although sometimes called the South American turkey, in reality belongs to a different family; and scientists hold that any real turkeys found in that continent are immigrants.

The Mexican turkey, wild throughout the republic, is known to science as *Meleagris Mexicana*. It is short in shank, the feathers of its body are metallic black, shaded only slightly with bronze, while all its feathers are tipped with white. This appears to be the species first taken to Spain and other European countries. It is thought that the white markings of its plumage appear in the variety of domestic turkeys known as the Narragansett.

The North American turkey, *Meleagris Americana*, is the original species of Eastern United States. Its colors are black, beautifully shaded with a rich bronze, the breast plumage being dark bronze, illuminated with a lustrous finish of coppery gold. All this emblazons the plumage with a distinctive brightness, and in the rays of the sun the burnished appearance comes out with striking brilliancy.

Wild turkeys are still found in some of the more unsettled sections of their former range, especially in the wooded and mountainous regions of Arizona, Texas and New Mexico, and the large swamps of the Gulf of Mexico. The nests of these fowls are occasionally discovered and the eggs given to farm hens or turkey hens to hatch.

By judicious breeding and feeding, turkeys have been increased markedly in size since domestication. Wild turkeys of today average in weight about twelve pounds for young toms and nine pounds for turkey hens, while the standard weight of domesticated Bronze turkeys is twenty-five pounds for toms and sixteen pounds for hens of mature age.

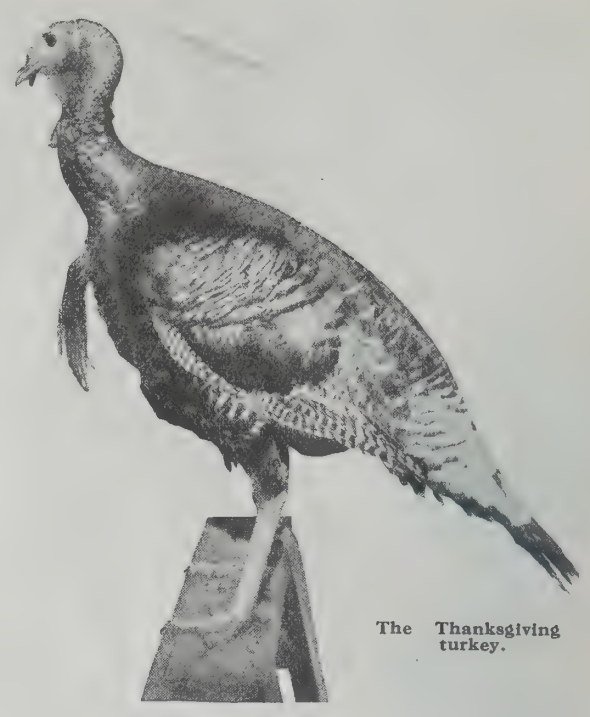
The present demand for Thanksgiving and Christmas turkeys is enormous, and to fill this demand carloads of turkeys start reaching the city markets about the middle of November and continue well through December. Should there be a surplus at Thanksgiving time, those unsold are held for Christmas. By this method the market is not flooded at any one time.

As near as can be calculated, about one-tenth of the total supply of turkeys is produced in Texas, almost as many in Missouri, after which comes Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky and Ohio, in order named. In New England, which formerly was famous for its well-fattened turkeys, production has decreased to small proportions, although its reputation survives. But in Texas, where there is an abundance of range suitable for turkeys, flocks of several hundred are common. Throughout the Middle West, flocks abound, which are permitted to graze on the grain fields, where they pick up their living after the harvest machines have passed.

A turkey march in Texas.

In the unsettled foothill country of California, turkey ranching is the most recent agricultural industry to develop. Here the range is unlimited, and the natural food of the fowl—grasshoppers, green vegetation, seeds and grasses, are abundant. Advantage is also taken of the turkey's great relish for acorns, and where these are plentiful but little grain need be used for fattening them for market. These large flocks are managed much like sheep, being taken out to range early in the morning and brought back to roost at evening. They are herded during the day by men, either on foot or on horseback, and by trained dogs.

In nearly all large turkey-raising districts dressing plants have been built to handle the turkeys during November and December. Farmers either bring the turkeys in wagons, or drive them in large flocks.



The Thanksgiving turkey.

At the dressing plant, gangs of men and women dress the fowls according to the approved methods, these plants looking much like the center of activities of "Packinghousetown." The dressed fowls are placed in large cooling rooms, there to await thorough cooling, after which they are packed in boxes and shipped in refrigerator cars to the large cities. Since the fowls shrink to a shocking degree, when shipped to market alive, if for any great distance, most long-distance points from market dress the fowls.

One of the longest shipments of live turkeys that is ordinarily made is from Tennessee to New York City. Twice each year, once for the Thanksgiving and once for the Christmas market, a train known as the "turkey special" is made up at Morristown, Tennessee, and is rushed through to the metropolis. Each car contains from 1,500 to 2,000 turkeys. One man is sent with each car, whose duty it is to feed and water the birds and to see that they are weighed correctly when unloaded.

Picture a wide street, flanked by gaily decked buildings, brass bands playing martial music, and down the center of the sun-flecked pavement thousands of turkeys sedately marching, row upon row, until they stretch into the distance in shimmering colors of red, white and bronze.

This unusual picture may be visualized in several Texas towns just before Thanksgiving, especially in Cuero, "home of the famous Turkey Trot," and largest shipping point for dressed turkeys in the world. Just before this holiday, the community pays homage to its most famous and profitable crop, and celebrates the end of the turkey season with appropriate ceremonies. The turkey reigns as uncrowned king of the festival, although he needs must lose his head to achieve that distinction.

Texas supplies the United States with one-tenth of the turkeys to grace the Thanksgiving and Christmas festive tables. The state provides an abundance of range suitable for the fowls, flocks of several hundred being common. In the turkey-raising districts large dressing plants have been built to dress the fowls for market. Farmers either bring the turkeys in wagons, or drive them in large flocks. In one case, 8,000 turkeys were gathered together at one place in Texas and driven by thirty men a distance of a dozen miles.

In turkey driving, a wagon is driven just in front of the flock and corn is scattered to the leaders to keep them moving. At nightfall, provision is made to stop under a grove of trees where the turkeys may roost, the journey being continued as soon as they fly down in the morning.

Two or three days before the turkey parade, thousands of turkeys are started on drives to the assembling station. Bright and early the morning of the turkey march, the mighty battalions, reinforced from every direction by squads, companies, regiments and divisions, arise, rested and eager to resume the march, flap their wings, loosen up their vocal organs, and willingly follow their leaders, who pursue the trail of grain. The bronze privates, the fluffy white corporals, the dull red second lieutenants, the coal-black sergeants and the golden majors, throw out their chests a trifle farther, as they pass the review stand, and add to their gait a slightly more pronounced swagger.

On and on go the turkey marchers, "trotting" to the tune of bands, closer and closer to the ignoble fate that lies at the end of the long and treacherous maneuvering. With admiring throngs to the left, applauding multitudes to the right, the turkey soldiery marches straight through the open gate and into the very "jaws of death."

At the end of the parade there is a big corral, an army of killers, pickers and packers. But save for this band of heartless experts, a large number of homes would not possess the *piece de resistance* to grace their holiday board.

How News First Got Into the Newspapers

Concluded from page 3

the New England *Courant*, during the period when Franklin was setting type and writing copy, has only recently come to light through the patient and clever work of Dr. Worthington C. Ford, the distinguished secretary of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Dr. Ford's search carried him to the British Museum which held the complete run from Nos. 1 to 111 under the title, "Newspapers, 1721-1727." In this file, which ends at the time Franklin left his brother's establishment, the articles by Franklin are initialed B. F. This is probably Franklin's personal copy of the newspaper and the earliest Colonial paper in which the authorship of the articles is established.

Other early Massachusetts newspapers with interesting titles are represented by the following list:

The New England *Weekly Journal*, 1727; the Boston *Weekly Post-Boy*, 1734; the Boston *Evening Post*, 1735 (This paper continued to appear until after the battles of Lexington and Concord. On April 24, 1775, the *Post* stated that publication would cease "till matters are in a more settled state." Publication was not resumed); the *Independent Advertiser*, 1748; the Boston *Chronicle*, 1767; the Essex *Gazette*, 1768 (Subscribers in towns between Salem and Newburyport were supplied by a Post-rider. Samuel Hall, the editor, engaged a special messenger to bring the latest news from Boston each Monday, before publication of his paper on Tuesday); the Massachusetts *Spy*, July, 1770.

On July 7, 1774, when the British troops occupied Boston, Isaiah Thomas, the printer and editor, placed a dragon (Great Britain) and a snake divided into nine parts, representing the Colonies, with the motto "Join or Die," as an illustration at the head of his paper.

One other early title, *The Moral and Political Telegraphe;* or Brookfield *Advertiser*, deserves especial mention. The term "telegraph" refers here to the system of elevated stations from which messages were transmitted by a system of signals. Morse termed his device the "magnetic telegraph," but with the disappearance of the elevated stations "magnetic" became unnecessary.

The second colony to support a newspaper was Pennsylvania, where Andrew Bradford presented in 1719 *The American Weekly Mercury*. New York followed some six years later, October 16, 1725, with the New York *Gazette*. Printing in Pennsylvania and New York was introduced by the Bradfords and the first newspapers were due to the same family. William Bradford was more than 70 years old when he began the *Gazette;* his son Andrew was sponsor for the *Mercury*.

In 1728, Samuel Keimer established *The Universal Instructor in All Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette*. After some forty numbers the paper and the name were turned over to Benjamin Franklin. In 1766 Franklin retired from the Pennsylvania *Gazette* and the printing business, receiving from David Hall 1,000 pounds per annum for a number of years for his share of the profits.

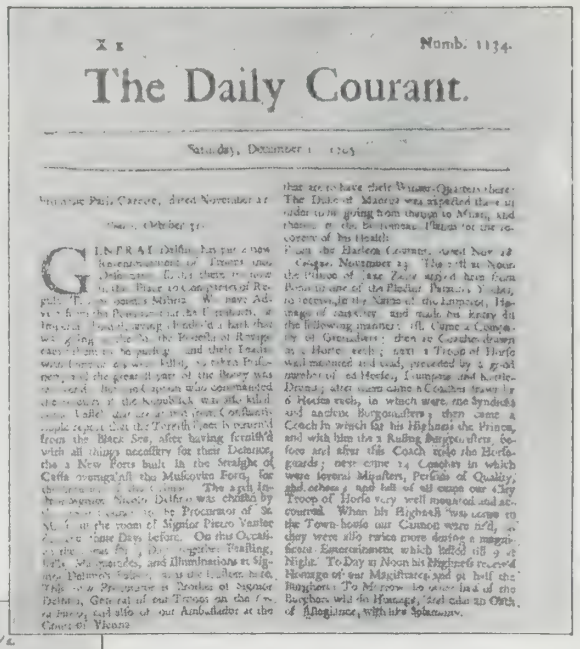
The second New York newspaper, the New York *Weekly Journal*, was established in 1733 by John Peter Zenger as an organ of the opposition. The biting criticism of the government, characteristic of the New York press of a later day, led to the arrest of Zenger for libel. As a result of the trial the freedom of the press in America was, if not established, at least greatly furthered, and Zenger's name is placed high in the story of American journalism.

West of the Alleghanies the first newspaper was due to another Bradford, John by name, who began *The Kentucke Gazette* on August 11, 1787. In Michigan, for example, the newspaper did not make its appearance until 1809. The first was entitled Michigan *Essay*, or *The Impartial Observer*, and was published by James M. Miller. This Michigan *Essay* and a paper with an account of Washington's death have been frequently reprinted in facsimile; the originals have real value but the facsimiles are of value only as curiosities.

During the War of the Revolution a group of New York papers combined so that newspapers appeared daily. However, the first real daily newspaper was not founded until in 1784 with the *American Daily Advertiser* of Philadelphia. A daily newspaper was attempted in London as early as 1702, and in Paris in 1709. The *Argus* or *Greenleaf's New Daily Advertiser* appeared in 1787 in New York. The titles indicate one of the main sources of revenue of the new ventures in American journalism; in general the whole front page was devoted to advertisements. The New York *Herald* continued this practice for many years. As late as 1810 only seven cities in the United States supported daily newspapers. At this time even Boston, Albany, Providence and Washington were being served by weekly and semi-weekly papers.

The early papers were issued in the afternoon. In 1796 the *New World* in Philadelphia attempted morning and evening issues but expired after a few months.

The Sunday newspaper did not make its appearance until 1825 with the *Sunday Courier* of New York. For many years a definite prejudice existed against the Sunday issue and the violation of the Sabbath certainly would not have been permitted in Colonial times. History hardly considers it worth while to record when the Sunday supplement and the Sunday comics made their unfortunate entrance upon the stage. The New York *Graphic* of 1873 was the first regularly illustrated newspaper. Before the Revolution the English names of *Gazette, Mercury, Journal, Courant, Post,* and *Post Boy* were most popular. However, directly after the Revolution, *Democrat, Republican, Patriot, Federalist, American,* and *Palladium* became the popular catchwords. For many years in Boston, even as late as 1845, the price of American newspapers was most commonly six cents a copy. In 1833 the New York *Morning Post* with Horace Greeley as one of the publishers appeared as a penny paper. It is rather striking that the New York *Evening Post* is now one of the few five-cent daily papers in the East.



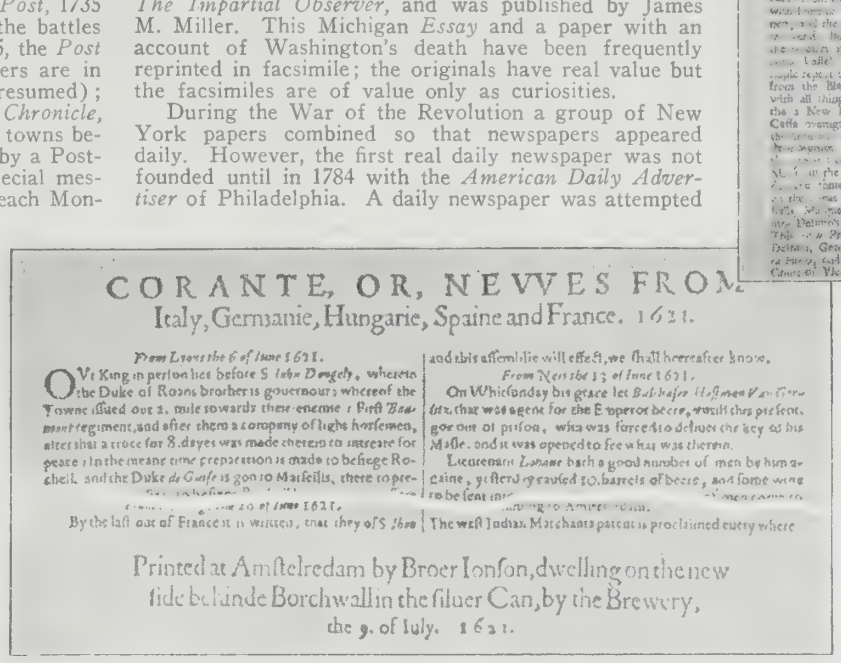
X x Numb. 1134.

The Daily Courant.

Saturday, December 1 1705

GENERAL Dalton has put a new Government in Tuscany, and Commissioners [illegible] there to govern in the Place of the Regency of Regalia. [illegible] Advices from Portugal mention, that the Duke of Marlborough was expected there in order to his going from thence to Milan, and thence to the Emperor's Camp for the recovery of his Health.

From the Harlem Courant, dated Nov. 28 Cologne, November 23 The 21st at Night the Palace of Count Zinzendorf was entirely consumed by Fire, and the Count himself narrowly escaped with his Life. We have Advice from Ratisbon, that the Elector, after having received the Visits of the Ambassador, Hostages of Canterbury, and made his Entry in the following manner: 1st, Came a Company of Grenadiers; then 10 Coaches drawn by 6 Horses each; next a Troop of Horse well mounted and clad, preceded by a great number of led Horses, Trumpets and Kettle-Drums; after them came 8 Coaches drawn by 6 Horses each; in which were the Syndics and ancient Burgomasters; then came a Coach in which sat his Highness the Prince, and with him the 2 Ruling Burgomasters, before and after this Coach rode the Horse-guards; next came 24 Coaches in which were several Ministers, Persons of Quality, and others; and last of all came our 3 Troop of Horse very well mounted and accoutred. When his Highness was come to the Town-house our Cannon were fired, as they were also twice more during a magnificent Entertainment which lasted till 9 at Night. To Day at Noon his Highness received Homage of the Magistrates, and at half the Burghers. To Morrow to whom [illegible] of the Burghers will do Homage, after which an Oath of Allegiance, with the Solemnities



CORANTE, OR, NEWES FROM Italy, Germanie, Hungarie, Spaine and France. 1621.

From Lions the 6 of June 1621.

OVr King in person hes before S *Iohn Dangely*, whereto the Duke of Roons brother is governour; whereof the Towne issued out 2. mile towards their enemie: first *Beaumont* regiment, and after them a company of light horsemen, after that a croce for 8. dayes was made thereon to assesse for peace: in the meane time preparation is made to beleage Rochell. and the Duke *de Guise* is gon to Marseills, there to pre-

[illegible] 10 of June 1621.

By the last out of France it is written, that they of S *Iohn* and this assemblie will effect, we shall hereafter know.

From Newes the 13 of June 1621.

On Whitsunday his grace let *Balthasar Hoffman Van Gra-tar*, that was agent for the Emperor here, with this present, goe out of prison, who was forced to deliver the key of his Masse-, and it was opened to see what was therein.

Lieutenant *Lowne* hath 8 good number of men by him again, yesterday raysed 30. barrels of beere, and some wine to be sent in-

[illegible] Amsterdam.

The west Indian Marchants patent is proclaimed every where

Printed at Amstelredam by Broer Ionson, dwelling on the new side behinde Borchwallin the siluer Can, by the Brewery, the 9. of July. 1621.

The first English news sheets were printed in Amsterdam in 1620 and 1621 and sent over to England. These contained foreign news only.

The term *Courant* as applied to a newspaper was taken from the Italian term "corranto" which was used for accounts of current events.

Some Fundamental Facts About Fiction

Concluded from page 4

worst of times"; when Jane Austen starts "Pride and Prejudice" with "It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife," or when Edith Wharton, in "A Son at the Front," opens with "John Compton, the American portrait-painter, stood in his bare studio in Montmartre at the end of a summer afternoon contemplating a battered calendar—," we are aware that, in each instance, we are going to read a more or less connected series of episodes revolving about certain groups of people who have already acquired the reputation, among a host of readers like ourselves, of being interesting. And more than that, for they undoubtedly will reveal much of ourselves. In this respect, therefore, a novel must be wholly different from a play. Yet its skeleton framework ought to be the same. In both cases, living people are acting out themselves, *voicing* themselves. Balzac said once: "Let us now talk of realities, let us talk of my characters." When I am first introduced to a man I have never before met, I visualize his appearance—clothes, bearing, and so forth—in the fraction of a second.

Many of our most notable novelists have often been fooled because they have thought the success of a book was due to the theme, or idea, rather than to the principle I have indicated. Last year Charles Norris' "Bread" had a run because, superficially, it dealt with the problem of the young woman in business. Similarly, Gertrude Atherton's "Black Oxen," because it carried glands. The popularity of "Main Street" and "Babbitt" are thought to be due to the theme, to the thing which, in our American manner, we say is "in the air." The selling qualities of a title, the theme or problem, commercially speaking, should not, of course, be minimized. But the fact is that these books, and others like them, stand or fall by what their characters say. A novel is successful insofar as it conveys to us the things we already know, by people who talk to us out of themselves in words that we understand. No doubt we experience a glow of reminiscent delight in recalling Dickens' description of a fat boy or a pony, but this is nothing to the remarks of Mr. Pickwick or Dick Swiveller.

And, in closing, I cannot but repeat what the inimitable Ring Lardner said to me when I once asked him his secret of his art in portraying certain types of American character so accurately. He replied:

"I listened."

Dombey and Son Still Live in Shanghai

Concluded from page 5

the bride wore many gowns, and heavy decorations. The day was very hot and the sedan chair in which the bride was carried was fully covered with heavy goods, heavily embroidered, leaving practically no ventilation—hence the suffocation and death of the bride. The bride was dead when she reached the home of her groom."

And speaking of marriages and deaths in the same breath, there is a strange marriage custom still recognized in many parts of China. If a son dies unmarried, his parents select a go-between, or professional matchmaker, and then order him to find a family in which a daughter of about the same age had died. It is necessary that this girl shall have died at about the same time as the boy. Just as though the two were living, the arrangements for their marriage are made and the betrothal and wedding ceremonies are carried through, the tablets of the young people taking the place of the bride and groom in all the festivities. The coffin of the bride is then placed beside that of the groom in the family burial ground and the dead girl is from that time on looked upon as the deceased daughter-in-law in the young man's family.

In a community between Shanghai and Soochow there is a custom of "warming the grave." In most parts of China the coffined dead are placed on top of the earth, and graves, some of them of great height, are built up over them. However, in this little settlement referred to they dig a shallow grave for their dead. If it is for an old man, his eldest son goes to the grave the night before the coffin is to be placed in it, and lies in that shallow grave all that night. This is called "warming the grave."

Early in the evening the priests will congregate about the grave and chant their ancient incantations, a prayer beseeching blessings on the dead. The young man who is to show his filial duty in this gruesome way will kneel on the ground before the priests and strike his head on the earth thrice, then he will step into the grave and lie down in it, while the priests continue their chant and after marching three times around the grave with its living occupant, they will go off through the fields leaving the young man alone in the night to warm the grave with his young body that the aged and revered father shall not feel the chill of death.

In the canals which give Soochow the name of "The Venice of the Orient," men fish with cormorants. True, in some other parts of China, they also use these birds for this purpose, but it is the ancient industry of Soochow, being an old industry there even in the time of Confucius. The fishing boat is a long narrow one. and the big black birds are tied with strong ropes at the sides of the boat. The birds are kept hungry till night, and therefore are keen-eyed for the fish that play about in the murky waters. When they spy one they dive for it, generally bringing it up in their beaks, but the rather tight ring around the necks of these birds prevents them from swallowing the fish.

It is said that a Chinese fisherman does not dare starve his cormorants. One did so once in the legendary long ago. The story has it that he starved them so long that they grew angry, and one morning when he started out with his boats and his birds, they just flapped their wings, and took boat and fisherman up out of the water, and away over lowlands and mountains, and the old fisherman was never seen again.

Grange—Newest Pigskin Furore

Concluded from page 9

to get several pass receivers down the field and Grange has two or three targets for his passes. He not alone throws the ball well from a stationary position but he makes accurate passes while running.

Michigan had been told just how Grange runs. The plays on which Grange runs had been diagramed to the Michigan players and they studied them two weeks before meeting Illinois. Michigan knew each time that Grange was to take the ball and still Michigan was unable to stop him. In the Michigan backfield were two of the fastest men in the Western Conference. One of them has been timed repeatedly sprinting 100 yards in 10 seconds flat. Grange made these fleet backs appear to be standing still. Just as they were about to leave their feet to dive for him Grange would put on a few more ounces of speed and make them miss by a few feet. His change of pace is the most deceiving any backfield man ever had. Even when a tackler reaches him he finds Grange a most elusive object. He is hard to tackle because of his shiftiness and hard to bring down even when the tackler is in front of him because he carries his knees so high that the grip of most tacklers is broken by the knee action.

Grange always has the "extra" ounce. He always has enough reserve to make the supreme effort when the occasion arises. He puts on steam at the right time. He knows what to do, when to do it, and how to do it. He is physically and mentally equipped. He has that perfect rhythm which you read so much about and so seldom see. He is the most useful and the most dependable scoring weapon that football has found in any of her individual stars. He is thorough but also flashy. He is football's greatest thrill maker.

And now we trust that you, who have never seen this red-headed superman, will realize why he is the greatest broken field runner of all time.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

The first serious attempt to cross the Atlantic with a dirigible was made October 15, 1910. The dirigible *America,* which embarked at that time from Atlantic City, ended in disaster less than seventy hours later.

There are two hundred fifty-three one-way streets in New York City.

High fur prices have brought prosperity to the Eskimos who are abandoning their primitive "kyaks," or canoes, for auxiliary schooners bought in Edmonton, Alberta. Sewing machines are in general use among these people.

Explosive mines, relics of the war, are still floating about in the Baltic Sea and in the English Channel. A ship from Antwerp recently reported a mine off the Goodwin Lightship in the channel, and two others were reported nearby by the captain of a vessel sailing from Russia.

Students at Indiana University at Bloomington, Indiana, are not permitted to motor outside the city of Bloomington and are denied the privilege of possessing an automobile while attending the university. The ban was placed on automobiles because of poor scholastic standing, according to the dean.

Men who bootleg immigrants receive from $10 to $1,000 a head. At a low average of $150 each, with an estimated total of only 50,000 a year, the alien smugglers obtain in the neighborhood of $7,500,000 annually.

A scar on a tree caused by barbed wire cutting on the trunk three feet from the ground when the tree is ten years old will still be three feet from the earth when that tree is thirty-five years of age or older. A surveyor's blaze struck shoulder-high a hundred years ago will still be shoulder-high today if the tree yet stands. A tree expands in girth with the seasons, but greater height is attained only by new growth at the tree top.

The folding room of the House of Representatives at Washington recently had to dispose of an accumulation of more than a million obsolete and useless publications which members had failed to frank to their constituents. The Senate folding room likewise disposed of nearly 900,000 documents, more than fifty tons of which were sold as waste paper.

The cash value of a college education to its possessor is $72,000, according to a report based on a long study of the earning capacity of college graduates. The cash value of a high school education is placed by the report at $33,000.

Spain's first woman mayor took office recently at Cuatre Tondeta. This appointment is significant inasmuch as Spain has no law giving suffrage to women.

In America and England alone, upward of 10,000 new books are printed every year.

Gulls appeared in flocks of from 4,000 to 5,000 in Pondora County, Montana, and destroyed most of the grasshoppers in that district. Great flocks of the birds preyed on the hoppers in the alfalfa fields immediately after the hay was taken off.

More than five million farms in the United States produce eggs each year.

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. This set includes: "The International Jew," Vol. 1, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

Vast deposits of coal in the unexplored wastes of Alaska have recently been discovered by members of the United States Geological Survey.

When an eagle built her nest on the transcontinental telephone line between San Francisco and New York at a point near Elko, Nevada, telephone conversation between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts was stopped and Associated Press wires for a few hours had no service. In the nest were found pieces of wire and automobile parts which caused a short circuit.

Mr. Mark Eben Cheney, of Jamestown, New York, an eighty-four-year-old veteran of the Civil War, literally beat an old Revolutionary War sword carried by his grandfather into a plowshare. He also turned over the blade of an old lancer's spear into a very satisfactory pruning hook.

Thomas A. Edison says that electric light and power transmission by wireless is surely coming in the future but he states there is no cause to believe that it is immediately at hand.

The foreign population of Mexico totals about 600,000 and represents not less than forty different countries.

Spanish feminists are strongly protesting against the refusal of the authorities to grant the request of Senora Reverte to become a matador and try her hand at bull fighting. The authorities deem it a dangerous risk and not fitting for a woman.

When a break occurred in the petrol line of a French airplane, cutting off the supply of fuel, a gallant mechanic crawled out on one of the wings and held the ends of the pipe together for forty-five minutes. He was badly frozen when released but the plane was enabled to land safely. The break occurred while the plane was flying from London to Paris.

Kaibosh, or Kibosh, used in the slang expression, "to put the kaibosh on him," is a Yiddish (German-Jewish) term meaning "eighteen pence." Its use arises from its usually being top-notch price at Jewish auctions in Petticoat Lane, London. "To put the kaibosh on" is to stop the bidding and take the article.

Grain alcohol is now being made from wood waste by a new process.

Joseph Conrad was a native of Poland, his surname being Korzeniowski. He was past middle-age before he found his gift for writing.

The late Dr. George M. Gould, who became one of the famous ophthalmologists of his generation, was forty years old before he took his medical degree.

Charles Willis Thompson is authority for the statement that some of the best stories making fun of William Jennings Bryan's ill success at the polls originated—in private, of course—with William J. himself.

"A Federal law, prohibiting the manufacture and sale of revolvers and pistols, would diminish crime seventy per cent in America," says George M. Dougherty, Deputy Commissioner, New York Police Department.

The United States has an annual murder record for each 100,000 of population, twenty-five times greater than that of Great Britain, and three times larger than that of Italy.

Sixty sororities at the University of Michigan voted on the question of permitting girls to smoke in the sorority houses. Fifty-nine of the sixty voted against the practice.

Charles T. Wrightson recently arrived at Oregon Agriculture College from Fresno, California. He is registered at the Oregon institution as a freshman, is a commercial flier and has conceived the novel idea of bringing his plane to school with him and taking up passengers during his spare time to pay his college expenses.

The Atlantic City division of the Reading Railroad is being equipped with an automatic train control which will make rear-end collisions practically impossible and will bring trains to a stop without any action on the part of the engineer when cars enter the danger zone.

MacDonald and Asquith, speaking into microphones from election platforms, were drowned out by hecklers in the audience. Baldwin went to the office of the radio company where he talked quietly to millions without interruption.

To make the gas cells tight on a dirigible, gold beater's skin must be used. This is made of the large intestines of oxen. A herd of 50,000 is needed to supply the material for one airship the size of the *Los Angeles.*

A five-ton truck, equipped with solid rubber tires, traveling at a rate of fifteen miles an hour, delivers a blow to the road equal to four times its own weight when it hits a depression of only a quarter of an inch in depth.

Denmark has decided to introduce a bill disbanding its army and navy and providing for a constabulary only.

Italy plans to build the largest skyscraper in the world, the Mole Littoria, which will rise eighty-eight stories above Rome, 408 feet higher than the Woolworth Building.

Sheffield plate was discovered by accident in 1742 when a Sheffield mechanic fused silver and copper in making repairs to the handle of a pocket-knife.

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A Man's Chances on a Newspaper

By THOMAS L. MASSON

Will Japan or Russia Dominate China?

Migratory Birds' Long-Distance Flights

Famous Old Book Store in Philadelphia

Woman's Weird Trip on Yangtze River

Alpine Outings on Mount Washington

King George's Secret Pre-War Survey

General Arnulfo Gomez Speaks of Mexico

NEXT WEEK

The Romance of Old Fort Dearborn

By J. V. NASH

Moscow, Not Tokio, May Control China

Flowery Empire Apparently Crying 'Wolf!' When There Is No Wolf

By HUGH A. STUDDERT KENNEDY

ANYONE who traveled about Europe this summer, concerning himself chiefly with the great world of politics, cannot fail to have been struck with one thing, namely, the brave show put up everywhere by Japan. Whether one was entertained by the Japanese delegation in Geneva, or received in the embassies in Paris or London, one found the same quiet excellence, the same perfect correctness of atmosphere and deportment one has always been accustomed to expect from Japan in the past. Everywhere one gained the impression, from what was said with smiling courteous assurance and from all that appeared, that the great disaster of little more than a year ago was but an incident, and that business in Japan was being carried on "as usual."

Well, the picture is—as it is intended, rather pitifully, to be—strangely deceptive. I remember, a few weeks after the earthquakes and fires of last year, a well-known authority on Japan writing to me out of the ruins of Yokohama to the effect that Japan had been set back on the road of material progress a full quarter of a century. Yet, he added, there is a way out. There is a way in which this great disaster may be turned to good and great account. If only Japan has leaders sufficiently big and sufficiently farseeing to recognize the opportunity now afforded to call a halt in this mad rush toward "civilization" and aggrandizement, and preach the gospel of a slower but surer advancement along the lines of true education and real assimilation, the earthquakes and the fires and the storms of 1923 may yet be seen as blessings in disguise.

That was more than a year ago. What is the situation today? Everywhere one gains the same impression, namely, that during the year that has passed Japan has been doing little else than hitting out blindly at the mist. There has been no serious effort to envisage the extent of the problem. Before me as I write lies a long letter only a few weeks out of Tokio. One paragraph especially seems typical. "Reconstruction," it says, "is spotty and, so far, unplanned. A fire and a high wind will wipe us out again. The few big and somewhat absurd 'skyscrapers' have mostly been put back and are, of course, housing all sorts and conditions of men, optimists or fatalists. Over their entrance the legend should be 'Lest We Forget.' The city, as a whole, is dirty, dusty and squalid."

Why has so little been done? The answer is fatally simple. The shock was apparently so great that the sole effort seems to have been, for weeks and months, to keep up the courage of the people by all manner of optimistic propaganda. Japan could not only stand the blow, but would once again amaze the world by the rapidity of her recovery. Japan was grateful to other nations for their help and offers of help, but, if the worst came to the worst, Japan could stand alone. So the people were fed and soothed on false hope, and the hope has been deferred again and again with inevitable results. Today, the man who held his funds a year or nine months ago, instead of doing as he was tempted to do, transferring them to New York or London, is regretting his optimism. Yet, even today, he does not sit down and take stock and see how he can begin again safely and surely with what he has. He goes to the stock exchange, and plunges into the wild scramble to retrieve his individual fortunes by a lucky throw.

Nowhere perhaps is the jerky, unstable condition of national thought seen more clearly than on the stock exchange. Any rumor is good enough to precipitate a bull or a bear movement. A foreigner in a silk hat stopping by with no more than an idle curiosity to visit the "bear garden" is quite sufficient to boost some stocks a point or two. The exchange, however, is unaffected by such incidents and the average Japanese affects not to see that the yen, which took an upward turn some time ago, is on the downward course again.

Another dangerous symptom is the vastly increasing power and influence of a largely uneducated press. Like shoots from a decaying tree, the ragged sheets are to be found everywhere, and even some of the larger newspapers, in their efforts to retain circulation, are following the lead of the new journalism, "championing" what is known vaguely as "the people," and indorsing the slogan, "Let's Off With the Old and On With the New." The trouble is that while it is easy enough to be off with the old no one seems to know what the new should be or how to assume it. This rapidly increasing element in the population is not yet in power, but the danger of the situation lies in the fact that the people in power are beginning to fear this element of the population, and to allow their policies to be influenced by the new factor.

Yokohama from the bluffs a mass of shacks and temporary buildings.

And now, as if to make confusion worse confounded, there comes the situation in China. In the old days, when a king or government desired to divert attention from a difficult situation at home he stirred up a difficult situation abroad. The danger of the Chinese situation, as far as Japan is concerned, is that it may be used for this purpose. It is true that Japan has learned many bitter lessons from her relations with China during the past few years. It is true that the policy of aggrandizement is largely discredited, that the millions and millions of yen, hardly won war profits, sunk in the great Siberian adventure, are a bitter memory to the great mass of the Japanese people. Still, times have changed and the people with them. A couple of years ago, it might truly have been said that the forward policy in China had no friends; but, today, such is the state of public thought that it would not be difficult to present the old Japanese Monroe Doctrine—the Far East for Far Eastern peoples with Japan in the van—as the panacea for all the troubles of the Japanese people.

The extent of the danger here is greater than appears on the surface. Every month that passes finds Russia a greater potential factor in the Far East than ever before. Those who know Russia best know this above everything, that Russia has not changed to anything like the extent she is supposed to have changed. The old policies of the Czars are still very largely the policies of the Soviet. Russia still moves toward "warm water." The vast army of civil officials and soldiers, who, under the Czars, worked ceaselessly to secure Russia's advance whether toward the Persian Gulf, toward India or toward an ice-free port on the far-off Pacific was not disbanded overnight. It may have changed its name, but the people who had never known any other calling but this calling came back to it, and exploited it with all the tenacity of a French peasant in the days of the World War farming his bit of land behind the lines.

And so today, Russia, eager herself to take advantage of the troubles in China, encouraged thereto by the admitted weakness of Japan, is more than ever on the alert where the Japanese Jingo is concerned. "At the present moment," says my correspondent in Tokio, "Russia is intriguing very successfully in China, and Japan is negotiating most unsuccessfully with Russia in China—not in Japan." And behind Russia, to what extent no one can tell, there is Germany, eager to secure and indeed under an urgent necessity of securing a market for her products. Says the Japanese Jingo, searching round for a remedy and a rallying cry—"If Japan does not do it now, she never will, and she might as well try even if she goes down in the attempt." Once again, it is the old story, the old dream—China with her limitless resources under the control of Japan, the great empire of the future. But today, as twenty years ago, in the days of the Russo-Japanese War, and with more assurance even than then, Russia is determined that nothing of the kind shall be brought about. But that, on the contrary, if China is to be under a tutor that tutor shall draw his credentials from Moscow and not from Tokio.

It is curious how little is heard of it all or thought of it all here in the United States or in Europe. The attention of the world has been for so long so centered in Europe that even the actual explosion now manifesting itself in China seems no more than the cry of "Wolf! Wolf!" when there is no wolf. What is happening in China may be no more than a repetition of what has happened there again and again in the last half century. But the circumstances are different. The charge of powder which flares up harmlessly in the open will work far-reaching havoc when confined within limits.

The most serious of these "confining limits" where China is concerned is Japan; Japan, nervous, dangerously out of control, not a little baffled. The government is honestly striving to secure and maintain a level of national sanity, but against the Jingo element, against "the devil on the high mountain," as the Japanese peasant has it, the government is only holding its ground with difficulty. The next few months ought to be decisive. If the Jingoes win, and Japan "wades into China," as she is being urged to do, then it is safe to say that the Far Eastern sky will suddenly be illumined with such a blaze as will cause the smoldering embers of Europe to be—temporarily at any rate—forgotten.

It is to be hoped, however, that this calamity may be averted, and that China may have the foresight to work out her own salvation without the intervention of her old enemy or any other foreign power.

What Is the Wittiest Saying?

By W. P. CROZIER

WE ARE sometimes invited by our friends or our newspapers to make a list of the ten most famous men of our own or any other country and time, or of the ten best books published during this present century, and to place the names in order of preference. But there is a form of competition which I think would be as exciting and amusing as any other, and that would be to say what in our opinion are the wittiest sayings and repartees ever attributed on good authority to men of note, living and dead.

There are many published collections of such sayings, like those of Mark Lemon and Walter Jerrold, to mention only two, and anyone who wishes may add to them from his own store. For myself, of all those witty sayings (on the eastern side of the Atlantic) which I have ever read and noted down, I choose six that I think sparkle above all the rest; and I have an order of preference for them, though others may disagree. They shall see.

But first, about wit. What is a witty saying? We must rule out the mere pun and verbal smartness. A saying is witty, let us say, when the author takes a word or a phrase—often a very homely one—and applies it to a given set of circumstances in such a way as unexpectedly and with manifest point to link up two dissimilars. And often, the greater the natural incongruity of the two sides of the comparison, the more brilliant is the stroke of wit.

Let us take an example, though this is not one of my six best:

When Sheridan had once drunk too well at night, he was found by a watchman helpless in the gutter. The watchman demanded his name and, obtaining no answer, shook him roughly and demanded it again. At last Sheridan, opening his eyes, replied in slow and solemn tones—"Wilberforce!" The identification of the prelate whose name was a synonym of moral earnestness with the broken-down toper in the hands of the watch—and by himself—was a master stroke of wit.

There is one other story which many people would think should come within the best six, though it is more in the nature of a verbal play, and therefore I will only mention it by way of prelude. Theodore Hook and a friend were one day walking in the country when they passed a public house whose owners, somewhat deficient in the art of spelling, had placed on their signboard the words: "Bear sold here." "Ah," said Hook, "their own bruin, I suppose."

Now for the six, and any who likes may quarrel with the order in which they are arranged. I work upward from the bottom; each succeeding repartee is, in my view, better than those that go before, having regard to all the circumstances under which it was uttered at the time.

A story about Richard Brinsley Sheridan is the one I place sixth best. Sheridan was often and notoriously in debt, and lived on credit. On one occasion he had moved into a new house and soon afterward met a friend, Lord Guildford.

"Well," said Lord Guildford, "and how is the new house getting on?"

"Fine," was the answer. "Everything goes like clockwork."

"Ah!" said Lord Guildford, "Tick, tick, tick, I suppose!"

The story which I place fifth best is one where the point depends on the exact circumstances under which the repartee was made.

Charles James Fox had attacked the quality of the gunpowder supplied to troops by the government of the day so violently that Adams, the Secretary of War, took it as a personal insult. He challenged Fox to a duel and the combat took place. Fox fired in the air; Adams shot Fox but inflicted only a flesh wound. Fox made his way across the ground and, as the pair shook hands, honor being satisfied, he remarked, "You know, Adams, that would have killed me if you hadn't used government powder!"

It would surely take a lot to beat Fox's droll idea of making the very duel and his own escape from death an opportunity for whimsically repeating the precise insult for which the combat had been fought.

This, the only modern example included in the six, is attributed to Charles Whibley, the English historian and essayist. He and a Cambridge don, it is said, had made an extended tour together in foreign parts. The don had a weakness for "drawing the long bow"; his experiences losing nothing in the telling. On their return he was recounting the story of the tour to the senior common room of the college, Mr. Whibley being present. At last one of the stories was so "tall" that the audience did not conceal its skepticism.

"Oh," said the don, protesting, "but my young friend Whibley was there and he will bear me out."

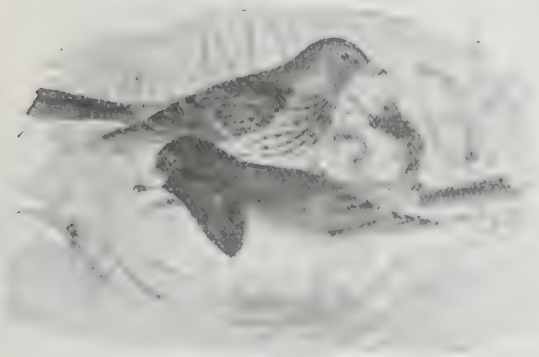
"Yes," said Whibley, "but it is recorded that the young men bore Ananias out."

(Concluded on page 14)

Migrant's Non-Stop Flight of 2,400 Miles

Bird Beats Airplane in the Economizing of Its Fuel Supply

By JOHN M. ROBERTSON

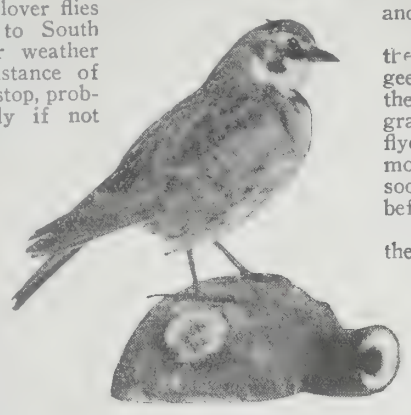


Junco, adult and young.

Pine Grosbeak; Rose-breasted Grosbeak; Towlue; Indigo Bunting.

MAN boasts of having conquered the air, but the airplane seems a crude, inefficient thing when its performance is compared with the regular flights of migratory birds.

The humming bird, smallest of all birds, crosses the Gulf of Mexico, flying more than 500 miles, in a single night. The golden plover flies from Nova Scotia to South America and in fair weather makes the whole distance of 2,400 miles without a stop, probably requiring nearly if not quite forty-eight hours for the trip.



Horned Lark.

Here is an aerial machine that is far more economical of fuel—that is, of energy—than the best airplane yet invented. The to-and-fro motion of the bird's wings appear to be an uneconomical way of applying power, since all the force required to bring the wing forward for the beginning of the stroke is not only wasted, but more than wasted, as it largely increases the air friction and retards the speed. On the other hand, the screw propeller of the airplane has no lost motion. Yet less than two ounces of fuel in the shape of body fat suffices to force the bird at a high rate of speed over that 2,400-mile course.

The routes and habits of the migratory birds of this continent are a fascinating field for research and many mysteries still remain to be solved. No one knows, for instance, where the chimney swift spends his five-months' winter vacation. The 11,000-mile track of the arctic tern has never been indicated.

Canada and the United States through their migratory bird treaty now protect these valuable game and insect destroying birds from the barbarous slaughter that formerly prevailed. The enforcement of the treaty in this country by the Biological Survey has enabled many species of birds that seemed to be doomed to follow the carrier pigeon to extinction to show gratifying signs of recuperation.

There is considerable agitation for a migratory bird treaty with Mexico. Throughout the valley of Mexico there are scores of shallow lakes where every variety of duck that summers in the United States and Canada can be found in the winter. The Mexican Indians are killing these birds in needless numbers by discharging fixed batteries, termed "armadas," of as many as two hundred old shotguns at these feeding birds at one time. Two thousand ducks have been shot down in a single discharge of the great "armada" at Penon Viejo, near the capital.

The land bird with the longest migratory route is probably the nighthawk which flies north to Yukon and south to Argentina, 7,000 miles away. The blackpoll warblers that nest in Alaska winter in Northern South America, at least 5,000 miles away. The scarlet tanager migrates from Canada to Peru and the bobolink that nests in New England winters in Brazil.

However, the water birds and especially the shore bird group cover the longest migration routes. Nineteen species of shore birds breed north of the Arctic Circle, every one of which visits South America in winter, six of them penetrating to Patagonia, a migration route more than 8,000 miles in length.

The arctic tern is the champion migrant. It breeds as far north as it can find land on which to build its nest and winters as far south as there is open water to furnish it food. A distance of at least 11,000 miles intervenes, the round trip exceeding 22,000 miles.

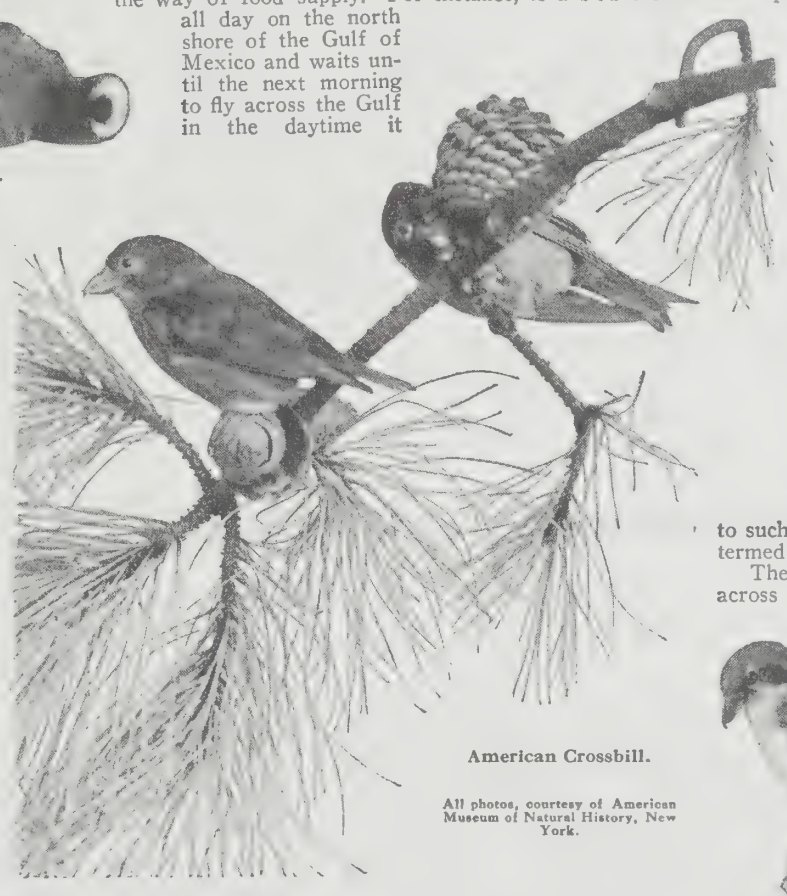
There are two theories to account for the cause of the migratory habits of birds. The more commonly accepted one is that ages ago the bird life of Canada and the United States was non-migratory. The formation of the habit of migration took place at the same time that changing seasons of the year replaced the continuous semi-tropical conditions of the pre-glacial eras.

According to the opposite migration theory, the birds' real home is the Southland; all bird life tends by overproduction to overcrowding; and, at the end of the glacial era the birds, seeking in all directions for suitable breeding grounds with less competition gradually worked northward as the retreat of the ice sheet made habitable vast regions of virgin territory. But the winter abiding place was still the home and to this they returned as soon as the breeding season was over.

The beginnings of migration ages ago undoubtedly were intimately connected with periodic changes in the food supply. While North America possesses enormous summer supplies of bird food, the birds must return south for the winter or perish. No such movement occurs toward southern latitudes because they are bleak and devoid of sources of bird food.

Some birds migrate by day, but most of them make their flights by night. Day migrants include ducks and geese (which also migrate by night), hawks, swallows, the nighthawk and the chimney swift. The night migrants include the great family of warblers, the thrushes, flycatchers, vireos, orioles, tanagers, shore birds and most of the sparrows. They usually begin their flight soon after dark and end it before dawn and go farther before than after midnight.

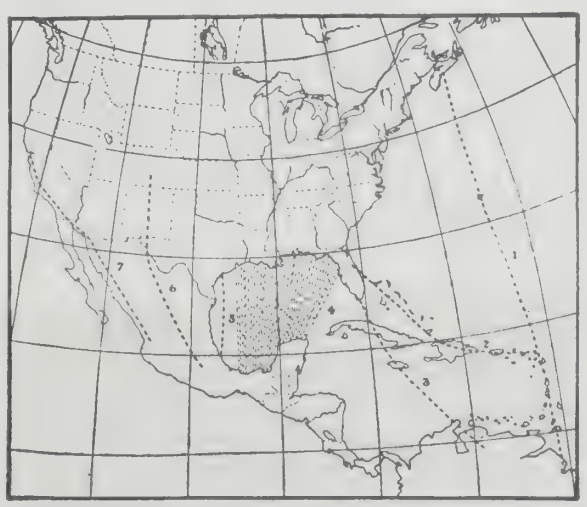
Birds that journey by night make a decided gain in the way of food supply. For instance, if a bird feeds all day on the north shore of the Gulf of Mexico and waits until the next morning to fly across the Gulf in the daytime it would arrive on the Mexican coast at nightfall and would have to wait until the following morning to seek food. Thus there would be thirty-six consecutive hours without food whereas by night flight the same journey can be performed with only a twelve-hour fast.



American Crossbill.

All photos, courtesy of American Museum of Natural History, New York.

The two areas of abundant food supply are North America and Northern South America, separated by the comparatively small land areas of Mexico and Central America, the West Indies and the great waste stretches of water. The different courses taken by the birds to get around or over this intervening region are almost as numerous as the bird families that traverse them, but there are several outstanding routes.



Principal migration routes of North America. Most migrants use route No. 4, though this necessitates a flight of 500 to 700 miles across the Gulf of Mexico. A few traverse the more direct route No. 3, and still fewer, route No. 2. Only water birds make the 2,400-mile flight along route No. 1, from Nova Scotia to South America

Birds often seem eccentric in choice of route and many do not take the shortest line. The fifty species from New England that winter in South America instead of making the direct trip over the Atlantic, a flight of 2,000 miles, follow the coast to Florida and take a somewhat longer route by island or mainland to South America.

What would at first sight seem to be a natural and convenient route extends from Florida through the Bahamas or Cuba to Haiti, Porto Rico and the Lesser Antilles to South America (see No. 2 on map). The birds would never be out of sight of land; there are resting places at brief intervals and the distance is but little longer than the water route.

However, the island-to-island route through the West Indies is but little used beyond Cuba. About twenty-five species continue as far as Porto Rico and spend the winter there, and but six species reach South America by completing the island chain. The reason is the scarcity of food upon the small islands. The total bird movement is enormous and beyond the feeding capacity of this route.

A more direct route requiring longer single flights stretches from Florida to South America via Cuba and Jamaica (No. 2 on map). About sixty species cross from Florida to Cuba, half as many species take the next flight of ninety miles to Jamaica. Here a 500-mile reach of open ocean intervenes between South America and scarcely one-third the number plunge ahead.

Chief among the birds that make the 500-mile flight from Jamaica to South America is the bobolink who winters in Southern Brazil. The bobolinks' traveling companions are the vireo, kingbird and nighthawk that summer in Florida; cuckoos from New England, thrushes from Quebec; the bank swallow from Labrador and the blackpoll warbler from Alaska. However, the bobolink outnumbers all the rest to such an extent that this passage may appropriately be termed the "bobolink route."

The main route of the migratory birds is straight across the Gulf of Mexico (No. 4 on map). A larger or smaller percentage of nearly all the species bound for South America take this course, regardless of the long flight across the Gulf. Millions of birds cross at the widest part necessitating a single flight of from 500 to 700 miles. To the westward a short water route (No. 5 on map) is used by some warblers and a few other species.

Northern Shrike.

Still farther west are two routes (Nos. 5 and 6 on map), which represent the land journeys of those birds from Western United States that winter in Mexico and Central America.

Route No. 1 on the map is a thousand miles shorter than the main migration avenues; but it is not employed by any land bird. Nevertheless it is a favorite south-bound route for water birds, especially the golden plover.

In the first week of June the golden plover arrive at their breeding grounds on the "barren grounds" in Canada, above the Arctic Circle, far beyond the tree line. As soon as the young are old enough to care for themselves, autumn migration is begun by an eastward trip to the Labrador coast where several weeks are spent feeding upon the native fruits. Then a short trip across the Gulf of St. Lawrence brings them to Nova Scotia, the starting point for the 2,400-mile flight to the coast of South America. The overland journey there takes them to the pampas of Argentina where they remain from September to March, the summer of the Southern Hemisphere.

After a six-months' vacation in the Argentine the golden plover return to the Arctic by an entirely different route. They cross Northwestern South America and the Gulf of Mexico and move slowly up the Mississippi Valley and by early June are again at the nesting ground.

The golden plover of the Pacific fly from Alaska to the Hawaiian Islands, about 2,000 miles, where they spend the winter.

The Connecticut warbler also has different routes for its southward and northward journeys. It winters in South America, going and coming across the West Indies. North of Florida the spring and autumn routes diverge. The spring route leads the birds up the Mis-

(Concluded on page 13)

What Are a Man's Chances on a Newspaper?

How High Do Salaries Go?—How Are Policies Made?—Are Writers Free Or Forced?—Mr. Hearst's Experiments With "Public Taste"

By THOMAS L. MASSON

Mr. Masson began his discussion of newspapers in the issue of October 18.

IN A previous article I took up the question of the enormous amount of reading matter furnished by the newspapers, the impossibility of reading it and the appalling waste as a result. In the present article I shall deal with the salaries of newspapermen, whether journalism can be considered a true profession, the editorial page, and some matters of history.

In the old days, there was only one way of entering journalism, and that was to become a reporter on a newspaper. Reporters who started on the old New York *Sun* under Mr. Dana—after they had passed the preliminary test for education, and so on—were paid fifteen dollars a week. Later, if they made good, they were put on space, which means that they were paid at the rate of eight dollars a column (on some papers much lower than this, running down to $5 and $3) and it was possible for a bright reporter to make regularly about $100 a week. Several men who afterward became famous got their preliminary training in this way—among others, Irvin Cobb, Frank Ward O'Malley, Dana Burnet, Will Irwin. This system in a general way is now in vogue. But at present the numerous schools of journalism in colleges and universities enable young men to acquire a certain amount of training beforehand. Even under these conditions, however, the way is not easy. I can name at least half a dozen young men who during the past two years have been graduated from these schools and have failed to "connect" on newspapers. Salaries are now higher, but $100 a week is high. A typical instance will suffice.

Some years ago a very bright young fellow, a writer so good that he had accompanied the Prince of Wales on his first visit to this country, having received an assignment to write up the tour, was laid off after the Prince went back, and applied to me for advice. I told him to watch the news items carefully and when anything struck him of special interest, to go out after it and write it up as a special for the Sunday issues. It happened that the following week a friend of mine, who was an American Legion man, called my attention to a certain hospital which, during the war, had been the scene of great activity, but now had been forgotten by the public. My friend said that the women had almost utterly neglected it. I called up the young man in question, he visited the hospital and the following Sunday had a page in one of the leading New York papers, with pictures, showing how the disabled soldiers had been neglected. The article created a sensation and through it this young man was able to secure a regular staff position. He was given charge of one of the departments, and now receives a salary of $115 a week. I should say, roughly, that a good reporter on a big city newspaper will draw from $75 to $150 a week. Also it must be remembered that his work gives him opportunities to write articles for periodicals, so that he may actually be able to earn about $10,000 a year. This for reporters is the high-water mark, except in special cases.

Some of the men on the big metropolitan papers who conduct columns get much more than this. One who has acquired a national reputation receives $300 a week. His total income is perhaps $400 a week. If a man is fortunate enough to get an idea that can be syndicated he may make much more than this. Thus a few humorists make large amounts. But these are outside strict newspaper work.

As a rule editorial writers are paid less. Two years ago I made an arrangement with a leading New York paper to write one editorial a day. Their ordinary rate was $5 an editorial and they considered it quite generous to offer me $7.50. Later another paper paid me $125 a week for an editorial a day. Arthur Brisbane, who writes a column of short editorials a day for the Hearst papers, six days in the week, receives, on credible information, $4,000 a week, and is probably the highest-paid editorial writer in the world. I doubt very much whether any man who is in charge of the editorial pages of any large daily paper receives more than $500 a week.

In the small-town papers, that is, in cities of, say, 40,000 or 50,000, the man in charge of the editorial page—and who is generally expected to write all the editorials—will receive from $50 to $75 a week. Most of these writers, all over the country, are looking forward to the time when they may get on some of the big city papers.

About Editorial Writers

FRANK COBB, one of America's greatest editorial writers, who conducted the editorial page of the New York *World*, was such a man. Joseph Pulitzer was dissatisfied with the editorial page of the *World* so he ordered that the editorial page in every paper in the country of any importance be studied for six months and from the data received the best man should be selected. Frank Cobb was the result.

So far as the staff editorial writers on big papers are concerned, it is probable that the best of them do not get more than $250 a week and this is exceptional, the salaries ranging from $75 to $150. One man whom I consider one of the best editorial writers in the country, on the staff of one of the largest papers, told me that in his lifetime he had not been able to save $3,000 and that he could not wait over one week without his pay envelope. He was not extravagant. Another, also one of the best writers in the country, a man who had written books which are likely to live longer than most books, receives, I am informed, the top price of $250 a week. For this he writes one editorial a day, one special Sunday article and, besides this, is called upon constantly to supply a running mass of material for certain departments. He works continuously and has two weeks vacation or possibly three. He has a family and shows the strain of caring for them. It must be remembered that while this seems a high salary, a position like this is expensive to maintain. He is forced not only to buy certain books not obtainable for purposes of review but to keep in touch with many kinds of people and to go about as much as possible.

Most editorial writers are forced to submerge their personalities, and to write only those things which conform to the general editorial policy of the paper, which is always indicated, usually indirectly, by the owner. I once wrote an editorial satirizing the shameless and vulgar ostentation of certain society people. It slipped into the paper, and I was admonished by the man in charge of the editorial page never to do that again, as the wife of the owner of the paper "belonged."

As a rule, the ability which makes a great editorial writer is not coupled with the money-making faculty. The result is that the two functions are divorced, and the owner is obliged to hire his thinking done for him. Thus an editorial writer is both trammeled and untrammeled. He has no formal restrictions placed upon him, and certainly nothing as far as advertisers are concerned. On the other hand, his opinions may or may not be his own, in accordance with the fear he has of losing his job, or how closely he agrees with the owner. One editorial writer expressed it to me in this way: "I never can get the right 'punch' into my editorials, because I have first to be sure that they are absolutely correct in formal statements. The possibility of making a mistake has grown upon me so that it has taken away from my sense of freedom." Most editorial writers, by a process which seems inevitable, are reduced to the level of shipping clerks, whose chief concern is to get labels correct.

This in general is the real reason why all editorial newspaper pages have no influence with the public and are read by only a very small proportion of readers. Exceptions to this rule lie, however, among those writers who write on special topics, as literature, art and drama, and also sport. All these subjects are outside of the pale of the newspaper owner, who knows or cares little about them, so that these special editorial writers often deliver charming essays, notable for their insight and learning. But in politics, religion and finance, editorials merely reflect the opinion of the management, shifted through paid minds.

* * *

As for the news, extraordinary pains are taken to make it what is called accurate, but here again the question of what is accurate and what is not, is always debatable. An illustration will suffice.

Fearlessly Tilting at Abuses

SOME time ago I was present at a newspaper editorial conference where this matter came up. A certain banker, who had acquired a large fortune and had retired, had broken loose, and in a public speech gave away a lot of inside information which concerned itself with the administration at Washington. This banker, whether mistakenly or not, was obsessed with the ambition to help his country out of what he regarded a quagmire of corruption. What he said in his speech had not only been common talk for weeks, it was known to be true in a general way—in fact, it was one of those things which, grounded in human weakness, were obviously true—yet the only question to be determined was whether it could be proved. In any case of corruption, to get the actual evidence is practically impossible. Newspapers then avoid all "attacks" even when the hearsay evidence is very close to the truth. Take the Teapot Dome scandal and all the other similar political scandals which stretch back like a poisonous line of history, and it will be seen that their final exposure has depended upon a long course of treatment. After the exposure has been made and the truth comes out, everybody wonders why it wasn't done before. The reason lies in the fact that newspapers are commercial enterprises, automatic in their action and must safeguard their utterances. They cannot supply truth; they merely record what is going on, according to conditions. If it is hearsay it is camouflaged, the word "alleged" being a stock word used for purposes of defense against possible libel. Occasionally some fearless newspaper writer or editor takes it upon himself to run the gauntlet and expose certain abuses, for the power of any single individual, when he is right, is still supreme. But these exposures are exceptional.

Breaking into the newspaper game for any young man is a very difficult process, and even if he has unusual talent, to establish oneself takes years of very hard work. I advise all beginning young men, assuming they have the necessary education (which may have included a course in some school of journalism) to begin as reporters, and to be knocked about as much as possible. This is very valuable as a background. It is absolutely essential to become a student, and by this I mean to study constantly the best models. Most of the really good writers are constant students of the Bible and Shakespeare. Political writers usually make a study of Burke and Bagehot, as a background. A good practical knowledge of American history is a most valuable asset. These two things: the first-hand contact with human nature through the reporter's job, and the purifying of one's style by going back to the sources of literature, form the necessary foundation for an enlarged success. The list of our biggest men—ambassadors, statesmen, and so on, who have acquired their preliminary training in the field of journalism—is a long one. Also, it is becoming more and more the custom among the greatest newspaper proprietors to hire men of liberal educations—that is to say, scholars—and send them out as world reporters. This is a very important advance. Thus we see men of very large attainments traveling about the world and writing up their reflections for their papers, a large part of this material being cabled at enormous expense.

The question so often discussed, whether journalism is really a profession or not, is thus answered. It is a profession if one wishes to make it so, and by individual force and persistence, coupled with the student habit, it is always possible for any individual to make himself a power, that is to say, to become a law unto himself. This result is always achieved by honesty of purpose, absolute sincerity and a passion for truth as nearly as it can be told.

Among prominent writers who have begun their careers in the newspapers may be mentioned Joel Chandler Harris' "Uncle Remus" (Atlanta *Constitution*), Rudyard Kipling (started as a syndicate writer), Drake's "American Flag" (New York *Evening Post*), Holmes' "Old Ironsides" (Boston *Advertiser*), James Russell Lowell's "Bigelow Papers" (first published in newspapers), Eugene Field (Chicago *News*), George Ade's "Fables," and so on.

On the other hand, owing to the huge mechanical expense of production, coupled with the dependence upon large volumes of advertising, all newspaper proprietors are forced to regard their enterprises as commercially relentless, and therefore severely automatic in their working. There is no objection to this, provided the newspaper is conducted honestly and backed by sincerity. But it is unfortunately true that the worst elements in human nature are coldly classified as a necessary asset. Sex and crime are thus played up, and "features" are more important than straight news. When Mr. Hearst first started his Boston paper, he was unable to secure a news service at the stated time. It was finally determined not to wait until arrangements for this had been perfected, and the paper was issued with only the features—comics, stories, and so on. To their amazement the circulation of the paper reached nearly two hundred thousand copies a day within a very short period—I think less than a month. This object lesson supplied Mr. Hearst with the idea he has since carried out, namely, to subordinate the straight news to the special features. It thus became more important, from Mr. Heart's standpoint, to do his bit in lowering the standard of public taste (already nothing to brag of) by playing up false emotionalism and morbid vulgarities. Similarly, this astute newspaper publisher made up his mind that he could get the public to pay ten cents for his New York Sunday issue then being sold for five. He approached other newspaper proprietors endeavoring to get them to raise the price. But they were afraid to do so as a possible drop in circulation would seriously affect their advertising rates. Mr. Hearst thereupon took a certain district near New York, and had a special rate of ten cents printed on the Sunday papers in that district. He was thus able to try out his experiment on a small scale. Discovering that the doubled price had no appreciable effect on his circulation in this district, he immediately charged ten cents for his Sunday paper everywhere. As soon as this rate was established, he then proceeded to try out another district at the fifteen cent rate. This experiment I believe is still going on.

It will be seen from what I have written that the original object of newspapers, which was merely to supply to everyone necessary information, has been subverted and has now become a vast, unwieldy machine, or kind of typographical Moloch, which threatens to swallow up everybody in its maw.

Probably the first newspaper issued was issued by Julius Caesar, in old Rome, whose "Daily Acts" was a kind of bulletin for the information of Roman citizens. The term "newspaper" was first used in 1670 by Charles Perrot in a letter to a friend. In England, Thomas Archer established the first newspaper in 1622, entitled, *The Weekly Newes*. Perhaps the most ideal newspaper in the world is one that not only contains no advertisements, but isn't even printed. It is merely a custom introduced by the inhabitants of the Swiss village of Champney, but I understand is still going on. On Sunday immediately after church, the citizens assemble and the town crier issues the news of the day. His announcements in matters of record are legal by ordinance.

How Northcliffe "Received"

IN THIS country, the newspapers were first preceded by what was termed a broadside, which was in effect a kind of special article on a subject of importance. After this came showers of individual pamphlets, among which the writings of Tom Paine and Alexander Hamilton (*The Federalist*) are the most important. It is probable that without *The Federalist* the American Constitution would never have been adopted by New York State.

The first newspaper in Boston was the Boston *News-Letter*, April 24, 1704, issued by John Campbell. In Philadelphia the first paper was *The American Weekly Mercury*, issued December 22, 1719, and the first daily appeared in that city on Tuesday, September 21, 1784. After this came the New York *Daily Advertiser*, March, 1785. The New York *Times* was started in 1851, and Charles A. Dana purchased the New York *Sun* as a personal organ for $175,000 on January 25, 1868. It is said that the first issue of the New York *Herald* by the elder James Gordon Bennett was published in a cellar in Wall Street and started "with $500, two wooden chairs and an

(Concluded on page 13)

Old Book Store in the Heart of Quaker City

Famous Browsing Ground for All Sorts and Conditions of Readers

By WILLIAM A. M'GARRY

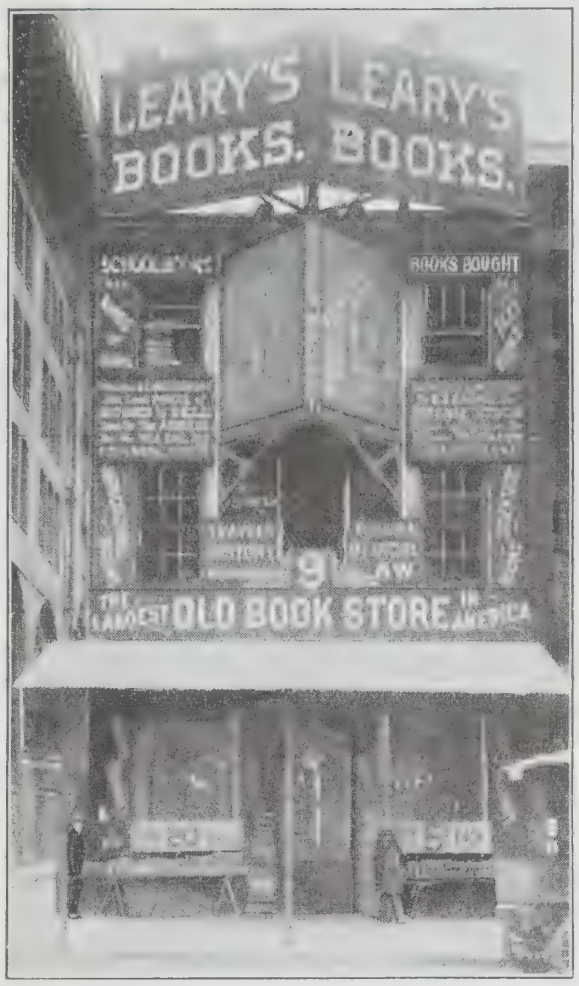
BOOK lovers of all ages in every corner of the world, as well as others who decry the heedless pace of modern life that leaves so little time for thought and tends to stamp out historic landmarks, will be interested and perhaps elated at an item of news from Philadelphia. In the sense that the word is used by newspapers the information is not news because it is "negative"—but millions of readers of all living generations will not see it in that light. The story is simply that Leary's Old Book Store, the largest in the world, is to continue doing business at its old stand.

Months ago the commercial and trade journals all over the country carried the information that an already huge department store intended to build an addition south in Ninth street from its present structure. Probably not more than one reader in a thousand of this item in its various forms was aware that if this addition were built as planned it would obliterate Leary's. But since then the heads of the firm have been deluged with a steady stream of letters from reading and writing men, teachers, philosophers, scientists, technical men, and just plain workers asking if the famous old bookstore intended to move or had sold out.

Now it may be announced that Leary's is not to be swallowed up or changed in any way by the encroachments of commerce. The new building is to go up around it, but the old-fashioned three-story brick structure with its quaint awning and its famous sign of the "bookworm" is to remain just as it has been for more than half a century. A fabulous price was offered for the narrow plot of ground on which the bookstore stands—a price that would have equaled the profits of two years. It was rejected because the owners who have grown old with the books of the world thought more of tradition and the good will of their clients than of immediate profits.

Leary's was founded eighty-eight years ago when William A. Leary arrived in Philadelphia from Maryland and began to sell used books from a basket in what was then the business center, along Second street. Since then its patrons have numbered virtually every famous statesman and man of letters in this country and many from abroad. It is and has been for years the first place to be sought out by literary celebrities visiting Philadelphia. World travelers go there, and keep in touch with the old place wherever they may be. But the real backbone of its patronage both in its own city and in the mail-order end of the business is among people of small means who buy used books because that is the only kind they can afford.

In that sense this old bookstore might be likened to a university—and what an institution it is. Half a million books are on its shelves or in its warehouses—or rather in constant circulation through them. The sales frequently run into two or three million books a year, so widespread is the demand. In these books is all the knowledge of the ages, for the stock is not confined to mere popular reading. It includes every branch of science and technology, all the philosophies, history, art, travel and biography as well as fiction. In recent years, with the great increase of the foreign-born element in the population, there has been a corresponding growth in demand for books in French, Italian, Spanish and other languages, and large departments are maintained for the distribution of these volumes.



The landmark of used books—Leary's, in Philadelphia.

The store looks more like a library than a place of business. Outwardly it has the appearance of the old bookstore of fifty and seventy-five years ago, with the volumes arranged on broad tables or in bins. Inside there are a few more tables for special displays, and then the stacks, reaching to the ceiling, with aisles between just wide enough for two rows of book lovers to browse. These aisles are nearly always comfortably occupied. Here the student working his way through college rubs well-worn elbows with the statesman, the professional man and often the multi-millionaire collector.

In that connection Leary's has some interesting bits of booklore to offer. There have been periods in its history when book collectors made up the bulk of its customers. For some years after it became the fashion for rich men to make collections of rare books the shelves of the old bookstore were the mecca of treasure hunters. More often, however, the "find" was to be made on the outside tables under the awnings, or in the outdoor shelves that run along the side of the old building where it is flanked by a narrow court. Here, in a helter-skelter collection of volumes selling at five, ten or fifteen cents each, prizes have been picked up worth hundreds of dollars at the time and now worth thousands.

Simon Gratz, of Philadelphia, bought from these counters one day a packet of yellowing pamphlets, most of them relating to Indian wars and similar minor events of early American history. Today these little early imprints bring from two hundred to five hundred dollars each. The reason is that it has become almost impossible to buy them, since nearly all have found their way into the libraries of the historical societies and of wealthy collectors. Although Leary's is constantly buying libraries, to keep its shelves supplied, rare books are appearing less and less in the incoming flow. For a time the store maintained a rare-book department. That has now been replaced by the department of scarce books.

To the outsider this may sound like very much the same thing, but it isn't. According to Edwin S. Stuart, former governor of Pennsylvania, who has owned the store nearly half a century, "scarce books include thousands of titles, and the number is increasing daily." A scarce book is simply one that has never been sought by the collectors, but is in great demand by actual readers. The price of it as a rule is still considerably below the original publishing price. In spite of the demand, such books come back again and again to the market. Sometimes the store has had as many as a hundred names on the waiting list for a particular book, and all of them may be supplied within three to six months. Nine out of ten buyers of old books are also sellers of books. They bring back the volumes when they have finished reading them, to get funds to buy more.

The old bookstore thus has been the means of furnishing library facilities to thousands of poor students, men and women. It is able to supply at low cost facilities that cannot be had from the libraries. This is particularly true of textbooks. A student may need one for an entire term at a night school. Schoolbooks of all kinds comprise one of the largest departments in the store. Here may be found the young men and women—and often older ones—who cannot find time for regular school courses, seeking the means to self-education.

The quaint outdoor stalls on the side court of Leary's Old Book Store.

The late William A. Leary founded the business in 1836, as stated above, selling books from a basket. He had so much success that in a short time he was able to rent a store. His son, William A. Leary, Jr., succeeded to the business in 1865, and in 1868 the store was moved to the southeast corner of Fifth and Walnut streets. During the Civil War that was the center of Philadelphia professional and legal life. The courts and banks were all in the vicinity. It was across the street from Independence Hall. In that location the demand for old books increased until Mr. Leary found it necessary to hire an errand and delivery boy.

Edwin S. Stuart, then fourteen, answered his advertisement. The man who was later to become mayor of Philadelphia, governor of Pennsylvania and for a time a national figure in politics, delivered books in a little wheelbarrow. Within three years, so deep was his interest in books, he knew more about the business than its owner. At the close of the Civil War, Mr. Stuart was left in charge as manager of the business when Leary's failing health forced him to retire. When the younger Leary died in 1874 Stuart was continued as manager, and in 1876 he bought out the interest of the Learys, but has held to the old name ever since.

It was about this time that Leary's adopted its world-famous trade-mark—the highly colored picture of a book lover perched more or less perilously atop a ladder before a case of books. One volume is held close to his eyes as he examines its pages. One is held open and ready for examination in his other hand. There are books under his arms, between his knees and all about him. The original was painted by an artist of Dusseldorf. Mr. Stuart had a huge copy made on wood and hung the sign in front of the store, adopting it as the trade-mark.

In the last fifty years that sign has been repainted every year, but it still hangs before the third-floor window of Leary's. It is the store's single advertisement. The same picture was used by Sir Walter Scott in "Guy Mannering." When Leary's was moved, to keep pace with the shift of the city's center, to its present Ninth street address, opposite the post office, the sign went along. All sorts of proposals have been made to replace it with electric signs and other transparencies, but it has never been changed except for the annual coat of new paint.

"When I went into the book business as a boy," says Mr. Stuart, "every city and town had numbers of small stalls, generally outdoors, in which books were sold Most of them did a large business in the so-called 'dime novels' and 'penny thrillers.' Today these have almost disappeared. It was customary three-quarters of a century ago to sell old books from door to door or from office to office. The change that has taken place is the best possible indication of the changed reading habits of the people.

"Every year the demand for old books increases, much faster than the increase in population. This is so in spite of the growth of magazine publishing. Not so many years ago the magazine editors worried about the saturation point when a million buyers had been reached. Today it is estimated that more than twenty million persons buy magazines every month. This current reading stimulates rather than decreases the demand for more solid material. We get hundreds of inquiries from persons who have read an allusion to a novel or a poem or a biography in a magazine article. Finding the right book is relatively easy to men trained in the business."

It was under the direction of Mr. Stuart that the largest old bookstore extended its operations to foreign fields. For many years one of its side lines has been the preparation of hand-bound books. Editions of popular and lasting American works are bought up and sent abroad to be bound. Agents of the firm in all the great cities of the world are constantly on the lookout for libraries. And in that connection it is interesting to note that the advertising of the firm always has been as a buyer of books. This is necessary to supply the demand.

A development of unusual interest in the business in recent years has been the virtual abandonment of "trashy" fiction. Buyers of used books, the majority of whom have little to spend and must get the utmost in value, rarely call for books of this character. There is a steady call for the great classics, not only in sets but for individual volumes. History also is always in great demand.

A tradition in this old bookstore is that the visitor shall never be urged to buy. In fact, a sign conspicuously posted on all the stacks informs the reader that the attendants are under strict orders not to offer assistance or advice unless asked for it. As a consequence one may browse for hours among all the literature of the world without interference.

Up the Yangtze on a Dead Man's Chest

American Woman Refugee Has Weird War Adventure on a Chinese River

By MRS. L. M. CRAMER

FIVE weeks and one day after we fled from Soochow and the expected war, in the beginning of September, and had taken refuge in Shanghai, we returned to our homes—the little bride from Alabama and I—and the bridegroom came for us.

One of the ironies of this war—to us—has been that never but once in all these five weeks has the sound of guns been heard in Soochow, while in Shanghai, where we went for safety, we heard them every day when there was fighting, and several times the fighting came to within five miles of the city limits.

And when we did come home, we came literally sitting on a dead man's chest.

The husband of the Alabama bride came to Shanghai on business. In part that business was to buy food for the foreigners back in Soochow, whose stores were getting low. He could take back what he could carry, but to get to Shanghai he had to go to Chingkiang, a city 150 miles up the Yangtze River from Shanghai, and thence down on a big river boat. Three days it took instead of about two hours as in the pre-war days when one hopped into a very modern train, read his morning paper, and arrived in Shanghai about the time he had exhausted the news of the day.

It was a hard trip, but we concluded if "Jack" could take it, we could, too, and we did. We were sure that the danger from looting in Soochow would be no greater than the danger from a stray shell in Shanghai. Also, there was talk that if the Kiangsu troops were about to take the city, Chekiang would sell that last few feet dearly, and that she would touch off the dynamite magazine just before she surrendered. That dynamite magazine had been the cause of more sleepless nights in Shanghai than any other one cause since the war began. We concluded we'd be safer almost any place on earth than in Shanghai if that happened, and we shut our lips tight, opening them only long enough to say "going" whenever urged to stay where we were.

It took us three and a half days to get home, and we had to board a small Chinese junk, out in the middle of the Yangtze River at three o'clock in the morning, and sail from there into Chingkiang port, for the big river boats do not all touch Chingkiang, and our boat was one that did not. There was one consolation about it, the night was so dark we could not see the dirty, muddy, yellow water of the river swirling about our boat. We could hear it though.

Hand-under-hand, down over the side of the big steamer, by the rope route we made our way slowly till we reached the little native craft, bobbing around on the waves like a cork. It was probably one of the dirtiest junks on the river. It was too dark to see it, but our sense of smell was not disordered. Maskee, we were there and that was all we wanted except, perhaps, to be landed on the shore.

But into that romantic-looking and vile-smelling craft had been lowered something before we got into it, something that was long, and black, and shiny. Its newly lacquered surface shone fitfully in the light of the boatman's lantern. Onto this box we found ourselves none-to-gently thrown when the big boat started to pull away from the frail-looking junk, and our craft set its sails to the wind.

Any Port in a Storm

BUT any port in a sea like that was a mercy, and not till ten hours later, when we were on a coolie train, bound for Soochow, did we ourselves answer the question that had been in our minds all day. That elaborate black box on which we had found a seat in the miserable Chinese junk was a coffin, and inside, presumably, was the body of a dead officer being taken back to his home in Kiangsu province for a burial befitting an officer who had given his life in defense of his province.

And it was on this dead man's chest we had ridden through the rough waters of the Yangtze River just before dawn one morning in late September.

Just once since our return have we heard the sound of battle. It has been restful and soothing to jaded nerves after five weeks in hustling, bustling, noisy Shanghai. We agree with the Chinese who claim Soochow is "a little bit of heaven."

And still the war goes on, and the wonder grows as to where all the ammunition comes from, and all the money to buy it, and for how long it had been planned, only waiting for some accident of fate to which to hitch it and start it off. And the wonder grows and grows if at the finish it will not mean that the end of China's solvency has been reached.

Down around the little town of Liuho, where so far the hardest fighting of the war has taken place, there is located a battery of five field guns. According to General Chang, who has command of the Chekiang forces at Liuho, each of these guns is fired sixty times a day, or a total of three hundred shots each twenty-four hours. The cost of each shell ranges from 13 to 17 taels. A tael is worth 70 cents gold, roughly estimated. The guns that make up that battery are all foreign-made guns, and the ammunition which the Chekiang troops are using against their Kiangsu brothers is the same kind of ammunition and bears the same brands as the ammunition which was used on the Western front in the World War.

It would be impossible for a mere writer to estimate with any accuracy the amount of ammunition already used in this war, and it is doubtful if the Chinese themselves know the figures, but it must have been enormous, for this little sector of Liuho does not represent the entire battle front by any means. However, one man close to the Chekiang leader has estimated that it has cost the Chekiang side more than a hundred thousand dollars each day, and if it has cost this side that huge sum, it has certainly cost the Kiangsu side even more, for that army is operating farther away from its base than is Chekiang.

Trying to make a guess at how much the war is costing for ammunition alone is not answering the question of where the ammunition all comes from, nor is anyone telling. Everyone knows that the game of smuggling arms into China has been going on for a long time. One could go through the records of the different foreign courts and to the International Court in Shanghai, and make a tabulation of the cases in which arms smugglers have been prosecuted, but it would mean little in the great numbers of arms and the great amount of ammunition used in this struggle.

Some poor navy gob, from either Great Britain, Japan or the United States, wanting to enjoy an evening of pleasure at the Carleton, perhaps, has sold his gun, and something to go into it, and been arrested and haled into court, and prosecuted for it, and a righteous court and righteous officers have been satisfied at having done their duty. But if one were to go out to the Liuho or the Huangtu, or to any of the other battle fronts where the Chinese rival militarists are hurling death and destruction at each other, using foreign-made guns and foreign-manufactured ammunition, one would smile for the number of prosecutions made and marvel at the number of gun-runners that had made the grade in safety.

How Arms Are Smuggled

PERHAPS there would also be a smile for the efforts which had been made by the foreign authorities to suppress arms smuggling. For the gun-runners have got through with their "75's," with mountain guns, with airplanes, and even with armored cars, and with unnumbered smaller firearms and ammunition untold. In other words, the poor sailor from some nation's man-of-war has sold his rifle for the wherewithal for a night of gaiety and a morning's headache, and has been arrested and disgraced. He has been held up as a "horrible example." But shiploads of heavy artillery and tens of thousands of service rifles, and tons of ammunition have been coming in to China, and no one appears to have known anything about it.

The *China Press,* commenting editorially on this amazing affair, has said: "We have strained at the isolated case of the individual sailor and have prosecuted him vigorously, but we have permitted the big fish to get through. That is the sad story of the attempt of the Powers and of China to place an embargo upon the importation of munitions into this country. When we sit in Shanghai and read the daily accounts of the fighting at the front, and actually hear the rumble of the guns a few miles away across the rice-paddies of Kiangsu, we are likely to become extremely skeptical of the doings of men, especially when we turn to the records of the Washington Conference and find many pages of stenographic notes referring to the proceedings of that body on the subject of arms embargo for China."

Later on in the same editorial, it is written—and this is probably the crux of the arms smuggling in China:

"The trouble with the entire matter is that two important countries were not parties either to the action of the Pekin Diplomatic Corps in 1919 or the attempted action of the Arms Conference at Washington. These countries are Germany and Russia, both of which without question have been bringing arms to China in large quantities. From their own standpoints, these countries are strictly within their legal rights to sell all of the munitions of war to the Chinese Government or any faction in China, from whom they can get payment."

One may not have much patience with General Lu of the Chekiang side, but they must have admiration for the man because he refuses to know when he is licked, and he has been licked since the first days of the war. General Lu's refusal to recognize President Tsao Kun and his government at Pekin, was one of the causes that brought about this war. Lu sat up an independent government of Chekiang, with Hangchow as the capital. He claimed Tsao had bought the presidency of China at the time of his election a year ago this month, and I recall that American newspapers carried a cablegram at the time that Tsao had bought him the presidency of China, paying something over $10,000,000 for it. That was Lu's reason for refusing to recognize the central government, and his excuse for setting up a little government of his own.

The Troubles of General Lu

AT THE beginning of the war people thought Lu had the best of it, and they counted on him to win, but they didn't continue to count that way after the first three days of actual fighting. Bad joss tagged his footsteps constantly, and yet he stuck and he has continued to stick where almost any other leader on earth would have surrendered. Two whole brigades of his troops, and five-sixths of his navy rebelled and went over to Kiangsu's side, but Lu only changed his headquarters from Hangchow to Shanghai, and the war went on. But he resigned as tuchen of Chekiang, and resigning said: "Go to it boys, the first one who reaches Hangchow is 'it,'" and General Sun Chang-fang's soldiers reached it first and General Sun (who by the way is not Dr. Sun Yat Sen as some American newspapers have seemed to think) is "it." There is a good tale connected with that fact, to be told later on in this story.

On Lu's north front all the way from Liuho to Hungtu, where the principal fighting has been going on, Lu has been outnumbered four to one, and has been since the first week of the war. Not only is Lu outnumbered in men but the enemy's guns have a longer range, and are therefore much more deadly. Chi has large numbers of General Wu Pei-fu's troops, all well-trained soldiers, which were sent down to him before Chang Tsao-lin set himself to wipe General Wu off the face of the earth up north, around Mukden, with Pekin the objective.

Undoubtedly Lu's initial success in keeping the Kiangsu army at bay was due to the 25,000 troops which he incorporated into his forces from Fukien. These Fukienese troops, after their defeat in still another war, entered Chekiang and asked to be incorporated into General Lu's army. General Lu consented, though he had to ignore a certain "scrap of paper" he had signed, along with certain other generals, to let them march into his territory, and another scrap of paper was overlooked when he incorporated these men into his army, another cause of the present inter-province war.

These men, seasoned troops, with the added advantage of recent experience in warfare, with also the additional advantage of having instilled a deep hatred of the northern troops, were a godsend to Lu, and he immediately put them into the front ranks against Chi's men. Poor devils, they have long since paid the penalty, and today Lu is using green coolie recruits against Kiangsu, with here and there an older man to be seen in the lines.

Yet, knowing himself licked even if not acknowledging it, Lu is talking to newspaper correspondents, promising a "great northern advance," and the newspapermen are keeping their fingers crossed. No one thinks that Lu is planning to do anything except to hang on to what he still has. That is all that he can hope to do now, but if the man can hold on to his present position it will amount almost to a victory, for by so doing he is detaining the Kiangsu troops in this area and preventing General Chi from sending them to General Wu in the north, and he needs them badly to use against Chang Tsao-lin. The war will be won or lost, from Lu's standpoint, not around Shanghai, but on the Manchurian front.

Now for the yarn about the entrance of General Sun Chuan-fang into Hangchow. It is a tale that Chinese will be telling a thousand years from now; a tale of the anger of the gods over the presumption of Chuan attempting to take possession of the yamen of Chekiang's adored leader, the noble Lu.

It was shortly after one o'clock on September 25 that the first of the soldiers of Sun's army came into the city of Hangchow and took possession of Lu's yamen. At the minute the first soldier crossed the threshold Thunder Hill Pagoda, one of the famous pagodas of China, crashed to the ground and crumbled into a mass of ruins. There was neither wind nor rain, nor earthquake. Under a clear sky this old landmark of more than a thousand years simply tumbled to the ground. There were few more famous landmarks in all China than old Thunder Hill Pagoda near Hangchow, rich in story and tradition.

Both tradition and Chinese literature have it that when Thunder Hill Pagoda goes, the waters of beautiful West Lake will dry up.

The new military governor of Chekiang came into Hangchow after a cross-country march as long as that of Alexander the Great when he set out to conquer the world, but this is as nothing in the minds of the Chinese, who see in his coming and the fall of their loved pagoda, only an ill omen; for not only has this landmark of ten centuries crashed into dust, but with its fall came the release of the white snake, which a thousand years before was a bewitching, beguiling evil fairy. This, remember, is a Chinese tradition, and not a story of my own dreaming. Because of the wickedness of the beautiful, beguiling one, she was at last captured, and before she could turn from her human form which she had adopted, she was imprisoned beneath the foundations of that ninety-foot pagoda.

When the Old Pagoda Fell

THE white snake, the Chinese say, is out of her prison today, the prison where she had lain for ten hundred years, and along with her wriggled her maid, a green snake, who was included in her thousand years' imprisonment. These two snakes will bring wretchedness and misery to their country, the Chinese of Hangchow fear.

But the foreigner has another theory for the fall of the old pagoda, whose passing he regrets because of its great beauty. The thing which has done most to bring about the fall of the old pagoda, the foreigner knows, is not the coming of an upstart tuchen, but the hundreds of years of chipping dust from the bricks of the pagoda. Thirty-odd generations of pilgrims to the hundreds of temples in and about Hangchow have always believed that the dust from the brick was a palliative in the case of an old-fashioned pain, which our New England grandmothers called "belly-ache." Expectant mothers, too, believing the same dust efficacious in bringing the safe delivery of future pilgrims to the temples, all through the centuries have been imbibing tea made from the dust of these bricks in Thunder Hill Pagoda, and the result of all these thousands of people who have been chipping a bit here and a bit there from the bricks all through these ages is a ruined pagoda; and now their simple, superstitious faith has robbed them of their medicine and a city of its favorite landmark.

But what of Tuli Sun Chaun-fang? Half of the city will swear for years to come that his coming brought about the fall of the pagoda, and if you are unbelieving they will ask, "Did it not fall at the hour of his coming?" And what are you going to say?

Mr. Ford's Page

PROSPERITY is bringing the nation a double test. It will test Republican party power to see whether it has learned anything from the last orgy of prosperity. It will test the people in the same way, to see if they have learned anything. For unless we can show that we have learned something, the coming prosperity will be prevented from conferring all of its benefit.

What are the signs at present? On every hand, too many lines of business are out to loot prosperity with the tomahawk of increased prices. In the eyes of shortsighted business, prosperity is a chance pilgrim on the highway, who is to be held up and forced to deliver.

That is the danger at this moment, and it calls for the consideration of political and industrial leaders.

There is already a diligent propaganda whose purpose is to cry "prosperity! prosperity!" so long and lustily that prices may be sent higher under cover of the outcry and the people again deceived with the story that "prosperity naturally brings higher prices!"

Everyone should know by this time that true prosperity is marked by a reduction of prices, and that this is the only way by which prosperity can be made the normal condition and prevented from being a merely spasmodic effort at economic balance.

To get the whole picture in mind, consider a few fundamental principles. First, why should we ever have prosperity at all? Prosperity being the easy and uninterrupted supply of need, and the needs of our people being normal and varied, and the means to supply these needs being ample with a surplus left over for those afar whose sources of supply have not been developed, the more logical question is, Why should we ever be without prosperity? Even in "hard times" we have every element of prosperity, so that the puzzle is that we ever should have to endure "hard times" except through exceeding bad management of our affairs. The economic basis of prosperity is always present.

Then the second question arises, Why should we expect a return of prosperity now, just because we have elected a Republican President? No one now supposes that prosperity is in the custody of any party; Republicans do not turn on the tap in payment for our electing them to office, nor do they turn off the tap in resentment of defeat. But it is to be supposed that in a country where the development of industry depends on individual initiative, a political doctrine which insists that business should be taxed down to the water-line, hindered by laws that express enmity toward business—such a doctrine will naturally chill initiative; while a political doctrine that holds that business is one of the nation's natural rights and necessities, and should be free, and should be encouraged, will have the effect of encouraging initiative. It is felt that President Coolidge would rather help business than hamper it, would rather free it than fret it, and so, all the other elements being present, it is felt that initiative is ready to shove off into larger ventures, because it has sense of confidence, it is assured that its success is more desired than its failure.

However, so many people are ready to read partisan meanings into such a statement, that it should be said, the same sense of confidence and security permeated the nation upon President Wilson's election. Mr. Wilson knew and understood that a prime national necessity was freedom in business.

Anyway, the fact is that this sense of confidence is one of the results of Mr. Coolidge's election, and industrial energies are released. The people feel that the way is clear for a revival of effort and a consequent return of prosperity.

Builders want to build, bakers want to bake, manufacturers want to produce, railroads want to carry, workingmen want to work, merchants want to sell, housewives want to buy—the spirit to do things, to accomplish service, to supply demands, has shaken off its shackles of uncertainty; the entire industrial army waits to move forward.

And what occurs? Why, some men say, "This is the time to make a big haul. People begin to want what we have to sell; therefore it is a good time to boost the price; they're in the mood to buy and they will pay the more."

And that means that already some men are planning to lay an extra tax on the people's confidence and enterprise. It means that some shortsighted business men are already planning to make it harder for people to resume a satisfactory economic life. That is what high prices do.

Now, insofar as this is deliberately done with a full knowledge of the principles involved, it is criminal, just as criminal as cashing in on a nation's war distress. But for the most part it is ignorance. Industry understands so little the essential laws of prosperity, that times of business revival appear like grab-bag periods in which the highest business wisdom is to get while the getting is good.

This is the danger which confronts the nation in the promised period of prosperity that is now looked for.

This readiness to tax prosperity and render its arrival more difficult is condemnable on several grounds. It is not in the spirit of co-operation. A business that stands at the side of the road demanding a tax of prosperity is not a part of the main procession which is escorting prosperity back to the country. Setting up tollgates against prosperity is alien to the spirit of co-operation.

Moreover, it is not good business. In proportion as business increases, cost of production decreases. A slack shop is costlier to maintain than a busy shop. The duty of every manager of industry is to encourage business by making it easy for people to obtain what they need at a price they can afford. A new revival of confidence and energy in the nation should be met halfway by a decrease in prices, a decrease that is equitable with the decrease in cost. To hold up prices, or even send them higher, because the mounting tides of the people's energy will make it possible to collect such prices, is to tax the people more heavily than even a government could. Good management pays dividends in good wages, lower prices and more business; it is very bad management that can see in a revival of national ambition only another opportunity to lay heavier burdens on the spirit of enterprise.

Now this is something to be thought of, especially by those who are shouting "prosperity!" in the greedy hope of greater unearned gains. It is to be thought of by the Government also, for it has been a weakness of governments in the past to take it for granted that "things have righted themselves" because business has revived. It is not too early to begin the work of preventing the suspicion that our increased national confidence was brought about mainly to produce a new exploitation of the people's needs, or is to be used mainly by those groups whose main interest is not in business itself but in the highest possible rates in the shortest possible time.

It may be instructive to remember that "the goose which laid the golden egg," did not cease because she forgot the art, or because there came a "cycle" when golden eggs were impossible; she ceased laying golden eggs because she was *killed*. Prosperity does not cease because its elements fail, or because it is destined by natural law to go in "cycles"—it ceases because it is harshly dealt with, wounded, neglected, treated as something to be constantly milked and never fed.

It is important to examine our attitude toward the expected resumption of work by everyone and the production of the things the people use. Do we regard it as an opportunity for another raid on the people's pocket, or as a recovery which it should be everyone's care to cherish and make permanent?

A CERTAIN type of business, which is not worthy of the name of business, regards returning prosperity as brigands regard a rich merchant returning from market. It is something to be held up by high prices. As soon as restored confidence and renewed energy show themselves in new national business initiative, certain groups go out to reap exorbitant profits. Prosperity is the standard excuse for higher prices, whereas Prosperity should be the promoter of lower prices. Increased demand permits increased production which in return permits decreased costs. In prosperous times a dollar should buy a dollar's worth. Imagine a prosperity Dollar that only purchases Sixty Cents' worth! Since men of finance have failed to make the dollar worth a hundred cents, men of industry must do it. And they can. True business wisdom can.

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Stock Gambling No Barometer

AS A criterion of true business prosperity the speculative markets are a failure. This truth is recognized by legitimate business, yet the average man seems to regard the gambling in stocks and bonds as an indicator of the business trend. As a matter of fact it is only a thermometer showing the rise and fall of the gambling fever. Activity in stocks does not indicate that the machines are moving, the men working and the public buying.

"Public buying taxes the ability of brokers to meet the demand" is the frequent announcement of newspapers, but as a barometer of business it is not infallible, for business is the production of commodities and their distribution to the public on an equitable and mutually profitable basis.

Improvement in legitimate business tends to develop the spirit of speculation beyond all reason, but a speculative boom has no bearing on the result so far as the country at large is concerned. Indeed, speculation may easily be used to obstruct a genuine revival of trade and industry.

A national administration is responsible for neither the successes nor the failures of speculation. An administration may affect legitimate business for good or ill, but even then the ultimate determination of success depends more on the constructiveness of individual effort than upon any other influence. The moths which flutter about the speculative candle only singe their own wings. They have no say in the outcome.

It is interesting in this connection to note the reasoning of the investment press, as voiced by Ernest Pool, of New York, in the Chicago *Investment News*. He explains that the flood of speculation, caused by the rush of optimistic buyers in the stock market the day after election, receded quickly because the optimistic speculators met initial losses which ended the boom. These losers, however, were not the big investment firms. They were not ready to operate yet. They waited. But when these interests have acquired a sufficient number of shares they will loosen the check rein, and permit the rise in quotations they believe inevitable, take their profits, and begin the process over again.

The amateur investor may think he can beat this game, but he can not.

Why Not Let the People Decide It?

LEGISLATURES and women's clubs may learn much from the action of the people of Massachusetts on the so-called "child labor amendment" which is proposed for the Constitution of the United States. The people of that State overwhelmingly refused to turn their children over to the control of a Federal Bureau from birth until 18 years of age. The people of every other American State will make the same refusal, if they are given the incentive to study the proposal as was Massachusetts, by the people being required to vote upon it.

It should not be claimed that the people of Massachusetts or any other State are opposed to proper safeguards for children. One of the unfortunate consequences of every ill-formed proposal is that it brings out wrong angles of support and antagonism. Opposition to the amendment is sometimes voiced in language that would make it appear there was no need whatever for preserving the rights of children or preventing the encroachments of greed and ignorance upon the plastic period of youth. The corporation argument, in this respect, when not crudely wrong, is always open to suspicion. Child labor should never be considered from the point of view of any industry, but solely from the point of view of the child. And constitutional amendments should always be considered from the point of view of national liberty.

Support of the amendment shows no indication whatever of being aware of a 16 or 17 or 18 year old boy's *right to be active,* and not to be a compulsory loafer. It shows no appreciation of the vast strides that have been made toward abolishing the abuses of child labor in most of the States. It shows no understanding of the seriousness of handing over to a band of Washington professionals one of the fundamental rights which ought to remain, pliable, in the hands of the people. And it is utterly oblivious of the ultimate result of putting periodical plasters—not by popular assent, but by propagandized legislative enactment—on the Constitution. The power granted to Congress is one that Congress would not dare use, but Congress would almost certainly be bulldozed into using it by the most insistent and unrepresentative lobby that ever camped out in Washington.

Massachusetts took the course proper. Any Constitutional amendment so intimately affecting the American home should be referred to the votes of the American home. Legislatures of other states would be carrying out American principles if they too would give their constituents the same right of approval or veto.

Stampede methods ought to be rebuked. One-sided propaganda should be scrutinized. Let women club members ask themselves how much of the other side of the question is ever presented to them.

When Homes Are Beautiful

TWO of the things that are worrying thinking people today are the decrease in the size of families and the decay of home life. France seems to be especially alive to the former, England to the latter. At the special request of M. Poincare the Academie Francaise will award a special prize of 25,000 francs to a family in La Vendee where there are ten children.

The interest of M. Poincare may be largely due to the fact that four of these children were born on the same day, their god-parents being King George, the Queen of the Belgians, the Empress of Russia, and M. Poincare himself.

France views with apprehension her low birth-rate, and rightly sees in it a sign of national decay. In like manner England is "getting the wind up" over "the decay of the home and domesticity." This recently formed the subject of debate before the Cambridge University Union. One of the speakers was frankly pessimistic on the matter. He cited as one of the causes that women were trying to do men's work in addition to their own, and were making a mess of it.

One other speaker sarcastically remarked that at no time had the home been more important than at present, because "an election was held every autumn to get them built."

Another Illusion Shattered

WHO has not read the story of when Sir Walter Raleigh was enjoying a quiet pipe his servant, thinking that he had caught fire, came behind him and deluged him with a bucket of water? Raleigh has long been regarded as the apostle of the tobacco habit in the Old World; but now the foundation for this assertion seems to be as mythical as the moon which an eminent astronomer discovered *did not* give its "flickering light" on the occasion of the burial of Sir John Moore, for the simple reason that there was no moon in the heavens that night.

As the pioneer of the potato in Europe Raleigh still stands unchallenged, but in the words of Wilfred Partington, an English writer who has got out a book telling us all about it, "smoking was first seen by Europeans in 1492, when two of Columbus's sailors landed in Cuba and reported that the natives carried firebrands and perfumed themselves by inhaling and blowing through their mouths and noses the smoke of a dried herb."

It is known that Hernandez, a Spanish physician, brought tobacco to Spain about 1560, and the fact that a year later Jean Nicot, ambassador at Lisbon, presented some to Catherine de Medicis, would indicate that the use of tobacco by women is quite "old stuff." It is from Nicot that we derive the word nicotine, and probably he is the one to whom the distinction of introducing the "perfumed firebrands" to Europe most justly belongs.

But it is wonderful how the people of the Older World got along without the seductive weed. As Mr. Partington points out: "Neither Horace nor Epicurus ever saw a cigar; Lucian and Petronius existed without cigarets, and Omar Khayyam himself never heard of a hookah."

In the modern world, however, tobacco fills a big place, commercially and socially. In a recent compilation of newspaper advertisers, the annual expenditure of the American Tobacco Company leads.

Mr. Baruch's Ruling Mind

WHAT is Barney Baruch up to now? Where does the Federal Trade Commission—that "inquisitorial body," as he calls it—block his path that he should be so desirous of establishing a Court of Commerce? Why has he so far departed from the principles which his old friend Woodrow Wilson described as The New Freedom?

Preparatory to his suggestion of a Court of Commerce, Mr. Baruch asks, "shall business be permitted to combine for better production and distribution, thereby cheapening both and resulting in lower prices for the consumer?"

The first response to the question is a request that Mr. Baruch produce in evidence such a combination for such a purpose. Where can he find one? He knows, of course, the combinations that would like to be made just now. He knows, also, why such combinations are desired. He knows that at least one big combination is proposed not for the sake of the consumer, but for the sake of the combiners, for it is true that today certain allied groups of business are collapsing upon themselves and are seeking salvation by combinations whose financial burden can be unloaded on the public, while the combiners retain control. Let him first produce a combination that has resulted in benefit to the public. Or is he speaking not of what is, but what he hopes will be?

He goes on, however, as if the thing he describes were already in existence. "These combinations by their mass production increase the standard of living by placing in the hands of the greatest number many of the things which they need for comfort and luxury." It is too bad he did not specify. Such service is being performed, but not by the means he describes.

What is it exactly that Mr. Baruch wants? He wants "a court of commerce before which business men would come with such questions as whether in time of over-production and low prices *they could cut down production and fix a price.*"

That is what he wants—government sanction to decrease employment and increase prices. This is socialism from the top; paternalism in the worst form that can be conceived for the Republic.

It is strange that Mr. Baruch should be thus interested. He is out of business, he told the country when he happened along out West to help the farmers organize. His interest is purely in the public welfare, he asserted. Yet in his present proposal he seems to be mostly interested in "what we are going to do with our great aggregations of capital." That, he says, is one of the matters which press for early determination.

His anxiety may be easily allayed: we are going to make Capital work; we are not going to rear in this country any Court of Commerce which shall see that great aggregations of timid, idle capital are protected in a way that great aggregations of wage-earners are not protected. Capital in honest business that does not need price-fixing, and does not need court permission to cut down production. Vast aggregations of capital that desire to hold aloof from all the risks and toils of business may remain vast aggregations of capital, and industry, growing by its own progress in management, will refuse to pay it toll in interests or dividends because industry can provide its own capital.

Mr. Baruch is strangely oblivious to the signs of the times. In his own way he commits the same blunder that Mr. La Follette committed, but which Woodrow Wilson never did—he confuses Big Business with Big Money.

If Mr. Baruch will read over his proposal again he will see that it is not in the interest of protecting Business; it merely designs to protect Money which is afraid to go into business.

The Self-Starter

TO A representative of the Manchester *Guardian* a prominent educationist recently stated that success in life comes not so much to the "clever devil" as to the man whose personality is co-ordinated and inspired by some steadying and dynamic principle. Or to put it more simply—the man of character. "Bluntly put," says this educationist, "some men are like wheelbarrows—they only move when they are pushed from behind."

This is a very apt illustration, and one which could be enlarged upon. The man of character is a self-starter—he carries his own power.

The same authority contends that knowledge is not everything. Not to be underrated, of course, but to be subordinated to the development of the whole personality. Further, "It is really more important what a boy *is* than what he *knows.*"

An intensive process of cramming with facts is not education, but the building up of character is.

Jamestown, New York, Pays Its Own Way

Mayor's Enterprise and Citizens' Faith Build Up Successful Public Utilities

By E. L. M'COLGIN

JAMESTOWN, a Western New York State community of slightly more than forty thousand population, has developed its publicly owned electric plant, waterworks and public market without a cent of cost to the taxpayers.

The city does its own street paving for 25 per cent less than contractors charge other communities for inferior work. Gravel comes from the city's own pit.

The Jamestown General Hospital is operated by the city government, and the people recently voted for the establishment of a public milk distribution system.

If the present rates charged Jamestown people for current from their own electric plant were merely raised to the level of those charged other New York State cities and everyone patronized the plant, the profits would make it unnecessary to levy any city taxes.

Thirty years ago Mayor Samuel A. Carlson, then public works commissioner, persuaded the people of Jamestown to spend thirty thousand dollars for a public electric plant.

Today this plant represents an investment of more than one and one-quarter million dollars. It has cost the taxpayers nothing, since its surplus earnings have paid the interest and sinking funds of all bond issues for its construction.

Incidentally, the New York public service commission has officially found that the Jamestown electric plant charges off for depreciation 2 per cent more a year than private electric companies in the state do.

The base rate for electricity in Jamestown is five cents a kilowatt. Ten cents is the average charge in two hundred other Western New York communities.

Most Jamestown families can do their lighting and cooking for about four or five dollars a month, the cooking rate being three and one-half cents a kilowatt. The electric power rate scales down to one and one-half cents a kilowatt.

Niagara Falls current is sold in Jamestown by a company which has slashed prevailing outside rates for the same electricity that it may compete with the public plant. However, municipal current is preferred by power users because it is free from the line interruptions of the widely extended Niagara distribution system.

A new five-thousand kilowatt steam turbine generator is just being made ready for operation in the city plant. Since the output of this new unit has already been apportioned, another generator of equal capacity will have to be installed to meet new power demands.

The rapid expansion of the municipal plant indicates with what success it has withstood competition meant to eliminate a provoking example of public ownership.

It would be interesting to know how people elsewhere in New York State, who are denied them, regard the price concessions made in Jamestown by the Niagara Falls electric interests.

Samuel A. Carlson, now serving his seventeenth year as mayor, is responsible for the inception and extension of all the Jamestown public utilities and related services.

When Carlson was first elected mayor of Jamestown, the local boss of his national party, accompanied by an editorial accomplice, called upon the new executive and submitted a complete appointment list. They insisted that Carlson accept the whole slate regardless of the fitness of any of the party workers whose deficiencies were indicated by the mayor.

When Carlson insisted upon making his appointments, solely upon the merit basis, war was declared upon him by the party bosses and the newspaper that worked with them. However, this has not prevented the mayor being re-elected eight times.

The predominant population group in Jamestown is made up of Swedes. There is also a sizeable segment of people from England. These elements with their traditions of honest public ownership in Swedish and English cities have been staunch supporters of the extensions of Jamestown's civic activities.

It is proverbial that the first one hundred dollars accumulated by a Swede in Jamestown is used for a down-payment on a home. There is nothing radical about these people. They are intelligent enough to appreciate honest, economical administration of their city's affairs with consequent low taxes.

Carlson's successful leadership has been largely due to his ability to mobilize the Swedish vote when the "regular" politicians were pressing him hard. It is a rare person who can deal with Scandinavian psychology and here is where the mayor has outwitted his opponents. However, the mayor's talent as an executive has been demonstrated by his placing the management of the utility and welfare operations in the hands of qualified laymen free from political obligations. Big manufacturers, technical engineers and corporation lawyers were put upon their mettle by being made personally responsible for municipal ownership, which many of them had vigorously opposed. As the leading taxpayers, they would have to pay the bulk of operating deficits themselves if there was mismanagement.

Frank O. Anderson, president of the Empire Case Goods Company, a director of the Art Metal Company and the Jamestown Malleable Products Company, was chairman of the city utilities board during its expansion period. Mr. Anderson recently retired to devote himself to building the new two-million-dollar Hotel Jamestown. He was replaced by Karl Petersen, president of the Crescent Tool Company, a nationally known industry.

The Jamestown waterworks has a two-million-dollar plant, entirely paid for by surplus earnings in the same way as the electric plant. There is a duplicate source of water supply and a duplicate pumping station to guard against droughts and breakdowns.

Neither the Jamestown waterworks nor the electric plant broke down during the war. The waterworks pumping station in a big eastern railroad and industrial center went to pieces during the worst winter of the war because the politicians had skimped maintenance to justify vote-getting low rates while loading the pay roll with useless party workers.

SAMUEL A. CARLSON,

The man whose foresight has accomplished much.

Chairman Anderson found, on a visit to a Pennsylvania city of Jamestown's size, the waterworks of which were operated for political purposes, that thirty-nine men were employed to do the work that nine men performed in the Jamestown pumping station.

The electric and water rates were temporarily increased by Chairman Anderson when war-time coal and labor prices required adjustment. This was opposed by aldermen with their eyes on vote-getting at public expense. However, Anderson fought the issue before the state public service commission and won.

The grocer type of mayor would have been ordered by his party boss to retire Anderson at this juncture. The indirect purchase of public favor and votes at the public expense is good orthodox politics.

The municipally operated General Hospital in Jamestown.

The personnel of Jamestown's utility and welfare boards has always been named by Mayor Carlson and his independence of the regular parties has enabled competent boards to function without hindrance.

When Jamestown purchased the private water plant, Carlson drafted F. W. Stevens, attorney for the water company, as chairman of the new city water board. Although Stevens had fought the city's purchase of the property, the mayor shrewdly knew Stevens would maintain his prestige by giving the city superior management.

Subsequently, when the first New York public service commission was created, Governor Charles E. Hughes, now Secretary of State, appointed Stevens chairman in recognition of his record in Jamestown. Stevens is now in charge of the Federal valuation of the railroads

Many of the old-time Jamestown councilmen were spokesmen for paving contractors and material dealers who "took care" of campaign expenses and other financial emergencies. Carlson ended this by having the city do its own paving and construction work.

Street repairing, sweeping, and snow removal are handled cheaply and efficiently by the city's own forces. Jamestown is very hilly and has long winters with frequent, deep snows. These conditions put the street paving and maintenance organization to a severe test.

Last summer bids were obtained for a new bridge. The best figure was $22,000. The city engineer proceeded to build the bridge for $13,000. By exercising ingenuity the street was closed but two weeks whereas careless political contractors would have compelled traffic to be detoured all season long.

The city welfare board, of which Arthur W. Kettle, a lawyer-manufacturer, is chairman, directs the city market, general hospital, the park department and other social activities of the Jamestown government.

Mayor Carlson remarked the other day: "I don't know of any other city that has ever established a utility without either an initial bond issue or tax levy. However, we built our public market without either."

The brick and stone for the market building came from torn-up pavements. A surplus in the general revenue, the result of good housekeeping, paid for the roof and labor.

The large lot on which the market stands was leased for a long term. The market experiment proving successful, the lot is being purchased on the installment plan by using surplus earnings. The purchase price, $35,000, has now been reduced to $13,000 and that sum will be paid off in a couple of years.

The public market is patronized by ten thousand persons during the three days it is open each week.

The city operates the Jamestown General Hospital. It has an operating deficit of about $35,000 a year. In other cities where general hospitals are operated by philanthropic agencies the deficits have to be met by community chests or other sources of contributions. Here all the taxpayers have to pay their share.

Observing the fearful waste in milk distribution caused by dozens of competing wagons covering the same routes, Mayor Carlson vainly tried to get the distributors to form a consolidated company that would operate a central milk-handling station and maintain higher standards. This would enable the producer to be paid higher prices; the distributor to make more money and the public to get better and cheaper milk, as many cities have found.

The milkmen could not see the light. Mayor Carlson then asked the voters to authorize the establishment of a city milk distribution system. He was defeated the first time and then a $150,000 bond issue was voted for the purpose. Epidemics and infant mortality caused by reckless handling of milk with no reward to producers of clean, rich milk had much to do with the favorable decision of the people.

The milk project is now in abeyance awaiting the court's determination of the question as to whether or not it is constitutional. There does not seem to be much doubt on this point, and unless the milk dealers hurry they will go the way of the electric and water companies and the paving contractors.

Mayor Carlson regards the fire department as a waster of man power and city money because the firemen sit around most of the time waiting for infrequent fire alarms. He maintains the fire and police departments should be one organization. Then the firemen could help direct traffic, ferret out bootleggers and also flush down streets instead of playing checkers. The firemen and policemen could be paid higher wages because fewer men would be needed. Since he is a persistent man, Carlson will doubtless have his way in this matter despite the opposition of lazy officeholders and petty aldermanic politicians who encourage them in return for votes. Ancient Rome had a combined fire and police department.

Two years ago Carlson got a new city charter from the state assembly. The new charter provides for a board of twelve aldermen, six of whom are elected from districts and the other six at large. There is no party designation on the ballot. The new charter consolidates the various utility and welfare boards into two bodies appointed by the mayor. The sale of any city utilities is expressly forbidden. The consolidation of the accounting and clerical work at the city hall into one office is authorized.

However, the private utility lobby succeeded in having the state withhold authority for Jamestown to issue certificates of indebtedness for extensions of self-sustaining utilities, which would avoid the need for expensive bond issue elections.

The Jamestown public utilities are thorns in the flesh of the private utilities throughout the state and elsewhere whose common stock usually represents no invested capital. The insiders vote themselves this common stock, which carries voting control, and build the plants with bonds or preferred stock. Jamestown rates will carry the actual investment.

Ernest Cawcroft, a member of the "English" element in Jamestown and corporation counsel, has been a tower of strength to the mayor and others in charge

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Mt. Washington—a Place of Winter Outings

The Snow-Clad Crown of New England; Unique Among Mountains of the World

By M. L. FENTON

MT. WASHINGTON, the crown of New England, and the oldest American mountain resort center, is no longer merely a summer vacation capital.

America's classic mountain is becoming the focal point for winter outings that are expected soon to rival the fashionable summer season. Those who have visited the White Mountains in the winter declare the scenic effects and the bracing, health-giving reactions are even superior to the glorious summers.

The Army Air Service has made some photographs of this region from the clouds that enable the Presidential Range to be completely visualized for the first time.

The landfall of the early voyagers to the New England coast, Mt. Washington was quaintly termed the Christall Hill by these ancient mariners. It was also called the White Hill, both names being applied because of the glinting gray rocks on its bald top.

The 6,293 feet altitude of Mt. Washington makes it the highest point east of the Mississippi River, save Mt. Mitchell in North Carolina. However, the stark, bare granite of Washington and his companion peaks of the Presidential Range looms up in bolder relief than the softly rounded and wooded Carolinians.

Mts. Washington, Adams and Madison are as impressive as many peaks elsewhere that have gross heights of 10,000 feet or more. The Presidential Range is so sharply defined and springs from such a low base elevation, about 800 feet, that they compare with many other mountains that rest on plateaus 5,000 feet or higher. It is the mountain one sees and not the high plain that gives the smashing effect.

Photographs by the U. S. Army Air Service.

Mt. Washington in midsummer. The carriage road is clearly shown. The Great Gulf and Mts. Adams and Madison also appear.

The Mt. Washington carriage road in midwinter.

As a matter of fact, mountaineers, geologists and other scientists rank Mt. Washington as one of the really notable American peaks. It is better known all over the world than many a commonplace peak of twelve or fourteen thousand feet altitude. One can have more thrilling experiences on it than almost any other mountain in the country. Certainly it is unique among the mountains of the world without permanent ice fields or glaciers.

Perhaps the most distinctive feature of Mt. Washington is its remarkable range of weather. The American Academy for the Advancement of Science says the summit forms an arctic island in the temperate zone, having the same climate as Hopedale, Labrador, and the middle of Greenland.

Mt. Washington has had the most extreme combination of weather ever recorded on earth. In February, 1886, the United States Signal Service, which had a station on the summit, recorded a temperature of 52 degrees below zero with a wind velocity of 184 miles. Perhaps the wind blew a bit stronger that day because upon registering this figure the anemomoter or wind gauge gave it up and blew away. In January, 1877, a wind blew 186 miles an hour, but the temperature was not so low as in 1886.

Belmore Browne and Herschel Parker, the first to climb Mt. McKinley in Alaska, altitude 20,300 feet and almost within the Arctic Circle, had Mt. Washington's weather in mind when planning their sensational assault. Fortunately they did not have to withstand anything so extreme.

An Air Service officer who has flown at great heights in protective clothing and with heating apparatus has said that anyone exposing himself to such weather as this Mt. Washington record would have his life snuffed out almost instantly.

There is not a month in the year when snow does not fall on Mt. Washington and people have been killed by exposure on its slopes in June. More lives have been lost on this mild-appearing but often savage mountain than any other in America. Climbing parties have been marooned in shelter huts for days at a time although they set out in fine, mild weather.

However, this need not deter anyone in good physical condition who has sufficient common sense to accept competent advice ascending the mountain even in midwinter. Almost every death is due to stubbornness or heedless blundering. The increasing number of winter climbers may make it necessary for the Federal Forest Service to supervise them to prevent reckless or unfit persons from taking risks. The first fatality was that of Frederick Strickland, the son of Sir George Strickland, a member of Parliament, who ignored the warning of his guide and proceeded alone to his death.

The experience of Dr. B. L. Ball, in 1855, is probably unparalleled. He wandered about the mountain in an October snowstorm for sixty hours and survived the ordeal to die in tropical Panama. His knowledge as a physician, his age of thirty-five, his good health and the fact that he carried a large umbrella at the time account for his remarkable escape. However, his sufferings from frostbite were excruciating.

The first carriage road to the top of an American mountain was opened for traffic on Mt. Washington in 1861. Now dozens of motors are driven to the top every mild summer day. The road winds about the shoulders of the mountain for 8 miles, ascending 4,600 feet from the base station in the Glen on the east side. The average grade is one foot rise in eight and the steepest is one in six. It is entirely safe since it was laid out by good engineers and is maintained in excellent condition.

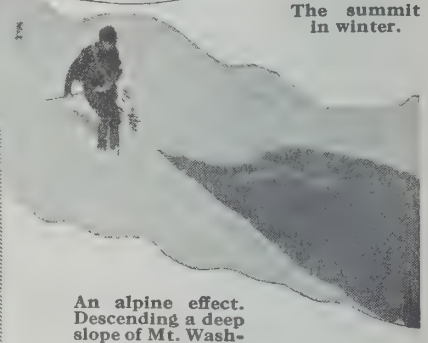
The cog railway which runs to the top of Mt. Washington, completed in 1869, was the first mountain railway in the world. It was designed and built by Sylvester Marsh, a typical Yankee genius. A native of the Granite State, he accumulated his fortune as a pioneer Chicago packer. Returning to New Hampshire, Marsh developed this original railway and lived to see engineers adapt his idea in Switzerland and on other mountain lines of this kind.

The railway ascends from the western side near the Bretton Woods district, climbing 3,600 feet in about three miles of track. There has never been an accident to a passenger.

A moderate-sized summer hotel is at the summit. Many persons have spent a night there to witness the wonderful cloud and sunrise scenes of early morning. The city dweller never obtains a hint of the fascinating views that can be seen from such heights as Mt. Washington.

James Bryce, whose exploits as a mountain climber all over the world compare with his reputation as a writer and diplomat, made his summer residence near Mt. Washington when he was ambassador to this country. He constructed some mountain trails for the convenience of fellow enthusiasts.

The summit in winter.



An alpine effect. Descending a deep slope of Mt. Washington in winter.

Darby Field, who was probably a native of Boston, England, made the first ascent of Mt. Washington in 1642. The Indians had always feared to proceed above timberline but when Field boldly started toward the top a couple of Indians followed him.

The first record of the name Washington applied to the great peak of the range is on a map made in 1784. In 1820 a climbing party of local notables named the rest of the so-called Presidential Range after early statesmen of the Republic.

While there is a certain appropriateness in naming Mt. Carrigan in New Hampshire after the man who was responsible for mapping the state, and Mt. Whitney in California for the scientist who had so much to do with exploring the Sierras, there is little or no justification for applying the names of politicians to notable mountains.

Such Indian names for White Mountain peaks as Chocorua, Wonalancet and Passaconaway have a flavor that is wholly lacking in the others. However, the real first families of America were held in low esteem by the pioneers, who expressed their civic spirit by fastening the names of political heroes on the principal mountains. On second thought one can perhaps forgive them for Mt. Washington.

Mt. Washington is the outstanding member of a group of connected peaks that surmount a tremendous granitic uplift. The great mass is surrounded by deep stream-carrying valleys and its sides are deeply scored by glacial cirques locally termed gulfs and ravines that add to the wildness of the scenes. The shoulders that intervene between these gashes in the mountain sides are giant buttresses that support the towering summits.

Northward from Mt. Washington the Presidential Range swings around an immense gorge known as the Great Gulf. The carriage road passes along the verge of this yawning depth whose walls descend more than half a mile.

The northern peaks, as one proceeds from Washington, are Mt. Clay (5,500 feet), Jefferson (5,725 feet), Sam Adams, Adams (5,805 feet), J. Q. Adams, and Madison (5,380 feet). There are several well marked and constructed trails connecting these peaks with Mt. Washington.

The Appalachian Mountain Club has built several comfortable huts in the col between Madison and Adams. In the summer season climbers may obtain meals and lodgings at these and many other huts established throughout the high peak district by this club.

The southern peaks of the range extending to the famous Crawford Notch are Mts. Monroe (5,390 feet), Franklin, Pleasant, Clinton, Jackson and Webster, in the order named. The spectacular ledges of Mt. Webster will be recalled by those who have passed through the notch.

The two little Lakes of the Clouds on a shoulder of Mt. Washington are the center of the south peak district. The hut located there has saved many climbers since the long traverse from Crawford to Washington is often swept by sudden storms. Four lives have been lost on these southern peaks but the new huts have rendered the route much safer.

The enormous Tuckerman and Huntington ravines and the Gulf of Slides indent the eastern wall of Mt. Washington, of which Boott's Spur is another prominent

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The King Takes Last Look 'Round Before War

King George V Reviewed His People for a Task He Dared Not Speak of

By THOMAS CAMERON TAYLOR

"THIS ship is as wide as Piccadilly!" King George V was poking around under the hull of a great battleship on the stocks in a Clyde shipyard, when he made that observation. The whole program of the afternoon's tour seemed in danger of being held up while the royal visitor satisfied his interest. He was on his way to have tea with a duke, too. "An understandable interest," remarked the attendant scribes who had been assigned to the series of tours of British industrial centers which the King and Queen undertook in midsummer of 1914; "the King is a navy man. He has seen more of the seas of the world than any monarch who ever lived." An understandable interest, indeed!

They constituted quite an interesting company, the men who had been assigned a place in the press coach of the royal train for that tour. The circumstances were not quite normal. Ireland was seething with disturbance. The suffragettes had attained astonishing efficiency in advertisement-by-destruction. There were possibilities of interesting incident, for, using ancient Holyrood Palace as headquarters, the royal party was to travel by railroad and automobile to various industrial areas and historic parts of Scotland. The scribes were tried men, therefore. In one group in the press coach could be noted a genial war correspondent who had not been far off when the Jameson Raid on the Transvaal took place, who had been through the Boer War and the Boxer Rebellion in China, and who knew just what it means to travel on camel back in the Soudan—in a hurry; beside him was a writer to whom the Balkans were better known than his native Ireland; to another, old Stamboul had long been a happy hunting ground; the quiet, keen man who spoke but seldom was an author whose first work was even then pleasingly fresh in the public mind, and who was later to earn in full measure the honor of knighthood; another could tell with great relish of a talk with Roosevelt on the edge of an African forest; and still another recalled casually an encounter with a Mohammedan war agent of Germany in distant Bornu two years before.

When the last-mentioned opined that such an encounter should be brought to official notice, they smiled, and someone hurled at him a convenient quotation—

> "Friend of my heart, is it meet or wise
> To warn a king of his enemies?"

They took no stock in alarms and did not trade in rumor. Most of them had been on the royal tours in England, had followed the King through the steel and textile districts, and were still noncommittal as to what all this democratizing of royalty imported. Now, in this day's tour of the cradles of mighty ships which flank the banks of the Clyde, the King's keen interest in the latest of the fighting ships was thoroughly understandable to them all. The King was a sailor! Of course.

The Heart of Scotland

BY THIS time we had disposed of the sections of the tour devoted expressly to Scottish officialdom. We had seen the party arrive in Edinburgh, and duly recorded the handing over of the keys of the city to the King and the immediate return of the same to the keeping of his trusted City Fathers. A well-known Scottish regiment had exercised once again its sole right to march through the city with fixed bayonets. The chimneys of Holyrood Palace were smoking merrily, and the big open fires of the venerable pile were contributing to the comfort of a king again after many years. In "auld St. Giles" a new chapel had been dedicated to the use of the Knights of the Thistle, the most exalted Scottish Order. The "state visit" to Glasgow had been paid, and a few Territorial battalions had made a brave display with the kilted Regulars and some squadrons of cavalry. Our contact with Scottish officialdom had yielded two points of interest: at Edinburgh a veteran Scottish journalist had discovered that the King was a distant throwback to his Stuart ancestry; at Glasgow, a prominent official had handed to the King the wrong speech, but the alert monarch had discovered the mistake in the first sentence, and had roared with laughter, bringing from an observant journalist the remark: "That is the first laugh the King has had since these tours began, a month ago." The remark was important, for it was unusual for the kindly and good-humored head of the reigning House to bear such an air of deep gravity as we now realized had marked him throughout the tour.

We forgot for the time being the unusual gravity of the King, in his earnest interest in the activities of the people.

"No man knoweth the mind of a King." It was mid-July. An Austrian Archduke had been slain in Serbia two weeks previously, but that was the last thing the British people were worrying about, although the experienced scribes spoke guardedly of a distinct chill in the East wind.

Through the shipyards, through the mining districts, through the steel mills and the places where miles of steel ribbon were being wound upon the inner tubes of great guns, we trailed the royal party and found unfailing delight in the struggles of the official photographer to manage with only two hands a refractory silk topper and a bulky stand camera. From the field of that magnificent industrial achievement, which made of a once-negligible creek named the Clyde one of the most renowned waterways of the world, the course lay northward to the great shrines of that tradition which means so much to Scotland: Linlithgow Palace, once the finest of the dwellings of the Scottish kings, and the birthplace of Mary Queen of Scots, its every room and dungeon packed with history; Dundee, with industries dependent upon the imperial connection; the lands along the Forth, where Scottish history can be read at every turn; and Stirling Castle, that half-tide rock which was buffeted by every surge of war which flowed and ebbed over Scotland for many grim centuries.

Altogether the whole tour afforded splendid material for the descriptive writers, and the newspapers spread in stirring columns the tale of those historic deeds and modern achievements which denote the spirit and force of Scotland.

And just as the visit ended we had adequate explanation of the grave demeanor of the King.

It came in the form of a telegram to one of the war correspondents, and the gallant big fellow looked gray as he remarked:

"It has come. Germany is moving. Private information, but sure. Goodbye, everybody."

We realized then that we had participated in a royal review of a people for a grim and inevitable task, a review so skillful in method that it had awakened the spirit of a nation without a word being uttered which might provoke the feared catastrophe or hamper the dismayed politicians in their efforts to avert it.

* * *

The value and power of tradition are nowhere greater than in Scotland, and by none more highly appraised or more unerringly handled than by the British. Passing in rapid review the events of the tour, we found that the King had touched at its most responsive points the life of the people. Meeting every day the descendants of great chiefs who in their day had openly raised standards of war and brought armies to the rallying grounds, and knowing the almost inevitable imminence of a terrible need, he could yet utter no word which might be construed or misconstrued by a watchful enemy as a word meaning war.

Time and again, across the lands which he viewed from the ancient castles, the fiery cross had been sped to call the clans to the field, but he could send no such message to his people, however great the need. He had another standard to raise, however, and right well he did it. Unprepared as Scotland was when, two weeks later, the blow fell, it found a people stirred freshly to a knowledge of what they were and whence they came and by what hard-won means they had been molded by forefathers who cherished things that were worth while. That stirring was the work of the King—and the correspondents—but only the King had in mind that terrible probability of which he dared not speak. It swept thousands from the cheering ranks of workmen who greeted the King on that tour into the kilted battalions that poured out of Scotland for four years thereafter; it steadied shattered Scotland to the task of upbuilding when the carnage ended. It has defeated Bolshevik effort, backed by great expenditure, in Scotland ever since. Scotland has her Fascisti now, but their real leaders are the departed great of the land who are represented now by the great institutions which they inspired.

When next the King came to Scotland, he came in secret. Beatty's battle-cruisers had just chased the German fleet raiders, sinking the *Blucher*. At a blockhouse close to a siding near the great naval anchorage in the River Forth, a soldier was cheerily preparing breakfast. It was a chill, clear morning, such a morning as endows with all the charm of music the sizzle from the laden frying pan. He was at a critical stage of the operation when a civilian stopped at his elbow, and he didn't even glance up as he heard the query:

"Getting along all right? Feeding you well here?"

But his answer was prompt and tinged with enthusiasm: "Bet your (qualified) boots I am! This is the (qualified) life! Feeding—why, look at them (qualified) sausages! The stuff to give 'em!"

The stranger laughed. "That's good!" he commented; and strolled on.

Swift on his heels came an excited officer to have speech with the cook—lurid speech, mainly interrogatory. Where was his training? Didn't he know enough to stand to attention? and so on, and so on.

Why? Didn't he know that he had been speaking to the King? The cook lost all immediate interest in sausages while he racked his memory and placed in appalling line the adjectives he had just expended.

The King had come north to see the ships after the Dogger Bank scrap, and was camped in his coach in the siding. That was an exceptionally interesting morning. Things had been happening at that naval base. Officially they could not possibly happen, therefore officially they never did happen. Under the huge spans of the great Forth Bridge, the waterway was barred by steel nets, above which the ships anchored in safety from submarine attack. Under one span the netting was fixed; under the other, movable to permit of the passage of vessels when necessary. All night long, on the seaward stretch of the river, brilliant searchlights played upon the approaches to the spans. The story goes that the captain of a fleet collier or supply ship had come into the anchorage reporting that he had been followed up the estuary by a submarine which, with only the periscope showing, had taken its course from his ship. He was not absolutely certain, but, knowing that a submarine must submerge when it came within the searchlight zone, he had set his course straight for the permanent net until he was within the area of the lights himself, then swung at right angles and headed up and into the open waterway.

In any case, next morning the permanent net was sagging right out of sight in the center, proclaiming that some huge and heavy body was caught.

"A submarine, caught by the gills," said the sailors.

The King was among those who went over to have a look at the place before the divers went down. No story came out; but the little green-and-white buoy which marks a sunken wreck was swinging over something a little way down the channel of the river soon afterward.

The Big Russian Bluff

EVEN the siding in which the King's coach had been "parked" on that occasion might have told him a tale of a mighty bluff—if he did not know of it! We hear nowadays of "the myth of British unpreparedness for war." It is interesting hearing to the fellows who sat tight while the Germans pitched over fourteen shells to their one and sprayed the parapet edges with twenty machine guns to their one. Here is a story of "preparedness." The naval base at the Forth had its share of attention from the espionage agents of Germany in the early days of the war. To a railroad siding there, in those days, came a trainload of shells for the fighting ships. Shells protruded their grim snouts from the edges of tarpaulin covers in open wagons; big, terrible projectiles that must have interested an enemy. Then, every day for the better part of a week, trainloads of shells swept along the sidings and disappeared. North side, south side, round the docks and back again, one met always a trainload heading for the loading berths. What a satisfying sight they were to the friends of the fleet; what a dismaying evidence of power in reserve they must have conveyed to the agents of the enemy!

It was one of the best bluffs of the period. That single trainload must have traveled hundreds of miles around the railway sidings that fed the naval base! It was over that same Forth Bridge, it may be recalled, that "trainloads and trainloads of Russian troops" sped by night to the rescue of the Allied left wing in Flanders—or where was it they went, anyway?

Another British Intelligence Department bluff; the rumor that grew in such fertile soil that men were prepared to vouch for the men from whom they had had it as a fact that some sound fellows whom they knew to be unimpeachable had seen the snow on the Russian boots!

Balanced Rock of the Rio Dolores

By J. C. GILBERT

(C) The Denver and Rio Grande Western Railroad.

PICTURE a twelve-thousand-ton rock, eighty-five feet high and with a diameter of seventy feet, precariously balanced on two supports at the edge of a canyon. Add to this the bewildering impression that the huge mass is actually falling and you have outlined in your mind Potato Rock, located about twenty-five miles from Grand Junction, Colorado, on the Rio Chiquito (little) Dolores Canyon. For centuries the forces of erosion have worn away the supports of this huge formation of red sandstone, until now it is poised uncertainly at the edge of a precipice. The formation rests on two supports, one of which is no larger than a good-sized table and the other much smaller. It matters not from what angle the observer looks, the huge mass appears to be wholly unbalanced. Several highways and the Denver and Rio Grande Western Railroad pass through Grand Junction, from which point this remarkable trip can be made.

On Seeing for Oneself in Chihuahua, Mexico

General Arnulfo Gomez Speaks of the Fuse of Mexican Powder Keg—Closing of the Bridgehead

By MAX BENTLEY

"Obregon's favorite general," Arnulfo Gomez, commander of the Fifth Mexican Zone. Mentioned as a future president. He is only 33 years old.

OBREGON'S favorite general (Arnulfo Gomez is so regarded by government officials in Juarez) invites the world—and particularly the doubting Thomases from *los Unidos Estados*—to come to Chihuahua and see for themselves, with their very own eyes and under their very own noses, that peace in Mexico is no joke.

The State of Chihuahua was the fuse on the Mexican powder keg of 1916. Villa struck his heaviest blows at American interests in Chihuahua. Pershing's invasion was through Chihuahua—Colonia Dublan, his headquarters, and Parral, scene of the first engagement between American and Mexican troops on Mexican soil since 1847, are in Chihuahua. Most of the kidnapping-ransom parties have been staged by Chihuahua bandits. Lying so close to Texas, Chihuahua has been long regarded, from the American side, as the troublesome child in the Mexican family of states.

Indeed, not so very long ago it *was* unsafe for the American to venture far into Chihuahua without suitable escort. But that was in war time, and it was not President Obregon's fault. His program of pacification was not then achieved, and he was handicapped by the withholding of recognition from Washington. Banditry *was* a troublesome factor in the thinly populated gone-to-cactus frontier of Chihuahua lying nearest the Rio Grande.

It is not that way now. Mexico has been thoroughly pacified, and the Obregon régime is in every way regarded as "official" by our government. As for the frontier bandits, they have been scattered far and wide. Arnulfo Gomez did the scattering, so what he told me, at Juarez the other day, about Awakened Mexico, may safely be regarded as authentic.

Gomez is a division general commanding the Fifth zone, comprising the whole of Chihuahua state. He came to Juarez, it was commonly rumored, to be handy to the scene while President Obregon's personal envoy, Sr. R. C. Lecanda, stamped out gambling in the border city. The fact that that startling innovation went through as smooth as silk, that everybody in Juarez except Jorge Martinez, the concesionnaire, and the gamblers (mostly Americans), applauded the edict, is but another manifestation that Mexico is not as black as our jingo press insists on painting her.

It was significant that General Gomez came to Juarez only as an unofficial observer and without the trappings of arms. I did not find him at military headquarters, but in a pleasant sunny room of the Rio Bravo Hotel on Calle 16 de Septiembre. He was not in uniform, but in smartly cut whipcord "civies," with flowered vest and flowing tie. During our talk there was a stream of ramrod figures passing in and out, all of them obviously soldiers; and they, too, were in "civies." Gomez's tailor had given him a marvelous fit: he looked every inch a man of parts, with his broad shoulders, straight back and slender waistline. He has the small legs of the horseman, the slender hands and feet of what one usually calls the "average Mexican," great black eyes, shining black pompadour, and black *mustachios* curving smartly outward. Reverting to an understandable simile, he is a welterweight champion built to model: immaculate, fastidious, stout as an oak, and fiercely capable to the last inch of him. One sees that immediately.

"Chihuahua is as safe as Texas," he said. He spoke to me in Spanish; Sr. Gustavo Serrano, the Mexican boundary commissioner, had consented to act as interpreter. "In all our troubles," he added, "only 148 Americans are known to have met violent death in Mexico, or been kidnapped by bandits. Now, say since 1911, how many Mexicans have met violent death in, say, our neighbor Texas? This should be understood, that the killing of a Mexican in an American state is not of special concern to the American people and creates little disturbance. On the other hand, if an American meets a violent end in Mexico the incident becomes international and is made the source of much agitation among a certain class of your newspapers.

"Chihuahua"—the general's eyes twinkled here—"is safer than New York City. Money must be protected anywhere. An American—any citizen of any country—should apply for an escort if he intends carrying large sums of money into Mexico. But I can lend him two of my *bravo* soldiers and he will be safe in the loneliest corner of our wide frontier."

The cause of danger has been removed, the general said. It took heroic measures to clean Chihuahua of banditry springing up with and accompanying the recent Adolfo de la Huerta revolution, but Gomez applied them energetically. On the day that I interviewed the general the last bandit of consequence was parleying for amnesty—a disappointed, dispirited and broken malcontent. This was Hipolito Villa, brother of Francisco.

"In the past twenty days I have defeated Hipolito Villa fifteen times," General Gomez said. "Yesterday his last remnant of seventy men was routed in Los Nogales Canyon, Chihuahua, by Lieutenant Colonel Figueroa. Hipolito Villa has lost all his horses, including a $5,000 mare once ridden by his brother Francisco. A few days ago my men surprised and destroyed the force of Jesus Villanueva, Hipolito Villa's second in command."

General Gomez picked up a photograph and smiled on it lovingly before passing it to me. It was an enlarged snapshot. There were two adobe buildings and a background of cactus plants. There was a street in the foreground. In the center of the street was the figure of a man lying starkly on his back. General Gomez touched the recumbent figure lightly.

"Jesus Villanueva," he said.

Mexico held its presidential election last July. General Gomez remarked that not a single serious disorder was reported. He deprecatingly suggested a comparison with "your Chicago" and its election-day riots and murders.

"The population of our republic is fifteen million," he said. "In our presidential election we polled 1,600,000 votes." (Of these, 1,300,000 were for Plutarco Elias Calles, who becomes President of Mexico November 30.) "Mexico does not have equal suffrage. Our vote amounted to 10 per cent of our entire population. That means that nearly every adult male citizen voted."

"Did the soldiery vote?"

"Why, certainly," the general said. "I suspended military activities in the Fifth zone to allow such of my troops as were near their homes to go cast their ballots."

"How stable is the Mexican Government? Might the army overthrow it at will?"

"Absolute harmony prevails between the civil and military authorities," General Gomez answered. I noticed that he mentioned the civil authorities first. "The function of the army is only to sustain the civil authorities, and not to administer the laws passed by the Congress and the various state legislatures. Chihuahua is a large state, probably larger than any American state except Texas. The largest number of troops I have employed in Chihuahua has been five thousand."

He added that the outgoing governor, Reynoldo Talavera, and his successor-elect, J. A. Almeida, are civilians.

The anti-gambling edict at Juarez throws light on the character and strength of Mexico's present federal government. The Juarez gambling concession was in all things legal. It was granted to Jorge Martinez by the State of Chihuahua. A portion of his receipts went to the state as a tax. The tax amounted to several thousand pesos a day—and Chihuahua needs the money.

But President Obregon has always been sternly opposed to gambling. How might he put an end to the evil and still not trample on Chihuahua's authority in its own territory? To abrogate a legal concession would bring up the troublesome question of state's rights, and arbitrarily to close the gambling dives would require troops and surely produce internal complications.

The president met the situation brilliantly. He sent Mr. Lacanda to Juarez to take charge of Mexico's end of the international bridge. It has been the custom to keep the bridge open until nine o'clock at night to accommodate legitimate traffic passing between Juarez and El Paso. There was no way of stopping the bacchanalian horde of Americans, men and women, crossing from El Paso to Juarez to drink and gamble, except to make life hard for them. It is a depressing fact that Juarez's ninety-odd saloons (mostly owned by Americans) with their hundreds of catchpenny games, to say nothing of Jorge Martinez's gilt palace, could not operate without American patronage.

Mr. Lecanda simply moved up the bridge closing hour and announced that all visitors found on the Mexican side after closing would be required to remain there until the bridge was opened again—and he blandly was unable to say just when it *would* be opened again. It was further announced that all women visitors to Juarez would be required to show marriage certificates. The closing hour was made variable: seven o'clock one day, five o'clock another day, and each time early closing caught four or five hundred gamblers and drinkers tarrying on the Mexican side. Protests! threats! Lecanda and his federal guards at the bridgehead were courteous but firm. A few nights of this, and Jorge Martinez yielded to the pressure and closed his palace. He had been diplomatically but effectively frozen out.

The El Paso Chamber of Commerce, in protesting against the demoralizing effect of gambling at her gate, had the cordial support of the Juarez Chamber of Commerce. Indeed (bang! goes another cherished gringo conception of the "average Mexican"), sentiment in Juarez overwhelmingly supported the federal government. When Lecanda arrived organized labor was planning a large demonstration—parade, speeches and resolutions—against gambling. The bridge-closing strategy made that unnecessary.

Arnulfo Gomez, military commander of Chihuahua, soft-footed his way into Juarez and modestly remained in the Rio Bravo Hotel while a civilian Leonidas held the bridge. Gomez is young to be so discreet: a major-general and not yet thirty-three. His career is worth some attention. He was a boy of nineteen when he joined the Maderista movement against Porfirio Diaz, from his home state of Sonora. He enlisted as a private and by sheer brilliance came up through the grades of corporal, captain, lieutenant colonel, colonel, brigadier general, and, finally, division general. He was successively a Maderista, Carrancista and Obregonista, which explains his steady advances. Each time he has fought on the winning side. He was a captain at twenty-two and a colonel at twenty-four. His first big feat was his defeat of Francisco Villa. Then he was made chief of military operations in Michoacan, then sent to Tampico to subdue Manuel Palaez; and then, upon Obregon's accession, became chief of operations in the Mexican valley including the Mexico City zone. Besides being an able soldier and successful administrator, he is an authority on tactics. The successful general is the one that takes his place at the head of the column and leads the charge in person. General Gomez is that kind of leader—although, when I asked him to sketch his career, he touched only the routine points of his advancement.

"Say this for Mexico," he said. "Peace has returned and prosperity is returning. Industry has been resumed on a large scale. Communication of every character is normal. Foreign investment is being protected. Mexico wants the confidence and friendship of the United States and feels she is entitled to them."

Calle 16 de Septiembre, a business street of Juarez filled with saloons, most of which are owned by Americans.

Save the Forest!—The Red Man's Appeal

By JANE ZANE GORDON

JANE ZANE GORDON.
(Princess Who-Shon-No.)

THERE are at present in the United States approximately four hundred thousand Indians, who have, since the foundation of the present Federal Government, been regarded as wards of the nation. The rapid accretion of population throughout the United States is making such encroachments upon the territory or domain of the Republic that the Indian has no longer his former opportunity for expansion. While the natural increase of the Indian race is comparatively slow, it is quite necessary to anticipate the eventualities of the future.

The Indian has always lived in close contact with nature, and in the march of progress of this great nation the limitations placed upon this race have never permitted him to divorce himself from this intimacy. He loves nature in all its varied aspects. Even his primitive religion inspires him with the hope of enjoying the "happy hunting grounds" in the great beyond. The perpetuation of the woodlands in all their pristine beauty and charm means more to him than to any other race of the earth.

When the white man landed here he found the richest treasure of the world's storehouse of forestry, watered by perpetual streams. Instantly upon his arrival the white man instituted a decimation of the natural resources, and drove the Indian back from stage to stage to the unexplored frontiers. Today there is no frontier, and the Indian clings to the few remaining primitive environments which are his happiness and his hope.

There are no statistics which would indicate the original timbered resources of America, but sufficient is known to indicate that, beginning a century ago, there existed some eight hundred million acres of virgin forest. Since that time the encroachments of agriculture, the consumption of lumber for structural purposes and the ravages of fire, tornado, farm development and other agencies have reduced this area, until today the most reliable statistics indicate that we have left approximately one hundred and thirty-seven million acres of timberland.

Apparently the progressive white man has seemed unconscious of the destructive element in his own expanding civilization. He has shown a reckless disregard for the interest of his own succeeding generations. Barren waste, denuded hillsides, denatured deserts and mountain ranges stand today as a menace and a warning. Timid efforts are being made to replenish the rapidly exhausting timber resources, but the preservation of the national resources must necessarily be accepted as a task of individual citizenship, and not be made the subject of political caprice. A popular effort should be made to preserve these resources which are essential to every element of progress. The preservation of the forest means the perpetuation and safe control of the water courses and atmospheric moisture.

The generation of chemical elements for the enrichment of the soil is a well-known function of forestry. Without the forest there could be no storehouse for the moisture of the falling rains; no solvent for the release of the mineral elements in rocks and soils to stimulate plant growth; no impounding reservoir for the gradual distribution of moisture in the arroyos of the hills that replenish the exhausting fertility of the low plains.

The forest must be preserved. A natural and willing agency for this great work may be found in the Indian. He might be employed by the nation, the state, and the private owner of the soil in the great work of reforestation. The Indian is naturally adapted to this service, and being the nearest related to nature of all the human family, such a work would inspire his enthusiasm and prepare him to assume individual responsibilities to which he has been a stranger in the past.

An intelligent and forceful appeal ought to be made in this direction, not only to Congress, the state legislatures, and the political agencies of government, but to the captains of industry, the large landholders, and to the more numerous class of agriculturists who might utilize the Indian's services as a farm laborer to fill the ever-increasing scarcity of help which is today a menace to rural life.

The Indian has reached that degree of intellectual advancement that tells him he must be prepared to direct his own destiny, and he feels that his efforts in this direction should be unembarrassed by misguided enthusiasts or those wholly uninformed as to Indian ambitions.

Migrants Non-Stop Flight of 2,400 Miles

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sissippi Valley to their summer home in Northern Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota and Southern Canada. The autumn migration begins with a 1,000-mile trip almost due east to New England whence the coast is followed southwest to Florida.

The white-winged scoter breeds near fresh water in Canada, west of Hudson Bay. Then it travels 1,500 miles due east to Labrador, thence across the Gulf of St. Lawrence and follows the New England coast to its winter home which extends from Southwestern Maine to Chesapeake Bay with its center off Long Island. In spring the ducks return to their breeding ground by an inland route traversing the valleys of the Connecticut, Hudson and Ottawa rivers.

White-winged scoters that winter along the Pacific Coast from Washington to Southern California pass up and down the coast to and from the northwestern point of British Columbia where they apparently cross the 500-mile strip of mountains between the Pacific Coast and the Mackenzie Valley in a single flight.

The Ross snow goose, like many ducks, breeds on the Arctic islands north of Mackenzie. In the autumn it accompanies the ducks that are to winter on the coasts of the Eastern United States and the Gulf of Mexico as far as the northern boundary of the United States. Here the Ross snow goose parts company with its companions, crosses the Rocky Mountains and settles for the winter in California.

The western tanager has a unique northern migration route. From its winter home in Guatamala it enters the United States about April 20. It passes through New Mexico, Arizona, and Southern California, thence to Vancouver Island en route to Central Alberta, the van swinging as far southeast as Northern Colorado. It would be assumed the route to Alberta would be along the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains. On the contrary, these tanagers coming by way of the Pacific Coast and British Columbia cross the main range of the Rockies about May 20 when they are partly covered with snow.

It may be safely stated that the weather in the winter home has nothing to do with starting birds on the spring migration, except in the case of a few, like some of the ducks and geese, which press northward as fast as open water appears. There is no appreciable change in temperature to warn the hundred or more species of our birds which visit South America in winter that it is time to migrate. It must be a force from within, a physiological change warning them of the approach of the breeding season, that impels them to spread their wings for the long flight.

Something besides sight guides these long-distance travelers in the upper air. Observers on ocean vessels traversing foggy regions have witnessed the passage of migratory birds flying as accurately as if they were guided by a compass.

Some authorities describe the power which carries migratory birds unerringly over ocean wastes and unknown land regions as a sense of direction. Human beings recognize in themselves the possession of some such sense though imperfect and frequently at fault. Doubtless a similar but vastly more acute sense of direction determines the course of the flight of migratory birds.

Most birds care for their young until old enough to look out for themselves, then molt and when the new feathers are grown start on their southward journey in their new suits of clothes. Birds that nest beyond the Arctic Circle have to begin their migration as soon as possible after the young are out of the nest and molt en route. Indeed, these Arctic breeders are so pressed for time that many of them do their courting en route, and arrive at the breeding grounds already paired and ready for nest building.

Various changes in plumage are presented by certain species during migration. The young golden plover are white-breasted as they fly over the Atlantic Ocean in the autumn. This has given place to jet black as they cross the Gulf of Mexico in the spring. The bobolink goes south in autumn obscurely marked with buff and olive; he returns the next spring in his well-known black and white. The scarlet tanager goes south in the autumn in a suit of greenish yellow and returns in striking black and scarlet.

Actual evidence seems to disprove the popular belief that birds find the ocean flights excessively wearisome and that after laboring with tired pinions across the watery wastes they sink exhausted on reaching the shore. The truth seems to be that endowed by nature with wonderful powers of aerial locomotion many birds under normal conditions not only cross the Gulf of Mexico at its widest point but even pass without pause over the low, swampy coastal plain to the higher territory beyond.

Jamestown, New York, Pays Its Own Way

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of the Jamestown program. Mr. Cawcroft has given his public associates the quality of legal service that is usually reserved for corporations that can afford to pay good retainers. However, like the others who have participated in the development of Jamestown's civic undertakings, Mr. Cawcroft has found it a zestful and satisfying experience. He is a director of the great Chautauqua which meets on the lake of that name a few miles from Jamestown.

The Saturday Night Club, of which Mr. Cawcroft is a leading spirit, maintains the traditions and influence of the New England town meeting in Jamestown.

With the stout-hearted support of the Saturday Night Club, Mayor Carlson maintained the constitutional right of free speech in Jamestown during the war. Many other cities permitted the ideals of John Hampden, Oliver Cromwell and Patrick Henry to be jettisoned during a war fought to make the world free for democracy.

Although opposed to the war in principle, Mayor Carlson became chairman of the local draft board and thereby reconciled many questioning persons to the realities of the situation. Soon after the end of the war, with ex-service men voting, the mayor was re-elected by one of his largest majorities.

It costs Jamestown less than three cents per capita a day to conduct its government. The city has the largest commercial production per capita of any city in the country, according to an authoritative research organization. Dr. M. J. Rosenau, of Harvard University, speaking of Mayor Carlson, said: "One of the joys of life is to meet men of inspiration and vision who at the same time dedicate themselves to practical service to their fellow men."

What Are a Man's Chances on a Newspaper?

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old dry goods box." Frank A. Munsey, whose career as a newspaper proprietor has been so spectacular, first appeared on the scene in 1891 when he purchased the paper called *The Star*. Mr. Munsey bought the New York *Herald*, then the *Sun*, merging them into one. Then he sold the combination to Mr. Reid of the *Tribune*. Now he owns only the *Sun*, issued as an evening paper, first started by Amos Cummings. Mr. Munsey is a bachelor, lives at the Ritz, and many stories are told about him. He is credited with millions, and undoubtedly is an able man, but, like a great many men who have been materially successful, he has always been under the delusion that he could write. I don't think he has ever written anything of the slightest originality or consequence. The story is told of him that when he visited Lord Northcliffe in London, he found that great newspaper proprietor propped up in bed in his hotel, where he received visitors.

Munsey's hero was Northcliffe, so when he came back to New York, he bought a bath robe like Northcliffe's and for two weeks sat up in bed at the Ritz and received callers. This is probably one of those stories invented by some man who didn't like Munsey, but it is rather characteristic.

Another story I can vouch for, however, was told me personally by Colonel Henry Watterson, one of the greatest editors in America, and always an inspiring editorial writer—a perfect example of a man who, by pure force of genius, had risen above his newspaper limitations, so that he was always able to write as he pleased. Colonel Watterson for many years had a reputation as a poker player. In fact, before I came to know him personally, the stories about his thrilling midnight poker games were a fixed part of my own mental picture of him. In referring to this reputation, I unwittingly stirred him up. He told me there wasn't a word of truth in it and that the false reputation thus achieved had been started by a young man on *Harper's Weekly* many years ago.

"I always like to help out young men," said Colonel Watterson, "and many years ago when I was on my way to Europe and stopped over at New York, I gave an interview to this young man on *Harper's Weekly*. He took liberties, and wrote me up as one of the great poker players. Of course, when the thing got started, nothing could stop it."

This incident is indicative of the number of newspaper reputations acquired by so many public men, which have small basis in fact. Our means of knowing what these men are, are derived almost wholly from newspaper reading. In nine cases out of ten the picture is distorted, and a slight incident may easily fix upon any man a reputation which is wholly false. In our estimates of public men derived from newspaper reading, we should, therefore, be careful and not judge them too severely by what we think we know of them.

In Mark Twain's posthumous biography which has just been issued by the Harpers he remarked:

"It is my settled policy to allow newspapers to make as many misstatements about me or my affairs as they like."

Mark Twain was sometimes a wise man and a philosopher.

Mt. Washington—a Place of Winter Outings

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feature. A great snow arch at the head of Tuckerman's Ravine often lingers there throughout the summer. It is the last evidence of the ice age whose glaciers carved these mighty embrasures in the ramparts of the range.

The view from the top of Mt. Washington extends to the ocean at Casco Bay near Portland and also to Portsmouth. Mt. Mansfield, the highest point in Vermont, is visible in the west, but the Adirondacks of New York State are obscured by intervening heights. The Sandwich and Franconia ranges are to the south and southwest, and northward there is a wilderness of low mountains, the sources of the Androscoggin and Connecticut rivers. The Saco River issues from the sides of Mt. Washington.

First-class roads encircle the Presidential Range and also penetrate to the various hotel communities. Trunk roads from Boston, Vermont, Quebec, and Maine make the White Mountains the most accessible of all the Appalachians.

There are many reasons why experienced visitors to the White Mountains are coming to favor winter vacations there. The air is more bracing and free from dust; the insects and the hot waves that sometimes occur at any summer resort are absent. The scenery is incomparably superior in winter. Everything is clear cut and without the haze that limits vision in the summer.

The Dartmouth Outing Club, of the famous college, was the pioneer New England winter sports' organization. Now winter outings have become so general that many White Mountain summer hotels are extending their season to include the winter months.

The Boston Chamber of Commerce took a special trainload of its members to the White Mountains the winter before last and gave the winter-vacation idea an impetus in the Hub. Last winter found more individuals and associations that formerly took their annual outings in the mountains or at the seashore in the summer going to the Christall Hills by the trainload. Switzerland and Scandinavia will soon be outdistanced as winter resorts by the various northern mountain regions of this country.

The Appalachian Mountain Club of Boston, the largest and oldest association of its kind in America, has performed a fine service for visitors to Mt. Washington and the rest of the White Mountains in building and maintaining hundreds of miles of fine, well-marked trails and also in operating a chain of shelter huts. Its guide to the White Mountains is the most complete work of its kind published in this country.

The A. M. C. has gone wide afield in its good works. Far up in Maine the trails over Mt. Katahdin were constructed and marked by it. It was the first to send climbing parties into the now-famous Canadian Rockies. Their present popularity was stimulated by the pioneer expeditions from Boston.

The forests of this region are chiefly in the hands of the Federal Government which purchased the land for the conservation of the headwaters of the principal New England rivers that have their sources and watersheds in the White Mountains. Scientific forestry is being practiced by Uncle Sam in an effort to overcome the ravages of the early lumbermen who almost destroyed the whole forest cover and dried up the stream flow of New England. Several years ago the situation was critical. The Forest Service has also taken over the maintenance of many trails originally located by the A. M. C.

A significant change is coming over the best caliber of sportsmen. They are taking up mountaineering instead of game slaughtering. They find in the new sort of outings more zest and bracing effort and fine memories than in killing off what little remains of the wild life of the continent. Men who have climbed mountains anywhere in the United States or Canada declare hunting is not in it for building up one's mettle. Climbing mountains is the finest sport in the world and destroys nothing.

For generations such a race of sportsmen as the British have accorded the mountain climber more honor than the lion, elephant and tiger hunter or pig sticker. Their present expedition to Mt. Everest in the Himalayas, the highest mountain on earth, is arousing more interest throughout the world than anything ever attempted in the way of animal slaughter. The men who have climbed the great Alaskan and Yukon mountains have a better right to distinction than the so-called sportsmen who are destroying the Alaskan brown bears, the largest American animal.

Mt. Washington does not require heroic endeavor to reach its crest. There are the carriage road and railway, the paths and trails with hotel comforts at the top for the summer visitors. The spectacular alpine method of midwinter yields the finest views and most stirring experiences although it is limited to those who can undertake anything so strenuous.

However, one does not have to climb Mt. Washington with ice ax and ice creepers to enjoy the new vogue for New England winter vacations. The valley hotels are comfortable, and snowshoeing, skiing and sleigh riding can be done without undue exposure or strain.

The wisest course, perhaps, would be to familiarize one's self with the White Mountains by motor or walking trip or a combination of them in the summer. A subsequent visit in the winter could be planned in the light of leisurely summer excursions to the many points of interest.

A Lesson in Labor From Far-away India

By WILLIAM PRESTON HILL, M.D., Ph.D.

AN AMERICAN tourist, recently in Calcutta, India, bought some small articles weighing about ten pounds which he wished to ship to the United States. He asked the merchant to send somebody to his hotel the next day to pack and address the bundle for shipment to America. He was surprised next morning to meet nine men who came to do the job. One man packed the box and sewed on the burlap; two men helped him, one on either side, to hold the corners; each one of these had an assistant standing by to relieve him if he grew weary or desired to go out; these assistants were apprentices learning the trade. Another man waited to paint the address and behind him stood his assistant carrying his little tin of paints (3 inches in diameter) and a palette 3 inches by 6 inches. Over all of these stood the foreman giving his orders and in addition there was a watchman whose business was to keep them from fighting and stealing. It took those nine men six hours to finish the job that one American packer could have accomplished easily in an hour.

It is no wonder, then, that wages in India are only a few cents a day. They produce almost nothing per man and therefore receive almost nothing as wages. Wages can only be paid out of production, and low production necessarily causes low wages. It costs about 75 cents to pack the box described above. But when this 75 cents has to be divided among nine men, each receives only a few cents for his labor. One man performing the service by himself in an hour could command five times as much in wages as the nine combined.

Now if we wished to elevate the condition of those workmen in India, the first thing we would have to do would be to educate and train one of the nine so that he could do that job by himself, say, in five hours. Then the employer could afford to pay him wages of one dollar a day which would be unprecedented for that country. The objection naturally arises that this would deprive the other eight of the job of doing almost nothing and receiving almost nothing as pay. And if we stopped at those particular eight it would be a hardship on them. But if we extended the process all over India it would be a different story.

Thousands of trained workers earning one dollar a day would soon have many wants. They would no longer be satisfied to go almost naked; they would want to protect their feet with sandals and their bodies from the scorching rays of the sun. Instead of having less than five dollars' worth of household goods to each family, as the average is now, they would want comfortable bedding and a few articles of convenient furniture. Instead of miserable hovels, they would desire a more comfortable habitation. Their purchasing power and wants would keep pace with their increased wages; an active demand would arise for all kinds of commodities and millions of workers would be kept busy at good wages in producing them. This in turn would necessitate better buildings, better factories, better transportation, better distribution and all the other facilities of what we call civilization. To produce all these things there would be an active demand for laborers of all kinds.

Workers who imagine that they can increase their wages by limiting production, sabotage and other destructive methods are as ignorant as the Hindus I have mentioned and are simply cheating themselves.

The opposite course of increasing production is the true way of prosperity. The man who discovers a way by which one man can do the work which now requires two will surely increase wages, and he will also increase employment.

What Is the Wittiest Saying?

Concluded from page 2

The application of the story of the prince of liars and of Scriptural authority to the don's own phrase raises this retort to the highest place.

What I regard as the third best is the following: Theodore Hook, a careless man in money affairs, had secured the post of treasurer in one of the Crown colonies. After a time it was discovered that the finances were in some disorder. Hook was suspended and was sent home under a species of "open arrest." At a calling place the ship was boarded by an acquaintance of Hook's, Lord Charles Somerset, who saw him with surprise.

"I hope," said Lord Charles, "you are not going home for your health, Mr. Hook?"

"Why," said Hook, "I'm sorry to say, my lord, that they do think there's something wrong with the chest."

Of all the strokes attributed to English wits, I think this is the best but one, because of the vivid contrast between the circumstances and the phrase which is so brilliantly fitted to them. It is the prince of all the Sheridan stories:

Sheridan had put his fortune into the Drury Lane Theater. One day in 1809 it caught fire. Sheridan, summoned to the scene, watched the conflagration until it became clear that the place was doomed. Then he wandered into a café opposite, ordered wine and sat sipping his liquor while he watched the destruction of his fortunes. There, a few minutes later, he was found by a party of his friends, who began to congratulate him on the serenity of spirit which such conduct showed. Thereupon Sheridan: "Surely a man may be allowed to take a glass of wine *by his own fireside.*"

At the head of the list I put the saying of a famous Frenchwoman of the eighteenth century. Lytton Strachey has told how Madam du Deffand held a splendid *salon,* where the wits and writers of the day sat round her in a semicircle and conversation flowed strong and brilliantly until the early morning hours.

On one occasion a bishop was discoursing on the wonderful miracle which attended the martyrdom in Paris of Saint Denis, who, it is recorded, when his head was struck off, picked it up and carried it in his hands. "The extraordinary thing," said the prelate impressively, "is not merely that the blessed saint picked up his head and carried it, but that he actually carried it all the way to the spot where his church now stands—not less than six miles."

"Ah, but, Monseigneur," said Madam du Deffand, "in a case of that kind, *ce n'est que le premier pas qui côute*"—"it's only the first step that really counts!"

Is there any authenticated saying of man or woman that better contains the essentials of wit than this swift and flashing use of a common phrase to point out solemnly that if the saint were able to make one step he would have no difficulty in making fifty thousand?

Others may have their own nominees for inclusion in the six. There was the House of Commons wit who brought confusion on the great Burke when, at the climax of a passionate oration, he flung a dagger on the floor of the House. "The gentleman," cried the interrupter, "has brought us the knife, but where is the fork?"

There is the story of Curran, the Irish lawyer, to whom the judge said, when a donkey brayed outside the court: "One at a time, Mr. Curran, if you please," and later, when the judge was summing up and the donkey brayed again, Curran arose and said, "Does not your lordship hear a remarkable echo in the court?"

There is the story also, in which no names are mentioned, of the officer who said, "If I were so unlucky as to have a fool for a son I should certainly make him a parson." Said a parson who was among those present: "You think differently, sir, from your father!"

There is the pretty story of Lord Chesterfield who, being a minister of the Crown, was told one morning by an alarmed official, "My lord, they're rising in Connaught." "Well, sir," said Chesterfield, "it's 9 o'clock and they ought to be."

Returning to the Old Route From Europe to America

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

THE route across Iceland and Greenland by the American aviators, Lieutenants Smith, Wade and Nelson, corresponds precisely to the path traversed some years before Columbus by the ancient Norsemen of whom the name Nelson indicates a descendant. The missions of Iceland long before Columbus have been established as an historical fact; European settlement began there in the ninth century. More recently the definite fact of settlements in Greenland in the tenth century and penetration later, but before Columbus, to the mainland of North America has been established beyond any reasonable question.

The ancient navigators were compelled to seek the route following the islands largely because their ships were operated without the aid of compass and it was necessary to keep in sight of land. The navigators of the air are restrained largely by the fuel difficulty as an airplane consumes in long flights such large amounts of gasoline.

Undoubtedly, too, the passage from America to Asia corresponds to a route known in ancient times from Asia to America by the Aleutian Islands which connect the Kamchatka Peninsula with Alaska.

Truth can be stranger than fiction. The first route to America, that of the Norsemen, may again be a common route by the air from the Old World to the New.

STATISTICS OF THE WORLD CIRCUIT

Flight started: 8:30 a. m. Sunday, April 6
Flight ended: 1:36 p. m. Sunday, September 29
Elapsed time: 5 months, 22 days
Flying time: 15 days, 6.71 hours
Distance covered: 27,500 miles
Average speed: Approximately 74 miles an hour
Motors: 400 horsepower, Liberty motor
Countries touched: twenty-one, twenty-five states and one territory
Stops: Fifty-seven hops, average 483 miles
Gasoline consumption: Approximately 7,200 gallons for each of the three planes, about 4 miles to the gallon
Oil consumption: Approximately 350 gallons for each plane
Longest jump: From Attu Island to Paramashiru Island in the Kuriles of Japan
World's records: First to cross the China Sea by airplane; first to circumnavigate the globe by airplane.

In a sense Walter Peary circumnavigated the globe by walking around the Pole in latitude 90° North when he discovered the North Pole. In a more precise sense a circumnavigation would necessarily cut the Equator which the world fliers did not do.

One of the World's Oldest Industries

Toilers of the Sea Have Their Seasons of Romance and Adventure

By VICTOR MITCHELL

AGRICULTURE and fishing are undoubtedly the world's two oldest industries. Fishing, if not the older, is in some parts of the world the more important. The harvest of the sea has from the earliest times attracted men of all lands. John Cabot, the discoverer of Newfoundland, came back to England with wonderful tales of the wealth to be found in those western waters, and in 1510 a vessel arrived at Rouen in France to sell fish caught in the "Terre Neuve." In 1522 the English Government stationed warships in the Channel to protect the fleets returning from the Newfoundland fishing banks, and about twenty years later an act was passed to encourage the industry and imposing a fine on merchants buying fish from France. It was "provided furthermore that this act or anything contained therein shall not extend to any person which shall buy any fisshe in any parts of Iseland, Scotlands, Orkeney, Shatlande; Ireland, or Newfoundland." Whatever results accrued from this measure of protection, there is no doubt the industry went on developing until it reached very large proportions, and it is today one of the main sources of food supply.

The most important fishing centers in Great Britain are Grimsby in England and Aberdeen in Scotland. It was from Aberdeen that the first King Edward got supplies of salt herrings for his troops when he was carrying fire and sword through the northern country during those years of English aggression which terminated with the battle of Bannockburn. A fleet of several hundreds of splendidly equipped steam trawlers now land their catches at Aberdeen, which is a convenient center not only for the famous fishing grounds of the North Sea, but for a much wider area. Taking supplies of ice with them, a number of these vessels make regular trips as far as Iceland, the Faroe Islands, and the White Sea in Northern Russia, and it is by no means rare for some of them to shape their course as far as Newfoundland, like their hardy predecessors of the early sixteenth century. These sturdy little vessels withstand the fiercest gales that blow, and the crews who man them fear nothing; for they are of the Viking blood. It is rumored that some of the most modern types of British fishing vessels may soon be seen on the Great Lakes.

The introduction of mechanical fishing equipment, and the consequent rich hauls that have been made, have materially affected the simple race of fisher folk which inhabit the villages scattered around the British coast. So highly organized has the industry become, and so much centralized in the larger ports, that some of the smaller places have almost been depopulated. There are still many little hamlets, however, that would serve Sir Walter Scott as models for the Mussel Crag of the "Antiquary," and fishermen with wives who would make excellent prototypes of the redoubtable Maggie Mucklebackit, peddling their flukes and haddies, just as Maggie did, and as stoutly maintaining their price. A table delicacy in many lands is the so-called finnan haddie, but comparatively few are aware of its origin. Most people think that the finnan haddie disports itself in the briny deep like any other fish, until it gets caught; but no such thing. The haddock—to give it its full name—does not become a "finnan" until it has been put through a process of salting and smoking that imparts the golden color and fine flavor so much appreciated by connoisseurs. The original finnan haddie came from the village of Findon (locally pronounced "Finnan") a few miles south of Aberdeen. Here unto this day this haddie, par excellence, is smoked over the peat fire on the domestic hearth. Green hardwood is sometimes used for smoking, but nothing can excel the peat reek for imparting the piquant flavor so highly esteemed. Closely resembling the haddock is the whiting, which is often smoked and cured in the same manner, only an expert being able to tell the difference. Carrying on their backs well-laden baskets, or "creels," the fisher wives and lassies used to trudge for miles selling their "yellow fish" to the people of the countryside; and, despising trains and motor buses, some of them continue to do so.

At one time the white, or haddock, fishing along the Scottish coast used to be pursued in yawls manned by a crew of some half-dozen men, and was carried on but a short distance from the land, so that a fresh supply could be brought in each day, and sold fresh out of the sea, or smoked; but now most of the yawls have been converted into motor boats, and the fishermen go much farther afield. The old method of catching with baited hook and line is still followed, and the fish thus procured are of superior quality, and bring higher prices than those captured by the nets of the trawlers. The curing of the fish brought in by the trawling fleet is extensively carried on by a number of firms in the larger seaports. It is the "finnan haddies" packed by these concerns that find their way abroad, those which are home-cured by the fisher wives being locally consumed.

Owing to modern methods of catching, curing and marketing fish, some of the village communities that have followed the sea for many generations are rapidly decaying, and with them there is dying out a race of men and women whose rugged endurance, uprightness and fearlessness have no equal. Typical examples of this may be found along the shores of the Moray Firth where harbors once crowded with fishing boats now accommodate only a scattered few. This is also due to the consolidation of the industry in centers where there is ample dock accommodation and means of transportation to the various markets. But another reason is found in the great increase in the size of fishing craft. Herring boats, for example, have grown so much in bulk that their draught has become greater than the depth of water in the harbors originally built for them.

A section of Aberdeen fish market when the morning's catch has been landed.

The Scottish herring-fishing industry is still the largest of its kind in the world, and in the proper season many hundreds of boats fish from Aberdeen, Fraserburgh, Peterhead, Wick, Lerwick—in the Shetlands—and Stornoway and Castlebay in the Hebrides. The herring fleet setting sail from one of these ports on a fine summer evening is a sight never to be forgotten. As boat after boat is cast off from its moorings, and falls into the procession bound seaward, the long line of sepia-colored sails filling to the breeze makes a striking picture, the leading boats mere specks in the distance, and the stragglers gathering way as they pass beyond the harbor bar. When the fishing grounds are reached, sails are lowered, and nets are shot into the sea, the boat meanwhile drifting with tide and current among the shoals of silvery fish. Some times the night's catch is an abundant one, at others, like the fishermen on the Sea of Galilee, the crews "toil all night and catch nothing." But some truly miraculous draughts of herrings have been got off these coasts. Nets have been hauled on board so filled with fish that boats have sunk to the gunwales, and—like the men of Galilee—assistance has had to be sought from neighboring crews. To see the nets being hauled is fascinating. There is no more beautiful fish than the herring when first taken from its native element. Their scales gleam iridescently, like myriads of opals, and as the fishes are cast into the boat they give vent to a faint, chirping death song which is weird in the extreme. In those northern waters sudden and violent storms occasionally overtake the herring fleet, and there is scarcely a family of fisher folk but has suffered the loss that follows in the wake of the tempest.

"Wha'll buy my caller herrin'—
Ye may ca' them vulgar farin';
Wives and mithers, maist despairin',
Ca' them lives o' men."

As boat after boat arrives in port in the early morning, the scene around the harbor becomes one of extreme animation. The fish are sold by auction, and soon the finny harvest is conveyed to the curing stations near at hand. Large numbers of winsome Scottish lassies, many of them Gaelic-speaking maidens from the Hebrides, are engaged to handle the fish and pack them in barrels. The pickled herrings are exported to all parts of the world. The principal markets, prior to the Great War, were in Russia and Germany, but, at the present rate of European trade revival, it will take many years for the commerce with these countries to reach its former proportions.

Cod fishing is another important branch of the industry along the Scottish coast, and in the Highlands and islands. Thousands of tons of cod are landed at Aberdeen and elsewhere every year, and the splitting, salting and drying of these fish employs a very large number of girls. It is mainly in pursuit of the cod fishing that so many of the trawlers make the long voyages to Iceland, the Faroes, the White Sea, and other distant points. Besides cod, the deep-sea boats bring in enormous quantities of halibut, plaice, and haddock, which, together with other kinds, are packed in boxes with ice and dispatched to the London market, where, especially during the Lenten season, there is a great demand. Billingsgate gets a large proportion of its supplies from Aberdeen, special fish trains being run.

Not only do hundreds of home boats land their catches at Aberdeen, but German craft with fish from the Iceland grounds also land their cargoes there. This state of affairs led to a strike of trawl fishermen in the beginning of last year, and riotous scenes ensued. The main grievance was that the Germans were able to bring fish from Iceland and sell them at a much lower rate than the local boats were able to compete with, owing to the unparalleled depreciation of the German mark. Even if a German got but half the usual price for his fish, the big difference in the exchange enabled him to carry home a very handsome profit. This trouble has been adjusted by a limitation of the German landings and other regulations of the traffic.

As indicated, the modern expansion of the fishing industry has had the effect of putting many old-time followers of the craft out of business; but there is still scattered along the coast of Scotland a fair remnant of this class. The Canadian Government has now a scheme on hand to settle a number of them on the islands along the British Columbian coast, and doubtless, with new hopes and ambitions opened up to them, they will make excellent colonists. These toilers of the sea have up to recent years been a people apart, retaining many primitive characteristics. The perilous and precarious nature of their vocation has endowed them with a strange mixture of religion and recklessness, and this latter characteristic is not surprising when it is remembered that in some instances they are descended from the bold buccaneers of a former age. Now and then a great wave of religious fervor passes over them, which recalls the old-time camp meetings on this side of the Atlantic.

Above—A group of Scottish lassies cleaning and splitting fish for salting and smoking. Below—Unloading fish from steam trawlers at Aberdeen.

The bravery and endurance of these fishermen were put to the test during the late war when thousands, having perforce to abandon their peaceful calling, went as mine sweepers, crews of patrol boats, or joined the naval reserve. Manning their cockleshells of fishing craft they seemed afraid of nothing short of a dreadnought. There is the example of the steam fishing boat *Gowanlea*, of Fraserburg, which exchanged shot for shot from her tiny quick-firer with a big Austrian cruiser in the Adriatic—a pigmy tackling a giant, and getting away with it, although the diminutive vessel and her crew emerged from the scrap in a somewhat battered condition.

Face to face with Nature in all her moods, fishermen throughout the world are a courageous and self-reliant class.

BRIEFLY TOLD

"Free education is offered to all who will listen in on the radio. Professor Robert Emmons Rogers of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology is radiocasting from station WBZ, Boston, a series of eight lectures on American literature every Monday evening between 7:30 and 8:00 p. m. Eastern Standard Time. The course is offered by the Division of University Extension of the State of Massachusetts. Certificates will be awarded to those who finish the course and pass the written tests. Anyone anywhere within the reach of the radio voice of WBZ is eligible."

Bohemians fail to understand what gay artists and writers mean by "bohemian" as descriptive of a way of living. Real Bohemians say that the custom is due to the mistake of identifying Bohemians with gypsies.

"I never saw Bonaparte," said the Duke of Wellington, "though he was once, during the Battle of Waterloo, within a quarter of a mile of me. The day was dark—there was a good deal of rain in the air."

The Apache Indian of Arizona is a highway builder, using stone as he did a half-century ago. Many of the state's most scenic highways were made by Apache labor. The Apache is not a government charge, having left the reservation nearly twenty years ago.

One kilowatt hour of electrical energy will perform the following duties: Drive a sewing machine for 20 hours, clean 15 steel table knives for a year, clip 5 horses or 25 sheep and churn 440 pounds of butter.

The Roman Emperor Nero never executed certain persons incurring his disfavor. He merely told them to put themselves out of his way. A man with a death warrant in his hand would go to the public baths and, immersing himself in the "tepidarium" bath, permit a skilled physician to open the veins in his arms. While bleeding slowly and comparatively painlessly to death, he would converse cheerfully with his friends.

If thou takest a wife, let her be more contented than any of her fellow citizens. She will be attached to thee doubly, if her chain is pleasant. Do not repel her; grant that which pleases her; it is to her contentment that she appreciates thy direction.—Precepts of Ptah-Hotep, about 2500 B. C.

Real silver is said to be "hall marked." The term comes from the Company Hall of the Guild of Gold and Silversmiths, of London, where, six hundred years ago, gold and silver articles began to be assayed and marked with a stamp that vouched for their being genuine.

Every voter in New York State who became qualified to cast a ballot after January 1, 1922, by the attainment of his majority, naturalization or having moved into the state, must, before he can vote, have either a certificate showing he has graduated from the eighth grade or a certificate of literacy.

The largest clam bed in the United States lies off the southwest coast of Florida in the region of the Thousand Islands. It covers an area of 150 square miles, but there are very few clam fishermen, because there is little demand for the clams in that section.

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. This set includes: "The International Jew," Vol. 1, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

In a three-cent cake of yeast, it has been estimated that there are twenty-two times as many yeast cells as there are people in the entire world.

Fines collected from blaspheming miners, who agreed to stop swearing and to fine themselves if they broke their promise, have paid for a handsome clubhouse opened recently at Newbrancepeth, a Durham colliery village.

"Be not arrogant because of that which thou knowest; deal with the ignorant as with the learned; for the barriers of art are not closed, no artist being in possession of the perfection to which he should aspire."—From the Precepts of Ptah-Hotep, the oldest book yet discovered.

An Illinois law forbids the selling or buying of trillium, gentian, lady slippers, columbine, bloodroot and lotus.

Prohibition is likely to result in the sale of the Middlesex County Jail in Lowell, Massachusetts. The building will probably be sold and the money turned into the county treasury.

"We offered to fly the ZR-3 to the United States and back to Germany and then fly her back once more for delivery all at our own risk. We made this offer because we knew the efficiency and the great cruising ability of our ships and we believed that the transatlantic flight of the ZR-3 would justify us in saying that airships were safe means of transportation."—*Dr. Hugo Eckener,* commander of the ZR-3.

A St. Louis, Missouri, man claims to have found a cure for hay fever by "resorting" on top of a St. Louis skyscraper. He remained in the building for five weeks never going below the tenth floor.

Former Premier Clemenceau of France has presented to the city museum of Versailles the ring with which he sealed the Treaty of Versailles in 1919. The ring was also used by the foreign minister Favre when he signed the treaty with Germany in 1871, because Bismarck was unwilling to wait until the state seal was brought from Paris to Versailles.

Newcastle, England, was the birthplace of the first railroad. It was here that George Stephenson was born and conceived the idea of a locomotive to take the place of animals. It was also in the region of this town that coal was first mined.

London, with a slightly larger population but approximately the same area as New York, has nearly twice the number of police. London has 21,019 while New York has 12,917.

There are 25,000 miles of concrete road in the United States. California has 3,288 miles, the largest mileage of any state in the Union.

Mrs. Herbert Sheets, who lives in Quinton, New Jersey, has cooked on the same stove her husband gave her when they were married sixty-one years ago, on Washington's Birthday, 1863. Since that time she figures that she has prepared 67,000 meals for her family.

The largest lemon grove in the world is located near Santa Paula, California.

Hallowe'en, like Candlemas Day, and May Day, had its origin among the Druids, who at the time of Caesar's invasion of England taught their pagan religion, performed weird ceremonies, and offered human sacrifices in their temples in the north of the island.

If the present standard of living continues, the maximum number of inhabitants the earth can support will be reached in 300 years. America's limit is about 600,000,000 people.

A species of worms which lives only in ice and cannot live when the ice around them melts has been discovered by a scientific expedition in the Olympic Mountains. What they live on is a mystery, and although they have been photographed it is impossible to get any of them out of the mountains alive.

A foundation for the continuing of the work of Cecil Sharpe, who devoted his life to the preservation and revivication of the folk songs of England, has been established. He left a valuable library relating to old music dances and folklore which it is hoped will be made accessible to the public.

Ancient Egyptian noblemen speared fish in much the same manner as do Americans today. The Egyptian lord would sit in his boat while his wife or son paddled him about over the fish. The spear handle was tied to the wrist and the weapon was thrown at the fish.

The Kensington Rune Stone, one of the oldest records in American history, was discovered near Kensington, Minnesota, and appears to be very ancient in character. The assumption of the scientists who have been puzzling over its genuineness is that it was inscribed and left here by the Norsemen who were exploring this country as early as the year 1362.

The "Almanac de Gotha," which is published in Germany and is a Who's Who of royalty, contains in the new edition only one line referring to the Romanoff family of Russia. Before the war six pages were insufficient for the annals of that family.

Spruce, fir and pine lumber are being exported from Sweden to the United States.

Fox raising is becoming one of the most important industries of Southeastern Alaska, where many fox farms have been started. One of the largest is near Ketchikan.

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Men Who Have Made the Newspapers

Conserving Creatures of the Wild

A Word for the Indians of Mexico

The World-Wide Advance of Islam

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American City Declares a Dividend

What About a Well-Balanced Diet?

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Men Who Made Newspapers; More Shop Talk

Why Hearst Hired Elbert Hubbard; A Cartoon That Enraged Pulitzer; The Origin of the "Publicity Man"; Newspapers a "Nervous Habit"

By THOMAS L. MASSON

Preceding articles by Mr. Masson on the subject of newspapers appeared in the issues of October 18 and November 22.

IN PREVIOUS papers I dealt with the appalling waste of reading matter in the newspapers, the salaries paid, whether journalism can be considered a profession, the editorial page, and some matters of history. In the present paper I shall conclude with some personal reminiscences.

My friend, Roy L. McCardell, who is connected with the New York *Morning Telegraph,* and knows as much about newspapers as any man I know, some months ago, wrote an article for the *Saturday Evening Post,* in which he traced the rise of the press agent and the effect of this individual upon the so-called profession of journalism. As I was somewhat responsible for the incubation of the press agent, I will briefly tell the story of his first appearance, as far as I know.

Enter the Publicity Agent

BACK in 1912-1913, C. S. Mellen was president of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company, and I was the acting editor of *Life,* the humorous weekly. I was obliged to use this railroad one summer, I think the summer of 1912, and was impressed with the poor management of the road. It happened that about this time a series of bad accidents confirmed my opinion. I thereupon started a campaign in *Life* under the general head of "Mellen's School of Courtesy" taking as a keynote the former Mr. Vanderbilt's celebrated saying, "The Public Be Damned." Securing the services of several artists, we managed to link up Mr. Mellen's personality with death heads. Among other pleasing bits was a long poem entitled "The Road That Vanderbilt," illustrated by E. W. Kemble, showing how the engineer was always to blame when a lot of people were killed. Mr. Mellen was quite naturally furious, and tried in every way possible to get us to stop. A rumor that his resignation would follow got into the papers, who now took up the hue and cry and from this on came the decline in the stock of the road and Mr. Mellen's final exit from the management. This was the culmination of the muckraking era, in which the celebrated, if not notorious, Thomas Lawson, in his "Frenzied Finance" and other articles in magazines had raked over so many corporations.

One of the first publicity agents to be appointed was a friend of mine who secured a position with the New Haven road. Thereafter it became his business, immediately following any criticism, to deal with it, still further following this up with publicity material. So effective was this method discovered to be, that since that time the press agent, or publicity agent, has grown to enormous proportions, and it is not too much to say that the business of getting one's self represented in the newspapers, whether it be an individual or a corporation, has been reduced to an almost absolute science. This, coupled with the power of advertising, undoubtedly constitutes a menace, as far as the actual truth is concerned.

When we consider that the newspapers, taken as a whole, are filled up with various propaganda, with "features," a large proportion of which are not only in the worst possible taste, but are crude and ugly and, with crime and frank indecency, it will be seen that the poor reader, in search of the actual news, is very much like a visitor to a crystal maze. At the same time it must be remembered that all readers themselves become very expert, not only leaping from headline to headline, but also ferreting out the particular news or items they want with the skill and precision of a Harlem goat in an open field of garbage.

What Are the Best Papers?

FURTHERMORE, and in defense of the papers, it must also be noted that in the best of them, throughout the year, there is published some of the most notable of the best current literature. In this fact lies a certain danger, for it tends to make the mass of people lean too exclusively upon the newspapers for all their reading, thus separating them almost entirely from classic sources. It is undoubtedly true that most of the current literature of the present day is but a very thin dilution of the great masters, who lie too often forgotten on dusty shelves.

What are the best papers? In 1921, a Southern editor, Greenville Talbott, polled a substantial number of newspaper offices in various parts of the country to get their votes and views as to those daily papers in America which would best assist him in interpreting the events of the day. The result was as follows:

New York *World.* Public service.
New York *Times.* News.
Boston *Evening Transcript.* Dramatic and literary.
Ohio *State Journal.* Editorial paragraphs.
New York *Sun.* Features and human interest.
New York *Tribune.* Typographical display.
St. Louis *Dispatch.* Use of art.
Christian Science Monitor. Ethics.
Atchison *Globe.* Personals.
Chicago *Tribune.* Merchandising and advertising.

Since this list was compiled the New York *Sun* has become an evening paper and the *Tribune* has become consolidated with the *Herald,* Ogden Reid having bought that paper from Mr. Munsey. Otherwise this list holds good for today, although the old Springfield *Republican,* which has just celebrated its hundredth anniversary, might well be added. Also the Kansas City *Star.*

Under the direction of Herbert Swope, the New York *World* has endeavored to emulate the example of the old *Sun* under Charles A. Dana, by adding to its staff a group of so-called "bright young men," although, as a matter of fact, some of them are not so young after all. Thus the *World* now has Heywood Broun, Franklin P. Adams, Laurance Stallings, Walter Lippmann (who conducts the editorial page), and more recently Will Rogers and Burton Rascoe. All this is, in a definite sense, carrying out the idea of the elder Pulitzer, who always insisted on getting the best men. Joseph Pulitzer purchased the New York *World* from Jay Gould in 1883. He is popularly supposed to be the founder of yellow journalism, yet it was not until the advent of Mr. Hearst in New York in 1896 that this term became so well defined. To secure large circulation, Pulitzer adopted the rule of stooping to conquer.

The "Garbage Wagon" Cartoon

ONE cartoon in *Life* exasperated him greatly. It was drawn by F. A. Richards, since deceased, and represented Mr. Pulitzer as the driver of a garbage wagon, while all the bystanders were holding their noses.

It happened that at this time some original material of mine had found its way into the *World* office, and the Sunday editor took great glee in publishing it in driblets, week after week, with my name attached as one of his most prominent contributors. Pulitzer's son Ralph was, I understood, going to Harvard at the time, and it was unpleasant to have his father pictured as the driver of a garbage wagon. Harvard in those days was not so common as it has since become (to paraphrase a well-known saying of Henry James about a certain hotel), it now being run "for the exclusiveness of the masses."

The really lively period, and the beginning of the yellow journalism of a later day, began with Mr. Hearst's appearance in New York in 1896. Hearst proceeded at once to engage all the ablest men he could lay hands on, at salaries much above what they were receiving. He thus took away a number of men from the *World* and the *Sun.* I recall quite vividly meeting one day the poet and humorist, R. K. Munkitterick, who had just taken a job with Hearst. He smiled when I condoled with him and replied:

Cockroaches at $75 a Month

"WHY even the cockroaches in the American office get seventy-five dollars a month."

Joseph Pulitzer was in a sense the most brilliant newspaper proprietor and editor we have had, but he was unbalanced and in his later years, when he became blind and conducted his vast properties from his yacht, his selfishness undoubtedly grew upon him. His blindness made him suspicious, and the extraordinary precautions he took to defend himself against possible fraud are pathetic in their extent. He had the Jewish idealism well developed, but it is in my opinion doubtful if, after all, his accomplishments have resulted in anything permanently beneficial either to art or to letters.

The fact is that all great editors are overestimated.

The aftermath of the Pulitzer-Hearst era is now seen to be gigantic aggregations of commercialized "news" which, while they may indeed be a reflection of the national consciousness, do little to raise the standards of character, and fasten upon the whole American people a nervous habit which, from the mental point of view, is almost if not quite as bad as the cigaret habit from the physical. Countless American citizens, every night and morning, pick up their newspapers and inhale them mentally, satisfying a morbid craving for something which is of no earthly consequence in itself, and which merely makes a void where there might be genuine substance.

A New School of News Writers

OWING to the enormous expense of production, the number of newspapers is undoubtedly decreasing, and I believe that, as the pressure of material grows, there will eventually come a revulsion of feeling and a new school of news writers will evolve who will interpret the events of the day from some fresh angle.

The most that can be said of Hearst and Pulitzer, taken as a whole, is that they have been largely instrumental in flooding the country with typography of an extremely doubtful nature. Mr. Hearst is by far our most astute newspaper proprietor. He draws and keeps very able men, and looking only for results his methods are wholly impersonal. The story is told that Elbert Hubbard, who formerly published the *Philistine* and who went down in the *Titanic,* "roasted" Hearst so hard that the latter was attracted to his writings and straightway employed him at a large salary.

Of the three most notable newspaper proprietors and editors who have appeared in this country within the past quarter-century—two of whom are still with us—namely, Joseph Pulitzer, W. R. Hearst and Adolph Ochs, Mr. Ochs is by far the ablest one, taking into consideration all factors.

A Newspaper Without a Murder

IF WE sweep aside all religious distinctions, regarding only method, Mr. Ochs's paper, the New York *Times,* may be regarded in much the same light as the ancient Jewish Sanhedrin, which was presided over by seventy-one members. In this instance, of course, Adolph Ochs himself is the "main guy." We have only to recall the Jewish ritual, which, of all the rituals of the world, is the most minute, to understand that, if the same ability which can comprehend all the minutiae of such a ritual is applied to the conduct of a great paper, what the result is certain to be. We see here rabbinical idealism and rabbinical technique united for the purpose of producing the most intricate and highly successful commercial news factory of the day, founded upon the idea that decency pays and that completeness of news reports, at whatever cost, after all yield the most lasting profits. It is the volume of advertising, of course, which makes such enormous production possible.

Whenever we lean too far in one direction, some one steps in, so to speak, with a counterirritant. The gradual growth of such vast aggregations of typography represented by the big metropolitan journals has therefore been accompanied by the daily illustrated newspaper in which the reader is fed with a series of badly printed reproductions of photographs "taken on the spot." So ignorant are some of the photographers, that a friend of mine who "knows" society is frequently called upon to supply the names of the prominent people photographed. In New York, J. Medill Patterson, of the Chicago *Tribune,* I believe was the backer of the *Daily News,* a tabloid paper which has achieved an enormous circulation, and which was started in New York some three or four years ago. More recently, Mr. Hearst has been competing with the *Mirror,* built on the same lines. Young Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., with an earnest and wholly laudable desire to produce something pictorially clean, on September 3, 1923, started the Los Angeles *Illustrated News,* which was an immediate success. Later he followed with the San Francisco *Illustrated Herald,* his idea being to continue probably in Detroit with a third, and eventually to establish a chain of illustrated newspapers, papers which can be read by families without infection. The great profits of the New York *Times,* the success of Mr. Vanderbilt's papers and the widespread vogue of the *Christian Science Monitor,* would seem to indicate that a large proportion of the American people are ready to encourage decency.

A story told me by a Christian Scientist the other day is rather interesting. He said there was a wealthy man in New York who had a very bright boy. This boy devoured the papers which were delivered at the house every day; but noticing that they had a bad influence over him, the father tried the experiment of replacing them with the *Monitor.* At the end of the third day when the father came home the boy greeted him with:

"Say, Pop, what's the matter? There hasn't been a murder this week."

Twelve Hundred Foreign Language Papers

DURING the war the question as to how much the foreign-language press should be encouraged in this country was largely discussed. It has recently been estimated that there are in America nearly, if not quite, ten million illiterates, that is, people grown who cannot read nor write. How many there are among the foreign-born who can read or write only in their own language is not known. There are, however, in this country approximately 1,200 papers published in foreign languages. Among these there are 244 German papers, 111 Italian, 168 French, 150 Spanish, 77 Czecho-Slovak, 52 Norwegian and Danish and 43 Yiddish. There is one Assyrian paper, published at Yonkers, New York. Including Honolulu and other possessions of ours, there are 17 Chinese papers. The fact that these foreign papers undoubtedly derive a large part of their support from those who prefer to read them rather than to learn to read English is undoubtedly a matter for consideration. Before making too drastic a change, however, it would doubtless be well for us, as a matter of national pride, first to see that our ten million illiterates are taught how to read and write.

Near or Real Conservation for Our Game?

The Question the Sportsmen of This Country Must Answer

By WILLARD G. VAN NAME

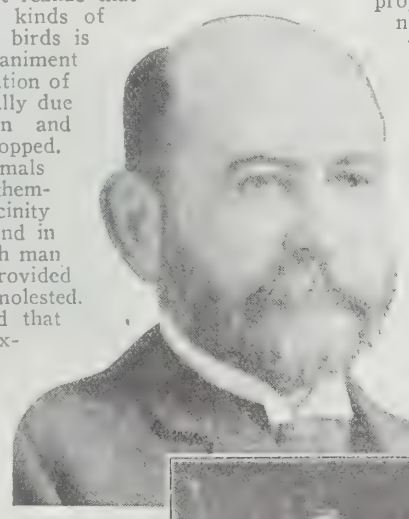
This marshy lake produces waterfowl, fish and fur. Drained at best the land would be no better than adjoining territory which is only good for pasturage.

STATISTICS collected by Dr. William T. Hornaday and published by the Permanent Wild Life Protection Fund (P. O. Address, Stamford, Connecticut), show that in the twenty-seven states for which full records were available, the number of licensed hunters increased 195 per cent during the period 1911 to 1922. In other parts of the United States a corresponding increase in the number of hunters has undoubtedly taken place.

In 1922, statistics show 4,495,007 persons took out licenses to hunt in the United States, and at a low estimate more than a million others hunted without licenses, either legally or illegally. Even if these killed only five birds or animals apiece *in the whole season*, this means a destruction of more than 25,000,000 birds and animals annually, besides those succumbing to other causes.

In view of such facts can we dismiss as a baseless alarmist opinion Dr. Hornaday's warning that the end of sport with gun and rifle in this country is rapidly approaching? Can shutting our eyes to the truth have any other result than to hasten that end?

There is nothing in which complete honesty and a square facing of the real facts is more imperatively demanded than in conservation work. We can deceive ourselves, but we cannot deceive nature! Fake "conservation"; protective laws which do not protect, or which are not enforced; game reservations which exist chiefly on paper, and similar makeshifts devised to get conservation without giving anything for it, these are what the American people have too often been satisfied with. We have trifled with game protection. We have let political, private and local interests block it, and we have shut our eyes to the fact that we are falling behind in the race with extermination.



First of all we must realize that the extinction of most kinds of our native animals and birds is not a necessary accompaniment of the increase of population of our country, but is usually due to needless persecution and neglect which can be stopped. Most of our wild animals and birds will adapt themselves to life in the vicinity of human habitations, and in the new conditions which man has brought about, provided they are not too much molested. We need to understand that the way to prevent the extermination of a game bird or animal is *not to let it get rare.* We must apply enough protective measures *while it is still common* and widely distributed, to keep it so. Every year the odds against all our wild creatures become greater. No amount of argument, no amount of testimony (some of it doubtless true), that game of certain kinds has increased in certain localities, can alter the fact that taking the country as a whole, our game birds and animals are diminishing not only in numbers, but what is even more significant, in the extent of the country over which they range.

No better proof of this is needed than the increasingly long list of species for which the state laws allow "no open season," because they are too near extinction. In Colorado, for instance, the present law allows no open season for the following:

> "Elk, antelope, sheep, does, fawns, abort, black or tufted-eared squirrel, quail (bobwhite and crested), pheasant, dove (1930); sage chicken (1926); doe, partridge, ptarmigan, wild turkey, swans, wood duck, eider ducks, bitterns, little brown, sandhill, and whooping cranes; grebes, gulls, herons, jaegers, loons, band-tailed pigeon, terns, and all shore birds (except Wilson snipe or jacksnipe, black-bellied or golden plovers, and yellowlegs)." (Extract from U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, Farmer's Bulletin No. 1444, p. 8.)

Are such laws passed in a land where game is increasing? The other states also have lists of game now entirely protected as far as legal killing is concerned. Does not this bear out Dr. Hornaday's warning that as far as our game is concerned we are like one who is consuming more than his income, and using up his capital?

We cannot escape the fact that destruction by man is the important factor that has brought the wild life of this country into its present desperate situation. Blaming it on other causes is merely trying to deceive ourselves. The sportsmen have got to kill less game, or they will soon be killing none at all. If we do not shorten open seasons, and reduce bag limits to what the reproductive powers of the game can stand, nature will soon impose her own closed season which will last all the year for every year, and her own bag limit; and we all know what that will be.

In attempting to remedy the situation the main difficulties to be contended with are inertia, procrastination and the usual habit of government bureaus and officials in this country of postponing action until it is too late to be effective.

The average sportsman does not realize how much his own interest is affected, nor feel any personal responsibility. He thinks that if he observes the state and Federal laws he has done his full duty, and he leaves the determination of what laws may be necessary to the officials charged with that task. That is just where the minority of hunters, the game butchers who think of nothing but the gratification of their lust for unlimited killing and who secretly, if not openly, resent all restrictions on it (and too often violate them when they dare), get their innings. We are not governed by majorities in this country, but by small minorities who get together and clamor for what they want until they get it.

The game butchers expect the game to last out their lifetime, and say that "posterity never did anything" for them. They interest themselves actively in game protection matters—in obstructing any new measure, however important, that will restrict their own slaughtering propensities, and in trying to break down the effectiveness of existing laws. They make more noise than the vastly greater majority of reasonable sportsmen, with the result that their clamor is listened to by legislators, and by state and Federal officials who fear their influence and votes. They have learned to their cost that the majority of sportsmen are usually too inert, too careless and too unorganized to stand by the officials who resist wastefulness.

It is to waking up this strong but inactive majority to a realization of its own interests and its own power, that Dr. Hornaday is now directing his efforts. Changes in the existing laws and bag limits are needed in very many cases and localities, but those that it is important to make at once are those that will most promptly and effectively put an end to the excessive slaughter of migratory game birds which is taking place in those states where these birds still occur in considerable numbers. Twenty-nine states have bag limits equal to the limits prescribed by the Federal law, which they are not permitted to exceed. To secure the reduction of these limits by amendment of the state laws would be a slow, and sometimes, owing to local opposition, a difficult process, but by reducing the Federal bag limits it could be done promptly and effectively for the whole country.

Though in the last half-dozen years there has been a very great increase in the number of hunters *no change whatever has been made in the bag limits allowed by the Federal migratory bird law except the backward step of increasing from 25 to 75 the daily limit of birds of the rail family that a hunter may kill.*

The authority and consequently the final responsibility for fixing bag limits on migratory game rests with the Secretary of Agriculture, but he is naturally guided in such matters by the recommendations of the Chief of the Biological Survey and of the Migratory Bird Treaty Act Advisory Board. The latter is composed largely of state officials and others regarded as authorities on game protection.

As a result of the do-nothing-until-it-is-too-late policy which has prevailed in this department—the same policy that has caused the extinction of the wild pigeon, and has brought a number of others of our native birds and animals where extinction within a few years is now inevitable—reductions in bag limits for the present shooting season were refused, and probably millions of ducks. geese and other wild fowl that will be badly needed next summer for breeding purposes will be sacrificed this hunting season, not for any justifiable sport or for any necessary use for food. It is simply to indulge the lust for killing possessed by certain people that it is impossible to designate by any term as complimentary as pot-hunter, since no useful purpose is any important motive in their slaughter of game. No man or no family can actually use twenty-five ducks, eight wild geese or eight brant in one day, or day after day, and there is no sense in allowing any man to kill more than he and his family can possibly use merely on the supposition that he gives it away.

The result of the excessive and wasteful bag limits allowed by the Federal law is that no less than twenty-nine states, including nearly all those where ducks are most plentiful, allow the killing of the full Federal limit of twenty-five a day throughout the open season, while those states which have reduced the bag limit very much below this are chiefly those where ducks have become so few that one would rarely be able to make a large bag anyway. This is a fine example of "conservation" on paper, as we are accustomed to practice it in this country. Little of it where it is needed, and plenty of it where it cannot interfere with destroying anything!

The Permanent Wild Life Protection Fund has not been alone in endeavoring to arouse the Department of Agriculture to action. The National Conference on Outdoor Recreation, which convened at Washington on May 22-24, 1924, at the call of President Coolidge, unanimously adopted the following resolution, its adoption having been moved by John B. Burnham, chairman of the Migratory Bird Treaty Act Advisory Board, and president of the American Game Protective Association:

> WHEREAS, Many destructive influences now are operating to diminish and exterminate game birds, mammals and fishes in the United States and Alaska; and among the most destructive of these are too liberal killing privileges, the decrease of hunting grounds, and the rapid increase of hunters, now be it
>
> RESOLVED, That the Federal and State Governments are hereby called upon, and urgently requested, to take such steps as may be necessary to secure promptly reductions in bag limits and open seasons, which will reduce the annual volume of game killing, both migratory and non-migratory, by large amounts where necessary.

A Sunday morning duck shoot on the Suisum Marshes on San Francisco Bay. Above—W. T. HORNADAY, leader in the Nation-Wide Movement to Reduce Bag Limits and Open Seasons.

There is another feature of the present situation of which the sportsmen may well take notice. The protection of our game birds and animals has been left in their charge, they being regarded as the ones chiefly interested in it. But the poor work they are making of the task is attracting the notice of the constantly increasing multitude of our citizens who are interested in some branch of nature study, and have come to love to see and study the lives of our wild neighbors without harming them.

That these are resenting more and more the killing, wounding and persecution to the point of extermination of these beautiful and interesting creatures merely for the amusement of certain people, is becoming increasingly evident. The time when people holding such views will outnumber the sportsmen may not be as far away as many of the latter suppose. If the sportsmen cannot give a better account of themselves in preserving our game than they have thus far, they may find it difficult to prevent the work being taken out of their control.

Mexican Skilled Craftsman Centuries Ago

The church of the "Lord of the Village," to whom in child-like faith the Indian brings his troubles and his griefs. At right —A squat god, whose memory the Indian conserves in the pattern of his vivid blankets

Mexico's Children Reached High Civilization When Their Spanish Conquerors Were Savages

By HELEN BOWYER

The psychology of the Indian forms the main theme of Helen Bowyer's second article.

WE HAVE said that they are Indian. Of the less than fifteen million inhabitants of the Republic of Mexico, probably not a million are of pure Spanish descent. Of the remainder, seven million have never had a drop of the white man's blood in their veins, while in the veins of the other seven the vast current of the native blood far outswells the thin rivulet from the three hundred thousand colonists, more or less, who, strung out through the three centuries of Spanish rule, contributed the only other strain worth noting that went to the making of the mixed breed.

So they are Indian, this mass of eight million children and youth who form the rising generation in Mexico. How will the fact of their race affect the destiny of these children—and ours?—for with the inevitable tightening of the world bond, the destiny of our children is bound up with theirs.

What does it mean to be Indian? Ten years from now, if all goes well, we may know more of the answer to that question than we know now. For in Mexico and Central America there are studies in progress that may give undreamed-of revelations not only as to the Indian but as to the whole past history of man. What reason have we for being dogmatic as to the precise locality where the human race first arose? Suppose it should have been on our own continent? In the jungle lands of Guatamala and Southern Mexico, the Carnegie Foundation has gone to uncover the remains of a civilization that leads back and back, perhaps, to ages when the Nile was yet untrod of man. But even if it stops short of that, even if it but supplements and rounds out things already known, it will rouse again our wonder at this red man who built his palaces and temples at a time as far back as the Golden Age of Greece, when the Latin who later enslaved him was unknown.

Beyond all question, the Indian is more unlike us than is any other race, and in the Anglo-Saxon civilization we are spreading through the earth, we are going to need, and need desperately, all the harmless unlikeness that we can conserve.

Mexico is the only big stretch of the world now left that is or ever can be Indian. There may be more red men outside the republic than within its borders but those outside are scattered thinly over a vast continent in which other racial dominance is crowding the Indian to ultimate extinction. Even the Mexican census of 1920 shows a net decrease of population for the republic of more than 4 per cent—and the chances are that this census understates the loss.

What sort of being is this Indian who is so unlike us and yet who may be such an asset in our world in the days even now at hand?

In the first place the Indian of Mexico is not the native of our own frontier traditions, living by hunting and the trap. For centuries, perhaps millenniums, before the Spaniard came, he was a tiller of the soil, a craftsman, a trader, and such he is today. Nor is he a warrior like our Iroquois. He will fight, of course, for the things he holds worth while. But left to himself no one is more peaceable, more gentle, more kindly disposed to all men. And above all the Indian, whether pure blood or dark *mestizo,* is not the lying, treacherous, back-stabbing villain of the movie or the border romance. There is treachery and lying and back-stabbing enough among them as there is among ourselves—probably more, proportionately—but beyond the border, as this side of it, life moves through the whole range of simple human feelings with good will and good faith as the requirements of any human intercourse at all.

The Indian of Mexico is a lover of his own locality. Of *country,* of the *great republic* to which he pays his *contribuciónes,* taxes, he knows nothing—not the eleven or twelve million of him who make up the pure bloods and the more primitive mixed breeds. But to his *tierra,* the little isolated homeland of village and surrounding fields in which his life took root, he feels a filial devotion that has in it something of infinite beauty, a beauty we have almost lost among the pavements and apartments of our ever-growing towns. To plant his frijoles and his maize in the little patch of ground where his father and his father's father planted theirs, to honor his saints and virgins in the ancient pink-washed church where they worshiped, and to sleep at length with them in the same little *panteon* with its wooden crosses leaning all awry—there is no state of life within his understanding for which he would exchange these satisfactions of his soul. And there is no reason for his ever being asked to make an exchange. Given health service and rural sanitation, given the length of life, the energy and hopefulness they bring in their train, what a paradise might he not make of that little, loved *tierra,* with its thatched and pyramided roofs, like a picture of the South Sea Islands and the blue line of the hills around it like the circle some giant magician had drawn round an enchanted spot.

Allied to his love of his *tierra* is his love of the soil itself.

He is, moreover, an artist-craftsman who pursues his art-craft as a necessary part of life. All the clothing, all the simple utensils and implements he uses, he makes, perforce, by hand, and into them, as an integral part of their outline, their pattern, he weaves and carves and molds a beauty, an authentic beauty, that makes art *per se,* "art for art's sake," meaningless and unreal. He is still kin to the red clay of his water jars, the reeds that grow beneath his fingers into baskets, the bit of bone that comes from his knife a rosary of his Lady of the Remedies or of his Holy Child. All the long, long history of his race—of which, in words, he could give you not one fact—lives in the squat gods woven in his vivid blankets, in the clay figures of those steeds, so gloriously caparisoned by

Temple the Indian built to his gods when the Latin who later enslaved him was a savage in the wilds of Spain.

which the Spaniards overthrew those gods, and in the feather-wrought picture of the snake-devouring eagle that became his country's emblem when it fought free from Spain.

The Mexican Indian is, besides, a singer, a maker of songs, of wild songs, of lovely songs, of eerie and blood-curdling songs—of songs that rise to God and Virgin, of songs that deal with witch and demon, of songs to woo a lover and hush a babe to sleep. And above all of *corridos,* ballads, song stories, improvised, word and music on the spot, by some primitive troubadour, caught up by another, changed and added to as inspiration seizes or words slip out of mind, growing till each crystallizes in a half-dozen versions deep within the hearts of a singing peasantry.

Often these *corridos,* these ballads of the people, gather round their heroes or their villains, their Maderos and Huertas, their Zapatas and their Villas, their martyrs, their bandits, their Robin Hoods. But only as they are *men* do they gather round them—not as they were makers or unmakers of a nation—round their bravado, their coolness or their cunning, round their dangers, their escapes, their deaths, round all those vivid, concrete things that so grip untutored souls—and that so grip our own.

If, as solemn voices throughout our country warn us, religion is another essential of any society worth the name of human, then the Indian of Mexico has this indispensable, has it profoundly, has it in every fiber of his life. God is no abstraction to him; He is the "Lord of the Village" to whose altar in some crumbling, brick-floored sanctuary he drags a broken limb to be healed, or hangs the tiny image of some burro which has strayed and must be found. And to Mary "tender Mother of the Mexicans" he puts up a *voto* beneath the organ loft, in memory of the time she cleared him of false accusation, or led him safely past the cliff edge that dark night when he had drunk too much. And when, on the road he returns your salutation with his "Good day, senorita, may you go with God," it is no mere stereotyped greeting he is giving—he is *really* commending you to the care of the Deity in whom he never doubts your faith to be as fervent and as childlike as his own.

And he commends you to the Deity not only because he is *Cristiano,* but also because he is affectionate and kind. If there is any way in which he himself can contribute to your care, your well-being, even your passing pleasure, nothing could afford him greater gratification. Do you exclaim over the flowers he has gathered down the road—and already so artistically arranged—"Take them, senorita, they are yours." Do you stop a little later to beg a cup of water from the barefoot mistress of some adobe hut, she will not stop her ministrations with the drink cool from her porous jar. Surely you are weary, should rest a little while. "Enter, enter, *niña,* here you have your own house." Is there some other Indian, some relative, some friend, some stranger, even, who is in want or in trouble, even though it be from his own fault. *"Pobrecito,* poor fellow," wells up from the Mexican heart, and as long as there is a scrap of tortilla dough upon the kneading stone or a mat to spread at night upon the floor, they are there for the unfortunate to share.

Springing, perhaps, from this fundamental affectionateness, the Indian manifests a charm, a grace of manner that throws a glamour over all the rounds of daily life. His speech alone is an enchantment. The tongue the Spaniard imposed upon him was already rich in courtliness, in polish, in phrases that appealed—the Indian took it, softened it with a thousand diminutives, a thousand expressions of deference and endearment and breathed in it the singing quality that differentiates the Spanish of Mexico from, for instance, the Spanish of Chile, where the red man is almost extinct. We could not so use any language, we have not the time nor the naïveté—but what a vacation it affords from the fine, efficient, workaday directness of our Anglo-Saxon speech.

We have all of us been enslaved, those of us who trace our blood back to the British Isles no less than the rest of us. The Romans enslaved our fathers, then the pirates from Anglia and Saxonland, then the Danes. Then William the Norman and his barons and upon our fathers' necks they trod as ruthlessly as Cortes and his *hidalgos* trod upon the Indians'. Is there any depth of contempt the Spaniard held for Montezuma's people that the Norman did not hold for us "Saxon swine"? Was there any depth of degradation to which we did not sink beneath the lash, the dungeon, the priestcraft and the serfdom of our foreign lords? Yet today the world is ours.

We need not carry the parallel so far as to suppose it will ever be the Indians'. Perhaps his day is past. Perhaps the day of all other peoples now existent is past or can never come as it came to Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage and to us. Perhaps the world is ours for ages, for a very long, long time. If so, we shall need the other peoples, and most of all, it may be, we shall need the Indian.

The country has had a troubled past, for hundreds of years it has been torn by internal strife, but—against extinction by the mere population pressure of white men—or black—Nature seems to have safeguarded the *indigene* of Mexico. Only in the jungles of the Gulf Coast could the Negro find that habitat where he flourishes en masse and while anywhere, through the beautiful country, from the cocoa palms of Vera Cruz to the snows of Popocatapetl the white man can direct his enterprises, can reside for months, even for years, it is perhaps only the Indian who can *people* those sun-flooded altitudes beyond the Rio Grande. And even he, it may be, can only continue to do it if we come to his assistance.

These are a few of the more obvious qualities of the Mexican Indian, the things that even the most casual eye can see. Are they worth conserving in a world coming inevitably under the standardization of a mechanical civilization? Are they worth developing, bringing to their highest levels in the eight million boys and girls who will make the Mexico of tomorrow?

It is for us to say.

New Mohammedanism's World-Wide Appeal

Turkey Assembling the Forces of Education and Industrial Organization; Children of the Prophet Are Gradually Shaping the Destinies of Empires

By THOMAS CAMERON TAYLOR

THE great Mohammedan territorial arch that sweeps from Equatorial West Africa to the heart of India, with Turkey as its keystone, includes five areas within which active warfare has been in progress of late. The reports of war operations at widely separated points of the Mohammedan realms have been read in some quarters as an expression of the reawakened spirit of Islam and an indication that the new Mohammedanism is to be even as the old—a fighting faith. Apart from the fact that at the great Mohammedan conference at Mecca last year the decision was in favor of Mohammedan organization as an economic and political force, there is the possibility of the observer being obsessed by the Mohammedan tradition. At that conference, there was frank recognition that tradition may become more of an obsession than an inspiration, especially such a tradition of conquest as is the heritage of the Mohammedan: that memories of greatness bring down no bombing airplanes.

And the Children of the Prophet have a great tradition indeed. Thirteen hundred and forty-three years ago, Mohammedanism blazed up in the Middle East and swept half the world. Spain was conquered in 713—the First Crusade came three hundred years later—and Mohammedanism hewed its way north through France to the line of the Loire, where the battle of Tours marked the first great check to the initial impulse of the warrior faith; but more than seven hundred years passed before the capture of Granada in 1490 brought the end of the Moorish kingdom in Spain. In that first surge of Mohammedanism, much-conquered Egypt had gone down again, the inhabitants (except some of the Coptic Christians who came to terms) being forcibly converted to Mohammedanism, expelled or massacred; all North Africa from the Nile west to the Atlantic seaboard had embraced the new faith; and from Arabia to India the Sword of Islam ruled.

Turkey as the Keystone

THE Moslem tide ebbed slowly for seven centuries, and no less slowly the lessons of the ebb came home to the Mohammedan mind, for only during the past decade, and only as the result of the intensive education conferred upon the Moslem races by the Christian peoples in the Great War, has there come the realization that a fighting faith and dauntless legions are not enough.

Turkey represents the fact that at last the Moslem world has learned the lesson of the centuries, and the keystone of the Mohammedan arch is to be a center of strength indeed to the whole structure if the aims of the new Turkish state are to be carried out. To envisage Turkey as assembling the best that the world can supply her with in education, in scientific equipment, in industrial organization for the independent production of the needs of a modern state; as a source of supply and strength to all parts of the great Mohammedan realm under all conditions in time to come—is to see Turkey as her present rulers see her, and to give pause to the tendency to view her efforts with a patronizing smile.

It is too early yet to weigh the Turkish rulers and find them wanting, and to declare them ill-advised in that, while enjoying huge military and diplomatic prestige, they seem suddenly to have relinquished the country's historic place at the head of Islam and to be shedding restrictions in a manner which will drive a wedge between them and the large mass of the orthodox Mohammedan peoples. Turkey has been laughed at on the strength of an outside declaration that in her blindness she has voluntarily altered her status from that of the head and front of Islam to that of a comparatively small state in Asia Minor. There is much interesting recent history to confirm the fact that blindness can never be associated with the modern Turk; and it may be noted, as a fact of importance in any present view of Turkey's policy, that the British King took the first opportunity, after the setting up of the new Turkish régime, to extend to it with marked cordiality a most friendly hand.

When Roosevelt Stopped Raisuli

REGARDING Turkey as the geographical heart of the Mohammedan world, and taking account of her resources and her ambition to achieve in education, in scientific development, in capacity to produce for peace or war, a position of independence, it is not difficult to accept the view that despite any temporary differences with orthodox Mohammedanism there may not be far distant the time when the whole Mohammedan world will turn to her inevitably as the leader and chief source of Mohammedan strength. She put her faith in princes aforetime, and had many promises of greatness by the help of the military power and instruments of war provided by other lands. They failed her. Latterly, she made cynical use of them all: German supplies against Britain, French supplies against Greece, Bolshevik supplies against Greece and almost against France, too.

Turkey is bent on upbuilding now a new center of world power, which shall possess ultimately the ability to meet the other nations on equal terms in scientific and social attainment and productive capacity for all purposes, and there is much to stimulate her ambition, for she holds a great place in Mohammedan history and constitutes an unrivaled center of the huge tract of practically unbroken Moslem territory which contains the 220,000,000 followers of the Prophet.

While it is remarkable that there should be so much fighting in progress in Mohammedan countries, and that so much of it is directed against Christian races, there are local and definite causes of hostility which remove the operations from any connection with broad Mohammedan policy. In the case of the war against Spain in North Africa, for example, there is reason to believe that it could have been ended long ago if the Spanish forces had been animated by the war spirit, and conditions at home and in the field had been conducive to action of firm character. War is the pastime of the forces opposing the troops of Spain; a game to be played wherever it may be played without consequences too grim. It was played on the Barbary coasts for years, till the nests of the pirates were smoked out. It was played against America until that day when, by cable, America was forever removed from the list of the nations that might be played with. Raisuli had seized an American subject. There was a long record of shipping seizures and hindrances and delays over there. Roosevelt cabled: "We want Pericardis alive or Raisuli dead." Evidence of some such force behind the troops of Spain would end the war play in that part of North Africa, it is believed.

> **This article is confined to the bare information obtained by a qualified observer from the surest sources, whose opinion is that in the matter of trade Turkey is worthy the prompt and close attention of America to a greater extent than obtains at present.**

The French are not finding much resistance to their operations in Morocco, and, indeed, any resistance encountered would require to be of important character before it became the subject of news reports; but there have been considerable departures of Arabs from French spheres of influence in North Africa during recent years, the Arabs claiming that they must be denationalized before they are accorded any rights under the administration. The point is alluded to as indicative of the nationalist feeling which is strengthening in Arab countries, and which has had recent active outlet in part of Trans-Jordania, where there has been sharp conflict and considerable loss of life. It is not to the benefit of settled peace conditions in the Middle East that the emergence of definite nationalist aspirations in the Arab countries should coincide with the conflict between Zionist aspirations in Palestine and the population-facts of that country. The position has contributed to the unifying of Arab feeling, however, and to the furtherance of the new Mohammedanism.

The God of Public Service

FIGHTING in the Sudan is reported, but it will be found that the trouble there is nationalism rather than aggressive Mohammedanism. When the Mahdi raised the Green Banner and drove the Egyptian administration from the Sudan, he was prepared to wipe out Egyptians, Turks, British, Germans, and everybody connected with a rule which the Sudan had found to be oppressive, corrupt, and of insatiate greed. He drew to himself the great ivory caravans of the Sudan which had been ruined by the Egyptian Government making of the ivory trade a monopoly. These caravans were joined by the slave-trading caravans, whose grievance was that the slave trade was being suppressed. The Mahdi united them and the people, and the fighting Dervish wiped out the Egyptian troops wherever they were met with. Egypt abandoned the Sudan for eleven years, but in those years the British were busy in Lower Egypt "making riflemen out of mud," and in due time, with British forces at their elbow, they helped to reconquer the Sudan, where the Egyptian and British flags have flown side by side ever since. As in Lower Egypt, so in the Sudan, the British have raised the only monuments built since the Arab conquest in the seventh century: monuments to the god Public Service, to the fame of an ideal of public welfare—the great irrigation works that have removed Egypt's misery. The Sudan is prospering amazingly, and free Egypt wants it all for itself now. It says so with frankness. It expresses fears that the British might some day cut down Egypt's share of the Nile waters. A greater fear may be that the riches of the Sudan, natural and cultivated, may flow increasingly southward through the British Colony of Kenya with which the Sudan merges indeterminately. In any case, the two flags are still flying there, and the British have stated that theirs is not coming down. Some of the Egyptian troops and agents there think differently. It is not a matter of Mohammedanism as such, meantime, it would appear.

Another Mohammedan land in which there has been recent fighting is Afghanistan, and, significantly enough, the news comes from Moscow. Before the British washed their hands of Afghanistan, they specifically charged the Moscow exponents of Bolshevism with anti-British activities there, and the charge was one which Ramsay MacDonald definitely hurled at Russia's representatives. On the whole, Soviet Russia has followed consistently a policy of conciliation in respect to all the Mohammedan countries in which she found pliant rulers. The treaty with Turkey marked the initiation of that policy, and in the districts and dependencies where her own population is Mohammedan—Russia has about 6,000,000 Moslems in her territories—the Bolsheviks have not forced matters, and there has been nothing resembling the crushing processes applied to the Christian regions. There have been reports for some time that the Amir of Afghanistan had developed, as a free ruler, characteristics of independence. With Afghanistan's freedom, however, power to import arms and ammunition through India was cut off. Russia became the new source of such supplies, and these seem to have got into the hands of a very large number of persons who are not in agreement with the Amir and in touch with Russian trade sources. The fighting which has taken place in Afghanistan, it is suggested, may also be ruled out as due in any way to a stirring of Mohammedanism.

Advancing the Banners of Islam

THE new Mohammedanism as a policy is based on the conviction that Mohammedanism as a religion is quite safe; that its spiritual content is adequate; that its power to advance by virtue of its inherent appeal is amply proved by the progress it is making throughout the world. To that progress testimony is especially offered by its spread in the frontier provinces of the Russian empire, in the equatorial regions of Africa, in India and in China. It is almost impossible to obtain accurate figures except perhaps in the case of India, where the children of the Prophet number 70,000,000, fanatics in a land of fanatics.

The most remarkable advance of Mohammedanism has been that made in China, and it continues no less remarkably. The Moslem estimate is that there are now 9,000,000 Mohammedans in China.

In Africa, north of the Equator, the number may be put at nearly 50,000,000.

"We are increasing everywhere. We hear of no decrease." So they said at Mecca last year. With this assurance that the Mohammedan faith is capable of flourishing wherever it has taken root, attention has turned to the place which Mohammedans hold in the political and economic structure of the great empires.

"The British have an Empire in West Africa which is held by a few White officers and some thousands of Mohammedan troops."

"The French have an Empire in North Africa which Mohammedans are helping them to hold against themselves."

"Mohammedan soldiers are assisting the British to hold India."

"Egypt and the Sudan, and parts of the British Empire in East Africa, are held by Mohammedan soldiers."

"The White traders of the world have brought in the fighting Mohammedan everywhere for use in their wars."

"Our laborers are toiling in all parts of the East for strangers."

"We could stop the trade of the world if our people knew that through them it could be done."

That is but an earnest of the talk that has gone on since the war in thousands of far-scattered centers. The Mohammedan may be slightly incoherent yet, but he is awake.

A Rich Field to Develop

IN THE light of what those selected quotations from an important report convey, the line now taken by Turkey assumes a definiteness and essential soundness which apparently the British were prompt to recognize. Among other things, the conference at Mecca declared for "the complete freedom of all Arab countries," but it resulted in something even more important than that declaration, for it opened up means of disseminating information, education, and unifying purpose throughout all the wide realm of Mohammedanism. A center whence such education could continuously pour was necessary, and Turkey, the natural center of the Mohammedan world, has set itself to the work.

The affiliations of Turkey place within her reach wide lands containing the richest resources of the world. To her, with careful handling, may be brought the friendly aid of more than 200,000,000 people, to their mutual advantage as they are increasingly assured. There is no greater anxiety in the mind of the responsible Turk in these days than that he may be left alone to educate, to organize for production, to develop on modern lines until he can look the modern world squarely in the face and without troubling to play off one jealous group of powers against another.

When Canada's Parliament Starts Its Business

Old-World Pageantry Features Beginning of Federal Session at Ottawa

By T. M. VESEY

COSTUME and ritual might well be described as the bow and stern anchors of British constitutional practice, and twice a year—at the opening and at the prorogation of Parliament—Ottawa is edified by the magnificent and impressive spectacle of Canada's Governor-General and statesmen nobly upholding British tradition.

These two annual ceremonials have more than a mere political significance, for they mark the opening and closing respectively of "the season" in the Canadian capital. So "the boast of heraldry and the pomp of power" are well in evidence on these occasions, and everybody "who is anybody" in Ottawa may be seen making for Parliament Hill—especially for the opening. And curiously enough, practically everybody in Ottawa *is* somebody. This collective and individual prestige of almost the entire city population is a most wonderful phenomenon.

Perhaps in no other capital in the world is there such a singular dearth of nonentities as in Ottawa: no Toms, Dicks, and Harrys, no *hoi polloi*, ragtag and bobtail, proletariat or tatterdemalion horde—in short, no "masses." At least, a stranger might be pardoned for gathering that impression. Everyone not only seems to have a local habitation and a name, but contrives to get it into the newspapers. There is nothing essentially snobbish about this, though. Indeed, it makes for as really sociable a "social set" as is to be found anywhere.

Interior of House of Commons, Ottawa, Canada.

The opening of Parliament is looked forward to eagerly by nearly all the residents of the city. During the week or so preceding it members and ministers and judges of the supreme court and all the sessional *entourage* descend upon the capital in ones, in twos and in half-dozens, and establish themselves as comfortably as possible for the three or four months of their stay.

The opening ceremony—which never varies—is interesting, if only as a survival, for it is modeled on that in use at Westminster. At a few minutes to three in the afternoon there comes to the ears of those assembled on Parliament Hill—in the Senate, the Commons and out on the open, snow-covered ground—the distant boom of a single field gun. The vice-regal party has left Rideau Hall, the official residence of Canada's Governor-General.

Governor-General Baron Byng of Vimy (farthest from the camera).

A moment later the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, dressed in his somewhat somber yet striking habiliments—he looks all black and silver and buckles—is to be seen on the steps of the House, beside the humble but useful Dominion police constable whose duty it is to open the doors of conveyances.

Everything is timed to take place "on the dot." At exactly three o'clock the mounted military escort sweeps down the curving drive. This escort is supplied by the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards, and two outriders, bearing lances from the glittering heads of which flutter tiny red and white pennons, precede the main body of troops.

The Governor-General, unless the weather is too inclement, uses an open sleigh, such as is seen a good deal during the winter season in the streets of Ottawa. It is a rather picturesque and Russian-looking vehicle, with its plenitude of buffalo robes and its coachman and footman in great fur capes and headdress not unlike the bearskin of the English Guards.

Lord Byng, who commanded the Canadian Corps in the war, always wears the uniform of a British general, with its feathered, cocked hat. Alighting, he takes his stand on the steps of the Parliament house and faces the gathered multitude and the drawn-up guard of honor. The quietude is abruptly broken by a sharp word of command, the metallic clash of the "present," and the military band blaring forth the opening bars of "God Save the King." The Governor-General stands at the salute, the soldiers at attention, and the onlookers with bared heads. Simultaneously with the ceasing of the music comes the crash of artillery close by, and to the accompaniment of a salute of nineteen guns Lord Byng is ushered into the Senate.

Prime Minister, Rt. Hon. William Lyon MacKenzie King.

The really gorgeous part of the ceremony of the opening of Parliament takes place in the famous Red Chamber, the Canadian Senate. Here is a brilliant assemblage indeed: statesmen in the black and gold of Windsor uniforms, headquarters staff officers booted and spurred and sabred and beribboned, naval staffs in handsome cocked hats, pillars of the hierarchy in rich purple, foreign consuls in all their ambassadorial regalia, judges in scarlet and ermine, and, last but by no means least resplendent, the beauty and feminine fashion of the capital—for the ladies are there in force.

The Senate Chamber has recently been redecorated, and is itself a blaze of red and gold, while a new canopy of gold and maroon has been erected. It is in this chamber that the Speech from the Throne is read by His Excellency.

The Speakers both of the House of Commons and of the Senate now wear for the occasion knee breeches, silk stockings and buckled shoes, just as at Westminster, except for the absence of the wig. It seems there is an etiquette in these things, for apparently the wig would not be *de rigeur* in the Dominion—or else the omission of it is a mark of Progress with a capital P.

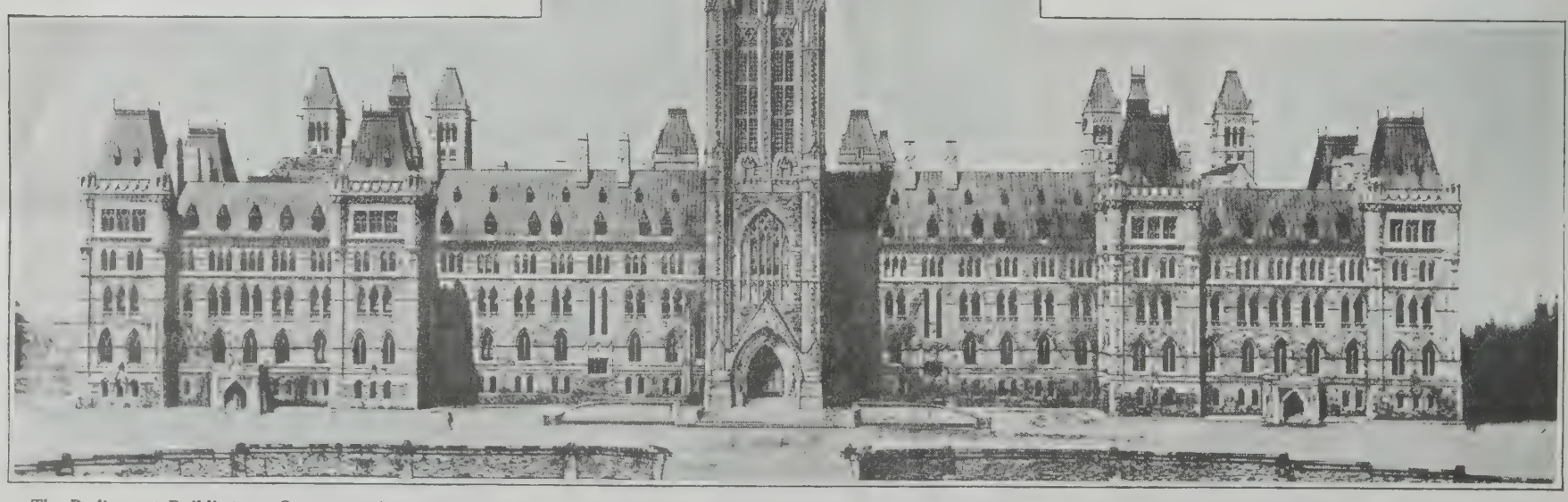
Before the Governor-General arrives the members of the House of Commons assemble in their own chamber, there to await the sonorous summons of the Black Rod. A knocking heralds this high dignitary's advent, and a voice, which desires "the immediate attendance of this honorable House in the chamber of the honorable, the Senate." Then the members, headed by the Sergeant-at-Arms carrying the mace, and preceded also by the Speaker, file down the corridor to the Senate, there to listen to the Speech from the Throne, which, of course, forecasts to some extent the probable legislative efforts of the coming session.

The members then return to their own legitimate sphere, and after new members are introduced the Prime Minister rises with the first bill of the session. This is just a blank piece of paper termed "a bill respecting the administration of the oaths of office," and it is in its first and last stage for the session. But it is not exactly a joke, this blank piece of paper called a parliamentary bill. It has, on the contrary, considerable serious significance, and is a historic document, in a sense. The idea behind it is that at the opening of every session of every Parliament the Commons has to assert its right to consider its own business before taking up the Crown's business as originating in the speech from the throne; hence the "bill respecting oaths."

It might seem a somewhat cumbersome method of re-establishing a right which never is and probably nevermore will be questioned; but after all it is something of an interlude, and the members have, for the nonce, nothing of more import to occupy their minds, since real business does not start until the beginning of the ensuing week.

As far as the spectacle outside the buildings is concerned, the whole thing is over in a few moments, but it is quite impressive while it lasts. There is a strong smell of cordite on the air, and the crowd vanishes almost as quickly as the smoke from the field pieces.

The ceremonial outside the House is repeated when the Governor-General leaves, and the final crashing of the guns of the Canadian Field Artillery denotes that the whirl of Ottawa gaiety is about to commence.



The Parliament Buildings at Ottawa, a picturesque group in the Gothic style of architecture. This picture represents the main or administration building, the tower of which can be seen for miles.

Mr. Ford's Page

THE dollar sign is one of the most deceptive symbols in our usage. It deceives because it gives us to understand that the dollar exists wherever the sign exists. A plant is valued at, say, $1,000,000, and no sooner do the figures appear than inexperienced minds conceive the notion that somewhere about that plant one million actual dollars may be found. A physical examination of the plant, however, would disclose only machinery and an organization of human skill for the supply of some community need.

Take four furnaces, fifty stamping machines, a conveyor system, a dozen annealing ovens, a pile of coal, elevators, trucks, buildings, iron and wood and sand—the actual physical inventory of a place—and you never see it expressed in these terms. It is always in $$$$$. Now there are no $$ there, as dollars. There are furnaces, machinery, ovens, trucks, elevators, materials and buildings. These things are valuable. They are intrinsically more valuable than dollars. That is, if you shoveled a building full of dollars, you would not have the same capacity for production and use as you would have if you filled the same building with machinery and an organization of human skill.

On a tax sheet, however, all this mechanical capacity is put down as "dollars," and on that basis a certain number of "dollars" are demanded of it.

The instance has been known in this country where the delusion that equipment is "dollars" has destroyed business through the tax demand.

It is becoming a question how far this translation of things into dollars, and making these the basis of taxation, can continue. When the fact becomes recognized that the dollars are not there, but that articles of use are there instead, public reaction to the true principles of taxation will be more intelligent. At present, a figure of $1,000,000 on the property roll looks like one million actual dollars, and as most people are not in possession of that amount, they readily agree that those who seem to be in possession of it should be made to give up as much as possible. If they have as much money as that, it will not be missed! Such is the common reasoning.

The same reasoning seems to be at the basis of what is called the inheritance tax. The inheritance is always expressed in dollars, yet the dollars are almost invariably never there. But here the old delusion reigns that the values inherited are so many dollars and that for the heir to part with a percentage of those dollars to the public funds is only right.

Such an idea, of course, is misrepresentative of the fact of most inheritances. What most heirs inherit these days is a job, a business to be maintained, a responsibility to be shouldered. To inherit the managing control of a factory or other business is to be saddled with a task upon the wise performance of which depends the employment of men and the livelihood of families. Unfortunately such an inheritance is designated as $$$$, when often it does not contain any dollars, but obligations and hard labor.

It is all part of the fallacy which has steered our country wrong on so many matters pertaining to industry—the fallacy that Business is all Money, and that Big Business means Big Money.

One way to get a correct angle on these matters is to penetrate behind the dollar sign to the thing itself. That will throw a lot of tax injustice into relief. When a business is on the point of expanding, suppose the income tax man should come along and say, "Give me your new machinery fund"—is the money which the government would get under such conditions of half as much use to the country as the factory expansion would have been, with its increase of employment and of national industrial resource? As a matter of fact, is it really dollars that are collected in such circumstances, or is it commodities that are confiscated?

Think of the inheritance tax as collectable in actual possessions rather than in money. Suppose the collector to come along and say, "We must take one of the furnaces, four of the ovens, two of the elevators, ten of the machines, 25 per cent of your coal pile, as an inheritance tax." That would be comprehensible on the theory that some wrong perpetrated against society was represented by the amount seized. It would be comprehensible on the theory that it is wrong to seize a living man's possessions, but right to take them from his children when he is dead. It would be comprehensible on the theory that government deliberately permits criminal increase of machinery and jobs while an industrial manager lives, but quickly abolishes machinery and jobs when the manager is no more.

And yet, such action would be far more just than the present one of leaving the heir with all the physical burden and industrial responsibility while crippling him in the financial department of the business. To cripple a concern financially is like seizing the coal from its bunkers. To collect the things which compose the concern and which the concern possesses, instead of the dollars of which the concern is not composed and which it does not possess, would be the logical thing to do if the so-called inheritance tax is founded on right principle; but the moment you suggest such a procedure you show the fallacy underlying the tax itself.

TAXES may be defined as a demand which everybody favors on the theory that somebody else is going to pay it. Government has done less to educate the people in the principle of taxes than in any other political subject. It is even worse than that, political emphasis has generally encouraged the delusion that taxes are always paid by someone else. The tariff tax, we are told, is paid by the importer; we know it is paid by the consumer. The property tax, we are told, is paid by the landlord; we know it is paid by the tenant. The commodity tax, it is asserted, is paid by the maker; it is paid by the user. It cannot be otherwise, since there is no source of wealth but the public as a whole, and it is the public as a whole that pays all the tax—even the big income tax.

The worst element of our whole tax situation is that it is never put squarely up to the people, either the proposal to tax, or the tax itself. People are for large income taxes and large inheritance taxes because they think that other people will have to pay them. For centuries governments have successfully concealed from the people the simple fact that the people themselves pay every tax that is levied. The foreign importer, we are told, pays the tariff tax. No, he adds it to his bill; we, the people, pay it. It is the same with every tax that is laid, and it cannot be otherwise, for the public energy is the source of all wealth. If there is a great business, public patronage built it. If taxation cripples that business, public patronage must rebuild it. If taxation prevents expansion, public prosperity suffers. Yet people are constantly being urged to favor this or that form of taxation—urged by politicians who would find means to spend ten times the national income if they could get it—and the reason assigned is that "other people" will have to pay it. The truth is that every person pays his share of every tax and it is industry that creates the wealth which pays all the taxes.

It is rather significant that the only forms of taxation submitted directly to the people are those forms which can be made to appear as payable by someone else. The appeal of class consciousness is largely utilized in such matters. It is right, of course, that the tax burden should be distributed according to the ability to bear it, but it is wrong that the tax function should be used as a propaganda for class feeling, class propaganda. There are no class divisions in the actual workings of any tax—*the people all pay it.* When the man of large means makes honest returns and pays large taxes, it is the public that has supplied the money. When the dishonest man evades the tax, it is still the public that pays the difference.

Only one or two facts about taxes seem to have gripped the public mind: one is that the power to tax is delegated to governments by their people; another is that the power to tax is the power to destroy. Basic as these facts are, their principles are not analyzed and applied. People feel the pinch and complain, but they do not seek to understand causes; they do not scrutinize the whole system critically; they think that what always has been, always will be, unreformed and unimproved. But the tax situation is not so hopeless as that. It will show signs of immediate improvement when the public attention is fully turned upon it.

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Let Wages Alone!

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE has let it be clearly understood that he does not favor the reduction of wages as a solution of the railway problem. He thus takes solid ground in the first big problem he has tackled since the election. It is always a confession of managerial inefficiency when the only way out of a difficulty is found in depleting the workingman's pay envelope. Why make the men stand the difference; what are the brains of managers for? Is it not yet sufficiently demonstrated in this country that the best service and the best wages and the lowest rates to the public spell larger business and profits? It is much more in order to propose a reduction in railroad rates, since rates have found means to become pretty high, while wages have gone up by slow degrees and only in response to pressing necessity. And they are not much above the line of American necessity even now.

It will be well for the government to resist every attempt to enlist its support in a movement for decreased wages anywhere. There is no more certain way to curtail the prosperity of the country than by reducing the people's ability to buy. The main foundation of our prosperity is the habit we have formed of expecting the American workingman to be able to purchase and use the commodities which he is employed in making. Any tendency toward changing that order is simply an attempt to force our people down to the level of the German workman.

Italy's Ambition

IN A Farnese villa on the Palatine Hill in Rome there lives a frail, little old man. This is Commendatore Senatore Boni, to whom, it is said, archeology is more than a science—it is a religion. The word archeology is dry-as-dust to most people, but in its best sense it means a delving into the past to rediscover ideas which can be made use of in the present. It is in this spirit that the little old man on the Palatine Hill is working.

Everyday appreciation for their rich national treasures in painting, sculpture and architecture is part of the national life of the Italians. It has checked the modern vandalism which for a time prevailed in Rome, and the disfigurements of the imperial monuments and Renaissance palaces which were perpetrated in the name of "progress" are no longer to be permitted. On the ruins of the Circus Maximus was built the gas-works, and structural outrages of a similar nature were allowed to pass unchallenged.

One may be practical and progressive without being destructive and vandalistic, and Senatore Boni, it seems, is a very practical man; and his desire to rescue ancient treasures from oblivion and to beautify their surroundings is the work of his life. His great chance has now come, for the government is anxious to commemorate in some endurable manner the advent of Fascism, and Mussolini suggested a great theater. "Why not remove the gas-works to another site and restore the Circus Maximus?" says Boni.

Now there is a possibility that the scheme may be carried out. The Circus Maximus was the largest auditorium of the then known world; epic contests like the chariot race in "Ben Hur" took place within its precincts. It was a symbol of the ancient empire's most vigorous period. It is to a reinvigorated Italy that Mussolini would like to see this splendid monument restored, and it is to Senatore Boni he turns for direction in the work.

There is something significant in this desire of Italy to throw off the sordid slough of misdirected effort and to dig to the roots of things in an endeavor to rebuild her ancient greatness. There is no doubt that Italy's most valuable asset in the past was her mastery of the fine arts, and a second Renaissance is now her greatest ambition.

The Training of Parents

TODAY we hear a good deal about the training of children; but what about the training of parents? It is too much the custom at the present day to place the blame for the young man or young woman who has gone wrong on the schools, the colleges, or the churches; but none of these institutions is originally charged with the upbringing of children. It is in the home that the child is raised, and it is in the home that it ought to be cared for. All other factors in the shaping of the character of the boy or girl, good or bad, are more or less external.

Why then should not more attention be devoted to the training of parents?

It has been asserted by one of the leaders in social welfare work in Chicago that there are in that city about 200,000 youths who are entirely beyond their parents' control. Almost every large city tells a similar story. One of the commonest things we hear today is that our young people are hurrying headlong to Hades. A leading criminologist of New York says that it is because the parents are showing them the way. He says that it is lack of religion, and that any religion is better than no religion at all. By religion is meant a system of ethics that have a divine sanction and that have directive and corrective influences.

When the home becomes a sleeping place and nothing more family life has decayed; when parents and children dine out (but not together), and the evenings are spent at entertainments where each member of the family goes his or her own way, it may be considered independence, and freedom, and various other things that are supposed to be characteristic of a free and enlightened age; but it is simply a wholesale smashing up of elements inestimably precious in our civilization.

It Was Not a Fake

AFTER "foreign correspondents" of United States newspapers had diligently carried Bolshevik propaganda by assuming that the Zinovieff letter which determined the British election was a "forgery," and by cabling to this country as many "explanations" of the letter as there are "explanations" of the so-called Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion, the British Government has declared the letter authentic, and upon that fact has overthrown the treaty made with Russia by the Ramsay MacDonald government.

It was never doubted that wise old Britain was more than a match for the utterly faithless and non-Russian rulers of modern Russia. Even Ramsay MacDonald, toward the end of his term, saw that there could be no plighted faith of any sort between a civilization bent on spreading its light, and a communist barbarism bent on destroying that light.

Concern for Britain need not trouble us, but there is a nearer question: how is it that the American press first gets the Bolshevik interpretation of these matters? How is it that our first news is replete, not with the knowledge of correspondents, but with inspired statements approved at Moscow? The New York *World* is one of the worst offenders in this respect and, of course, the papers that reproduce the *World's* dispatches from London have little choice but to pass it on.

The Bolsheviks have once more overplayed their hand. They have shown themselves incapable of understanding the normal mind of the rest of the world. By this sin Germany fell. There is a fine candor in Foreign Secretary Chamberlain's announcement to the Bolsheviks that the Zinovieff letter, and unquestioned official utterances in Russia, and the Bolshevik program actually in progress in Great Britain, form a perfect parallel. What Bolshevism desires against Christendom is finally clear.

The foreign secretary's letter ends with a curt refusal to discuss the matter further. But this is not the only thunderbolt that the new government has launched at the heads of the Soviet and its alter ego, the Third International, with its headquarters in Moscow; it has repudiated in brief but cutting terms the treaty made with Russia by the Ramsay MacDonald government.

Stanley Baldwin and his colleagues refuse to be fooled. They are fully awake to the activities of the international alien who, under a name to which he has no right, seeks to upset constitutional government not only in the British Isles but in every other part of the earth where he imagines his poison gas is likely to take effect.

Union vs. Union

THE country has been afforded the curious spectacle of the American Federation of Labor calling upon the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers to unionize their coal mines or incur the penalty of being declared "unfair"—whatever that may mean. There is no charge that the Brotherhood is not paying a proper scale of wages or providing proper working conditions; the charge is based on the Brotherhood's refusal to permit the unionizing of its mines.

Here we have the unusual circumstance of a great labor union going into business, but refusing to promote unionism in the business it controls. There must be some reason for this, and it is not difficult to trace. The Brotherhood knows that the coal troubles of the country have arisen from the obstructive leadership of the miners' unions. It knows also that the best mines in the country, regarded from the miners' and consumers' standpoint, are the non-union mines. It probably knows also that the strike has been used for purposes quite other than those announced to the strikers and the public.

There are so many more mines open in this country than the needs of the country require, and the whole industry has fallen into such a disorganized and unbusinesslike condition, that to save itself from destruction Mine Unionism has been using the strike to put mining district after mining district out of business, to consolidate union control in other districts. Most coal strikes are thus to be viewed in the light of battles deliberately provoked for the purpose of starving out the striking miners, closing down the mines, and all of this by design of union leadership. The only coal strikes the country ever hears of are in union mines, and the chief losers are the strikers. The great mining battles of a few years ago, when armies of gunmen were marshaled forcibly to unionize non-union fields, have been abandoned after the expenditure of millions of dollars of union funds—collected from workingmen—in fruitless attempts to establish unionism on a basis of terrorism.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, in its capacity as mine-owner and employer, knows better than to jeopardize the safety and productiveness of engineers' funds by introducing into their coal territory the old stupidities of union miner leadership.

It will be a national service when the Brotherhood makes it clear to the public on just what principles it is acting in this matter. Needless to say, the threat of the A.F.L. may be expected to have no effect whatever.

Kings and Dictators

IBANEZ, the Spanish novelist whose fame with American readers is now widespread, reveals himself again in the guise of a political protestant against the policies of his King Alfonso. Extraordinary efforts have been made in recent years to give the world an acquaintance with Alfonso, and those who have met him report him to be a modern-minded man. But, after all, a king is judged by the progress of his country, and it seems to be at this point that the rage of Ibanez arises.

King Alfonso carried off the incident of the dictatorship very well. One wonders how a king feels when a dictator rises beside him and seizes the helm of state. There are a lot of little dictators along the southern edges of Europe these days, and their presence is a confession of a preceding incompetency. The kings may not feel so badly about the dictators as they might, because it was not from kings that the dictators seized the power, but from corrupt parliaments and ruling groups. But the presence of such parliaments and groups indicate that the kings were not on the job of ruling. Kings were not courageously interposing themselves between the people and the grafters. They were not insisting on their divine right to serve the general population, the burden-bearers of the nation.

What a fine opportunity there was in Italy and in Spain for a king to arise and rule, as in America we should have expected him to do. Kingcraft is not so much out-of-date, but kings do not seem to possess the gift as once they did. A king who should throw his weight against corruption, stand for equality of opportunity, give his active co-operation to industry and the enlargement of the people's life—such a king would be invincible. For no one rules so inevitably as he who rules by service. It was the ability to lead and to serve that gave kingship its start; the king was the man who knew most, led farthest, and served most wisely. The people elected him on these his merits.

The appearance of dictators proves that the elements of kingship are not dead, but they have somehow been left out in the making of most kings.

An American City Which Declared a Dividend

Knoxville Reorganized Its Finances and Gave Taxpayers Surprise of Their Lives

By HARRY HART

Airplane view of a portion of the retail and financial district of Knoxville. Many new buildings are being erected each month throughout this and other sections of the city.

IN THESE days, when so many municipalities are floundering in the bog of a constantly growing indebtedness, and the taxpayers resignedly look forward only to bigger deficits every year, which must be made good by them, it is refreshing to find one American municipality—possibly there may be others—which has succeeded in placing its financial affairs upon such a sound and efficient basis that the deficit has been converted into a surplus, and a dividend actually declared, payable to the stockholders—the taxpayers of the city.

The example of Knoxville, Tennessee, is timely and significant as showing that a city's finances can be handled just as intelligently, simply, and efficiently as those of any well-conducted business. While Knoxville has a city manager, the experience of this municipality in the reorganization of its financial department may be studied with profit by cities operating under different forms of government, for the simple reason that two and two make four under any type of municipal political organization.

Knoxville, although founded as far back as 1792, is one of the most progressive and modern cities of the Central South. It is the county seat of Knox County, situated 110 miles northeast of Chattanooga and 160 miles east of Nashville, at the head of steam navigation on the Tennessee River, and connected with South Knoxville by a fine steel bridge. It is located on the main lines of the Southern and Louisville & Nashville railway systems, eleven lines radiating from the city, with seventy-two passenger trains entering and leaving daily.

Knoxville is an important center of the lumber industry, its annual business under this head amounting to $2,500 000. The annual exports of marble total some $5,000,000; practically all of the famous Tennessee marble originating in the Knoxville district. Knoxville likewise is adjacent to the great Tennessee-Kentucky coal area, and does a coal business of some $20,000,000 each year. Zinc and copper mining also are conducted on an extensive scale in the Knoxville district, the annual export mounting to many millions of dollars' worth of these metals.

The city manager, Louis Brownlow, in explaining to the writer the circumstances attending the recent reorganization of the municipal finances, said:

"When the city manager charter came into effect at the beginning of Knoxville's fiscal year, October 1, 1923, the council was faced with the immediate task of preparing a budget. It had only the experience of former administrations to guide it. Taking the expenditures of the previous fiscal year as a basis, the council made up a budget which involved $500,000 reduction in expenditures. Then they estimated the revenues and levied a tax rate of $2.44 to balance the budget."

It appears that the city had a deficit from the preceding year amounting to $1,000,000. The tax rate for that year was $1.90, whereas based on existing assessments it should have been $2.93, to meet the expenditures actually made.

When the city manager took office last December there was installed an improved accounting system. By the middle of June the new system was producing daily reports which clearly indicated that there would be a surplus in revenues. On July 26, this surplus, after setting up adequate reserves for errors in assessments, slow collections, and the like, amounted to more than $300,000.

It was thereupon recommended to the council that a 10 per cent refund in taxes be ordered. It would have been easy, of course, to have retained all the surplus, but, as Mr. Brownlow explained to the writer, this probably would have encouraged extravagant expenditures and it was therefore decided that it would be better to make the refund direct to the taxpayers.

The report to the city council, setting forth in simple, non-technical language, the details of the reorganization of finances which made it possible to build up this large surplus, was as follows:

"To the Council of the City of Knoxville.

"Gentlemen:

"I have the honor to recommend that the Council pass an emergency ordinance providing for the refund of 10 per cent of the taxes already paid and yet to be paid on account of the tax levy for the fiscal year 1924.

"This refund will amount to 24.4 cents, and while the tax levy for the current year necessarily will remain at $2.44 per hundred of assessed valuation, the actual tax paid will be reduced from $2.44 to $2.196.

"When this Council assumed office the first of October, 1923, it was faced with the immediate task of preparing a budget under the strict budgetary provisions of the new Charter, and, according to law, the task had to be undertaken and accomplished immediately. Mr. Howell J. Davis, temporary City Manager, Councilman Keller and other members of the Council worked together on the preparation of the budget, and I, who at that time had not come to Knoxville, came here for two days' consultation in that connection.

"Without previous experience in the conduct of the City administration, it was impossible for the Council at that time to base their estimates upon anything except the experience of the previous administration as it was exhibited in the books and auditor's reports then available.

"It was determined from the first that the expenditures would be considerably reduced from the amount of the expenditure of the previous fiscal year, and this was done when the budget was adopted, providing for a gross expenditure of $3,826,823. Against the total of the appropriations made for the budget was placed an estimate of the revenues to be received, of exactly the same amount. The new Charter had abolished the City Tax Assessor and had provided for the use of the assessment figures of the county assessing authorities.

DAILY

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The City Of

KNOXVILLE

COVERING

Fiscal Year To Saturday July 26, 1924

The City Council was able t orefund ten per cent of this year's taxes, thereby reducing the tax rate in effect from $2.44 to $2.19 6-10 because it had exact information because th City's affa

C| CITY TREASURER'S ACCOUNT

FUNDS	Balances Last Report	Receipts Today	Vouchers Issued Today	Balances Today
General Fund (Cash for general departmental purposes from which all budget expenses are paid.)	$687,966.53	$ 5,790.02	$ 4,125.00	$689,630.15
Permanent Improvements Fund—Oakwood Sewer (Cash to pay for constructing Oakwood Lateral sewer unit from sale of permanent improvement notes.)	$ 78,000.00			$ 78,000.00
Street Assessments Fund (Money collected from abutting property owners to pay their share of street improvemeot bonds.)	$ 4,404.53	$ 41.25		$ 4,445.78
Street Improvement Fund (Money obtained from sale of City's share of street improvement bonds to pay for paving.)	$ 54,367.55			$ 54,367.55
Floating Indebtedness Fund (Money obtained from sale of bonds to pay accumulated indebtedness of previous years. Most of this will be paid out by October 1st as notes become due.)	$929,062.07		$ 12,679.35	$916,382.72
Tennessee School for Deaf Fund (Money held to pay notes due to state on purchase price of Deaf and Dumb School Property as notes become due.)	$250,000.00			$250,000.00
TOTALS (All cash in banks and treasurer's office.)	$1,963,796.80	$ 5,831.27	$ 16,804.78	$1,972,826.80
Sinking Fund, Cash and Investments (Amount in cash and bonds held by Sinking Fund Board to pay at maturity general and corporate bonds of the city.)	$478,999.83			$478,999.83

"The figure used in the estimate upon which to base the tax rate was, in round numbers, $101,000,000, as against a total assessment of the previous year of $96,660,000. The actual assessment as ascertained for this year, still to be decreased by the elimination of some double assessments and errors, and still to be increased by further assessment of ad valorem taxes, now stands at $111,000,000 in round figures, or $10,000,000 more than the figures used in the estimate of revenues upon which the budget was based.

"On the other hand, although the appropriations made were reduced far below the actual expenditures of the previous year, it now becomes clear that it will not be necessary to expend all the money appropriated to the budget, although the appropriation for some purposes, such as streets, necessarily will be used up.

"The fact that the revenues were accruing in an amount sufficient to produce a surplus over and above the actual requirements of the year, was made manifest as soon as the new accounting system began, on June 18, to produce daily reports of the fiscal affairs of the city. These reports have been carefully analyzed, and the supporting figures checked through the books of the City.

"This report shows that on July 26 the revenues ascertained amounted to $4,166,937.84, or $303,114.84 in excess of the total budget requirements for the year. By revenues accrued, I do not mean, of course, actual cash collections, but I mean the revenues actually charged on the books in the form of taxes assessed, water bills, hospital bills, and so on. This amount also includes all assets inherited from the previous administration.

In other words, the books show, at the close of business on July 26, realizable revenue assets of $300,000 in excess of the total requirements of the current fiscal year.

"This figure does not represent the whole of the revenue surplus for the year. It will be added to by all of the revenue accruing for the remainder of the fiscal year, which will include further assessment of ad valorem taxes, water bills, hospital bills, inspection fees, court fines and other miscellaneous revenues of the City.

"Although I do not think it wise or prudent to base any action upon an estimate of these accruals, for purposes of information I desire to state that they probably will be in excess of $110,000. It also will not be necessary to expend all of the moneys originally appropriated in the budget, and to the extent that the budget appropriations are not spent, the revenue surplus will be increased.

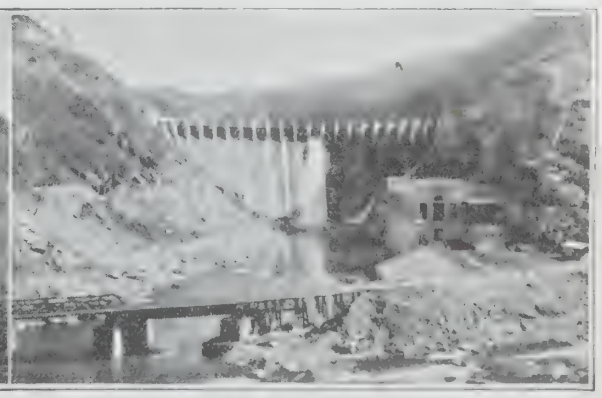
"Whatever may be the eventual amount of the surplus, it would be improvident to base any action upon estimates further than to recognize the fact that the surplus inevitably will be increased above the $300,000 now shown as the balance of income accrued in excess of total requirements for the year.

"I believe that the prudent and economical administration of municipal affairs requires that the City should take from the citizens in the form of taxes no more than is necessary to conduct the business of the City for the tax period. *Not to overtax the people is as*

(Concluded on page 14)

The production and furnishing of the world-famous Tennessee marble constitutes one of Knoxville's industries.

An iron furnace near Knoxville.



Power dam located at Calderwood, in the heart of the Smoky Mountains.

Eating the Correct Food Cheats the Doctor

Faulty Nutrition Declared the Principal Cause of Most of the Human Ills

By MARY E. BAYLEY

TO MOST of us nutrition means the question of something to eat. Our habits have been based on custom and not knowledge. And if we feel full and comfortable, we think we are well nourished.

There has been during the past few years a confusing array of advice and direction, appearing in books, magazines and newspapers, in an attempt to educate the housewife in matters relating to nutrition. Much of this has served only to confuse the public mind. It has not only tended away from simplicity, *but it has not embodied the new principles which scientific* research has firmly established. It has been based largely on the old view, universally accepted a few years ago. That satisfactory nutrition could not be secured without the solution each day of a scientific problem. That the housewife must be confronted with tables giving the fuel values and content of protein, fat and carbohydrates in foods; that she must visualize a hundred calorie portion of all the common foodstuffs. Also that she must keep rigidly in mind the special needs of different members of the family group. An attempt to follow this plan has resulted usually in the housewife providing such things as from experience she knew her family liked, giving them as much as they wanted, and in this way disposing of the subject of nutrition.

The White Flour Cult

WE CANNOT measure the value of all foods in terms of energy value. For many other things have to be considered. The caloric value (energy value) of food is, therefore, no longer considered the correct test to a nutritious diet. We now know that biological chemistry, which studies the effect of certain foods on life, is the correct test. Through this science there has been produced overwhelming evidence that "the keynote to successful nutrition is the selection of foods having unlike dietary properties, but so constituted as to supplement each other's deficiencies and to make a mixture which affords the most satisfactory amounts of each of the essential food elements rightly combined."

And what does this mean? Simply that it is necessary to keep in mind that most of our common foodstuffs are in one or more respects deficient in some degree. But in different classes of foods these shortcomings are not the same. Thus by using suitable combinations, which in the correct manner supplement each other's deficiencies, proper nutrition is secured. In other words, the proper balancing of the diet is the key to successful nutrition.

In recent decades Americans and some of the peoples of Europe have adopted a type of diet never before tried by man, at least not on an extensive scale. This diet consists primarily of bread made from refined white flour, cereals, potatoes, meats of the muscle type, and a large percentage of refined sugar, other things being secondary and of irregular additions.

While in this country we do not suffer from the terrible diseases that are caused by marked deficiencies in diet, we do know that pellagra, a distressing disease now afflicting no fewer than one hundred and seventy thousand persons in certain parts of the South, has as its predisposing cause faulty diet. We do know that rickets—a common disease of childhood—while not a deficiency disease in the same manner as those mentioned, is the result of faulty nutrition. And also we know that the round shoulders, flat chests, and poor teeth, seen so frequently in school children, are in large measure the result of faulty diet.

While the diet and mode of living of large numbers of persons is not sufficiently faulty to cause the health to fail completely, it may yet be of a character to bring the individual into a state of constitutional inferiority, or chronic nutritional instability. While the outward signs may be long in appearing, they will in later life be reflected in lowered vitality, early aging and low resistance to infection.

That diseases due to wrong dietary habits have increased is no longer a matter of guesswork. It is an established fact. While living conditions have through sanitation been improved, epidemics brought more or less under control, the infant mortality rate cut in half, and through preventive medicine, immunity produced against many diseases—the death rate from diseases affecting the heart, blood vessels and kidneys have increased. In fact the records show an increase of nearly 100 per cent in thirty years.

Diet Which Lacks Nutrition

THERE has also been an increase in nervous and digestive disorders. These diseases are increasing in people of all ages. While hardening of the arteries, kidney and heart degeneration are supposed to be old-age diseases, they now reach down into middle life. And among the four hundred and ten thousand persons who die annually from them, sixty thousand die under the age of forty years, one hundred and five thousand between the ages of forty and sixty and two hundred and forty-five thousand above the age of sixty.

That we can grow old because of food deficiency (lack of proper kinds of foods in proper amounts) on the one hand, or food excesses on the other, is now a well-recognized fact.

As a branch of preventive medicine, the study of the science of nutrition has assumed greater importance than ever; for in recent years new and surprising relations between food and health have become apparent.

It is only within the last few years that anyone could say what constituted a proper diet. It is, however, now known definitely that the regular diet of a large portion of the people in the United States and in some parts of Europe is falling short of maintaining proper nutrition. This knowledge has been gained wholly by experiments on animals and applying the results to human beings.

And now that it may be appreciated why certain combinations of food make good each other's deficiencies, let us examine some of the new facts which modern nutritional studies have brought to light.

First. There has been revealed the unsuspected fact that the leaf of the plant (leafy vegetables) has dietary properties which chemical analysis does not reveal. And this means: That green vegetables have taken a unique place in the diet. It has been found that the root vegetables (potato, carrot, turnip, beet and radish) have certain shortcomings in common and when foods of this class are used together, they do not greatly enhance each other's value.

Second. There is a remarkable difference between the dietary properties of leaves (leafy vegetables) or of milk, as contrasted with any of the ordinary seeds (peas and beans), tubers (potatoes), root vegetables (as sweet potato, carrot, turnip, beet, radish) and meats derived from muscle tissue of animals (ham, steak, roasts, and so forth). And what is this remarkable difference?

Simply that of all our common foodstuffs, milk and the leafy vegetables are the only two classes which are relatively rich in calcium, the principal element in lime. And this means that of all our foods these—milk and the leafy vegetables—are the only two classes that do not fall below the nutritive requirements of man in their supply of calcium.

A pound of the leaves of various plants contains from five to twenty-five times as much calcium as does a pound of whole wheat. The corn kernel contains less calcium than wheat, and rice contains much less than corn. Potatoes and fleshy roots are also poor in calcium; peas and beans, however, contain more than the cereal grains.

Shortage of Mineral Elements

WHILE it has long been known that there were several mineral elements which must be furnished by our food, it was not until recently that the significance of other facts was appreciated, namely, that most of our common foodstuffs did not contain enough of these mineral elements to meet the needs of the body, and that the body is surprisingly sensitive to a shortage of any one of the indispensable mineral elements.

As an example of the necessity of supplying to the body the maximum of its mineral needs it may be mentioned that:

> "Potassium is a constituent of all tissues of the body, but the relative amounts in different structures vary considerably. Only when there is a certain relation between the potassium, sodium and calcium concentration in the blood will the heart beat normally. Other functions of the mineral element could be mentioned, in the performance of which each plays a specific rôle and in the performance of which one element cannot be replaced by another without causing disturbances of metabolism or even death."

The root vegetables (sweet potato, carrot, turnip, beet, radish), potatoes, peas and beans, and lean meats (steak, ham, roast, and so on) are all poor in calcium. And the milling products of wheat, corn and rice are also poor in phosphorus and iron. And what is the significance of this?

Simply that these foods must be used in combination with calcium rich foods, such as milk or leafy vegetables, and the addition of meat or eggs cannot take their place. These two classes of foods (milk and leafy vegetables), since they tend strongly to correct the deficiencies in a cereal, potato, peas, beans and root vegetable diet, or one in which in addition to these, muscle meats are included, have been termed "The Protective Foods."

Eggs and the glandular organs of animals, such as liver, kidney, and so on, serve partially to correct the deficiencies of this type of diet, but they cannot take the place of milk or the leafy vegetables, because they are too poor in calcium.

The Great Importance of Milk

MODERN studies in nutrition have emphasized the great importance of milk. That milk is a complete food for the young and necessary in the diet of the growing child is a fact already too well known to need comment. It is, however, not so well known that milk is particularly valuable for the adult. It not only corrects in a remarkable way the deficiencies of those foods which form a large part of our diet, but, in its natural state (unheated) milk contains all three of the vitamines, fat soluble "A," water soluble "B" and water soluble "C." Its fat is the best source of vitamine "A" (fat soluble "A"). This substance is not found in any vegetable fats or oils and, with the exception of butter fat, is *abundant* among our common foodstuffs, only in the yolk of egg.

The leafy vegetables and the glandular organs (kidney, liver, and so on) are, however, a source of fat soluble "A." It is found also in lesser amounts in the root vegetables and legumes. Any diet containing whole milk, raw fruits and vegetables, especially the leafy vegetables and salads, will be rich in all the vitamines.

Fruits and those vegetables which can be eaten raw have a special and very important rôle in nutrition as carriers of anti-scorbutic substances. Fruits and vegetables also have great value as correctives of faulty elimination, whether taken raw or cooked. And in addition to these properties, fruits and vegetables when added to the diet "tend to the establishment of a proper acid base equilibrium in the various fluids of the body." The ash of fruits and vegetables is alkaline. Most seeds give an acid ash and meats are also of acid character.

"The meat and bread portion of our diet when oxidized in metabolism leads to the formation of an excess of acid over base-forming substances. It is now a well-established fact that a certain alkali reserve in the blood is essential to maintain its capacity to carry carbon dioxide to the lungs for elimination, and that a common pathological condition, acidosis, exists in which this reserve falls below normal."

It has also been discovered that there is a great difference in the nutritive value of proteins from different sources. The proteins of the cereals, of beans and peas, potatoes and other root vegetables, are of rather poor quality.

The second and concluding installment of this article will appear in a succeeding issue.

A Strange Little Songster By D. LANGE

THERE must be something impressive about a bird song which one can remember eighteen years, for such has been my experience with the song of the winter wren. I heard the song first in June, 1906, in an alder thicket on a wild stream some fifteen miles north of Lake Superior; and I did not hear it again and had no opportunity to study and enjoy it, until the summer of 1924 near Lake Anjigami and the Michipicoton River in Ontario.

The song is a well-modulated and well-sustained whistle; high-pitched, but not shrill. It comes unmistakably from a small bird, but it has none of the wiry, chirpy qualities and none of the lisping faintness characteristic of the warblers, which inhabit the same kind of wild forest. If the chattering notes of the house wren could be made really musical and more sustained, they would come near representing the song of the winter wren.

The wrens are all active and voluble songsters, but the only one who has a voice and real musical ability is the winter wren. It must, however, not be inferred that the pert little bird sings in winter. The unfortunate name was fixed on the bird nearly a century ago by Alexander Wilson, who became acquainted with it in its winter range near Philadelphia. I should like to call it the alder wren.

All the wrens, house wren, marsh wren and winter wren, remind me of lively children. Whenever one sees them they are going or coming or doing something. Other birds, including the active warblers, will at times perch quietly for five or ten minutes or longer. I have even seen a humming bird sit quietly on a dead twig for twenty minutes. But who has ever seen a wren sit still for five minutes?

It is well known that house wrens and even to a greater extent the marsh wrens build more nests than they ever use for raising their broods of young, and I discovered last summer in the wilds of Ontario, that the winter wren also builds at least one nest, which is not intended for eggs and young. The use of these nests has been a mystery.

By a fortunate accident I found two nests of the winter wren, both within about twenty miles of the northeastern bay of Lake Superior. The first one was tucked away under the log roof of a deserted lumber camp at the junction line of wall and roof. A small natural cavity was neatly closed with a partition of delicate green moss, leaving a round hole just big enough to admit the small bird. I found the nest on June 23. Two weeks later it contained no eggs and I did not see the wren near it. My first conclusion was that the nest had been abandoned.

But about July 1, I discovered another nest very close to my camp. In this case I saw the wren carry the same kind of green moss, and I both saw and heard him sing within a few feet of me. Knowing that the bird must have a nest close by, I watched him whenever I had an opportunity, and a few days later I saw him dart out from under the roots of a fallen tree on the trail to my spring. I knelt down and examined the roots carefully and discovered a neatly built nest with a front of short sticks and green moss, a neat round entrance hole, and a lining of fine moss; but this nest also was empty.

However, I expected it would soon contain eggs, because both my companion and I saw the bird come out of it several times, and he was singing daily within a few rods of the nest.

But the nest remained empty. About August 5, I met the family, about six in number, getting ready to start south, and then I began to wonder if I had not, after all, made a discovery, even if I had failed to find the nest in which the young were raised.

I believe the nest I found was built by the male to be used by him as a sort of bachelor's hall for an occasional rest and retreat. And I wonder if the winter wrens, and also the house and the marsh wrens when they get tired and sleepy do not resemble active children in this respect that they love to retire to a nice cozy corner? No place would be better adapted for this purpose than a cozy camp nest in a cool shady place, affording protection from the glaring sunlight as well as from wind and rain. And I wondered if Billy Wren kept the location of this rest camp secret from his rather querulous and temperamental mate.

America's Leading Keeper of Wild Animals

W. H. Blackburn Relates His Experiences With the Denizens of the Jungle

By C. R. ASCHEMEIER

THE National Zoological Park at Washington, D. C., is one of the show places of our nation. It was established by an act of Congress in April, 1890, and was placed under the direction of the Smithsonian Institution.

There are 170 acres, situated in beautiful Rock Creek Valley. Ned Hollister the superintendent, and an eminent mammalogist, died recently.

The interest of the public in the National Zoological Park is attested by the number of visitors. The average annual attendance is about two and a half million persons.

There are many other zoos in the country, and many other keepers of animals, but the national zoo is very fortunate in having a man of W. H. Blackburn's ability to supervise the care of its animals. But the animals destined to Mr. Blackburn's care are to be considered extremely lucky; for without doubt he thoroughly understands the wants and needs of any creature, sick or well. In truth, he is a man who loves animals.

It is customary for Mr. Blackburn to make one or more trips over the entire park each day regardless of the weather. Although the keepers under him are quite efficient, they are allotted only certain animals to take care of. There are at present about two thousand animals.

Mr. Blackburn was for many years an animal trainer for Barnum and Bailey. His specialty was the large "cats" (lions, tigers, leopards and pumas) and bears.

The most exciting incident of his career as a trainer happened in New York State. It was while giving a street parade for the benefit of two small towns, three miles apart.

Mr. Blackburn, attired in kilts, the dress of the Scottish Highlander, was in a cage with several lions, seated on a stool. There was one in particular that was exceedingly dangerous, and which refused to be struck with a whip. (A keeper before Mr. Blackburn tried it only once, and barely escaped with his life.)

Things were going along quite serenely. The parade had passed through one of the towns and was on its way to the other, when a terrific electrical storm broke forth. The cages consisted of two compartments, and Mr. Blackburn had succeeded in getting all but the bad fellow into the inner inclosure.

A run was made for the other town, and as the horses galloped briskly onward, the head keeper had the most exciting time of his long career. The lion came straight at him, and his stay on earth seemed limited.

The only means of defense Mr. Blackburn had was the stool on which he was seated. The lightning flashed with great frequency, and he dealt the lion several blows on the head with the stool, but without avail. All the while the lion kept his eyes tightly closed. Finally the animal got his head under Mr. Blackburn's kilt and crowded him into a corner, holding him there firmly. By an almost superhuman effort he extricated himself from the corner, but the lion with its head still covered stayed right with him.

Just as the parade reached the other town the storm ceased, and once the lightning and thunder was over the lion acted quite normally. The lion had been thoroughly frightened by the storm, and Mr. Blackburn by the lion.

Mr. Blackburn, when asked about the training of the large "cats," said that the ones who put up a fight were by far the best. Those who would lie in a corner were less intelligent, and bore close watching. There was no telling when they might attack in their stealthy way.

The first animals in the park were two Indian elephants presented by the Adam Forepaugh Shows people. There was no place to put them so they were chained by Mr. Blackburn to trees until autumn, when a suitable house and inclosure was ready for them. It meant carrying water up a hill, and those elephants could drink water, said Mr. Blackburn.

As people pass through the park and see the beautiful scenery little do they realize all that has been accomplished in transforming a wild, desolate place into one of the finest zoological gardens in the country.

In 1913, Mr. Blackburn was commissioned to go to Egypt and bring back a large shipment of animals. Among these were two African elephants, three large baboons and several camels and antelopes. Again he demonstrated his ability to handle animals by landing them in first-class condition.

In the shipment were also included two cheetahs or "hunting leopards." At that time they were the size of ordinary house cats. They have now been in the National Zoological Park eleven years, and are the only pair in the United States today.

There are other animals and birds quartered in the park, many of which are very rare. Among these are the California condors, of which the National Park has had three for more than twenty years. During that time they have laid three eggs.

There is also the ounce or snow leopard. This animal was offered to the park for $800. It was sick and could hardly stand, but Mr. Blackburn nursed it back to health. Today it is one of the stars of the zoo. There is also the Aard wolf, a toothless animal resembling a hyena more than a wolf. The long-eared fox also found in Africa is another rare animal.

Keeping animals alive, whether born at the park or imported from their native haunts, is far from being an easy task. But through the efficiency of Mr. Blackburn, all descriptions of animals have thrived well.

A feat performed by Mr. Blackburn was to keep a sloth, that queer ungainly animal from the Amazon Valley, alive for more than three years.

There are numerous other animals that have lived for years in the National Zoological Park, and in many instances they have multiplied to such an extent that it has been necessary to sell the surplus to other parks.

There is a young rhinoceros at present doing well at the park. It was a puny little thing on its arrival, and was only bought on the strength of Mr. Blackburn's ability to pull it through. It acted morosely and its life was despaired of. Mr. Blackburn at once hit on the idea of giving it a playmate. This happened to be an ordinary goat. An immediate change for the better was noticed in the baby rhinoceros. Prolonging the lives of animals means that less numbers of them have to leave their native haunts to supply parks and circuses.

Top—California condor. Center—W. H. Blackburn. Left—Pig-tailed monkey and young. Right—Young guanaco born at the park. Bottom left—"Ben" the Bengal tiger. Bottom right—A lion presented to Colonel Roosevelt, by the late King Menelik of Abyssinia.

Musk ox doing well at the Zoological Park. They are from Greenland.

A female African elephant brought back from Egypt in 1913 by Mr. Blackburn.

The Fascinating Romance of Fort Dearborn

Towering Skyscrapers Now Mark the Spot Where Indians Roamed Many Years Ago

By J. V. NASH

Fort Dearborn and the Kinzie House, 1831.

Site of old Fort Dearborn and John Kinzie's house, as it looks today.

AS THE visitor to Chicago rides in one of the new motor buses up Michigan boulevard and across the magnificent double-deck bascule bridge which recently replaced the old Rush street drawbridge across the Chicago River, connecting the north and south sides of the city, he finds himself in the midst of two mighty streams of motor traffic passing up and down between towering white skyscrapers and over the shadowy river with its burden of barges, whaleback steamers, and nondescript craft. Over this giant bridge there flows daily a volume of motor traffic said to be the greatest in the world.

Here, at this great focal point of a twentieth-century city of three million population, where all the wonders of a mighty modern metropolis crowd upon the view, it is difficult to realize that a brief century ago there stood an old log blockhouse with palisades, outside whose walls Indians and fur traders loitered and bargained.

The story of old Fort Dearborn is one of the most fascinating in the long history of pioneering in the western wilderness. Around this primitive blockhouse there grew up, in the short space of a single lifetime, the second largest city on the continent and the greatest railroad center in the country.

Although the fort itself, the nucleus of modern Chicago, was not erected until 1803, the site had long been one of historic interest.

The first white men who are known to have visited the spot where Chicago now stands were two Frenchmen, Louis Joliet and Jacques Marquette. Chicago has always been known as the city of youth, and it is significant that the first white visitors to its site were young men, Joliet being in his twenties and Marquette in his thirties at the time.

In 1672 Colbert, minister of Louis XIV, sent instructions to the governor at Quebec to arrange for an expedition to explore "the great river" and ascertain the location of its outlet. In the Jesuit records of French Canada, dating from this time, we find the following reference to this expedition:

> "The Count Frontenac, our governor, and Monsieur Talon, then our intendant, recognizing the importance of this discovery . . . . appointed for this undertaking Sieur Joliet, whom they considered very fit for so great an enterprise; and they were well pleased that Father Marquette should be of the party."

GENERAL HENRY DEARBORN.

The party, consisting of Joliet and Marquette with five other men, started in two canoes from the mission of Saint Ignace, which Father Marquette had established at the Straits of Mackinac. Joliet had already explored Lake Superior, had brought to Quebec some specimens of copper, and when stopping at Saint Ignace had made the acquaintance of Father Marquette. The two had discussed the subject of the mysterious river, about which Joliet had heard much from some wandering Indians who came from the south and who called themselves the Illini. They had even extended an invitation to him to visit their villages, which they said lay "thirty days' march distant."

It was on May 17, 1673, that the party, leaving Saint Ignace, started paddling its way down Lake Michigan and reached the mouth of the Fox River at the head of Green Bay, where stood the mission of St. Francis Xavier. Green Bay itself had been discovered in 1634 by the explorer Jean Nicolet, who first made the passage through the Straits of Mackinac into Lake Michigan, and when he reached Wisconsin was firmly persuaded that he had arrived in China, and to make himself feel at home donned a gorgeous mandarin's robe which he had brought along for the purpose.

The expedition made its way down the Mississippi to the mouth of the Arkansas. Then the explorers found it necessary to turn back. They ascended the Illinois River to the Desplaines, from which, by a very short portage, they reached the Chicago River, and floated out upon Lake Michigan. This was in September, 1673. The party then returned safely to Quebec. On Marquette's map, which is still in existence, we can trace in roughly accurate outline, "Lac Huron," "Lac Superieur" or "Lac de Tracy," and "Lac des Ilinois" (Lake Michigan).

Six years later, in 1679, the Sieur La Salle, at the head of an expedition numbering seventeen, came down through the Straits of Mackinac into Lake Michigan, and skirted round the southern end of the lake, looking for a more favorable river route into the interior. He believed that he had found it when he discovered the St. Joseph River, where the city of St. Joseph, Michigan, now stands. Paddling up this stream, he crossed the portage into the Kankakee, thence to the Illinois River, and at a point near where Peoria now stands he built a fort. The following year he led another expedition over the same route.

Toward the end of 1681, with a much larger party, La Salle traversed the Chicago-Desplaines route which Joliet and Marquette had opened, into the Illinois and thence down the Mississippi clear to its outlet in the Gulf of Mexico, upon whose sparkling salt waters he gazed on April 7, 1682.

While engaged in an attempt to found a colony in what is now Texas, on the shores of the Gulf, La Salle was killed in a quarrel, on March 19, 1687. The same year a party of five survivors of La Salle's ill-fated Texas expedition, after enduring much hardship, reached the site of Chicago and spent some time in the vicinity. Joutel, one of the party, has left an interesting account of the region. He tells how the party eked out its scanty provisions with "a kind of manna," which seemingly refers to maple sirup, and wild onions, which grew in profusion in the surrounding woods, and from which, he adds, the region takes its name, Chicago.

There is such overwhelming evidence of the derivation of Chicago from the Indian name for the wild onion, that one can no longer take seriously such fanciful stories as that it was derived from two Latin words, "circum" and "ago," whence "Circago" and finally "Chicago," signifying "I busy myself about"—in allusion to the strenuous life which the situation of the place necessitated, prophetic of the future city's tireless activity. Cadillac, the French commander at Mackinac, in a report dated 1695, mentions "Chicagou" and explicitly states that the name signified "river of the wild onion." Again, an English treaty with the Indians in 1773 refers to "Chicagou or Garlick Creek."

The name Chicago, through all the vicissitudes of spasmodic pioneering, Indian warfare, the war between the French and English, and the American Revolution, stuck to the creek and portage at the southwestern extremity of Lake Michigan. In various crude spellings it appears on maps and documents all through the more than one hundred years which elapsed between the time of La Salle's letter of 1683 and the establishment of Fort Dearborn in 1803.

Long before the end of the eighteenth century there were already several more or less permanent residents on the site of Chicago, but there was only one building which could be dignified by the title of "house." This was the structure which became famous in after years as the Kinzie dwelling. It stood on the north side of the river, near the mouth, and directly opposite the point where the fort was later built; in other words, about at the northern abutment of the magnificent new Michigan boulevard Link Bridge.

In the early history of Chicago, one of the greatest "melting pots" on the continent today, we find significant foreshadowings of that cosmopolitanism which was to become one of its most distinguishing characteristics. Indians, French, English, French-Indian and English-Indian crossbreeds and Americans of a variety of racial origins figure in the chronicle of those days.

Most interesting of all, however, is the fact that the first "white man" (using the term in a broad sense) to establish himself in Chicago and build a substantial house there was a black man. This individual was named Jean Baptiste Point de Saible; he hailed from the French West Indies, and apparently had come up the Mississippi by way of New Orleans and the French settlements along the river.

It was some time before 1779 that De Saible erected the comfortable house at the mouth of the Chicago River which later became the home of John Kinzie. De Saible had acquired a fortune in the Indian trade. He is described by an early Chicago pioneer who remembered him as "pretty wealthy," and it is added that he "drank freely."

When De Saible settled at Chicago, the territory had passed out of the hands of France and into the possession of England. The British commander at Mackinac, Colonel De Peyster, seems to have kept a watch on De Saible, whom he reported as being "much in the French interest." De Saible, however, was not molested, and

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The wild onion, Chi-kaug-ong, from which Chicago took its name, and which still flourishes in the vicinity.

The Old Kinzie House, Chicago.

Manhattan Goes to See World War Plays

Lurid Dramas Which Recall the Days of Mud, Misery, Machine Guns and Massacre

Glory and Grog Accessories of Emotional Romances of Pre-Armistice Days

By PETER SCHUYLER

"ON THE eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month" of 1918 the Great War ended. As a topic for the Manhattan stage it has just commenced. Already there have been major actions, gas attacks, retreats, and much very bad language. Of course The Wisest (?) City in the World had a few stray breaths from the battlefields before but they have been only breaths. "Three Faces East" was a spy drama in an English setting; "The Better 'Ole" was a roaring comedy of the shell holes; the other "war plays" were simply pegs upon which enterprising dramatists hung an assortment of tattered theatrical ideas in the effort to acquire a few dollars from a frenzied nation. Until "What Price Glory?" burst on the Manhattan showgoers the citizenry of the island for a real knowledge of the fray had to content itself with parades of returned divisions from the other side, scandals connected with the operation of the Veterans Bureau, and the contemplation of neighborhood casualties. The play at the Plymouth Theater has brought the war home to Manhattan with a bang.

Dirt, Blood and Degradation

IT WAS written by two newspapermen, Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings. Mr. Stallings served as an officer in the Marine Corps and lost a leg "over there." Evidently he knows something about what he has written. Evidently also, the loss of his leg has not deprived him of his kick. The result is a disillusionizing picture of war for those who need disillusionment and an attempted stripping off of all the fancy frippery that is supposed to go with it. Here are no blaring bands, no fluttering flags, no lovely nurses pillowing wounded soldiers in their sheltering arms. It is all dirt, blood, degradation, and futility. By the same token, it is the most incredibly overestimated play which Manhattan has seen in a long time and a totally unsatisfying one. It has been declared by its hysterical admirers as a smashing attack on the common concept of the glory of the soldier's life. It has been the object of an attack by governmental officials because it was supposed to be bringing the uniform of the American soldier into disgrace and disrepute. It has been censored by the local watchdogs of Manhattan stage morality as a stench crying to the city hall for removal. The net—and perhaps expected—result has been to pack the Plymouth Theater to the doors at every performance, to make ridiculous the dignity of the municipal and governmental big wigs, and to do nothing else except attract a lot of silly people to a play, which, under the best of conditions, should never receive more than vagrant interest. That it will end any or all war is doubtful. At the head of the street whereon "What Price Glory?" is located there is a recruiting station for a field artillery regiment which seems to be doing good business, night and day.

The Captain and the Sergeant

TRUTHFULLY speaking, "What Price Glory?" is no more a war play than is "Camille." It might just as well have been called "What Price Ladies?" "What Price Cognac?" or what price anything. True, the characters in it are soldiers but they are not concerned about the fighting or the winning of the war. The battle rages, between a lieutenant of marines and the top sergeant of his company, for the favor of a blowzy French maiden, the daughter of the village saloon keeper. The enmity between the two men is not engendered by this one item, nor confined to an area back of the lines in France. Wherever this particular detachment of battleship policemen has served there has always broken out a bitter feud between captain and sergeant. And always over a woman. The captain wins his shoulder bars in the course of time. The sergeant is "busted" repeatedly but he always manages to capture the ladies at issue from his superior. Then they meet in France and the perennial conflict is renewed. The course of this affair constitutes the story of the play. There is no drama in it but much grand and lofty profanity between the warring suitors. The dear old war is dragged in to make atmosphere and a cellar in a disputed town is turned into a lecture hall where the differing viewpoints of the professional soldiers are exposed. The talk drifts from the existence of the soul to topics expletively military. Soldiers die—center stage—the sergeant gets a flesh wound and a ticket to the rear where rests the blowzy French maiden who is beautifully indifferent which of her admirers survives the ordeal of fire, cognac, and the military police. The high moment of the evening arrives when the captain comes back from the line, very drunk, and finds his light-o-love seated on the top sergeant's sound knee. The sergeant is also drunk. Both gentlemen get drunker and decide that things have come to such an amatory impasse that they must shoot it out. So they play "blackjack"—a further proof that this is a real war play—and the winner is to get possession of a Colt's .45 which he is to have the right to empty into the loser while that unhappy individual is trying to break all existing sprinting records down the road.

For once the captain wins but the sergeant escapes. Before the blowzy French maiden has the chance to reward the victor his company is ordered back into the line and the disappointed captain, drunk and all, has to lead his exhausted warriors back to the killing of more Germans. Right here is the spot in which the authors rise to heights of patriotism never reached by that well-known press agent of "The Star Spangled Banner," George M. Cohan. As the woozy captain staggers to the head of the column to start on the way to his bloody job leaving the blowzy French maiden to the alcoholic embrace of the top sergeant, the latter, filled with the widely advertised spirit of the marines, also staggers off to tag onto the rear of the column. This despite the fact that he is clad only in a pair of Red Cross pajama pants and a "salvaged" French smock. No gas mask, no "hump," no equipment, no tin hat, none of the regulation advance equipment has Sergeant Quirt. He has not even a grenade in the pocket of his Red Cross pajama pants. But full of fight, grog, and the yearning for glory, he staggers on to join his outfit, abandoning the blowzy French maiden to the next batch of replacements coming up the line. Perhaps Messrs. Stallings and Anderson wished to convey the impression that it was to be the "top kick's" last quest for glory. Certainly they send him out to fight the Boche as poorly stocked with weapons as ever was a soldier, even on the Manhattan stage.

Telling It to the Marines

AS may be imagined the play was received with a whoop of delight by the critics who rejoiced at the "vigor," the "unusualness," and "the strength" of the piece. One of the best known of the first-night chroniclers fainted dead away in his report from sheer ecstacy of emotion. Ladies, who don't mind bad language when they have to pay three dollars and thirty cents an evening to hear it but who call the nearest cop when they have to listen to the angry dialog of teamsters caught in a Manhattan traffic jam, flocked to the theater. A lot of ex-service men attended to hear once again the old familiar strains of combat zone conversation. The curious, the prurient, the sensation seekers assembled in paying quantity because they are just that, and "What Price Glory?" became overnight the one and only dramatic success in town. It is reported that Arthur Hopkins, who also produced Eugene O'Neill's luridly lined, "The Hairy Ape," exhibiting an unsuspected inferiority complex, printed a note of quasi-apology for the language used by the playwrights in the first-night programs. Mr. Hopkins is not bashful in the cause of the freedom of the artistic conscience but he doubtless disliked to bring the police about his ears before the show got a running start. Or it may have been the showmanship of the day which is prone to warn its audiences that they are about to see something pretty stiff.

The discriminating few, after seeing the drama, say, "If this is one of the results of war we are for everlasting peace."

That the authors of "What Price Glory?" have taken advantage of what is called "stage license" is apparent to anyone who saw even a little bit of the Big Show. No place on earth except on the platform of a theater does a captain stand in his company headquarters, exchange sarcastic comments with a brigadier general, and score laughs at the expense of his superior. Perhaps that sort of thing goes on in the marines but it is a trifle too much to believe. The blistering conversation between the captain and his top sergeant could, and probably would, happen especially since they had for years been both non-commissioned officers between whom rank was a simple matter of good or bad luck, being "made" or being busted. As presented by Mr. Hopkins and as written by Messrs. Stallings and Anderson "What Price Glory?" most of the time bears an intimate relationship to that variety burlesque of a decade ago, "The Battle of Too Soon."

His Hated Rival

THE other "war drama" which has engaged the attention of Manhattanites is an importation from England called "Havoc." It was a great success in London—where the original company was dutifully left. "Havoc" is the same sort of piece as "What Price Glory?" inasmuch as "the Front" is used to stimulate interest in the story. A society butterfly has the habit of getting engaged to the officer in the Sam Brown belt nearest her. When the happy man gets back to his job the butterfly sends him a note, on robin's egg blue stationery, saying that she has made a mistake and that she really doesn't love him. When the play opens the butterfly has got herself caught in an engagement with a Captain Dunton, a soldier by profession and inclination. On leave to London comes Lieutenant Chappell, a subordinate of Dunton's and his bosom friend. He is also an old sweetheart of the butterfly. She, having been disappointed in a dance appointment, proceeds to fan into flame the almost dead fire of the lieutenant's affection. He, bound by a sense of fair play, comradely feeling, and *esprit de corps* tries to escape the lady's wiles. But she bowls him over and sends him back to his company commander with the news that he has taken the boss' place in her heart. The captain, like a true warrior, flies into a rage at his friend and wants to kill him. But since even in the Great War captains did not shoot their lieutenants over a lady's change of mind Dunton finds another way to get rid of his rival. He orders him to hold a position when the order is to withdraw and practically condemns him to death because there are five thousand Germans on the job and less than a score of Britishers. But the playwright gets the blinded lieutenant through to the rear where the captain's little plot is disclosed. The latter, overcome with remorse when the lieutenant to save him, declares that he misunderstood the order, retires into the next room and conveniently blows out his brains. The blind lieutenant hunts up the society butterfly (who has just made a date on the telephone to go partying with a colonel) and after giving her a piece of his mind in which he asks her to consider the "havoc" she has wrought, is led out into sunshine and the married state by the sister of the captain who blew out his brains.

Women and Cognac

IT CAN be seen without very much effort that both "What Price Glory?" and "Havoc" are not war plays at all. If you believe their authors and follow the plots you are compelled to the conclusion that it is not poison gas, nor high explosives, nor flame throwers, nor "potato mashers," nor machine guns, nor rifles that do the really bloody work of war. It is women and cognac.

Everything however serves a purpose and "What Price Glory?" has done something. As a result of the blast of disapproval from the Brooklyn Navy Yard, the Department of Justice, Mayor Hylan's announcement chamber, and the police commissioner's dungeon on Mulbery street, the program at the Plymouth now contains the following note:

"I am presenting 'What Price Glory?' exactly as it has been given at the Plymouth Theater for every performance, except for the elimination of three expressions that are used in the best families and by our noblest public officials.

ARTHUR HOPKINS."

War certainly is what Sherman is supposed to have said it was—if you care to ask Mr. Hopkins.

The Fascinating Romance of Fort Dearborn

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when the Illinois territory became a part of the United States, in 1783, he lived on undisturbed in his home by the river. Altogether, De Saible resided in Chicago more than eighteen years, until 1797, when he sold his house to a French trader named Le Mai and took up his residence among the Peoria Indians, with whom he was on terms of great intimacy.

De Saible was practically the only permanent resident of Chicago when the American flag first flew over the Illinois territory, although at this time or shortly after there were one or two squatters round about. Nearby, a certain Pettell had occupied a cabin since 1790, while in the rear of De Saible's house a small building housed Antoine Ouilmette, a Frenchman, and his Indian wife, a member of the Potawatami tribe who some years later, under one of the Indian treaties, was awarded a tract of land fourteen miles north on the lake shore, where the aristocratic suburb of Wilmette now stands. Out on the north branch of the river a trader named Guarie maintained a post. Such was the population of Chicago and its environs when the United States began its history.

At last, in 1803, the United States Government decided to build a fort at the mouth of the Chicago River. At that time the most important frontier settlement was Detroit, and it was from Detroit that, early in the year just mentioned, the schooner *Tracy*, a U. S. Government vessel of ninety tons, set sail for the southern end of Lake Michigan with building material and supplies. A company of sixty-six men and three commissioned officers had been assigned to the new outpost. The small size of the vessel, however, made it necessary for all but the commanding officer, Captain John Whistler and his family, to make the trip overland, which they did, under Lieutenant James S. Swearingen.

The little vessel proceeded through the Straits of Mackinac and coasted down Lake Michigan, stopping at St. Joseph, where Captain Whistler and his family disembarked and rowed over to Chicago. The Whistler party consisted of the Captain and his wife, a grown-up son, Lieutenant William Whistler, just married, with his wife, and Captain Whistler's two-year-old son, George Washington Whistler. The schooner, the Whistler family, and the men who had come overland all reached Chicago about the same time.

In the person of Captain Whistler, the Irish may be said to have first arrived in Chicago. The Captain had had an extraordinary career. He was born in Ireland, had joined the British army, and was a member of one of the British regiments sent over by George III to put down the American Revolution. Captain Whistler was among the prisoners of war taken by the Americans when Burgoyne's army surrendered after the Battle of Saratoga in 1777.

He liked his captors and their country so well, however, that after peace was declared he decided to become an American citizen. He then settled in Maryland, where he married. Later he joined the American Army and was actively engaged in the Indian campaigns in the West. His naming of his younger son after George Washington shows his devotion to the country of his adoption. The Captain became the progenitor of a very distinguished family. The son, George Washington Whistler, was graduated from West Point and was later an engineer in the service of the Russian government. A daughter married the son of John Kinzie, the famous "first citizen" of Chicago. A grandson was the illustrious artist, James McNeill Whistler, who, while he lived in England, was always proud of the fact that, as he used to say, his grandfather "founded Chicago."

The honor of being the civilian founder of the modern city of Chicago is, however, generally accorded to John Kinzie, who, like Captain Whistler, had begun life as a British subject, having been born in Canada, about 1763, of Scotch parents. The name was originally McKenzie, but John's young playmates, finding McKenzie a difficult name to pronounce, were accustomed to call him "little Johnny Kinzie." When the boy grew up, he kept the name Kinzie. His father dying when John was young, the boy was taken by his mother and stepfather to New York. At ten years of age he worked his way back alone to Quebec, where he secured employment with a silversmith and in time became an expert in that craft.

Some years later the family moved to Detroit, where John now rejoined his relatives. He became greatly interested in the Indians, learned their language, won a warm place in their hearts, and soon established himself as a successful Indian trader. He built a number of trading posts, the farthest west of which was at St. Joseph, Michigan. From there he crossed to Chicago in 1804, bought the De Saible house from Le Mai, to which he added a veranda and planted four Lombardy poplars in front, and became the leading civilian resident.

John Kinzie, through his fair dealing with and brotherly spirit toward the Indians, exercised an extraordinary influence among them; so much so, that even when bloody wars were in progress he moved about in perfect safety. He was known by the Indian name of Shawneawkee, meaning "the silverman."

The name of "Dearborn," which was given to the little fort where Chicago now stands, is one of somewhat frequent occurrence in what was formerly the old Northwest Territory. Just as the United States is personified in Uncle Sam, and New York City in Father Knickerbocker, so Chicago in cartoon and story is represented by "Dad Dearborn."

It happens, strangely enough, that the man who has been thus signally honored, was never himself, so far as it is known, a resident of or even a visitor to the Northwest Territory.

General Henry Dearborn was, however, a distinguished officer in the Revolution. He was a native of New Hampshire, and as a young man took part in the Battle of Bunker Hill.

Nine years after the establishment of Fort Dearborn there occurred the dreadful event which is known in Chicago history as the Fort Dearborn Massacre. This was an incident of the War of 1812, which broke out in June of that year, and which in turn was involved with the Napoleonic Wars then raging in Europe. The Indians along the western frontier were largely in sympathy with England, the result being that the outlying American posts found themselves in great danger.

On July 29, 1812, General Hull, in charge of the American Northwestern Army at Detroit, dispatched a letter to Captain Heald, commanding at Fort Dearborn, in which he ordered the evacuation of the post. The letter read as follows:

> "It is with regret I order the evacuation of your post, owing to the want of provisions only, a neglect of the Commandant of Detroit. You will therefore destroy all arms and ammunition; but the goods of the Factory you may give to the friendly Indians who may be desirous of escorting you to Fort Wayne, and to the poor and needy of your post. I am informed this day that Mackinac and the Island of St. Joseph's will be evacuated on account of the scarcity of provisions, and I hope in my next to give you an account of the surrender of the British at Malden, as I expect 600 men here by the beginning of Sept. (Signed) Brigadier Gen. Hull."

Captain Heald, according to the wording of this letter, was left practically without discretion, and decided to carry out the instructions to the letter. The Indians were outwardly friendly, and Captain Heald bargained with them for an escort to Fort Wayne. Mr. Kinzie, who well understood the real temper of the Indians, was filled with foreboding and tried to convince the commander of the risk involved in leaving the fort under such conditions.

The Indians were greatly incensed by the destruction of the surplus arms and powder before the evacuation. The instructions were specific, however, and Captain Heald was resolved to obey them. And so, against the remonstrances of his officers, who regarded the adventure as certain death, he went ahead with his plans.

On the morning of August 15, 1812—a warm, sultry day—the little company, to the strains of the "Dead March," set out from the fort, which the Indians immediately fell upon and looted, wantonly shooting the cattle. Besides the men of the garrison, and a friendly Miami Indian escort which had come with a Captain Wells from Fort Wayne, there were a number of women and children, the younger ones riding in the wagons containing provisions and equipment.

The cavalcade made its way southward among the sand dunes, close to the lake shore, while the escort promised by the Potawatamis moved along some hundreds of yards to the west. John Kinzie had been warned by a friendly chief not to go with the party but to cross with his family by boat to St. Joseph. But Mr. Kinzie hoped that by his presence he might help to insure the safety of the company, and while he placed his family in the boat he himself went with the garrison. Ouilmette, with his family, remained at Chicago, being treated by the Indians as one of themselves and fearing no danger.

The procession had progressed only about two or three miles when the younger men of the Potawatamis could no longer be restrained; turning, they closed in upon the little company and began killing indiscriminately. The men resisted bravely, but their ammunition soon gave out and they were borne down by weight of numbers, while the friendly Miamis fled on their horses.

Space does not permit a detailed account of the many distressing scenes which that August day witnessed. Many of the company, both men and women, were killed outright, others were badly wounded, and, most pathetic of all, of the eighteen children, twelve were murdered and few of the others were ever heard of again. Further resistance being useless, a parley was held with the Indians and the survivors surrendered on the best terms obtainable. John Kinzie was of great service in helping the unfortunate survivors; Ouilmette, also, was able to assist some of the fugitives. The men who surrendered to the Indians were taken to Detroit, which was then in British hands, and became prisoners of war, suffering great hardship during the winter.

Among the little children in the wagons was an infant of six months. The others in that wagon were tomahawked, but this baby was saved by its mother having concealed it under a shawl. Mother and child spent some time as prisoners among the Indians but finally regained their liberty. The child grew up and after marriage moved to California, where, as a Mrs. Winans, she survived into the twentieth century, dying in 1903 at the age of more than ninety years.

During the continuance of the war, Chicago was left without a garrison. In 1815, however, peace was declared, the following year Fort Dearborn was rebuilt and remanned, and John Kinzie with his family returned to Chicago and reoccupied the old home. Mr. Kinzie survived until the year 1828, but it was not until the thirties that the old house, after half a century's existence, disappeared from view; while the fort itself held on until the middle of the century, when it was swept away by the rapidly growing city of Chicago, already echoing with the eloquence of Lincoln and Douglas.

An American City Which Declared a Dividend

Concluded from page 9

much a moral obligation as it is to levy a tax sufficient to meet the proper expenditures and obligations without piling up debts such as have so seriously impaired the credit of the City in the past.

"I believe, therefore, that it will be wise at this time to pass an appropriation ordinance refunding to the taxpayers 10 per cent of the amount of taxes paid this year, which would require an aggregate appropriation of $280,000 in round numbers. The total amount of the taxes assessed for this year, as it stood on July 25, was $2,747,573.32. The amount of taxes collected on account of 1924 tax abstract, as of July 25, was $519,473.30. The passage of the appropriation, then, would mean that approximately $52,000 would be returned in cash to those who have already paid their taxes, and approximately $228,000 would be rebated upon the tax bills as they are paid.

"Since the annual budget under our Charter must be made up in September or October, and since the tax assessment is not completed until the following June, it is impossible to fix a tax rate that will exactly represent the requirements of the City. Taking this rebate into consideration, the further accrual of revenue for the remainder of the fiscal year and savings in the expenditure under the budget will produce a surplus of revenue assets which the Council may apply when the actual amount is ascertained, to the reduction of next year's tax rate.

"Fortunately, the books and records of the City are now so kept that the exact status of the revenue and expenditures is automatically revealed every day.

"I have the honor, therefore, to recommend the passage of the emergency ordinance which is submitted herewith.

"Louis Brownlow, City Manager."

The city council after careful consideration approved these recommendations. So it was that a few days later the taxpayers of Knoxville received the following unusual communication:

"To the Taxpayers of Knoxville:

"The Council finds that partly by reason of underestimating the revenue to be expected and by reason of the efficient management of our administration officers and their diligent development of our various sources of revenue, the City has a surplus in its revenue assets. What the exact amount of this surplus will be at the end of the fiscal year cannot now be accurately determined, and the Council would prefer to deal with facts as they are now ascertained, and not base any action upon an estimate, however carefully made, of the operations of the remaining two months of the fiscal year.

"However, the Council has ascertained from the City Manager and the Director of Finance that additional revenues are accruing and that the expenditures will be less than was provided by the budget. It also finds from the certificate of the Director of Finance that there is at this time a surplus in accrued revenues of $300,000.00 in round numbers, already accrued, over and above all of the requirements to meet the budget in full, should every dollar be expended.

"The Council had nothing to guide it when it took office except the experience of the previous fiscal years and it made its estimates of revenues and expenditures accordingly, substantially reducing the expenditures at the outset and basing its estimate of the revenues upon the best obtainable information.

"Now that a modern system of municipal accounting has been installed and we are able to learn from day to day the exact financial status of the City, we find that we are able at this time to refund to the taxpayers 10 per cent of the amount of the tax levied. To those taxpayers who have already paid their taxes, this will be refunded by check; and those who have not yet paid will have 10 per cent deducted from the amount of the tax bill.

"We are glad to be able to make this refund, because we believe it to be our duty so to manage the affairs of the City that no more money will be taken from the taxpayers than is necessary economically to operate the business of the municipality, just as we believe that it is equally our obligation to levy a tax sufficient to meet the operating expenses of each fiscal year without piling up a deficit in the form of floating debt."

The new method of handling the city's finances was proving so successful that after this 10 per cent dividend was declared, it became evident that further benefits to the taxpayers would be forthcoming.

"Revenues to accrue during the remainder of the fiscal year, and savings on account of under-expenditures in the budget," says Mr. Brownlow, "will bring the city to the end of the fiscal year with a surplus of approximately $300,000 in its current realizable assets, and make possible a reduction of the tax rate for next year to $2.10."

One of the most interesting features of the system now in vogue at Knoxville is the daily financial statement showing the exact condition of the city's finances, for the information of the taxpayers—a statement so simple and clear that all who run may read and understand.

In the Knoxville daily papers of August 3 the city published, in a double-page spread, a copy of the municipal financial statement, as of July 26. The statement was accompanied by the following explanatory preface, signed by John C. Bordens, director of finance:

"How Your City Keeps Its Books.

"Daily Financial Statement,

"City of Knoxville,

"Covering Fiscal Year to Saturday, July 26, 1924.

"The City Council was able to refund 10 per cent of this year's taxes, thereby reducing the tax rate in effect from $2.44 to $2.196 because it had exact information of the financial state of the city. This information was obtainable only because the new system of bookkeeping produces a daily report showing how the City's affairs stand at the close of every day's business.

"Your bank knows how much money you have on deposit every day.

"Any taxpayer can now know where the City's business stands every day."

International Science Briefs

By DR. ARVID REUTERDAHL
President, Ramsey Institute of Technology, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Work of the Forest Products Laboratory

CARLILE P. WINSLOW, director of the Forest Products Laboratory.

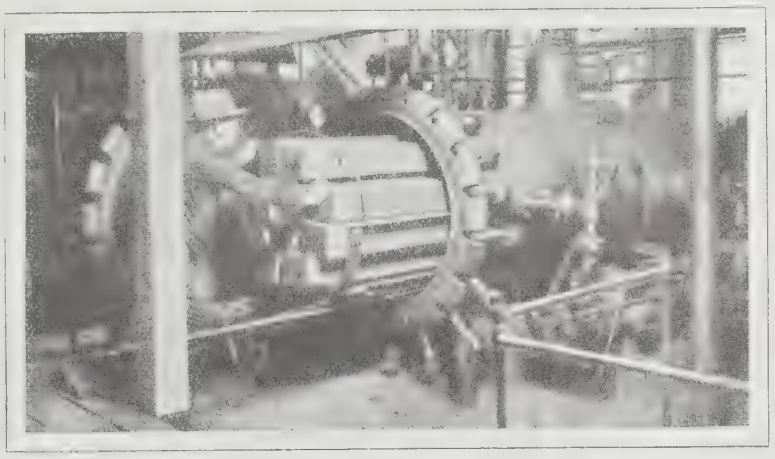
OUR country is a consumer of vast quantities of raw material. As a nation we are reckless in our use of Nature's generous donations to our comfort and well-being. Periodically, protesting voices are heard against this dangerous lavishness of those material essentials which constitute the very backbone of modern life. Nature is an inexorable banker. Some day, if we persist in withdrawing our funds from the bank, *Nature,* without making systematic deposits, of at least sufficient magnitude to neutralize our withdrawals, we will find ourselves without funds and our account with this relentless banker will be permanently closed.

William B. Greeley, Forester, United States Forest Service, is the authority for the following statements: "We need six and one-quarter million cords of wood a year to make our newspapers, magazines, books, pasteboard boxes, and other products manufactured from wood pulp. We are meeting this need at present only by importing a third of our paper or paper-making material from Canada. We require from one hundred to one hundred twenty-five million railroad ties each year to keep up and extend our railroad lines, aside from enormous quantities of timber used in other forms for railroad construction and the building of cars. At least six billion feet of timber is necessary yearly for boxes, crates, and barrels, a requirement which is steadily increasing. All told, we demand of our forests about fifty-six billion feet of timber yearly, aside from well over one hundred million cords of small material for fuel and various chemical products. There is nothing comparable to this enormous use of wood in the history of the world.

"The original forests of the United States are supposed to have covered eight hundred twenty-two million acres. Over two-thirds of this area has been culled, cut-over, or burnt. There are left today about four hundred sixty-three million acres of forest and cut-over land of all sorts, which contain about two thousand two hundred and fourteen billion feet of timber of merchantable sizes. Three-fifths of the timber originally in the United States is gone. All told we are taking about five times the amount of wood out of our forests every year that we are growing in them. We are cutting more of every class of timber than we are growing. We are using up the trees too small for the sawmill, but upon which our future lumber supply depends, three and one-half times as fast as they are being produced. Of still greater significance is the fact that the timber left is not in the right place. The crux of timber depletion is the exhaustion, or partial exhaustion, of the forests most available to the great bulk of our population, agriculture, and manufactures."

These statements, quoted in full because of their importance, coming from an authority like Mr. Greeley, ought to arouse our nation to a solemn realization of the dangers involved in the continuation of frenzied and uncurbed extravagance. If the national consciousness is once thoroughly awakened to the perils involved in this heedless waste then the ravages of this disease will be checked by the application of the remedy which has long been known.

Honest and unselfish scientists, engaged in the study and dissemination of the truth concerning the ignorant waste of raw materials, are missionaries that force us to consider the great problems of human existence impartially and independently of temporary private gain at the expense of the whole and the long run.



Preservative treatment of ties at the Forest Products Laboratory. Ties entering the preservation cylinder.

Not long ago the writer had the opportunity to hear a discourse on the subject of the intelligent, that is, scientific, use of forest products. The man who delivered the address was a scientific missionary sent out by the Forest Products Laboratory located at Madison, Wisconsin. The writer refers to R. C. Tuttle, one of whose principal duties consists in informing our citizens about the great work—great, because it is intelligent and good—done by the Forest Products Laboratory. Through the foresight of one of America's most progressive universities, the University of Wisconsin, this branch of our Forest Service was provided with a home in a building erected by this institution. The present director of this eminently useful research laboratory is Carlile P. Winslow, to whom great credit is due for the excellent service rendered under the depressing difficulties of the grossly inadequate financial budget provided by our Federal Government. It is the duty of every citizen to insist that the Forest Products Laboratory and all similar departmental branches of our government are given adequate support. It is high time that such departments, which constitute the mainsprings of our national life, be liberated from the evil and depressing effects of corrupt political greed.

The following facts are stated in justification of our insistence that the Forest Products Laboratory has already earned its right to the appreciative support of every citizen of our country:

The timber used in building and construction annually costs about $200,000,000. The investigations and recommendations of the Forest Products Laboratory, in this item alone, have effected an annual saving of $4,000,000. A conservative estimate of the saving in shipment losses and damages is $1,000,000 a year. This research laboratory, through its development of water-resisting glues and plywood for airplanes saved the War Department $6,000,000 during the war period. Researches dealing with the use of hull fiber and second-cut cotton linters for pulp and paper have made available 200,000 tons for this purpose and have resulted in the establishment of large plants with potential production of 300 tons a day and an annual sales value of $15,000,000. Improved methods of turpentining developed by the Forest Service resulted in increased yields and less injury to timber with net savings, aggregating $4,000,000 a year. These items alone represent an aggregate saving and increase in production of $30,000,000 per annum.

A new use for wood waste was discovered by the members of the staff of the Forest Products Laboratory. It was found that ordinary white pine sawdust could be chemically transformed into a carbohydrate stock food, equivalent to one-half the food value of barley and similar stock foods. This new food, a miracle of chemical research, can be produced at a cost of about $7.00 a ton.

This laboratory is a national reservoir of facts which are constantly available to any of our citizens. The inadequate annual appropriations made by the Congress of the United States, are, however, insufficient for the proper support of this eminently valuable departmental work.

At the present time the Forest Products Laboratory is equipped to conduct intensive research in all lines of wood utilization. It is, moreover, the only organization of this kind in the country. Its cooperative service is available to industries at a minimum cost. This institution does not promote one product against another. Its purpose is directed, not toward exploitation of special interests, but to a far greater end which will enable the public, as well as the industries, to put wood to its best use. Another excellent feature of its program is the free dissemination, through its publications, of the result of the research work of the Laboratory, which is not subject to private patent.

There is no doubt that the timber resources of a country are among its most valuable assets, and in no country in the world are these resources of more importance than in the United States. The President has recently pointed out that unless there is a change in the manner of handling our supply of forest trees, the country will be practically denuded within another half-century.

It is not so very many years ago since trees were treated as so many gigantic weeds which had to be rooted up and burnt without rhyme or reason.

One of the miracles of chemistry—converting sawdust to a carbohydrate stock food having a food value equivalent to one-half that of barley.

Testing finished paper in the pulp and paper laboratory.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Policemen in New York City who "cuss out" citizens are fined one day's pay.

The average unemployment in the United States, year in and year out, is 10 to 12 per cent. In numbers, American unemployment affects from one to six million persons.

Ancient Egyptians had incubators for hatching chickens. The eggs were placed in temperate ovens and turned much as are those hatched in the modern incubator.

Last year organic heart disease killed nearly three times as many persons in New York City as did tuberculosis; more than twice as many as cancer; more than half again as many as pneumonia.

The first man to use electric lights on the American stage was Bolossy Kiralfy, a veteran theatrical producer, who introduced this manner of lighting more than fifty years ago in his first New York playhouse. He was assisted by Thomas Edison, who has among his cherished possessions a program of that show on which appears, "Novel electric effects by the Edison Electric Light Company, under the personal direction of Mr. Thomas Edison."

Doctor A. Von Wilke, of Berlin, declares in an essay concerning international language that English is becoming the language used for that purpose. French, which has been used in former times, is losing its prominence.

It has been discovered by an archeologist that gloves were worn by both the ancient Egyptians and the ancient Hebrews.

So far as is known, the building which really deserves the distinction of being the largest building in the world is the eight-story warehouse of the United States army base in Brooklyn. It contains fifty-two acres of floor space, nearly twice that of the Equitable Building in New York City.

Approximately twenty thousand elephants are killed annually for their ivory.

Their financial allowance suddenly cut off by the war in China, many Chinese students in the United States who depended on the Boxer indemnity money to carry them through college are now seeking part-time employment so they can stay in school. This affects about four hundred and twenty-five students.

Drops of water, asserted by natural scientists to be more than ten million years old, preserved in quartz, is exhibited in Field Museum, Chicago. The water is clear and sparkling in its crystal container. It was found imprisoned in crystal quartz in rock formations near Bahi, Brazil.

The Rev. Dr. Charles D. Dane, pastor of St. Mark's Congregational Church in New York City, has resigned because "an active minority in the church insists upon desecrating the house of God by using it for modern mixed dancing," he announced.

"There is no glory in war, either in its conduct or method. . . . We know that war does not end war; that war is not a means of solving international disputes or bringing peace to a troubled world."—*Sir Arthur Curri,* former commander of the Canadian corps.

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. This set includes: "The International Jew," Vol. 1, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

A flawless emerald (and there are very few without flaws) is worth, carat for carat, three times the value of a similar diamond.

Flooded workings in a Pennsylvania coal mine gave a mule the first opportunity to view sunshine that he has had in fifteen years. He at first refused to budge from the conveyor that brought him to the sunlight and it required force to get him to his new lodging place, where he was afraid to venture forth for several days.

The opossum is the sole survivor in North America of the ancient race of comparatively unintelligent creatures known as marsupials—animals which carried their young after birth in a pouch or pocket.

Every twenty-eight minutes in the day and night a human life is sacrificed to violence in New York City.

President Alvaro Obregon of Mexico plans to reside and manage his plantations at Navojoa, Sonora, at the completion of his term of office.

When the Emir of Katsina visited the London Zoological Gardens the lions, hyenas and jackals rose up, began to growl, followed with their eyes every movement of the native chiefs, and from time to time made springs at the bars. The Emir was not surprised. "The lions know," he said, "that we are accustomed to hunt them."

Twelve-inch phonograph records that play for 100 minutes and reproduce entire operas by aid of radio loudspeakers without the noise of needle-scratching have been produced by an inventor of Berlin, Germany.

A shipment of 3,000 tons of corn from Argentina, received in Tacoma, Washington, revealed that corn from the South American Republic could be laid down in Washington cheaper than corn from Iowa.

"The whiter the bread, the sooner you're dead," is a catchy slogan that has a great deal of truth in it.

Columbus was seventy days coming to America in a ship weighing 100 tons and carrying a crew of fifty-two. Dr. Hugo Eckener in eighty hours came to America in an airship weighing ninety tons and capable of carrying a crew of eighty-three.

A new glacier with a mile-wide ice field has been discovered in the Olympic peninsula of Washington.

The deepest spot in any ocean has just been sounded in the Pacific about fifty miles off the Japanese coast. A Japanese warship has reported the lead sank to a depth of 32,644 feet, more than six and one-fourth miles, without touching bottom.

By a new French invention, the pilot of an airplane in case of accident pulls a lever, the fuselage opens like a big umbrella, and plane and passengers float down to earth.

An entire city block has been purchased on Washington Heights, New York City, the loftiest section of the metropolis, and a twenty-four story Romanesque cathedral known as Broadway Temple will be erected by the Methodist Episcopal Church. This will be a modern apartment house capable of housing five hundred persons, with playgrounds on the roof. The money derived from rentals will be put toward the cost of the building and to help other churches.

Thirty per cent of the fires in a downtown Manhattan wholesalers' district are of incendiary origin, according to Assistant Fire Chief Thomas J. J. Hayes. He says fires vary with the business seasons. When trade is brisk fires are few, but when goods cannot be sold they seek to sell them to the insurance companies by arson.

Recently a moose walked into the city of Montreal after wandering down from the Laurentian Mountains north of the city. He entered the thick woods on the slopes of the Riviere des Prairies, swam the river, and found himself in the heart of civilization.

Statistics of 78,500 oil wells drilled east of the Rocky Mountains in three years show that 83.78 per cent are of problematic value; that the big gushers are less than one per cent.

The origin of the term bootlegging had its inception in the West where sundry gentry peddled booze unlawfully among the Indians, carrying the liquid fire in the leg of their boots to conceal it from the Federal officers.

The habit of touching wood when we have boasted of our good luck is a throwback to the ancient tree worshipers. The primitive belief was that spirits resided in trees and wood was touched to call the attention of the tree spirit to the fact that his influence was recognized, and that he might not feel slighted and change good fortune into bad.

There are 30,000 different kinds of fishes in the Amazon rivers, among them many species found nowhere else.

An innovation that promises to revolutionize golf is the lighting of the courses by means of floodlight projectors, the artificial light being so brilliant that the players have no difficulty in following the balls.

It costs about $45,000 to build one mile of the best concrete road, twenty-four feet wide.

Mohammedans will eat no meat unless a prayer is uttered while one of their own religion cuts the throat of the animal.

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An American Pilgrim Sight-Seeing in Paris

By ALLAN L. BENSON

DEC 15 1924

Elmer Bowman—"A Vanishing Type"

When Mr. Sapiro Did Not Co-operate

A Black or a White South Africa?

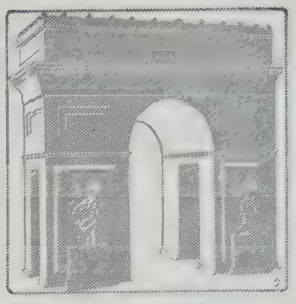
The High Cost of Seeing Others Play

Harold Bell Wright and His Life Work

"Selling" a State by Its Own Products

NEXT WEEK

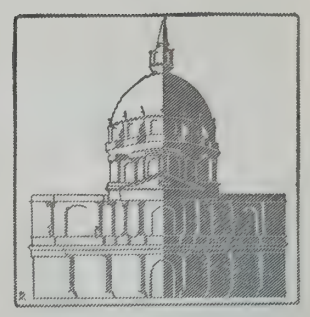
Italy's Position Today



Arc de Triomphe, Paris.

American Pilgrim in Paris

Seeing the Sights With Chauffeur as Guide; Almost a Duel in the Cathedral of Notre Dame



Dome des Invalides, Paris.

ALLAN L. BENSON

I SPEAK a little English, but no French. I was told in London that I would nevertheless have no trouble in Paris because taxicab drivers, waiters, clerks in the stores and thousands of others speak English.

The first man to whom I spoke after reaching Paris was a taxicab driver. I told him I wanted to go to the Hotel Chatham. He did not understand. I repeated the name, again and again. Apparently he had never heard of the place. As I continued to repeat the name, I wondered why anybody in London should be so stupid as to engage hotel accommodations for me at a place so obscure and perhaps so distant from the railroad station that Paris taxicab drivers had never heard of it. The driver finally called a chauffeur from another taxi and asked him if he could make anything out of my jumble of noises. He couldn't. But he had an idea. He produced a paper and pencil and handed them to me. While the two men looked over my shoulder, I printed in large capital letters:

H-O-T-E-L C-H-A-T-H-A-M

I had barely finished the last letter when the second driver, in a sort of "Oh,-I-am-beginning-to-understand-this-fathead" tone exclaimed: "Ah, ze Hotel Shot Tom."

The place I wanted was one of the best-known hotels in Paris, two blocks from the Grand Opera House, which is the center of everything. We were there in five minutes.

I soon found that there are two ways to make one's

"The driver called another chauffeur and asked him if he could make anything from my jumble of noises."

self understood in Paris—as far as vocal communication is concerned—to pick up what French words one can and mix them in with one's English, or to stick to English. At dinner, the first evening, I heard a stout American lady use about six times the only French word she knew and that settled me. "Oui" was her word. Forty-six words from the Mississippi Valley and then "Oui." "I'll have some filét of sole, salad with French dressing and a bottle of Evian, *oui.*" On every side, one heard such painful attempts to be French. I decided to take a tip from an old globe-trotter that I met in the Savage Club in London. "The reason," said he with a mischievous smile, "why English is spoken more than any other language in the world is because the English are so terribly obstinate. They refuse to speak any language but their own."

I refused to speak anything but English in Paris and the waiter who seemed not to understand soon got a terrible stare and the inquiry: "Don't you speak English?" I found no French waiter who would not admit that he spoke English perfectly; and, as a matter of fact, most of the hotel waiters did speak and understand sufficiently well to enable us to do business; but I kept out of restaurants unless I was with someone who could speak French.

The toughest bird I found, so far as speaking English was concerned, was a chauffeur with whom I spent my second day in Paris. After dinner, the evening of my arrival, I had ventured forth a few blocks from my hotel and, turning a corner, all at once the Place de la Concorde burst upon my view. The beauty of the spectacle was so overwhelming that I resolved to attempt to do no work until I had devoted a day to sightseeing. So I went back to the hotel and told the clerk that I wanted a car for the next day and a chauffeur who could speak English. At 9 o'clock the next morning, the car was at the door. I was apologetically told, however, that while the chauffeur could speak some English, he was not what might be called an expert at it. I soon discovered that this was but a very moderate statement of the fact. He could speak no more English than I could Chinese. But the hotel man gave him a list of places to visit and we started.

Our first stop was at the beautiful cathedral that is building at the highest point in Paris—the cathedral of the Sacred Heart, or Sacre-Coeur, as the French call it. I am not much interested in cathedrals, unless they are old enough to have an historic pull—and this one still smelled of mortar. But it was very impressive and I was glad of an opportunity to spend a few minutes in it. My French chauffeur, however, seemed to think that I had come to Paris particularly to see this place. He picked up an old man to act as a guide and we started on a tour of extended if not critical investigation. I was shown every nook and cranny of the place, which the old man, in very broken English, explained the best he could, and then taken to the basement. The basement was darker than pitch when we entered it, but the old man switched on a light from time to time as he pointed out beautiful marble statues of various past local dignitaries of the church. The old gentleman knew enough English so I could have stopped him at any time, but he was so very nice that I hadn't the heart to do it. I spent two hours in the place where I expected to remain 10 minutes—but I saw Sacre-Coeur. I'll say I did.

On our way out I asked my French chauffeur if he would take me to Napoleon's tomb. He looked at me in a dazed sort of way and I repeated the request. "Napoleon, Napoleon," I exclaimed, thinking he would understand the word and catch my idea. Nothing doing. Apparently he had never heard of Napoleon. "Then take me wherever you please," I added. He did not understand that, either, but he took me.

In a few minutes I was set down in front of what I recognized as the Cathedral of Notre Dame. By a few dexterous motions of the hands, shoulders and eyebrows, the chauffeur and I made each other understand that he would park his car and wait for me.

I stood outside a little while to look at this wonderful monument to a past age. The first stone was laid in 1163. The first generation that worked on the building lived, died and made way for the second. The second lived, died and made way for the third. So on for ten generations. The last workers could have said that their great-great grandfathers helped to build Notre Dame and still have omitted reference to several other generations who also helped. The work went on for almost 300 years. Christopher Columbus was perhaps a baby when the job was done. The same building that stands there on an island in the Seine was almost 300 years old when Washington was born.

I passed into the darkened interior. A guide flew to me like a piece of iron to a magnet. He was dressed in clerical garb. He was short, stout, round-faced and about 45 years old. He was pleasant, agreeable, informed, and spoke English well. Before we had gone far, I noticed that my guide seemed to be the object of some remarks from a Frenchman who was traveling with a party chaperoned by another guide. Soon the remarks grew into what seemed to be bordering upon a quarrel. They appeared to be slamming each other in French. Suddenly my guide shifted to English.

"What do I care what you think?" he said to the other fellow. "I have my customer here to attend to. I must speak English to him. You seem to think because you were wounded in the war that you can dictate to me. I also was wounded. I show you my papers. See them? I was wounded, too. If you do not like, I know how to handle a gun," and, pausing a second, he added, "as you do."

Great cats, what was about to happen—a challenge to a duel? Think of coming into Notre Dame, of all places in the world, and hearing men quarreling and hinting about broadcasting bullets at each other. I asked my guide what it was all about. He said the Frenchman was angry because he was speaking English to me. He had a guide who was speaking French to him, so the matter was not very clear to me. I set it down as one of the strange things that may happen to one when he is far from home and among people whom he does not understand.

To me, the most interesting thing in the cathedral was the place where Napoleon crowned himself and Josephine. It is in the center on a raised platform with a step or two leading to it. I saw a huge painting of the scene in the Louvre a day or two later and it was so true to detail that again I seemed standing in Notre Dame. In the cathedral, I also saw the robe that Napoleon wore at his coronation, while in the Louvre I saw his crown and one of his swords. At Versailles, I saw two of Napoleon's gorgeous carriages, laden with golden trappings and bearing the letter "N." One of these carriages was the one in which Napoleon and Marie Louise rode away after their marriage.

In Notre Dame is a collection of church jewels and gold plate that is equaled perhaps at no other place except the Vatican. My guide told me that I was very fortunate in being able to see these; at any rate, I saw them. One piece contained 700 diamonds, ranging in size from a bean up to a hickory nut, and a ruby in the center as large as a black walnut. After seeing so many jewels, the solid gold plates and things did not seem to amount to much. But the guide knew his business and, when interest was flagging, produced something to create a thrill. It was the golden chalice from which Louis XVI drank his last communion before he was taken away to be beheaded.

We left the chamber of jewels and gold to go back into the main body of the cathedral. The guide was pointing out the beautiful rose windows when he suddenly digressed to call attention to the fact that in one of the alcoves a wedding ceremony was taking place. He then told me that weddings take place in the cathedral every day. If the bride and groom don't amount to much, a small alcove in the rear for them. If they are almost somebody, they get a better place. If they are real people, with plenty of money, they face the preacher where Josephine faced Napoleon.

The rose windows are the most beautiful things in the cathedral. There are four of them, each 45 feet in diameter. Each is pieced together of innumerable bits of rose-colored glass. The effect of the sunlight falling through these tinted panes is exquisite. During the war, the French removed each of these pieces of glass and put them where the Germans could not shatter them.

As I came out, I saw my chauffeur sleeping behind the wheel of his car, waiting for me. I woke him up and away we went. After a mile or so, he suddenly let up on the gas, threw on the brakes and began pointing to a gilded dome on the left bank of the Seine. I tried to get what he said but couldn't understand a word of it. Finally, I made up my mind that he was telling me of something wonderful about the building with the gold dome and asking me if I did not want to visit it. I shook my head. Refusal seemed almost to drive him frantic. "Grand," "magnifique" were sandwiched in between every other word, and again he raised questioning eyes as to whether I would fall for what he wanted to show. I made a rapid calculation and came to the conclusion that this Frenchman was trying to lead me to another cathedral, and, knowing that nowhere in the world could there be another Notre Dame, I told him that I did not want to go. I shook my head and motioned him to go on. He went, but he was the sickest looking Frenchman that I ever saw. Plain disgust was written all over his face.

The next day, I found out what it was all about. He had been pointing to Napoleon's tomb and urging me to visit it and I wouldn't do it!

We continued on to the Bois de Boulogne, the great park of Paris, where I had luncheon at the Pre Catlan, a little marble palace, set in the woods, that serves as a restaurant. On the way, we passed through the Avenue de la President Wilson, a short residential street, with a statue of George Washington at one end of it. We also passed through the Rue Franklin on which Franklin lived when he was Minister to France during the American Revolution.

The Bois de Boulogne is quite different from American parks. It is really a forest with beautiful winding roads through it. It is on rolling ground and contains two small lakes. The woods are permitted to remain wild. There is no such display of ornamental flower beds as one would see in an American or an English park. In fact, there are but very few flowers. I think we have more beautiful parks in America than I saw in France or England. Detroit's Belle Isle, it seems to me, is the most beautiful of all, with Golden Gate Park, in San Francisco, second. St. James Park in London, with its lake, swans, flowers and trees impressed me more than the Bois de Boulogne.

The way back to Paris leads through the Arc de Triomphe and down the Champs Élysées, the most famous street in the French capital. The Arc de Triomphe, which was built by Napoleon to commemorate the victories of the "Grande Armee," makes our Washington arch in New York look pretty sick. The French arch is much larger and is so proportioned that it is impressive when one is standing near it or views it from a distance. It makes a splended picture when seen from a point far down the Champs Élysées. The Germans marched their army through it when they took Paris in 1870. Later the French draped a heavy chain around it so that this might not so easily happen again.

Under the left arch France's Unknown Soldier is buried. A flaming torch is set at the head of his grave. It is the duty of a government employe to keep oil in this torch so that it shall never go out. I stood beside it windy nights. The torch flickered but kept burning. It burns throughout all the storms of winter. It is the French idea that this eternal fire shall symbolize French memory—that it never forgets. Since the torch was lighted, the question has arisen in some minds whether it is a good thing. Men have wondered whether it may not cause France to remember some things that she might better forget—her eternal grudge against Germany. Maybe the torch is a good thing—at any rate, it has never gone out since it was lighted by the Minister of War three years ago and may burn for centuries.

The second and concluding installment of this article will appear next week.

"Paris exists chiefly to cater to tourists."

Elmer Bowman—"A Vanishing Species"

Veteran Louisiana Hunter Says That Game Is Making Its Last Stand

By MAX BENTLEY

FOUR little duck boats, in single file, turned from the main channel of the Sabine River and glided into the submerged forest on the Louisiana side. The dense palmetto stand marking the low east bank—submerged now as the spring rise came down—noiselessly parted to let the procession through, then closed again to swallow it from sight. With a quite human gesture the graceful green plants straightened up and shook the water from their fan-shaped spikes. They seemed to be standing watchful vigil for the dark forest host behind them.

The duck boats carried an expedition of muskrat hunters and buffalo fishermen: six professionals who lived there, and one prairie amateur. In the bow of the first boat, heading the procession by right of authority, was Elmer Bowman: seventy, grizzled and leathery, but marvelously wise in the ways of Nature's wild folk, and wielding his paddle like a boy. His followers were his two sons, Robbie, the elder and next in line of succession, and the boy Homer, aged fourteen; two sons-in-law, Hudson Larison and Henry Underwood; Hudson's father, Mister Larison; and the prairie amateur, myself. We were loaded down with rat traps, hoop nets, trot lines, lanterns, thermos bottles, and sharp knives. A day of action was ahead. At midnight Louisiana would clamp down on the Elmer Bowman fisher-hunter-trapper colony, and on the 10,000 other fur trappers of the state, with her annual nine months' closed season.

The fish were "knocking" that day. Elmer confidently led the way down a sun-speckled avenue of gums, maples and swamp dogwoods, and tied up to a tall cypress bearing the initials, roughly burnt into the bark, "E. B." This section of the submerged forest was Elmer's domain—leased land for whose trapping and fishing privileges he paid 10 per cent of his catch. In no time Robbie Bowman had two dozen traps set, nets were swishing through the water, and fifteen-pound buffalo fish were being dropped into an improvised "hog pen" made with wire netting strung from our island out around a group of trees in the shallow water nearby.

The buffalo is a stupid hog-mouthed blunderer that wallows into your net and inertly hangs there until you take him out. He grows to size and not to reason. A dozen big buffalo will fill a duck boat to the swamping point, and lie there with no more show of resistance than a feeble waving of gills and tails. And yet, I saw Henry Underwood extract the heart of one captive. He carelessly tossed it into the growing heap of bloody fish refuse whence I rescued it and placed it on a stump. The great thing beat steadily for forty-five minutes before it suddenly fluttered and failed—one beat a second, drawing itself up between every beat with a peculiar violent indrawing resembling nothing so startlingly as a shudder of agony and reproach.

Elmer and I talked of many things.

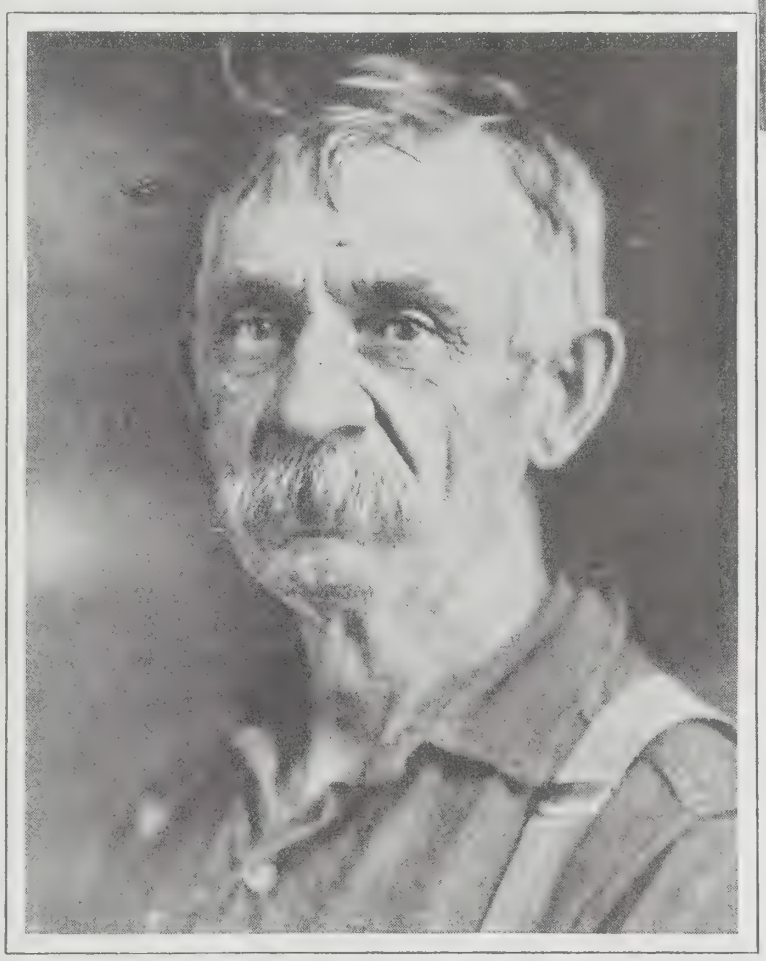
"Our last day," he said regretfully. "Of course the fish had to start knockin' today. It's hard on us that observe the law. Here's the season ending on rats and coon and fifteenth of February, just when the fur is getting prime. Louisiana clamps down on you, but along comes Texas without a single law. I take the trouble to get a permit from Louisiana to trap till the first of March, but these French *cajans* will slide over to the Texas side and trap till summer, taking the old shes full of young. Rats litter down here four or five times a year, but those fellows never consider that. They catch 'em in season and out season. When the buffaler fish begins to spawn and shoves over to the deeper water of the Texas side, them fellows will follow and make a killing; and when I start fishin' again April fifteenth there won't be none left. What's a law-abidin' family like ours to do? We trap and fish for our living—I've got a menagerie of fifteen people on my hands—and it's hard to see those poachers slide in under us."

"Why don't you slide over to Texas, too?" I inquired. Elmer looked at me solemnly.

"I've trapped right here for twenty-three years," he said. "Most of my children was born on this river. My married darters and their children lives in this fleet. In Indiany, whar I was born, I trapped as a lad and stuck to it till the game was all gone, and then I followed it south. When I come down here there never was such a place for game. Millions of rats and coons and possums and mink and skunk. All the rivers was crowded with fish. The Canada goose was so thick you could knock him down with an oar. I've seen the sky black for two miles square with ducks and geese going home in the spring. Things would stay like that if Texas would hook up with Louisiana and protect the game, but Texas hasn't done a durned thing. Right here the game is making its last stand. It can't go south, the Gulf's in the way, so what's left is headed west for Texas, and God help 'em."

Elmer did not put his figures too strongly. The Louisiana and Texas lowlands where roam the Bowmans are the last refuge, on a large scale, of the wild fur bearers which once thronged this continent. Remnants of the species, responding to some instinct which bade them desert their ancestral haunts before extinction overtook them, followed the great rivers southward, finally reaching the Mississippi delta in terribly diminished numbers. They have pushed on to a new home which, while it may lack much in satisfying the eye—even the eye of an animal—is, at the same time, as near man-proof as a beneficent Nature and Louisiana's fine conservation laws can make it.

It is a land of reedy marshes; of tidewater swamps and lakes; of wide rivers with low banks and great estuaries and deltas; crowded with stands of alluvial hardwoods whose branches interlace as their water-soaked roots give them tremendous height and limb spread and all but blot out the sun. "Rich in the complexity of its ancient forest growth, the bewildering labyrinths of its bayous, its tangled thickets of palmetto and sedges and grasses, its uncertain lights and shadows," it is at once hostile to the lust of the indiscriminate killer and friendly to the fleeing wild life, especially the water-loving species.



Elmer Bowman, a professional hunter, fisher, trapper of the Louisiana marshes.

The muskrat breeds prodigiously in the marshes. Great numbers—millions annually—are taken by the trappers for their fur. If the marsh is the natural home of the muskrat, the gaunt *cajan,* with his melancholy eyes and soft speech, finds in it something which satisfies his yearning for a pastoral solitude such as his ancestors knew, in a happier day, in their beloved Acadie. Being French, he is a natural trapper. If it was not a foreknowledge of the appearance of Southern Louisiana (picked up, perchance, from some roving sea captain), surely it was instinct that led thither a handful of the little band of Grand Pre exiles dispersed to the winds by their British conquerors in 1755. Their descendants have clung to the French speech, but curiously mixing its liquid smoothness with bits of terse and matter-of-fact English, and producing what one would be tempted to call a jargon if it were not so musical. Elmer Bowman himself is not French, nor *cajan* French, but most of the 10,000 Louisianians engaged in setting and running traps are.

It is not only the rat which propagates in vast numbers: for sheer prodigality of wild life of every species indigenous to a temperate wet climate the coastal belt joining Louisiana and Texas is not equaled by any large stretch anywhere on this continent. In the spring and autumn of the year floods on the rivers—peculiarly on the low-banked Sabine—interpose an effectual bar to the unlicensed hunter, and allow the water-loving animals to increase uninterruptedly. The fur-bearing species lack much in richness and luster of pelt, since the climate is balmy throughout the year barring an occasional "norther," but they make it up in frank numbers.

As for rats, the catch must be made quickly or not at all because the climate *is* so mild and rainy. The rat is like the humankind: when the day is warm and wet he has the impulse to stay indoors, while a cold and clear day can be depended on to bring him out.

Trapping conditions are conspicuously dissimilar from those prevailing in the Far North. The Acadian trapper of Louisiana falls short of the heroic stature of the fiction-delineated "breed" of "God's Country"—the one running his traps so fleetly that the tail ornament of his squirrel cap stands out stiffly behind and is, on occasion, frozen thus by the poetically suggestive and meteorologically improbable "cracking silence." What the *cajan* lacks in physique, complexion and picturesqueness of adornment he overcomes in downright elbow grease. The cracking sound resounding through the Louisiana region is simply the herald of his progress as he flounders through the marsh.

Skinning muskrats.

He flounders through mud and water, and grasses and rushes so thickly woven together that, unless he knows how to lift his booted feet and where to lower them, he is liable to sit down suddenly and violently, and wet the seat of his breeches, and lose his traps along with his temper. Even without an avoidable mishap, not to lose one's traps is something of an art. A bit of marshland looks like every other bit, and the traps are laid just under the surface of the water and covered with debris; and even a seasoned trapper who "senses" the lay of the region through long residence will not deem it a loss of caste to tie red flannel rags to conspicuous reeds along his trap run.

Rat houses are built of reeds and stalks, and on flats—inversely, oases in the marsh. The premises are mowed as clean as a hay field, the resemblance to which is emphasized by stacks of collected vegetation topping, in rounded form, the under-water corridors and chambers. Entrances are strategically made from below the water line, while the chambers are above, the whole bearing a rough and makeshift resemblance to beaver houses, except that there is no hard mud covering. The entrances are merely holes in the mud. They are found at some distances from the houses, leading to them by well-tunneled labyrinths. Here Mother Rat raises her young and stores her food reserve of succulent cattail stems. Nature has endowed these aquatic rodents with webbed hind feet and laterally compressed tails which at once literally drive them through the water and regulate their direction. Thus endowed, and with such a vast habitat for their peculiar amphibious preference, they have increased in numbers rather than decreased.

Mink and raccoon prefer the higher lake region toward the interior; in the marshes they never acquire a heavy or glossy pelt. The matter of food, which is the first consideration of all animals from man down, governs their choice of a home. While they are fish eaters, their real preference is for corn, fruits, eggs, and even the flesh of poultry and birds. Early in the spring, when their young are born, they will not be found blundering into traps, but in dense swamp thickets with high, dry and hollow stumps suited to the needs of a growing family.

While the skunk gravitates to the hills or about small streams in dry and brushy country, the opossum claims for his propagation ground the semi-dry hammock lands in the first level above the swamps and marshes. The skunk is utterly indifferent of man (like the porcupine, he carries his protection with him), but the possum is a discreet little animal restricting his range to corn fields and potato patches near the hollow stump which gives him snug shelter.

The coastal islands fringing the Gulf of Mexico are an ideal breeding ground for wild fowl of which, only among the geese and duck and brant, the annual kill in Louisiana is from 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 birds. The land is mainly submerged woodland with close growths of rushes, grasses, sedges and reeds, interspersed with dense stands of cypress, tupelos, ash, maple and willow, and with contiguous mainland stretches of long-leaf pine flats wedging in from the north. The pine flats are remarkable for the blending of upland and swamp-loving birds, including the yellow-bellied cuckoo, red-bellied woodpecker, white-eyed vireo, hooded warbler, water thrush and snipe, with such dry-land habitants as the

(Concluded on page 12)

When Co-operation Has No Strings to It

How Southern Rice-Growers Made a Big Success When Sapiro Was Left Out

By ROBERT MORGAN

No Sapiro co-operative organization studied in these columns has been a success. We are still waiting for word of one Sapiro group that is a success. Mr. Sapiro in his "come on" speeches usually refers to "the great success we made in California," but he never says that *he* made it or that it was made under his system. Honest and wise co-operation has its examples of success. Sapiro agents, misrepresenting the attitude of this paper, contend that we are against all co-operative movements. This is sheer untruth, as the record shows.

However, to bring a little cheerful variety into the gloomily monotonous story of Sapiro co-operative failures, we tell this week the story of a big co-operative success. Needless to say, it is not the story of a Sapiro group.

THE greatest cereal crop in the world is rice. Probably two-thirds of the population of the world depend upon it for the greater part of their daily food, many millions consuming as much as one pound a day each, the year around. Japan alone consumed, in the fiscal year of 1923-24, a total of 65,800,000 "koku," and a koku is 5.12 bushels, an aggregate of 336,896,000 bushels of rice. This is only a part of the vast quantity of rice consumed in the entire Orient, including China, Japan, India, Korea, Formosa, Indo-China, and the islands. By contrast, it may be said that the figures for the crop year of 1922-23—the last available—show that the people of the United States consumed 581,316,600 pounds, a per capita average of 5.29 pounds, as against the Oriental millions whose average annual consumption is 365 pounds or more per capita.

Four states in the United States produce approximately two billion pounds of rice a year. The exact figures for the 1922-23 crop of Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, and California were 1,917,319,000 pounds, with other states of small production making up the balance. Of the crop just mentioned, 1,578,919,000 pounds were produced by the three southern states, and 338,400,000 pounds by California, virtually all of it in the Sacramento Valley.

The figures for the 1923-24 crop in the South are not at hand, but the California rice fields produced approximately 260,000,000 pounds of paddy in the last crop. The value of this crop, based on the average price of 2.8 cents a pound, was $7,280,000.

Had the crop in the southern states been sold at the same price, it would have brought to the grower $44,209,732, *but the southern crop was handled under the "fixed price," "orderly-marketing" plan of Aaron Sapiro,* with the result that it averaged 2.46 cents a pound as compared with the 2.82 cents actually obtained by the method followed by the Rice Growers' Association of California for its members.

Rice fields being flooded. Rice is the only cereal which requires a great amount of water during the early period of its growth and "heading."

This means that the Sapiro Plan cost the rice-producers of Louisiana, Arkansas, and Texas $5,368,325 on the 1922-23 crop, since they actually received for it $38,841,407, instead of the $44,209,732 they could have received had their crop been handled on the same system as that of the California rice-growers, a system, it should be said, which differs fundamentally and radically from that of the Sapiro Plan.

The Arkansas Rice Growers' Co-operative Association was started on January 26, 1921, as a farm bureau project, based on the Sapiro Plan. The Louisiana Farm Bureau Rice Growers' Co-operative Association was organized along the same lines early in 1922, and an association also based on the Sapiro Plan was put into operation in East Texas a little later. The Pacific Rice Growers' Association was organized in California in 1915. It is not clear that Aaron Sapiro, just then beginning to push himself forward as the savior of the American farmer, actually organized this association, but the one-year contract used had a basic resemblance to that formulated by him a year later for use in other co-operatives. In any event, after five years of varying degrees of grief, this association found itself up against the stone wall of refusal by the millers to deal with it. Reasons back of this refusal were partly economic, partly due to previous experiences of the millers with the association, and partly to fear in the minds of the millers as to uncertainty of prices.

In October, 1921, the members of the association decided to take matters into their own hands, resume control of their association, and reorganize it for their own benefit. This plan, when rigidly adhered to, and when carried out by competent men, has resulted in the reformation of some Sapiro Plan co-operatives; *but not all of them have been or can be so saved to the farmer.* Thus, the new Rice Growers' Association of California began operations in the autumn of 1921, with Ralph P. Merritt, later destined to save the raisin-growers of California from disaster, as president and general manager.

According to "Co-operative Marketing, the Golden Rule in Agriculture," before referred to in these articles as written by Herman Steen:

> "The old contract was replaced with one covering five years, the chief provisions of which were similar. Title in the rice was passed to the association on delivery, but the original plan of selling each lot separately was retained, as was also that of *referring all bids to growers before acceptance.* It would seem that this plan could not prevent dumping of rice on the market immediately after harvest, but it did. * * * * The association handled more than 1,500,000 bags (150,000,000 pounds) of the 1921 crop and sold them for an average of $2.65, *which was almost 40 cents per bag higher than was netted by unorganized rice growers in Texas and Louisiana.*"

Two factors of success in co-operative marketing thus were introduced immediately into the California rice-growing field by Mr. Merritt, one, that of selling each grower's rice separately, and, even more important, second, that of allowing the grower to accept or reject the price offered for his rice. These two features are never permitted in the Sapiro Plan associations, for if they were allowed, the producer would remain in control of his product and his association.

The Louisiana, Arkansas, and East Texas rice-growers are having troubles of their own with their Sapiro Plan organizations. The inside story of these associations has not been told; indeed, it is doubtful if that of the Arkansas organization ever will be made clear, even to its own members, but the general history of disaster which has followed other Sapiro Plan co-operative marketing associations will be the same in the southern states. It is obvious from correspondence in the hands of the writer that the rice-growers of the South do not yet know why they have received nearly half a cent a pound less for their rice than did their California brothers.

The history of the Rice Growers' Association of California, since its reorganization in 1921, however, is one of success, based on accurate, honest, fair business methods, and the realization that no bargain is good unless it is fair to both sides.

The result of this different method of operation became apparent at the end of the first year in which it was tried. In the crop year of 1919-1920, the average operating *loss* a month was $2,993.61, or $35,923.32 for the year. In the crop year of 1920-21, the operating *loss* fell from the above figure to $301.59 a month, or about $3 600 a year, but the operating expense increased from $7,993.61 a month to $10,958.20 a month. To carry these figures further, the average operating *loss* for this association from September, 1920, to October, 1921, when the reorganization was accomplished, was $2,585.88 a month, on an average operating expense of $10,796.89. That is to say, on an operating expense of $129,562.68 for the year, the loss to the rice-growers was $31,030.56, or approximately *24 per cent.*

But when the association was reorganized, put on a business basis, and taken away from the theoretically correct but practically unsound methods under which it had been operating, these changes occurred:

From October, 1921, to the end of June, 1922, operating expenses were reduced from $10,796.89 a month of the preceding year, to $7,255.55 a month, and the operating loss which had handicapped the association for the past two and one-half years or more, was converted into an operating *surplus* of $1,957.02 a month. From the end of June, 1922, to the end of June, 1923, this operating *surplus* averaged $1,040.19 a month, while the average operating expense a month was reduced again, this time to $6,397.14. From the end of June, 1923, to the end of June, 1924, the operating *surplus* averaged $446.26 a month, while the average monthly operating expense was cut *more than $1,300,* to $5,055.09.

As has been brought out repeatedly in this series of articles, one of the principal causes of the uniform chain of disasters befalling the Sapiro Plan co-operative marketing associations has been extravagance and waste, in operating expenditures. The above figures, which are official, and taken from the 1924 Yearbook of the Rice Growers' Association of California, demonstrate clearly just what can be done with the operating expenses of a co-operative association when men familiar with business methods, merchandising, and the direction of workers, are put into the executive positions in such organizations, with free hands to correct the irregularities and incompetencies of the plan under which the associations are operating. That this revival of the rice association was no result of a combination of fortuitous circumstances is evidenced by the similar result obtained by the same man and his assistants in the raisin-growers' association, previously described in these columns. But it is unfortunate that the farmers of the United States should first have to sustain loss upon loss at the hands of Jewish managers before they turn to competent American business men and methods to regain for them the proceeds of their labor.

In resigning from the presidency of the rice-growers' organization to take on the work of restoring the raisin-growers' association, Mr. Merritt discussed the rice-growers' condition this year as follows:

> "This organization was built upon co-operative principles applied to the needs of the industry. It was created overnight to meet an emergency which threatened the life of the rice industry, representing an annual income to the state of eight to ten millions of dollars. For three years, the Rice Growers' Association of California has acted as agent in loaning millions of dollars to its members, developing new and heretofore unknown markets for its product, creating the first accurate body of information obtainable anywhere in the world upon the values and volume of rice moving in the world, building its merchandising upon sound business principles, paying the debts of its predecessor organization, and reducing its own operating expenses, so that today its credit is established, its bills are paid, it has an available balance for future emergencies, and 90 per cent of the crop for this year—as of the last two years—is sold three months before the succeeding harvest."

"Co-operative marketing," continues Mr. Merritt in the same letter to the board of directors of the rice-growers' association, "is the basis of salvation of the farmer, *but co-operative marketing involves a sacred trusteeship on the part of its leaders to guide wisely, speak courageously, and deal fairly with the membership, and with those with whom the organization has business dealings.*"

This, in a few words, summarizes the solution of the problem of co-operative marketing, whether it be of rice, potatoes, prunes, or eggs.

Price-fixing had no place in the program adopted by

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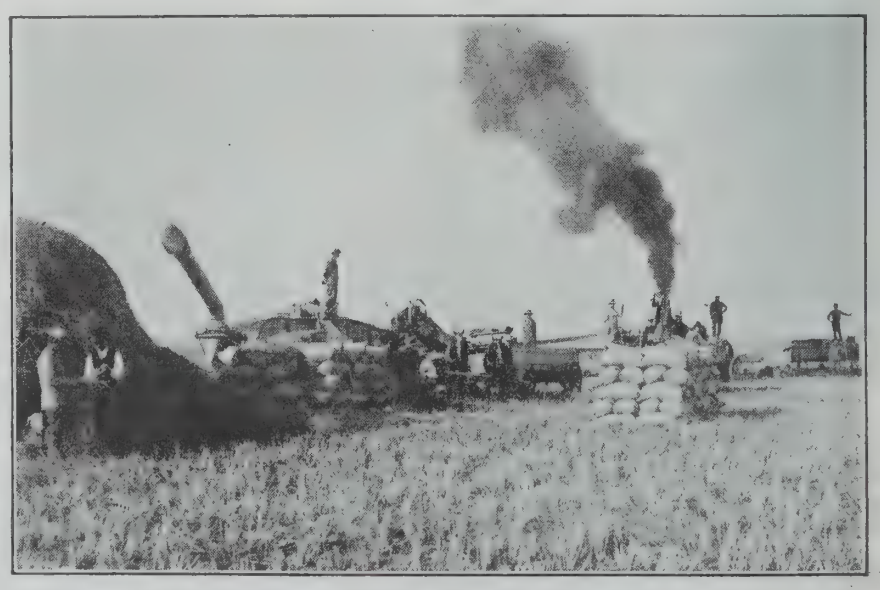


Threshing rice amid the stubble of the rice field. The threshing process for this, the largest cereal crop in the world, is not different from that for barley, wheat or other grain.

Shall Black or White Dominate South Africa?

White Civilization May Be Imperiled by the Teeming Native Population

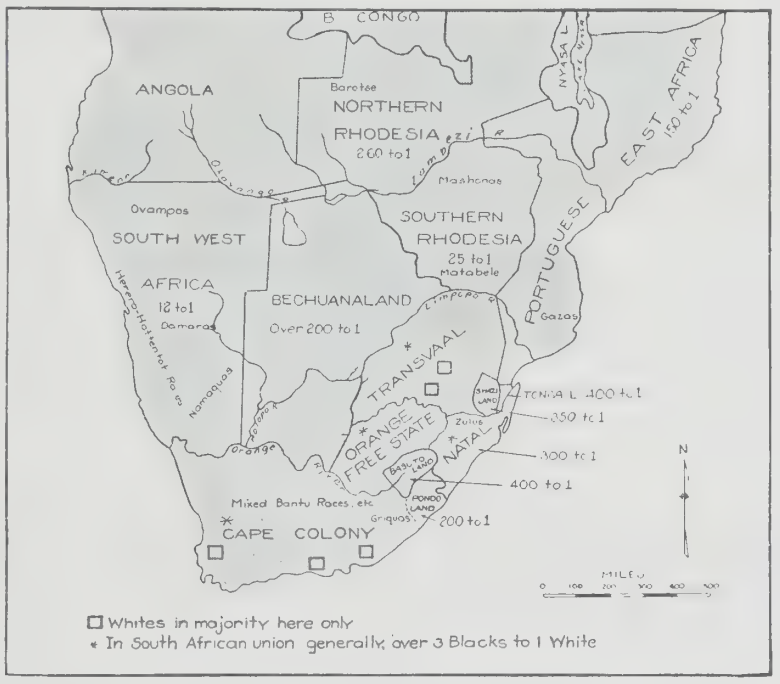
By THOMAS CAMERON TAYLOR

"THE Black Peril!" . . . . Some of the British newspapers have been carrying that heading lately, usually over quotations from colored publications issued in America and elsewhere. "We are 120,000,000 in Africa; the Whites are less than 2,000.000; why don't we drive them out?" As an example of the utterances which are claiming attention in Britain, the foregoing will suffice.

It is evident, however, that the new Nationalist administration which has emerged in South Africa is disturbed by its color problem. When Jan Smuts was overthrown, the tendency in comment was to emphasize his European activities, and the change in the complexion of the government even gave rise to questions as to whether the Union of South Africa would drop the British connection. To experienced Africanders who realize that Nationalism in South Africa now comprises large bodies of Dutch and British, and is less anti-British than just South African, the change in administration meant that South Africa had developed toward Europe—the whole of Europe—the American feeling, and was inclined to look more closely after her own affairs, being more interested in the future of South Africa than in the past of Europe.

While the electoral upturn showed that South African Labor had taken the first opportunity of striking back at the representatives of an administration which upon an exciting occasion had laid hold upon union funds and dealt with striking crowds in no tender manner, the Nationalism with which Labor was associated in bringing about a change of government is as old as the Great Trek and indicative of the merging of the White nationalities in South Africa which has been going on since the Boer War. Behind the new administration are powerful ultra-conservative or *back-veld* influences represented by the old Boer farming class, traditionally other than lily-handed in dealing with the subject races, and open in criticism of "British spoiling the Blacks." With grave problems affecting the huge native population of South Africa moving irresistibly toward that stage of clamancy, the declaration now made by the minister of justice of the Nationalist government assumes first importance: "The South African Government must do its duty in preserving White civilization in South Africa."

The challenge to the existence of White civilization which the Nationalist administration in South Africa now seems disposed to accept is not merely the challenge of numbers, important and even basic as that aspect of the matter is. Economic factors are operating. The effects of education—that forced and unbalancing "education" conferred by the Great War—are becoming apparent. Racial consciousness in the Blacks is deepening. Political possibilities are being impressed upon them from many sides. There is a stirring toward greater unity in the teeming masses, a recognition of a common interest. South Africa, in short, is facing very hard facts. That the aim of the new government is a large accession to the White population of the country may be gathered from another declaration made by the spokesman of the administration already quoted: "The mines must employ more White labor."



Map indicating the proportion of Black to White population in South Africa.

The challenge of numbers, however, is too great to be met other than partially, pending widespread industrial and irrigational development. Throughout the South African Union the Blacks are in a majority of 3 to 1, and their numbers are increasing rapidly, while there is no expansion of White population. In round numbers, there are 7,000,000 colored persons to 1,500,000 Whites. Great reserves, rapidly filling to overflowing with teeming thousands of vitally unimpaired Black peoples, are set upon the edges of the broad lands where the Whites are thinly scattered on quiet farm or in hamlet little less quiet. The large White contingents in the mining centers are offset in most cases by the concentrations of colored labor in these.

It is a startling fact that *only at five widely separated points are Whites in a majority in the whole of South Africa;* and it is now 272 years since Van Riebeek, a gallant Hollander, made the first White settlement there. A glance at the conditions in the important native territories will serve to show that while the general ratio of 3 Blacks to 1 White may hold good as far as the Union is concerned, the impression conveyed by those figures is misleading as an indication of the footing of the respective races.

Right in the center of the country lies Basutoland, the most highly organized and most powerful native district in South Africa. It does not belong to the Union, and it has raised in half a century a mighty people under what is practically self-government, the control of the Protectorate exercised direct from Downing Street being light. (By the way, when there was talk of the Nationalist government possibly dropping the British connection, no mention was made of the Basuto or of the fact that in the Boer War there were 100,000 men in Basutoland ready to take the field for the British, and surprised that they were not used.) Formed of tribes driven into the mountains by victorious Zulu legions, they were molded by Chief Moshesh into a people who later successfully defied the greatest of the Zulu generals.

Later still, the Basutos administered to the British probably the greatest lesson they ever received in South Africa. It came at a time when the British were claiming sovereignty over the trekking Boers wherever they went, and the lesson of the hard struggle between British and Basutos was that without the co-operation of the Whites in all the newly settled areas, the Whites in South Africa were lost; for the Boers looked on at the fighting, and, to put the matter mildly, did not assist in any way toward the security of the British supply lines. One of the results was the setting up of the Transvaal Republic.

The British have cherished Basutoland since then, and, thanks to enlightened chiefs, the people stand high in the scale of life. Basutoland is probably the only land in the world where prohibition is a fact. Packed into the 12,000 square miles of mountain and valley which constitute Basutoland are 500,000 persons, living in independence. *There are more than 400 Blacks to 1 White there.*

After a journey through Basutoland, the impression of a packed population of vigorous people remains dominant. Every long valley has its crops; each little patch of pasture has its contingent of hardy little ponies or cattle, sheep or goats—merry groups of urchins, very shiny of body and often innocent of clothing, guarding the animals. The hillsides are terraced for cultivation wherever that is humanly possible.

In the early dawn, when the smoke from the fires reveals the position of the clustering kraals perched on the slopes of the mountains, one realizes that Basutoland has not forgotten the fighting days, and needs every suitable patch of lower ground for the growing of food. *It is over half a century since Lerothodi decreed that no liquor of intoxicating character should enter the country.* In that time the population has trebled. A friendly people, clean. The necessity of employing some of the people at home has led to the opening up of coal and iron mines in the territory. *Basutoland has had a native press for more than thirty years.* "They are the Scots of South Africa," says a trader who has spent many years in their midst.

As an aggressive, fighting people, the neighboring Zulus have a record which places them easily first in South Africa, and they have earned a reputation which places them second to none in the matter of unreliability. "One never can tell" with the Zulus. A people that has lived by war, that has risen to undisputed sway thereby and gone down fighting, the Zulus are often troubled by memories of departed power. They have been in a measure slow to interest themselves sincerely or deeply in the things of peace, and have shown on occasion disturbing susceptibility to rhetoric and rumor. Against both Boers and British they have traditions of victory—victory short-lived—which do them no good. The Zulu outburst at the close of the Boer War is well remembered in South Africa.

To the northward, that branch of the Zulu people known as the Matabele provided a surprise just before the Boer War. "The Matabele and the Mashona will never unite, and neither can act alone. The Matabele has enslaved the Mashona, has treated him as a dog, regards him as such, and will never associate with him in any enterprise, least of all the noblest of Matabele enterprises—war." So ran the comforting legend in young Rhodesia till the lesson came, and the Africander remembers it always when there is talk of the security which may lie in tribal differences and traditions. When their "day" came, Mashona and Matabele swept Rhodesia as comrades in arms, and South Africa as a whole, politically riven as it was, did not fail to profit by the lesson of that remarkable alliance.

In Zululand proper, it has been estimated, there are about 300 Blacks to 1 White; in Southern Rhodesia, 25 to 1; in Northern Rhodesia, 260 to 1. The native affairs in the Union must always be a consideration of importance to Rhodesia, owing to the tribal affiliations of the Matabele and the Zulu.

All the problems outthrown by deepening race consciousness and extending native organization are very much to the fore now in the mind of the Africander, and he is anything but comfortably unconscious of his powerful neighbors, or comfortably trustful in the separation of native territories by large tracts of White country. On the east of him, the comparatively quiet Amapondomisi are estimated as being, in their special area, 200 to 1 White; the Swazis, 350 to 1; the Tongas, 400 to 1; the Gaza, farther up, 150 to 1. To westward the Bechuanas, 200 to 1, are still regarded as being under the spell of the late remarkable King Khama, and safe; and thence, right to the western seaboard, lies the Union's mandated territory, Southwest Africa, where it is estimated there are 12 Blacks to 1 White. The Herero peoples of Southwest Africa were discovered to have great fighting qualities, the discovery being made by the Germans at a cost of the lives of 5,000 German soldiers and $60,000,000. That was the most recent struggle participated in by a native race in South Africa. In the Cape Colony, where for many years the native has enjoyed the franchise conferred by the British—to beat the Dutch, it is alleged, but in any case conferred—one finds the Black tribes multiplying amazingly. It is important to note that of all the Black races known to the country since the time of the first White settlement, only one, the aboriginal Bushman, now living in small numbers on the edge of the Kalahari Desert, has decayed. Local decadence of natives in the vicinity of industrial centers is negligible.

The Africander is not in the slightest degree appalled, however, by the challenge of numbers. The non-expansion of the White race in South Africa, and the economic conditions which have hampered that expansion, are of graver concern to him at this time. There is much more in the new Nationalist administration's purpose to have more White labor employed at the mines than a desire to bolster their present Labor allies by adding to the White population likely to vote Labor. Nationalism has freely declared that South Africa has been the loser by the fact that its principal industries have been in the hands of people at a distance who care nothing for the welfare of the country as a whole as long as there is an abundance of cheap labor for the mines and dividends are assured. That cheap labor is Black labor. When, at the close of the Boer War, the native had so much cash in hand for services with the British army, and there was a falling-off in offerings of Black labor for the mines, Chinese were introduced for a time. For many years there have been flowing into native hands large sums of money annually for work at the mines. The native is not a spender. He can go back to his kraal after his term at the mines and rest for months on end, without disposing of the major portion of his savings. Native money has been steadily edging ahead in the acquisition of farms, of land, of property in other forms; and native demand for the recognition which goes with the possession of property is growing. This cheap labor is in abundance. Not only at the mines but in every activity it is presented in increasing volume as the teeming reserves spill over. There is practically no place for White unskilled labor, and for a long time there was no offering of White unskilled labor to speak of. Conditions have changed. Surplus White population from the farms has to a large extent spread itself over the newer territories. The country Africander, Dutch or British Colonial, is a man of the open country. He has found grazing lands and farming country after his own heart in the Rhodesias and in Southwest Africa; but the surplus of the farm population which was unequipped with capital has drifted to the towns, added itself to the growth of the White industrial classes there, and heaped upon the South African government its most embarrassing problem—for there has not been industrial expansion sufficient to absorb those elements in the field of skilled employment. And if their dislike to competing with the native in the unskilled field be successfully met, they are excluded by the cheapness of the Black labor when cheapness is the determining consideration.

Such are the economic conditions obtaining at the present stage of the development of South Africa, and hampering expansion of White population. Much industrial expansion is in prospect, and the Nationalists claim that it should have been farther ahead but for the lack of vital interest in the country of those controlling its great industries. The charge to that alleged interest in dividends only the fact that while the increasing native millions have steadily waxed wealthy under the conditions accepted as suitable by the mine-owners, the White population has developed a class for which the country holds no opening, and for which there is nothing but the bondage of a distressing poverty, or departure.

Not only is it the Nationalist contention that the acceptance of conditions which were satisfactory to the Africanders-by-dividends because they made certain a supply of cheap Black labor for the mines is responsible for the lack of balanced development now imperiling the very existence of White civilization in South Africa. There is frank admission that it is the misfortune of South Africa that she is faced with inability to make proper provision for the maintenance of White population *and the encouragement of its expansion*, at a time when the strength and resources of the native millions are feeling the sweep of new impulses under an unceas-

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High Cost of Watching Other People Play

Over a Billion Dollars Spent to Watch the Season's Epoch-Making Contests

By PAUL MACDONALD

THE United States spends more on sport each year than all the other countries of the world combined. Americans spend little more than any of the other leading nations of the world to *play*—that is, to *play themselves* (not so much, at least, as the British Empire), but we spend millions and millions and millions of dollars *to watch others play*. The gross amount reaches well over the *billion dollar mark*.

Our national preference to watch paid experts perform in various athletic lines marks us a nation of sport enthusiasts rather than participants. To watch the skilled performances of others is more pleasant to us than to engage in competition ourselves, but we pay a staggering price for this preference.

On December 31 will close the most successful sports year in the history of the United States. In 1924, the United States attained to world supremacy in sport. Among our victories at the Olympic Games were those of the track and field events, tennis, swimming, trap shooting, and rowing. We retained the Davis Cup, symbolic of world supremacy in tennis, defending this trophy with the loss of but one set, a feat that had been accomplished but three times previously in the history of international tennis competition. We retained international supremacy in polo and led the world in golf. Three international match events in thoroughbred racing returned American horses winners over Epinard, fleetest equine of Europe. American boxers successfully defended their championships against invading challengers. In brief, the United States came near gaining world supremacy in all the major and minor sports. It was the most successful year any nation has ever experienced in sports.

When the Prince Saw Polo

THERE was a great deal to see in sports in this country during 1924 and since there was more to see and more people than ever before were anxious to watch, the expenditure of money reached an amount that no one can accurately tabulate. There has been nothing similar in the history of the world.

Those who discuss the high cost of sport usually point to a world series that lasted seven days and showed gate receipts totaling more than a million dollars, to an international polo match of two games that cost more than a million, and to football games where the receipts were more than $200,000. But, these events are but a drop in the bucket. They become insignificant in the face of total expenditure.

The polo matches on the Hempstead Plains where stands the Meadow Brook Club at Westbury, Long Island, cost more than $500,000. From a social standpoint it was the most brilliant sports event of the year. Among the spectators was the Prince of Wales and several society leaders of the British Empire. Society in this country was either there in person or represented. The gate receipts came near the half-million mark. The amount spent to play the two games and the amount spent to see them was about $1,000,000.

But several more million were spent that do not enter into the chief figures. Thousands traveled long distances to attend the matches. A fortune was spent in ocean passages and railway fares. But the greatest expense came in wardrobe. Designers and dressmakers were busy for weeks preparing costumes for the polo matches. No one is able to say how much money was spent on dress for these matches but the sum will reach into millions. As a matter of fact the expense of staging the international matches between Great Britain and the United States is so great that the men who rule polo in this country and on the other side decided that challenge matches would hereafter be played only every three years.

Polo, known to few persons, comparatively speaking, costs many millions each year. Polo has made rapid headway. It is played extensively on the East and West coasts, in the Middle West and in the extreme South in the winter season. It is still a class sport and threatens to continue so. It costs too much money ever to become popular. Expensiveness will insure its exclusiveness. Only the wealthy can indulge in it. Polo teams need ponies and good polo ponies cost "good" money. The Prince of Wales, who brought a string of ponies to this country, sold them at auction after the international matches ended. Two of these ponies brought $10,000 each. A ball player may have two dozen bats but he will use only one or two out of the lot. A polo player may have a few dozen ponies (and most of them have that many) but his preference will rest with three or four.

In a large Mid-Western city a wealthy manufacturer became a polo enthusiast a few years ago and organized a team. He was the financial backer. He bought a large tract of land, built stables, laid out three polo fields, stands, and so forth, and finally gathered a string of seventy-six ponies. In its second year this one team showed an investment of approximately $500,000. Among the seventy-six ponies the chief backer would ride only four; he did not care for the others, although he bought pony after pony.

A stupendous sum of money is invested in polo in this country. There is no chance to get back this money unless a sudden trend makes the real estate desirable and valuable for residence lots. Crowds at polo matches are usually small. The amount of money realized in receipts each year by any team (with the exception of the International Four) is hardly enough to buy one crack polo pony. Among the chief items of expense is that of wardrobe (even at club matches), traveling expenses and the social functions which usually follow the games.

Turn to the world series of more recent date. The official figures of Commissioner K. M. Landis show that more than $1,000,000 was taken in at the gates of the Washington and New York ball parks for the seven games. Mr. Landis' figures represent the face value of tickets but the people that saw the games in Washington (where four of them were played) paid more than the indicated sum. The day before the series opened in Washington *tickets were selling at two and three times their face value*. Never in the history of baseball have scalpers reaped such a harvest.

The gate receipts represented but part of the money spent to see the world series. Many who attended came from afar. Some foreign countries and every state in the Union were represented. A fortune was spent in railroad fare. Automobile travel added a staggering sum. Hotel bills formed a large item.

But, considering baseball as a whole, the amount spent on a world series is but a small fraction of the money spent on the sport. There are sixteen major league teams and while attendance figures are not given out for publication, you can estimate what the owners of these sixteen major league teams received during the recent season by considering what one team is known to have done. The Detroit club, finishing third in the American League, played to more than 1,000,000 persons on its home park alone. One-half the games, of course, were played away from home. The average attendance of every game the team played in Detroit was about 14,000. On this basis an estimate of 16,000,000 as an attendance figure is very conservative.

Besides the sixteen major league teams there are innumerable other leagues in organized baseball. These carry various classifications but that has nothing to do with attendance. Nearly every recognized league in the land made good profits in 1924. It was a big season even for the minors.

Besides the recognized minor leagues there are a few leagues known as "outlaws." Organized baseball will not deal with them. But they draw crowds just the same.

Next comes a group of leagues that play games two and three times a week. Then there are the twilight leagues, made possible by daylight savings time. These leagues are equipped with good playing material. Many of them have star college players and others have men that jumped from organized baseball. Games start at six o'clock and in many sections the "twilighters" outdraw the organized team playing in the afternoon.

To this group of organizations must be added the semi-pro groups. They play on Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays. Admission is charged to their games. Most of them have big followings and rivalry is often more intense between these organizations than in the organized baseball sections.

The secret of the millions upon millions of dollars spent on viewing ball games in this country rests in the income tax office and it would take a corps of Federal experts quite some time to figure it all out. And then the total would not be correct, for in many instances the baseball receipts do not appear definitely as such but become part of general sums.

On the other side of the gate is the terrific cost of upkeep. Think of what it costs to send these teams around the country! Railroad fares and hotel bills mount into fortunes each year. Anyone would be independently wealthy as would his children and grandchildren, if he had the money the teams of either major league spend annually on railroad fares and hotel bills. Add to this the sum spent by the many minors and semi-pros.

Stadiums Are Springing Up

THE property owned by ball clubs in the United States is worth more than entire towns, and towns of considerable size at that. To draw well the ball park must be conveniently located, as near as possible to the center of the city. Real estate so situated in the large cities that support major league teams is worth a great deal of money. Try to estimate the land value of the two parks in New York City and the one in Brooklyn, the two in Philadelphia, two in Chicago, two in Boston and two in St. Louis. Then there are Cleveland, Cincinnati, Washington, Pittsburgh, and Detroit. The last-named city has its ball park less than a mile from the city hall. These parks cover more than 16 city blocks of choice real estate. And on nearly all of them now rest stadiums that cost from $500,000 up.

The next three leagues are the International, the American Association and the Pacific Coast. Right behind them, in popular rating, comes the Southern Association. These four leagues have thirty-two clubs representing cities from coast to coast and border to border. There are huge fortunes tied up in real estate in these leagues. The thirty-two parks represent mammoth real estate holdings. Then come the Western League, Texas League and Eastern League. After them a long list of other leagues, graded down according to their importance. They all own land buildings.

The cost of keeping up these plants is enormous. The New York Giants of the National League must take in $550,000 at the gate before they can begin to make profits in any season. Their annual expenses are $550,000. The cost of putting the New York Yankees on the field is about the same. Other major league teams are not under the same terrific expense but none of them has expenses less than $250,000 a season. Most of them spend nearer half a million dollars than a quarter million.

With this upkeep, it is evident that the gate receipts must be enormous to enable the club owners to make large profits. It becomes apparent that the public pays millions of dollars to see baseball played in this country.

America's next largest investment in sports comes in football. It is only in comparatively recent times that football has been a powerful magnet.

There are more than 300 college and university football teams. More than 300 played this year. To see them play the public paid many millions.

No ball game was ever played before a crowd as large as that which saw Michigan and Illinois battle in the new stadium at Urbana, Illinois, in October. Nor did as many people ever see a single ball game as attended the Iowa-Illinois game in November. The gate receipts at football games mount away over those at ball games, except at a world series. The top price for box seats at nearly all major ball parks is $1.25. The price of seats at football games is twice that much, with extra prices for box seats where they are available.

None of the major educational institutions would think of building a stadium now with a seating capacity of less than 60,000. The mammoth structures completed this year and those contemplated for the near future, all seat more than 60,000, and architectural plans are so drawn that additional seats may be built to bring the capacity of the stadium above the 100,000 mark if conditions demand such an increase in future years.

Stadiums are arising in the East, Middle West, Far West and South. The construction is in response to public demand. Most of the new stadiums cost around $1,000,000. Some that will be built in the next five years will cost considerably more.

The money spent in building stadiums is little when compared to the money spent by those that fill them. Here the cost mounts higher than in any other sport. To begin with, few colleges or universities are adjacent to large cities. Most of our leading institutions are lodged next to villages.

Football Enthusiasm Growing

THE most stupendous stadium dedicated this year belongs to the University of Illinois, located at Urbana, and Urbana has Champaign as a twin village. The populations of Urbana and Champaign are exceedingly small and Chicago is the nearest city of consequence. But Illinois managed to get more than 70,000 persons into her stadium on a few occasions this autumn. On the day of the game dozens of special trains rolled into Champaign and Urbana bringing crowds from various distant points in the Middle West. The price of admission produced total gate receipts running well over $100,000 at each of these games, but this was small in comparison with the sums spent by multitudes to reach the stadium. Again the national cost of sport must take account of large traveling expenses.

In football the enthusiast will go on long journeys to see his favorite team play. There is not the same condition in baseball. No matter where you live in the United States there is a league team in some town or city fairly close by and the long railroad journey is not necessary. Only in a world series does the long jaunt take place. But football has a personal attachment that baseball can never claim. The man who graduated from a college will follow that college in football and he will travel hundreds of miles to see the varsity eleven of his alma mater perform in an important game. He has a personal interest in the team. He is still part of the college and he will always be part of it and so is the team. It is one for all and all for one. So each autumn thousands and thousands of men journey thousands and thousands of miles back to the old campus to the familiar scenes of college days. Once more they sit up in the stands and follow the swing of the cheer leaders, sing the old songs, yell the old yells, implore the eleven men on the field to "fight 'em varsity" or "hold 'em varsity," whatever the exact situation on the field may demand. The expense cuts quite deep into the bank accounts of the old grads but they do not mind it. They hear the quavering voice of conscience but they silence that. They call this another vacation and they feel they simply had to have the vacation. A bit of an expense, true, but one must pay for health.

All over this land are varsity teams that play two months each year to millions of spectators. And for the millions that see these games there are millions more who raise bitter complaint because they are unable to see them. The supply of seats is unequal to the demand at every big game. A university that can take care of but 50,000 spectators and finds the demand for seats exceeding 100,000 (as frequently happens) is assailed from all sides by those that were unable to buy. That is why so many universities are praying and paying for stadiums that seat 100,000 or more. Whatever the total attendance at football games this year happened to be, it could have been at least 30 per cent larger had all those who asked for seats received them and had there been a chance to care for those that did not ask because they decided it was of no use.

The vast sums taken in at football games enable college sports to continue on a large scale. At nearly all the colleges and universities it is football that makes the athletic wheel go round. The money taken in at the gate is used to defray the expenses of other sports. Nearly all college ball teams are a heavy loss to the institutions they represent. Track and field athletics are another financial burden on the colleges, or would be, except for the money taken in at football games. For some reason the public does not care for track and field games. Only a few persons attend national and intercollegiate meets. The public simply does not take to them. But as track and field sports are among the most beneficial that can be indulged in it is wise to

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Mr. Ford's Page

SPEAKING of taxes again, there is truth in the saying that life in the United States is worth whatever it may cost, worth twice or three times the tax cost of living in any other country, and yet to rest the matter there is to violate a fundamental American principle and form an alliance with national wastefulness. The quality of our American life can never become too high, but its cost in taxes may easily become so.

Taxes have risen higher and higher, the tone of protest keeping pace, and spasmodic efforts at reduction have been made, but it is a question whether the people are any nearer an understanding of the tax problem than they ever were. Yet the power to tax, being a power granted by the people, a power which originally and fundamentally is their own, some effort ought to be made by them to understand this power, why they delegated it, how it is used, and how its use can be controlled.

What are taxes supposed to represent? The cost of governing us. What does "governing us" mean? The maintenance of legislatures for the making of laws which are supposed to render life more harmoniously livable; the setting up of courts to restore the equilibrium of justice wherever it has been broken; the organization and upkeep of the national defense; the support of national internal services like the post office; in brief, federally speaking, to administer the public affairs common to all the states.

This is about all that our government duties have ever consisted in. They have not greatly changed during the last 75 years. That is to say, people who lived 75 years ago got just about as much legislation, protection and service as we do today who pay more. And where we get more it is not that which has caused the rise in taxes.

Once upon a time the work of governing was the sole business of government, but nowadays the mere business of being a government is a bigger business than governing is. With no production at all, with only overhead, government has become itself an enormous charge upon the people. That is, considered in its merely ornamental and not in its useful aspects. The cost of maintaining it at a standstill would be so great, that some day a critic may arise to say that the difference between overhead and production cost measures the real worth of the government to the people.

And yet, making allowance for the average lack of managerial ability in political positions, it would probably be possible to make out a fairly good case for the situation as it is. For one of the causes of high taxation is the persistent zeal with which our people have been inoculated with the doctrine of "let the government do it."

It all comes back to the people at last. They ought to know what is going on, and they don't know. What is more they don't want to be told, unless there is some tag of political sensation attached to it. They push the business of government as far from them as possible, and only recognize its existence when the cost begins to pinch.

This pushing back movement has been going on a long time. Cities have been saying, Let the county do it. Counties have been saying, Let the state do it. States have been saying, Let the national government do it. All classes of people, seeking special privilege, have echoed the cry, Let the Government do it! And as a result there has grown up in this country a professional class that is only too ready to foster these cries, for it means centralization, it means bureaus, it means colossal faddism, it means jobs galore, and it means no responsibility.

It should be said, however, that these remarks do not apply to the constructive activities under government auspices. It would be pleasant to say that these activities are undertaken by the government itself, but they are not; they are carried by men who are not in any sense politicians and who are thinking of the scientific welfare of the nation, and not at all of personal or partisan preference. We refer to the scientific men in the employ of government departments, who are dealing with the fundamental problems which eventually have more effect than laws can have upon the public life. These men are underpaid in almost every instance. Their niggardly appropriations are often the first ones to be cut down by men who do not understand their importance. This work could be extended and all necessary funds supplied it, without it being so much as a drop in the pond of federal tax expenditures.

But in other departments the same defense of usefulness cannot be made. The government has been induced by lobbyists to enter upon sentimental (miscalled humanitarian) enterprises which never get any farther than the installation of officeholders at Washington. It is now quite a recognized custom to have the government itself support the army of propagandists at the capitol by providing them with their own bureaus, jobs which pay expenses. The art of making insignificant minorities appear like imposing and threatening majorities has been developed to perfection at Washington, and eventually ways are found to make Mr. John Citizen foot the bill, for the results.

Once in this country the question of States' Rights came up for debate; one phase of it, concerning the right of a State to secede from the Union, brought about a war. It cannot be said that the question was ever decided, but it was eliminated. We are approaching in this country a period when the question of States' Rights is coming to attention again, accompanied this time by the question of States' Duties. There are no rights without duties—a truth so old that it has rounded the circle and become new again. And one of the duties of the States is to take care of its own affairs and not depend upon the Federal Government for everything.

Of course, there are interstate concerns which overlap States' interests and become national, but interstate elements have been worked to the limit. No doubt every baby born has its interstate aspects in that it is unlikely never to cross a state line in its lifetime, and yet the State can look after its babies better than Washington can. But Washington has been left to do it—at least left to set up the offices and lay the taxes incident to doing it. It is so with other things: two amendments are up now, one to nationalize the school, the other to nationalize the child—both of them tremendously important steps in "letting Washington do it," and correspondingly costly to the very States who are asked to give up control.

The nation is due to learn that our progress is not to be continuously on one line, but that the checks and alternatives of American political thought are just as important a national possession as the main affirmations. Federalism is our main line, but it is not complete, indeed it may become dangerous, unless checked by States' Rights. Both the Republican and Democratic theories of government are needed, and both have their times to be operative. It is not beyond possibility that it may fall to a Republican administration to recognize the pertinence of adopting Democratic theory in certain cases. When Federalism is being rolled into a mountain bigger than the people, it clearly becomes a duty to maintain the national balance by harking back to good States' Rights doctrine. Both doctrines are American, and we cannot get along without either of them.

This reduction of the practice of passing all our duties on to Washington will compel us to count the cost at home, and this in turn will have a very noticeable effect on tax charges.

THE cost of our Federal government will continue to be high as long as we make it a catch-all for every fad and for all the duties which other political units evade. When cities and counties shove their duties over to the State, and when the States shove their duties over to Washington, there results a lack of interested management and a corresponding increase in tax costs which is harmful. It is worth a great deal to live in the United States, but that is no reason why it should cost as much as it is worth. Everything of value ought to be worth more than it costs, and even national life would lose its value if the cost were made to equal its worth. Taxes thus far in our national experience have been a matter of adroitness on the part of government and of complaint on the part of citizens. Taxes should now become a theme of careful study.

A volume of 452 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles, under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

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On What Meat Have These Caesars Fed?

THE report that independent and insurgent Senators were to be "read out of the Republican party," made an impression of queerness on the public mind. There was even an element of amusement in it. An element of serious concern, too—for is this all that the Republican party has learned from the elections? By what right does anyone interpret the election of Mr. Coolidge as a mandate to suppress the spirit of self-criticism so essential to the balance and efficiency of a party in power?

It may be inaccurate to lay this action to the "Republican party," since the party has not been consulted about it. Republican officeholders at Washington do not constitute the Republican party. Republican Senators do not constitute the Sanhedrin of the Republican party. In fact, the Republican party as represented by the Washington officeholders was discredited and beaten and would now have been facing a woeful Fourth of March had not the personality of Calvin Coolidge commanded the suffrage of the people. Wherefore, then, do these officeholders, who owe their presence in Washington to Republican votes, take it upon themselves to oust from party counsels men just as honest and earnest as themselves who owe their presence at Washington to an equally impressive mandate of Republican votes?

To say that Senator La Follette and Senator Ladd shall have no voice in the counsels of the party is equal to saying that the people of Wisconsin and North Dakota are ousted from the Republican majority of the United States. It simply cannot be done, and only men blinded to the import of the times would think of attempting it. We mention Senators La Follette and Ladd especially because these are personalities of such eminent respectability and their work has been of such a character, that a protest is roused in their behalf in the very citadel of American fair-mindedness. When their own constituents repudiate these Senators, it will be time for party councils to consider action. Until then they are Senators of the United States and representatives of great commonwealths. And they are more than that: they are representatives of certain tendencies in American political thought to which the Republican party will have to give serious heed during the next four years, or find itself in a more critical situation than it was this year. Admittedly there are blowhards among the Senators called "progressive," there are shallow-pated notoriety seekers who are "insurgents" simply because they have neither the ability nor the experience to be "regular," but neither Ladd nor La Follette fits these descriptions. They are men of experience and attainments, and their presence in the Senate has been useful to the nation. True, the nation rejected La Follette for the Presidency, and will continue to do so, but it also rejected Taft and Hughes. It is not every man who should be President. But Taft and Hughes have found places of usefulness in the public service, and so has Mr. La Follette. To attempt to read him out of the Republican party is to exhibit a degree of partisan swell-headedness possible only to the most egregious political pompousness. It will give the ultra-radicals, who fastened on the candidacy of La Follette for their own ends, a new battle cry. It will accentuate the tendency toward hidebound superiority in Republican party councils. Above all it will notify the country that the Old Guard of Republicanism interpret the elections as a private grant of power, and it is certainly anything but that. Had the voting public believed that such an interpretation would be made of their action, the result would have been different. Anyone who can derive a justification of high-handedness from the last election is by that fact judged as politically incompetent.

In the last analysis it is not the fate of the excommunicated Senators that matters. If the taboo stands they will doubtless find many compensations in the reaction which will follow throughout the country. The regrettable element is that the party in power should exhibit such petulant narrowness, such childish resentment of healthy criticism, such dwarfed views of party dignity.

The way to purge a party of insurgency is to make the party so big and clean and progressive that forward-looking men will not have to go outside to find a place to work. The Republican party will die earlier from the dry rot of the Old Guard, than it will from the political aliveness of men who believe that the first duty of any party is to serve the people as a whole.

It would require a lot of testimony to make the people believe that President Coolidge is in sympathy with this ouster movement.

Lawyer's Sophistry

ARGUING for the Child Labor Amendment, Manley O. Hudson, Bemis Professor of International Law at Harvard, contributes to the *American Child* some comparisons of the United States Constitution as first adopted with the change proposed in this addition to the powers of Congress.

The *American Child* is the medium for distribution of the propaganda of the National Child Labor Committee. Its one-sided report on child labor in the sugar beet fields of Michigan was thoroughly exposed some three years ago by a legislative committee of the state. The real situation was ignored to prove that child life was generally placed in circumstances peculiarly detrimental. Its case was not supported by the facts.

Professor Hudson asserts that Article I of the Constitution delegates to Congress certain powers and that the powers to regulate the employment of children is but an extension of those rights. These positions are readily admitted. But he forgets to say that the Constitution was deemed faulty by its makers, and that they proposed certain amendments for the purpose of removing any doubt as to powers not delegated, and to clear away ambiguities disputed by the advocates of the Federal and Democratic theories of government.

Among the ten amendments approved by the states, termed by the proponents the "people's bill of rights," was one in which it is declared that all powers not expressly conferred on Congress are reserved to the states.

Professor Hudson states that by the arbitrament of Civil War the question of the supremacy of the Federal Government was established. No one will dispute the definite settlement of the right of a state to withdraw from the Union, but there remains the fact that powers delegated to Congress are not to be exercised by the state, and that powers reserved to the state may be vested in Congress only by amendment to the Constitution. Here is where sophistry leads the Professor to a mistaken statement:

"States already have the power . . . . 'to limit, regulate, control and prohibit' the labor of persons under twenty-one years of age . . . . To the extent that Congress does not act, the states would retain that power."

The truth of this proposition is not admitted. *The only way for the state to retain the power which is among those reserved to it, is not to confer it on Congress.*

The Constitution itself was approved by popular vote in each of the subscribing colonies. The "bulwark of American freedom" would have had greater protection from unwise amendment, had the power to amend been left to a popular verdict. From the beginning there has been a constant effort to reduce the powers of the state and transfer them to the Federal Government; to take them as far from the people as possible.

There is the essential difference. It is the eternal principle of self-rule that is involved.

Encroachment upon this fundamental principle has reached such a pass in this nation that the pendulum is swinging back toward state's rights. At least toward the principle that future amendments to the Constitution must enlarge and not restrict the liberties of the people. The question in this amendment is not Child Labor—there is horrible child labor in Russia whence this amendment sprang: the question is whether the fundamentals of Americanism are to be tampered with whenever a group of socialistic women at Washington can be led to demand it.

Traffic Problems in Cities

THE problem of traffic congestion is not merely the number of motor cars in operation, but also their routing and speed. The number of cars will increase as long as cars prove useful, and the vigorous tackling of the routing problem is now well in hand in most cities. It is just beginning to be understood, however, that speed also is an element in congestion. The problems presented by a 15-mile-an-hour speed limit are made much simpler when the permissive limit is stretched to 25 miles an hour. This can be understood by making a simple computation or comparison. Suppose we were back in the old horse and buggy days and that there were as many horse-drawn vehicles in our cities as there are now motor cars; our cities would simply be packed with horses and buggies, unable to move. The greater speed of the motor car enables the quicker shifting of congestion and its spread over a wider area. Just as the greater speed of the car eliminates the problems that would arise out of the same number of horse-drawn vehicles, so the increased speed of cars over the present rate will eliminate many problems now pressing for solution.

Detroit has found that its 15-mile-an-hour speed limit fosters congestion. "We found that 15 miles an hour was too slow, that traffic became congested at that speed," says a Detroit traffic official. "We raised the limit to 20, and that is fast enough." It is obvious that when congestion follows upon the 20-mile-an-hour limit, the remedy will be greater speed. As a matter of fact, 20 miles may be the official limit in Detroit, but the actual driving practice, except in downtown districts, is higher. In most cities a driver who should run only 20 miles an hour would find himself obstructing traffic. In some cities slow driving is an offense, like fast driving.

The whole question will work itself out in practice. We are still in the period when there exists a prejudice against brisk driving in the belief that it is reckless, dangerous. Brisk driving is not necessarily reckless or dangerous. Slow driving may be both. Brisk driving has probably prevented more accidents than it has caused. Safety is not a matter of speed, but of control, and control is a matter of the motorist and his brakes. In city driving the ability to stop is as important as the brisk pick-up. The prejudice against speed will gradually disappear with increasing driving experience and under the pressure of traffic necessity. But the prejudice in favor of control will increase until it is generally obtained.

Jusserand

JULES JUSSERAND, ambassador of the French to the United States, returns after 22 years of American service to be the unofficial ambassador of the people of the United States to the French people. Just as all true business practice is equally beneficial to the buyer and seller, so true diplomacy serves the people who send the diplomat as well as the people to whom he is sent. James Bryce was of greater service in interpreting the people of America to the people of Great Britain than in any other work he undertook, and the people of Great Britain profited more through the knowledge he brought them concerning us, than they did in any other way.

This is not a parochial Americanism. It is based on the fact that it is the new and not the old that is in need of interpretation. America is a comparatively new fact in the political world. We have here a new people, a new attitude toward life, a new vigor in tackling age-old problems. Our newness has been a barrier against our being wholly understood in Europe. Millions of immigrants to our shores have helped interpret us in letter and return visits to their homelands; and the governments have usually shown wisdom in sending ambassadors who were competent for the interpretive task. Perhaps Germany is the only government that signally failed in this enterprise, for it is now generally admitted that American psychology remained an impenetrable mystery to Potsdam. Having all Europe behind them as their past, Americans have found it easier to understand European tendencies than Europe has found it to understand American tendencies. Men like Bryce and Jusserand have been bridges between the old and the new, and the great value of their services has been in making the new intelligible to the old.

We may confidently look forward to many years of ambassadorial service in this sense from M. Jules Jusserand. He has commended himself to the American people by his character and ability, and in return our highest representatives have been proud to call him their friend.

A "Live Town" in the Sun-Scorched Orient

Aleppo in Syria Has Broad, Clean Streets, Good Hotels, and Policemen in Khaki

By HAL WALKER

HEAT is a comparative term anyway, but we struck the superlative in the train trip from Homs to Aleppo in the hours we were passing through a country particularly desolate. There was hardly a breath of air stirring, and the sun beat down pitilessly, making the temperature inside the cars 104 degrees. Luckily for us we had a special train and so made better time than the regular schedule maintained. The Damascus and Aleppo line was part of the ex-Kaiser's dream for rail communication between Berlin and Bagdad until his plans for world dominion were frustrated with the aid of certain Yankee fighting men in the late unpleasantness.

There was nothing to see or to do on the way to one of the most interesting cities in all Syria. The main effort was to keep as cool as possible, and this was impossible, even with the aid of a baggage car filled with cooling liquids which were passed to us at every stop and many times between. Outside there was nothing except desert, with here and there a huddle of huts which looked like gigantic beehives or the winter homes of Eskimos. There appeared to be only one opening in these queer houses, the door. Although it seemed improbable, we were told that the houses were built with these domed roofs so the snow would slide off in the winter, but the idea of winter when the temperature that day was breaking all records seemed ludicrous.

At various stations at long intervals along the line, for we were not making Twentieth Century Limited time by any means, there would appear a French officer with one or two men posted in this desolation and heat. I imagine a short tour in such a place would be enough to make the most hardened campaigner long for the gaiety of Beyrouth, to say nothing of Paris and its boulevards. After several hours of this sort of scenery all at once there was a waft of coolness in the air and ahead we saw the domes and minarets of Aleppo.

Street musicians, Aleppo.

Aleppo, the market place.

From the citadel entrance, Aleppo.

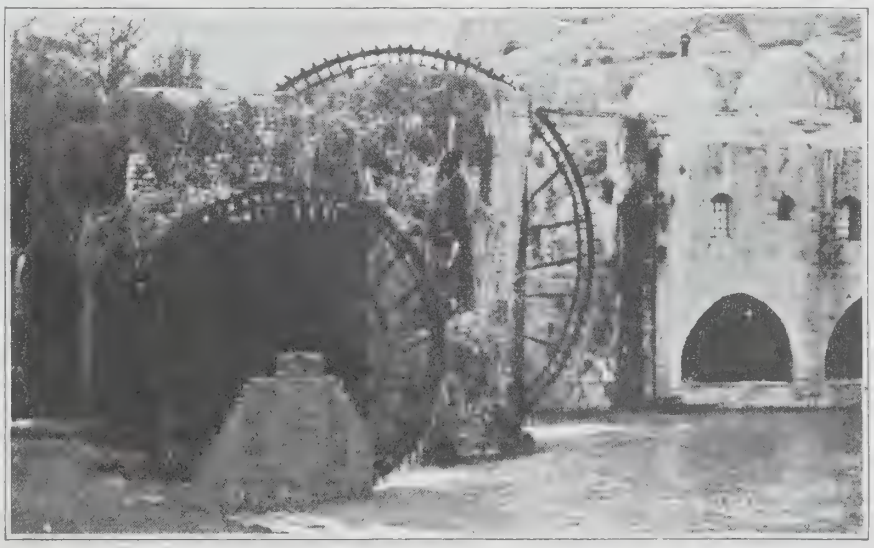
Soon we were riding past green fields and fruit trees growing sturdily by means of the life-giving water with which their roots were irrigated, and after only a few minutes of this we drew into the station at Aleppo, which is a rather pretentious affair. No motors this time; instead, we were assigned, two by two, to carriages which we were to have during our stay, each with a smart driver in khaki and a policeman, also in khaki, both wearing the big astrachan headgear which savors more of the Russian steppes than the torrid heat of Syria.

Aleppo is what we Americans call a "live town" in spite of its antiquity. It has broad, clean streets, and good hotels much better than those in Damascus. Aleppo is 70 miles from the Mediterranean and is on the caravan trade routes to Bagdad, Mosul, Kurdistan and Armenia. It has four Catholic archbishops, Greek and Armenian prelates, and the Christians number one-sixth the population. The Kuweik River forms the basis for its irrigation and agriculture, while spring water is brought eight miles through an ancient aqueduct to the city. The population is less than 200,000, a large number of inhabitants leaving the city at the time of the earthquake in 1822, at which time the population was considerably greater.

The historical point of interest in Aleppo is its citadel which rises 200 feet above the town, massive ramparts surrounded by a moat, the walls of the citadel rising fifty or more feet from the top of the moat. It is told that this citadel hill is not a natural but an artificial hill, and that it was created by tens of thousands of war captives toiling for years. According to this historical information, the citadel is built on many thousands of rock pillars which were hewn and put into place by these slaves. The Turks never challenged the legend, but the French plan to make excavations and ascertain the truth.

In front of the citadel entrance, which is falling into decay, is a large sun-baked square, and here part of our official program consisted in an entertainment furnished by native swordsmen and dancers. The fencing was more exciting than similar exhibitions by Japanese experts in their national accomplishment, because these brown men in Syria had no protection from the naked blades, and agility alone saved them from decapitation. There was a camel dance by a native woman richly clad, but with veiled features, and loaded down with bracelets and bangles. It couldn't really be termed a dance because she knelt on the camel's back and her dancing was with the arms and upper part of the body. Even this was brought to sudden stops frequently because the camel disagreed and sank to his knees, only to be prodded to his feet again with much bubbling of protest on his part.

Second only to Damascus was the program of entertainment and sight-seeing during our stay in Aleppo. There were elaborate lunches and banquets, here for the first time entertainers being used. The inside of a cheap wooden building, used ordinarily as a café and dance hall, was transformed with the richest of rugs as hangings into something magnificent, and we dined here as the guests of Aleppo officials in true French style. However, as there was no kitchen attached to this banquet hall our dishes were brought from a hotel kitchen a hundred yards down the street and were not piping hot when they reached the table.



These wheels are usually in pairs, one large and one small, at Hamah.

The scribes in the party were more lucky at Aleppo than anywhere else on the trip due to those private carriages which we had. At other places we made the various inspections in our regular motors with the drivers under command to follow the prescribed route, while at Aleppo after we had seen enough schools and industrial plants we would steal away to the souks to purchase trinkets or wander just "window shopping," if the term can be used where there are no windows. I rate the souks of Aleppo even more interesting than those of either Damascus or Constantinople because of the more varied gathering of peoples. All the tribes of Farther Asia are represented among the shopkeepers and I saw the first Hindu silversmiths here that I found in the entire country.

Then another thing which made Aleppo more fascinating was that "Joe" was with us again. Joe was his real name but his last one had about five syllables and although he wrote it down for me I could never remember it. He was one of those children of fate so often found in the Orient, but do not think he was a child, for he weighed about 200 pounds, was 35 years old and the head of a family of a wife and four children. Joe was a perfect guide and had been attached to our mission since landing at Beyrouth but as he had been responsible for the baggage which was carried ahead or behind us on motor trucks we had not seen much of him.

He was Syrian born but taken to America when he was three years old and brought up in that center of culture, Boston, where he went through the lower schools and graduated from Boston Latin. About the time he reached his majority his thoughts turned on marriage and he decided to go to the land of his birth to seek a wife. Landed in Syria, with his native shrewdness and later Yankee training, he decided conditions were more favorable for his success and so he stayed to rustle the East. During the early years of the war Joe was a contractor supplying Turkish troops with wood for fuel. He had a bill against the Sultan's representative for 3,700 Turkish pounds, which is no mean sum in American dollars, had it O.K'd and was told to come back the next day for payment.

Unhappily for Joe, the British troops were stationed there next day and his Turkish paymaster had fled. Then he was attached to the British intelligence section as long as they were in the country and joined with the French when they took over from the British. He devoted himself to me as he had not had an opportunity of speaking English for many months, and no commission was too large or too small for him to carry through in record time. He knew the best jewelers, silk dealers or those of any other craft and would drive a sharp bargain with them. I suppose he later claimed his commission, but that was his affair.

I thought nothing could be hotter than the train trip from Homs to Aleppo, but I found I had miscalculated, for the trip from Aleppo to Hamah was doubly uncomfortable. The heat was not more intense, perhaps, but a sirocco was blowing, filling the air with fine sand and dust and making the heat of an oven preferable in comparison. I have experienced siroccos in Algeria when the air seemed to scorch the lungs, but never anything quite as bad as this heat on the way to Hamah.

After hours of discomfort we seemed to have reached Paradise when green was seen in the distance and huge water wheels slowly revolved raising buckets of water from the river Orontes. The sight of the dripping wetness drove away all the discomfort we had undergone. For half an hour we sped along through an oasis with these giant wheels either near at hand or in the distance, and then we were in Hamah itself, the "Hamath" of the Scriptures. Hamah isn't a metropolis; it lies 110 miles northeast of Damascus, but it has changed little through the ages, and is one of the best examples of ancient civilization—there is not even a hotel in the place and we stayed in a small theater into which beds had been moved for our accommodation.

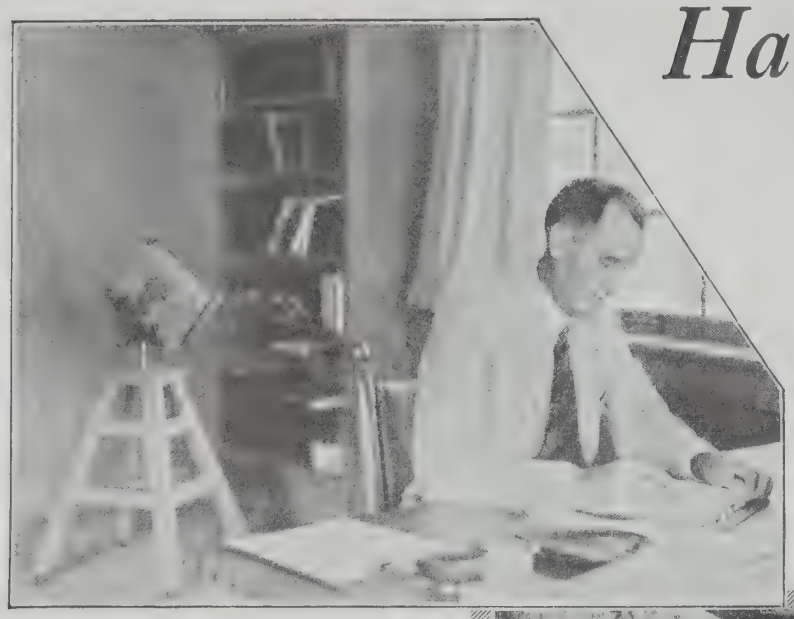
Hamah is also known as "the city of one hundred aqueducts" and we never tired of watching those huge wooden wheels moving slowly in the current, never changing speed, seeming to be as immutable as time itself as they carried the water from the river bed to the orchards and gardens many feet above, the wheels themselves being from sixty to ninety feet high. They are called "sakiehs" in Arabic, and they go on forever, day and night, each with a different tone as it revolves so that together they make a sort of harmony. Under a clear sky in the stillness of the night the splash of water from these wheels into the irrigation ditches, the murmur of the water as it flows along, the sound of the river itself,

(Concluded on page 14)

Harold Bell Wright, Novelist

"The Dickens of Rural Delivery Routes" At Home and at Work on the Desert

By JOHN ANSON FORD



Harold Bell Wright at his desk in his study. All of the furniture was designed by him.

The living room in the Wright home, looking into the dining room.

I HAVE just returned from a pilgrimage of considerably more than a thousand miles of motor travel over mountain ranges, across deserts and through thriving towns and cities, many of which did not exist, even in name, 25 years ago. I have been to see Harold Bell Wright in Tucson, Arizona, and the strange, fascinating home which he has built, consciously or unconsciously interpreting his own outlook on life.

Our journey was a fitting introduction to this man whose novels have been sold to the number of millions of copies and whose name stands practically at the top of the list of popular American writers. Our route took us through that romantic reclaimed region, the Imperial Valley in Southern California, which has been made known to countless thousands through "The Winning of Barbara Worth." Ascending from this valley, whose cotton and alfalfa fields show no trace of the desert that was, we traveled for mile upon mile via creaking plank road, over smooth, undulating sand dunes. Followed Yuma and its evidences of Indian life on every hand, the suhuaro-sentineled desert of Arizona, Phoenix and its floor-level Salt River empire of irrigated green. Finally after another 100 miles of bristling cholla, slender-armed ocatilla, and solemn suhuaro we came to the venerable town of Tuscon, where lingers the atmosphere of Spain and old Mexico, despite automobiles, street cars and increasing numbers of bungalows.

All of this Southwest country from the coast of Southern California eastward through Arizona is land which Harold Bell Wright loves and knows with peculiar intimacy. He has witnessed at close range the miracle that has swept over the Southwest—the miracle of reclamation and development which often has taken place in the face of terrific obstacles. Moreover, he has reclaimed several hundred acres of desert, converting it into a beautiful productive ranch. An inscription over the entrance to the Barbara Worth Hotel in El Centro, California, named from "The Winning of Barbara Worth," epitomizes this transformation which was manifest at so many points on our pilgrimage: "The desert waited silent, hot, and fierce in its desolation, holding its treasures under the seal of death against the coming of the strong ones."

* * *

The slightly rolling plain across which the straight desert road led us was in no sense a desolate waste, but dotted with creosote, and cactus which had remained green in spite of the long rainless summer and autumn. At length we saw our goal beyond a turn in the road—a rambling group of one-story buildings, Indian in their style of architecture, resting on a knoll that commanded a view of a vast plain, at the far edges of which rose jagged purple mountains. The structures were almost the color of the reddish-brown soil from which they sprang.

We rang at the heavy wrought-iron gate beyond which we glimpsed a secluded patio, and presently were ushered into a spacious living room containing many easy chairs and objects of art representing much travel and many admirers.

A tall slender figure, clad in white from head to foot, appeared in a doorway, smiling and with outstretched hand. It was Harold Bell Wright, informal, cordial, gracious, free.

I say "free" because the author confessed that he had just completed the first installment of his latest book, "A Son of His Father," and now that the thing was off his mind he felt like a new man.

It was perhaps an hour later that Wright and I found ourselves separated from the rest of the company. Thereupon he led me to an outdoor sitting room on the roof to drink in the panorama of desert and mountain encircling us. At any other time the wonderful landscape would have engrossed me. But now even the slope of the Catalina Mountains where Wright won his heroic battle against "T. B." interested me less than the man beside me. His wiry figure suggested the cowboy. His face was smooth-shaven and tanned. Bare-headed in the brilliant Arizona sunlight, there was a squint about the steel blue eyes which bespoke years in the desert.

But in the swift frequent movement of the long right arm, with its index finger picking out points of interest here and there, there was the sign of the writer and the artist. There was nothing weak about those finely fashioned hands.

Our talk ranged from books and bookmakers to camps and campers and back to books again. Many notes were struck in that running fire of conversation and many swift flashes which revealed the penetrating power of the author's mind. But if I may presume to interpret the spirit and purposes of one whose fame already has subjected him to much analysis, I would say that the spirit of Harold Bell Wright is that of a pioneer. He has helped blaze trails across the Southwest. He loves the desert not only because of its majestic solitude but also because of its challenge.

Wright and a friend whom we will call Jim were once traveling in a light roadster of uncertain vintage, which could jump a sagebrush about as easily as a jack rabbit can. A few miles east of Yuma these two came upon a perplexed motorist accompanied by a handsomely dressed, haughty spouse, three children, a maid and much excess baggage. Wright paused beside the big car long enough to indicate to the inquiring stranger (obviously a tenderfoot) the right road to Yuma. Then Wright and Jim hurried on as was their wont, only to find the big car close on their trail. Arriving at Yuma the author learned that the famous and often impassable sand dune road to El Centro had been traversed but once in the previous three days. Such was the formidable character of the sand dune trail before the none too successful plank road was laid. But when it comes to negotiating a roadster over sand the author of "When a Man's a Man" knows his stuff and despite a foreboding look from the Yuma garage man Wright and Jim announced their intention to travel westward via the sand dunes. At that moment the big car came to a stop and inquired of the gasoline attendant what was the best road to Holtville and El Centro.

"By all means stay away from the sand dunes," was the information he received, "and take the roundabout way. You'll get there quicker." Not satisfied with this advice the Easterner turned to Wright and on learning that he was traveling via the sand dunes announced that the big car would follow. Warnings and explanations were of no avail and he started out behind Wright's roadster calling out to his unwilling guide (whose identity he did not suspect),

"Now don't go off and leave me."

Wright and Jim didn't. They had penetrated only a few miles into the Sahara-like stretch of sand when the big car stalled. There was nothing to do but go back and dig it out, deflate the tires and start the tenderfoot on his way. Not once but again and again and again were the author and his friend called on to get down on their hands and knees and extricate this motorist who knew not the first thing about the trick of driving in sand. Furthermore he seemed to lack the nerve necessary to charge a sand drift at thirty or forty miles an hour even though such was the only way to make sure progress.

Each time these two volunteer helpers there in the desert bent to their back-breaking task of starting the big car, the lady on the back seat looked down on their labors with just a suggestion of superiority and there was an unmistakable implication that "these desert men ought to help folks out when in such terrible distress as we are."

Once she deigned to converse:

"By the way, mister," she inquired, "did you ever read that book called 'The Winning of Barbara Worth?' Don't you know, this sandy country about here somehow makes me think of that fascinating story."

I fancy that Wright's face was a study. But he says that he "never batted an eye" and allowed that he too had read the book. But conditions were going from bad to worse. Night was coming on and it began to look as though the strangers would be stranded there in the sand with only Wright's meager supply of water and food for the children, not to mention their mother and her pompous but incompetent driver-husband.

At this critical juncture, and just as it would have been planned in the movies, rescuers appeared in the persons of two desert men driving over the sand dunes like mad from El Centro and toward Yuma. Wright descried them from afar and hurried to them before the

Corner in the patio showing statue of a Papago Indian making the sign of "peace" or friendliness.

The garden in front of the Wright home, composed entirely of desert flora such as suhuaro (giant cactus).

big car was within earshot. "Men, I ask you two favors. First, when we get back to that big car there remember you never saw me before. I am unknown to you, at least by name. Second, I want one of you to give up your trip to Yuma and drive that car to El Centro. We'll make old Money Bags ride with us. Otherwise we'll never get out of here tonight."

It was agreed and the new arrivals played their part as instructed. The owner of the big car volubly declared that "no one will ever drive this auto but me." However, some pointed remarks by the author incognito changed his mind. Another two hours of "bucking-broncho" driving brought the big car and its more or less terrified occupants to the edge of the sand dunes and on into El Centro. They were only a few yards behind Wright and Jim in their leaping tuna of a roadster. Wright thought he had played his game of unrevealed identity pretty well and rolled up to a service station glad that he had been able to share in rescuing a party of travelers, even if they were not very pronounced in their gratitude.

At that moment the service station attendant appeared in the doorway and called out, "Hello, Wright!"

The author turned his head and caught a glimpse of the lady of superior mein in the big car. Her face was a study. In swift succession expressions of incredulity, amazement and humiliation swept across her features.

"Are you Harold Bell Wright?" she gasped. And the author smilingly plead guilty. It is safe to assert that this new arrival in the West thoroughly learned the lesson that in this big outdoor country one must not judge by appearances.

I was tremendously interested to find that a man who so thoroughly enjoys the open country could hold himself unerringly to an indoor program of writing. Readers of this article who have enjoyed "Their Yesterdays" will recall that two of the thirteen fundamental and indispensable things of life which are listed in that book's opening pages are "dreams" and "work." I found Wright practicing what he has preached. After years of writing under all kinds of conditions that most authors would pronounce intolerable, this author has finally built for himself a home which is primarily a *workshop*.

Looking out through the dining room door across the patio to the "front gate."

As much thought has been given to Mrs. Wright's room where she does all of the copying and correspondence typing, and to Mr. Wright's study, as to the spacious living room and dining room. In fact, I think the study must have been planned first and other rooms built with reference to it. It is a writer's paradise. Lighted on three sides by large windows that look out over desert and mountains, there is nothing distracting in the surroundings of this workshop. A thick cement wall shuts out the sounds from other parts of the house. The windows offer no glimpse of activities in the garden or outbuildings.

The interior of the study is unique in that there are no decorations of any kind save a frame and long-cherished picture of Hoffman's "Christ." The ceiling, walls, floor and furniture—the latter all designed by the author—are of one uniform tint, a pale green which is most restful to the eyes. Two or three tables, and arm chairs (one with up-slanting arms to hold a writing board), a dictionary stand, a pulpit-like desk, and a well-filled case of reference books—these constitute the furniture. Wright often moves from one desk or chair to another as he works.

At the end of the study Mr. Wright showed me the sanctum sanctorum—the fireproof vault in which all of the original manuscripts are housed. Here we handled pages written in those far-off days when only indomitable faith in himself enabled the unknown Harold Bell Wright to labor for weeks and months to perfect the messages in which he believed. Here, too, he showed me the argument and outline of the book, "A Son of His Father" which is now engaging his mind and heart. And most significant of all were thirteen large envelopes, each neatly typed with "working titles"—the accumulating essence of books that are yet to be written.

Here is a man whom the world would say had arrived. According to the thinking of the superficially minded "he doesn't need to work any more"—just as though work were something from which we *all* are trying to escape. But if I judge Wright truly, it would be as impossible for him to stop working as to stop breathing. Despite his full realization that he must carefully conserve his strength, I caught no intimation from this man of much achievement that he ever looked forward to the day when he would "quit and take it easy."

And with Wright "work" means creating. The physical labor of writing a page of manuscript in longhand may seem slight enough, but put into that page a glimpse of forlorn little Barbara Worth beside her nameless mother who is dying of thirst on a desert as fiercely hot as a furnace—and make this glimpse so vivid and real that it brings tears to the eyes of the reader—then, when such a page has been written, an author has labored intensely. Day after day Wright is devoting himself to such creative work. All America knows the characters he has brought into being.

The north terrace overlooking the desert in its natural state. The stairs lead to the flat roof.

That is the reason that pioneering in a new country appeals to him. Though chiefly a creator in literature he also has shared the hardships of pioneering and reclaiming. Those engaged in such work are bringing something new and worth while into the world. Too great a proportion of mankind is satisfied with mere routine, he says. Those with the instincts and aims of creators are rare, but they find stimulus and opportunities for development in every new country.

With the enthusiasm of a boy Wright explains how they had surrounded their new desert home with the plants of the desert instead of importing "civilized" trees and shrubs. He showed us his promising hedge of ocatilla. "A wonderful plant," he exclaimed, as we cautiously fingered the long slender branches, heavily barbed, springing from a common base. "Its hardihood is absolutely amazing. Without rain it will stand for months and months, dry and apparently dead. Then, no matter what time of year, throw a hatful of water on it and it will burst into green leaves." And the author with a quick gesture of his outspread hands emphasized the almost magical recuperative power of this desert species.

Either side of the wrought-iron gateway (the pattern for which was fashioned in wood by Wright's own hands) stands a fine specimen of giant cactus, decorative and suggestive of dignity as any trimmed boxwood on an English estate. Similarly, other desert plants and shrubs have been utilized to wonderful advantage. All of this necessitated a good deal of painstaking experimenting, for as far as the Wrights were able to learn, no one else has undertaken to plant an entire home grounds with indigenous desert flora. The past two years have shown what can be planted from seed and what can be transplanted, with the result that the grounds, already most interesting because unique, are to be made increasingly beautiful, all the way from the little guest house and swimming pool down the slope to the garage and pump house and out toward the stables and corral where the saddle horses are housed.

A moment ago I mentioned dreams as one of the things which this author counts among life's essentials. His dreams go hand in hand with his work. His home which is his workshop is the fruit of dreams. A few seasons ago he was stricken with pneumonia as the result of working in a damp, cement-floored house. There was but one thing to do, as soon as his condition would permit, and that was to get out into the open air and sunshine. Mrs. Wright discovered an attractive knoll out in the quiet of the desert. Here she set up a tent and a ramada (a four-posted shelter from the sun) and here Wright spent the summer recuperating and writing. It was an experience not unlike the one he had on the slope of the Catalina Mountains in his successful fight against "T. B." but not so desperate.

While that book was in the making, this man was dreaming of a home—a work place where he could gather together all of the things which count for worthwhile living, and where he could get away from the non-essentials, the things which sap and suck one's strength.

The veranda and its varicolored Indian rugs and wicker furniture, facing the patio.

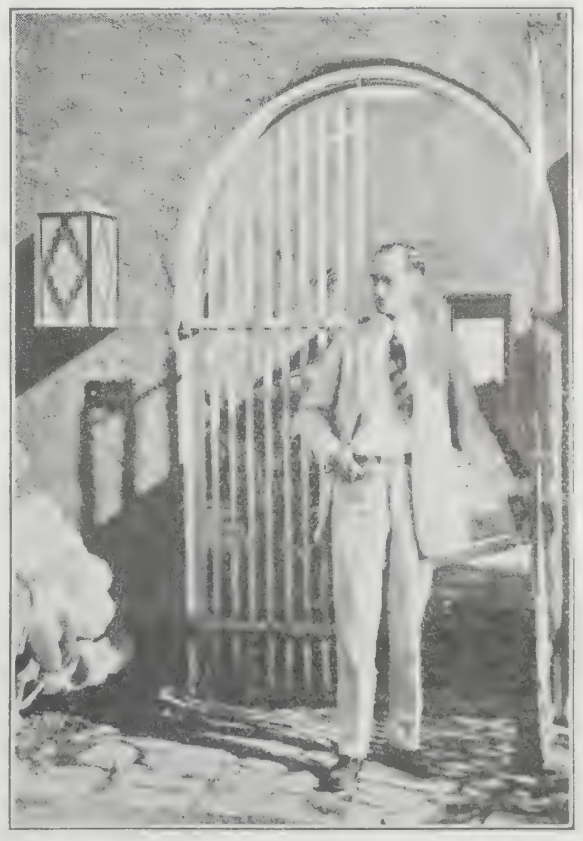
The book sold well and when the first check for royalties came it was sufficient to pay for the building of the dream house, on the very knoll where the book was written.

But this man's dreams cover a far wider range. Like the true pioneer that he is, he is dreaming of the future, forgetting the novels and successes that are behind, he is pressing on toward the things that are before. His thoughts are on those thirteen books. Of them he dreams, hoping that they may be finer and better than anything which he has yet produced.

Life is a serious matter with Harold Bell Wright—he has faced the realities too many times not to be serious. And yet his sense of humor is always just beneath the surface, ready to crop out at any time. For example, not long before I bade him goodby I remarked that doubtless he had many callers.

"Yes," he replied with a wry smile. "We always like to see folks but it is physically impossible to meet every sight-seer that comes to this part of the country, and at the same time keep up our work. Why, the other day I was at work in my study when presently I felt a creepy feeling up and down my back and turned around. Behold, there were three good ladies, their noses pressed against the windowpane, their hands shading their eyes, peering in at me, as though I were an animal in a zoo!"

Things like that nettle Wright just as they would anyone else who loves privacy, but he is not so serious minded as to miss the humor of the situation. His big concern is "following the trail." For him each day opens up new unexplored country. To his chosen task of original, creative thinking he brings remarkable power in description, plot building, and character portrayal. In the books of Harold Bell Wright that have been written and in those thirteen yet to be written will be found the log of a pioneer, the record of a man who dreams and works for the joy of working.



Harold Bell Wright at the entrance to the patio of his Indian-style desert home near Tucson, Arizona.

How to Balance a Nourishing Diet—By MARY E. BAYLEY

THE most important foods which contain all the amino acids necessary to build the protein of the body are, milk, cheese, flesh foods, and eggs. The proteins of beans, peas and most nuts cannot be depended upon unless aided by one of the "complete" protein foods. And those most useful are milk and meat. Milk is, however, better than meat as a supplement to these "incomplete" protein foods. This is true not because its protein is superior to meat, but because it furnished other valuable elements—namely vitamines and minerals.

It is true also because of the fact that meat generally tends to take too big a place in the diet. Meat contains excessive amounts of acid-forming elements, and for this reason, to secure best results in nutrition, it needs to be combined properly with foods rich in bases of mineral nature. An excessive consumption of meat tends to promote the generation of toxic substances. These toxic products exert an irritating action on the lining of the intestine. They burden the liver and kidneys. And altogether in time produce a condition unfavorable to health.

There is one other fact which modern studies in nutrition *have tended to prove* (though perhaps not proving conclusively), and this is that there is no essential difference in the character of the diet which will best support well-being in persons of different ages. That is, there is no important difference in the nutritive requirements of the young and the adult. While it is true that certain foods can be safely taken by the adult, which are not suited to the delicate digestive tract of the young child, it is by no means certain that the adult will be well nourished and his vitality maintained at a high level by diets unsuited to the child of four or five years. Indeed there is more reason to believe that such diets as maintain normal growth and vigor in children are physiologically superior to any not fulfilling these requirements. For in animal experimentation it has been found that diets which were not suited for the promotion of growth in the young caused damage to adult animals restricted to them.

The question of proper nutrition is really based upon four principles, the great importance of which has come to light through comparatively recent studies:

First. That a more generous use of dairy products is essential. Milk is particularly valuable for supplementing other foods and for specifically correcting their deficiencies. In addition to its mineral properties (particularly calcium), its complete protein and the vitamines (particularly fat soluble "A"), milk also serves in another way. It encourages in the intestine the growth of lactic-acid producing bacteria (the cause of the souring of milk). These help to rid the intestine of those types of bacilli which cause putrefactive decomposition of the food residue.

Second. In the leafy parts of vegetables there are dietary properties which are unique among foods of vegetable origin. Eating leafy vegetables in liberal amounts provides the body with substances which it cannot secure in adequate amounts from potatoes, milled cereals and muscle cuts of meats. Leafy vegetables are also of importance because they leave a bulky residue which promotes prompt elimination and thus aids in maintaining the intestinal tract in a hygienic condition.

A diet consisting largely of meat, white bread, potatoes and sugar is low in indigestible matter. It leaves but little residue for the intestine to cast off, but this residue is of a physical character unfavorable for elimination. By the enormous amount of cathartic drugs used, it is quite evident that constipation is the heavy burden of countless thousands. It is practically impossible for anyone to become constipated who eats liberally of green leafy vegetables and salads. Regular eating of these would tend largely to correct faulty elimination of practically all, except those who have badly damaged their intestinal tract by long-standing abuse.

Third. We should eat at frequent intervals raw fruits and raw vegetables, to make sure of securing a sufficient amount of the anti-scrobutic substances, particularly vitamine "C." This vitamine is the most unstable of all and when foods are cooked, dried, dehydrated, preserved or canned, it is rapidly destroyed.

Fruits and vegetables are also important because their ash is alkaline and thus they aid in establishing an alkali reserve in the blood.

Fourth. That meat, since it contains an excessive amount of acid-forming elements, needs to be combined properly with foods rich in bases of mineral nature—milk, leafy vegetables and fruits.

Learning to keep the diet on the safe side as proved by scientific experiment is not a difficult problem. It is really quite easy. For it does not involve the learning of long and intricate "calorie tables" as at one time thought. Reduced to simplest terms, it consists merely in seeing that each person has every day:

A quart of milk or its equivalent. This may be taken plain, in cocoa, ice cream, cheese, milk toast, milk vegetable soups, cream vegetables, junket, and other desserts in which milk is used.

One liberal portion of some cooked green leafy vegetable. In addition to cabbage, Brussels sprouts, turnip tops, and all the spinach family, there is included among leafy vegetables, string beans and asparagus, since these contain practically the same dietary qualities. The onion, since it is a mass of thickened leaves, is also classed with leafy vegetables. The onion is rich in mineral content, particularly iron (in this particular respect taking the place of red meat); it contains all three of the vitamines; its protein supplements the deficiencies of the protein of other vegetables, and, in addition, the onion is a corrective for constipation.

Two salads every day. Perhaps one for lunch or supper and one for dinner. These to be made of fresh uncooked fruits or vegetables, such as cabbage (as served in cole slaw or cabbage salad), lettuce, water cress, apples, oranges, tomatoes or other fruits and vegetables that can be served raw.

If of these foods (milk, green vegetables and salads) there is taken an adequate minimum, they will crowd out of the diet a considerable part of the meat, cereal, bread, potatoes and sweets, one would otherwise eat. In other words, if these foods are made first essentials in the diet (with other foods secondary) one may with reasonable safety go ahead with the dictates of the appetite.

It is well to make a practice of taking small servings of meat. And to eat meat but once a day is a safe rule to follow. Eggs contain nearly everything the body needs for its development, except sufficient calcium. They are, however, unbalanced with respect to other food principles.

In using eggs, they should be regarded as additions to the cereal, potato and root vegetable foods, to improve its quality. A diet in which eggs predominate is harmful, since, like meat, they tend to favor the growth of putrefactive bacteria in the alimentary tract.

The average person would doubtless accept the following menu as a satisfactory dinner. It is interesting to note also that this complies with the older standards *of chemical composition* which were supposed to be adequate as a basis of judgment:

Veal cutlets, boiled or baked potatoes, buttered peas, gelatin salad, bread and butter, mince pie and coffee. And yet in the light of the new principles which we know are the basis of satisfactory nutrition, the menu given is a very unsatisfactory one. It is derived entirely from muscle tissue of meat, potatoes, a legume seed (peas), gelatin (a protein from meat or bone), a cereal (bread), meat and fruit from which mincemeat is prepared and a fat (butter). We now know that, to have our diet physiologically complete, it is necessary not only to be sure that it contains enough of all the substances which it is known how to estimate chemically, but food must be selected from *certain sources*.

To return to the menu in question, it is a simple matter to modify this, by the addition of milk and eggs, and make it correct from the standpoint of satisfactory nutrition. If we substitute breaded cutlets (dressed with egg and bread crumbs), mashed potatoes to which has been added milk, creamed peas, gelatin salad, bread and butter and caramel custard, we have a meal, not differing from the former in attractiveness and palatability, yet one decidedly superior for the maintenance of health.

There is a real need for a better selection of foods than now practiced in many households. Adherence to the simple principles now well established by scientific discoveries in the field of nutrition, namely, a liberal use of milk in various ways, the daily use of green vegetables and the eating of salads, cannot fail to contribute to health, happiness and achievement.

Elmer Bowman—"A Vanishing Species"

Concluded from page 3

wild turkey, quail, and dove. The islands and tide-level swamps are the natural home of water fowl such as gulls and terns, rails and coots, cormorants and stilts, grackles and curlews—all breeding literally in uncounted millions.

Comparisons are not always odious. Texas' obligation to "hook up" with Louisiana, as Elmer Bowman put it, is too obvious to justify argument. The simple fact is that Louisiana provides stringent protection for the east side of the Sabine while Texas provides none whatsoever for the west side.

"The rapid decrease of wild life in numbers is apparent to all interested observers," writes the Texas game and fish commissioner, noting that "a recent census of the antelope in Texas shows that we have 547 head," whereas, fifty years ago, the Texas spotted antelope was numbered in the hundreds of thousands.

"The Department of Conservation is in control of all the natural resources of the state except the soil under private ownership," solemnly affirms the Louisiana conservation commissioner, in reporting the progress made in the protection of wild life in the state and its "really remarkable increase."

Texas has a closed season on the shooting of wild fowl and game, conforming to the Federal law, but fur-bearing animals are wholly unprotected except in one county. There are no prohibitions on trapping, the license system is unknown, and no restrictions exist on the possession, sale and shipment of furs. It is gratifying to note that the consent of the owner is required for trapping on "posted" land, and that, responding to a stirring public conscience, *verboten* signs are coming to be rather common. But on anything like a comprehensive scale the state legislature of Texas has not acted, nor given the pressing problem of imperiled wild life even a respectful hearing.

It may be ventured that the fur-bearing species reason after some fashion; atavistic, perhaps, but cogent. Elmer Bowman's pessimistic report of a westward movement of the game is apparently confounded by the fact that trapping has always been more successful on the Louisiana side, although the lay of the country is the same on either side of the Sabine River. In my swing along the Texas side, where trapping was being conducted without restraint, it was found that the harvest was poor: "Sleem pickin's, *voila!*" answered one tall *cajan* trapper. Since Louisiana protects while Texas does not, the reasonable answer seems to be that the game is "hep" to where comparative safety lies.

Among its other excellent conservation laws Louisiana imposes a closed season extending from February 15 to November 15 on the trapping of fur bearers. Rats may be taken at any time when found to be injuring levees, and a further broadening is left to the discretion of the department of conservation whenever it is found that rats are doing damage to cultivated or pastured lands.

Louisiana collects a severance tax of two cents on the current market value of all skins, the alligator being included in this category. The tax is paid by the dealer. The trapper, buyer and dealer, including the non-resident dealer, are licensed, the license fee being, respectively, $1.25, $4, $25, and $50 per annum. The industry is further stabilized with the barring of itinerant trappers; that class must have resided in the state six months to secure a license. The trapper is encouraged by a new law permitting him to ship out his own catch without securing a dealer's license, but upon the payment of the severance tax. Fur buyers and dealers are required to keep records of purchases and sales, and to make monthly reports to the conservation commissioner.

Louisiana goes further. It regulates the breeding of fur-bearing animals, elk, deer, wild game birds and wild waterfowl in private preserves, through the license system; requiring the marking of propagated game offered for sale and shipment, licenses for sale, semiannual reports, and the types of fences to be used. Non-game plumage-bearing birds are fully protected.

Besides having wide discretionary powers, the conservation commissioner is authorized to spend annually up to $175,000. The department is self-sustaining, in no way adding any burden to the general expenses of the government. The commissioner said: "The progress made in the protection and development of Louisiana's wild life resources has been really remarkable. We can look back just a few years to the time when certain species of game native to Louisiana were threatened with absolute extinction; while today, from every section, we get the most encouraging reports of increases in the numbers of all species.

"The wild waterfowl has increased enormously. The State of Louisiana has set aside a tract of 60,000 acres of land for use as a public shooting ground. A clubhouse has been erected. Here any citizen of the state who has a one-dollar hunter's license may enjoy the privileges of an up-to-date sportsmen's club. The public shooting preserve is situated at the mouth of the Mississippi River. Last season's kill of ducks was 11,297."

The state's fur industry, the commissioner said, has developed into an asset of highest importance. With 10,000 trappers licensed, Louisiana leads all other states in the catch and sale of muskrats, while the value of the annual fur crop is placed at four million to five million dollars. The season of 1920-21, one of the poorest in the history of the fur industry, showed a reported catch in Louisiana of 1,271,364 fur bearers, divided as follows: 900,170 muskrats, 160,683 raccoons, 131,553 opossums, 66,315 mink, 12,322 skunks, and 321 otter. The receipts of the department of conservation exceeded a quarter-million dollars.

We managed, that last day, to catch nine rats and four hundred pounds of buffalo fish—in hoop nets, too; and Elmer sold the fish to Joe Pavell at Orange at six cents a pound dressed. The grizzled patriarch of the Bowman hunter-fisher-trapper clan was gloomy as he squatted on the edge of our tiny—and getting tinier—island to bathe his bloody arms in the softly rising flood.

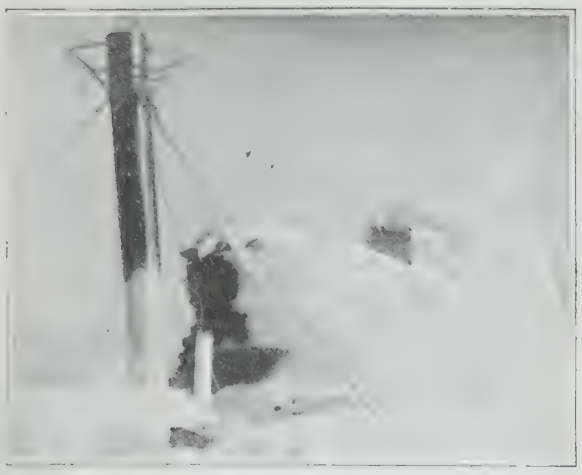
"Season's over. We're done for two months," he announced. "Tomorrow there'll be poachers at this place with seines, right here on my land, and they'll catch a couple thousand pounds of buffaler. What's a law-abidin' family like ours to do, and me with fifteen huskies to feed! Say, Mister, you tell 'em—great *gosh*, looky yonder!"

Formed in a perfect V, a flock of Canada geese rushed across our vision, Canada-bound, flying low but climbing, swift and true as a bullet. Then they were suddenly shut out by the tops of the tall trees over our heads. Elmer looked at Robbie with shining eyes and Robbie gave his father back his look. November only nine months away!

Shall Black or White Dominate South Africa?

Concluded from page 5

ing propaganda which extends to the remotest corners of the country. In the realm of native affairs the attitude and operations of the new administration will have their most important bearing upon the future of South Africa. The native is not quite persuaded that his interests are in sympathetic hands when he is being dealt with by the party of the *back-veld* Boer, and the declaration of policy now made has created no slight sensation in quarters where some indication of policy has been anxiously awaited. The declaration, if made effective, means something of a revolution in mining conditions, and the closing down of areas which are being worked solely because costs are low. At this point, however, South African Labor has something to say. The Laborists are ready to urge that if mining areas are abandoned on such grounds, these be taken over by the state and worked with low-priced native labor as before: Low-priced labor for the low-grade areas *under nationalization* is the program in reserve; for the high-grade areas, more White labor. The developments which are in prospect in other directions—more irrigation, fruit-growing, larger areas under tobacco, and great stretches of country under cotton—should tend to the relief of the general situation; but the native remembers that *back-veld* opinion has always been candid on the subject of the huge areas of splendid territory in the native reserves, and there will be some misgiving in native circles in this connection until it becomes clearer how Nationalism will proceed to preserve White civilization in South Africa.



Ice or frost feathers wrecking the meteorograph masts on Mount Rose.

Snow Surveying on the Sierras

With the Weather Men at Mount Rose

By GUSTAVUS S. PAINE

I HAD always maintained that I wanted to climb a mountain just for the fun of climbing, and not to do any work either going up or coming down. Once, however, I went up Mount Rose, Nevada, in the summer with a botanist, and spent a week scraping lichens and other discolorations, which didn't mean anything to me, from the rocks to put them between the leaves of huge specimen books that we had to pack on our backs down the mountain side. It was a memorable lesson, but that week I learned that to see Mount Rose at its best one should go up in the winter, and to have the finest kind of winter trip one should make the climb with a snow surveyor working for Dr. Church, of Reno.

Snow surveying is a comparatively recent development in the United States, or anywhere else for that matter. In the Sierras, Dr. J. E. Church, Jr., of the University of Nevada, has established regular snow courses, which for some years he has sampled carefully each season. The purpose of this curious work is to give to the ranchers and power companies of the valleys forecasts of the amount of water they can expect in the spring and summer. For this work, he has had to develop a technique all his own.

Among the loose rocks at the very top of Mount Rose he constructed at the start a tight little cabin, with bunks as on shipboard, and one tiny window looking out over all of Lake Tahoe about five thousand feet below. A stove, a table, a collapsible chair, a bin lined with sheet iron for food supplies, and all sorts of instruments for recording the weather at that vantage point, take up nearly half the cubic space in the cabin. Fortunately for me I did not have to pack any of those things up there, but I have been grateful for many of them after several hard climbs.

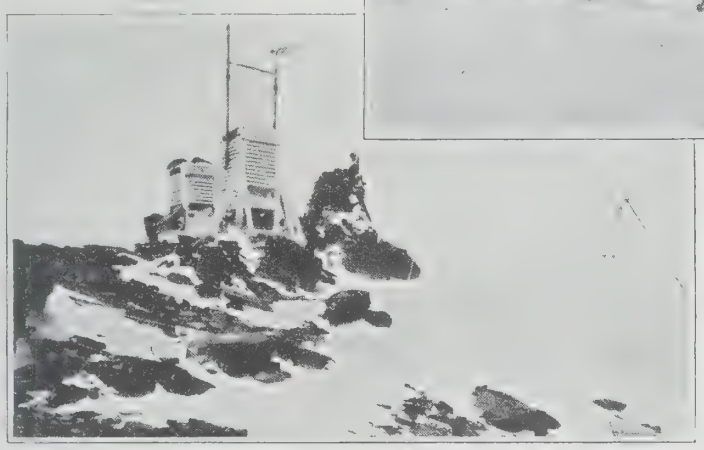
With the long light snow samplers in sections tied together over my shoulder, and with a knapsack and snowshoes on my back, I started out one January day with a university upper classman for my first actual experience in snow surveying. We had spent the night in the stone outbuilding at the old Wheeler ranch, which had once been a cache for stolen goods. There Dr. Church kept bedding and food and fuel behind a stout door with a big padlock. So we were fresh in the cool of the morning for the climb of some five thousand feet. From the start there was snow on the ground, and it became deeper and deeper as we followed the old wood road that petered out as soon as we came to the last willows in the first ravine. There I wanted to follow the trail that I knew doubled back and forth up the bare right side of the canyon, but my superior officer declared there was no trail and that the only way was straight up the rocks ahead. So up the rocks we went. The jangling samplers, the knapsack, and the snowshoes had to be shifted almost every ten feet, but we finally made that first top, and sat down to look at what was before us. From there the climb was more gradual, through second-growth pines where the first growth was cut off fifty or sixty years ago for timbers in the Comstock mines, and past the spot that in summer was a brackish pond, but which now was a mere depression in the snow. On we clambered up the rocky mountain side, every now and again crawling on our hands and knees through the terrific wind which had long since laid low the scrub Alpine white pines, among which we soon found ourselves, and had kept them twisting along the ground in their determination to live.

It was a good day's work to get to Contact Pass. Here Dr. Church had put up a halfway shelter hut of bags filled with sand and tarred on the outside, a Black Hole of Calcutta in which I had vowed on previous trips that I would never stay overnight. Stay there we did this time, however, for it would have been impossible to have made the top in the dark and the wind. The bed on the floor was made of blankets and rabbit skins. When we lay down on it, after having cooked our supper out of some cans, and closing the door and the thick shutter at the window to keep out cold and wood rats, I realized that never before had I been in such a totally dark place. With my hand only a few inches before my eyes, I could see no faintest indication of its being there. Nevertheless we soon slept.

In the morning we went on. From Contact Pass the walking is still harder, but it is all just walking, and not climbing up rock ledges as in the Alps. Anyone with ordinary endurance can do it. We saw very little animal life, only a few great white rabbits. The thick underbrush which grows up through the loose rocks was so heavily covered with snow that we could walk over most of it, hardly knowing it was there. Here, in fact, was one of Dr. Church's snow courses, to which, however, we now paid no professional attention, as we were to sample it on the way down. Crossing finally the last hogback, we saw the quiet three hundred square miles of dark blue Tahoe on our right just below, a great savage cup in the speckled white Sierras, a cup whose contents Dr. Church carefully measures for the benefit of the ranchers and the power companies.

From this point it was only a few minutes to the top. I had not used my snowshoes at all, as the crust had everywhere been sufficient to hold me. We undid the bars across the door of the cabin, and went in for a few minutes out of the wind. However, we soon had to inspect the little kiosk full of instruments a few yards away. Here the velocity and direction of the wind, the amount of snowfall, the barometric pressures, and the temperature are all recorded without human attention for weeks at a time. The instruments are sometimes almost overwhelmed by onslaughts of frost, but we found that they were surviving.

Of course, when the actual measurements of the amount of snow on the ground have been gathered, the effect of the wind, the temperature, and the moisture in the atmosphere on the melting and the evaporation have to be taken into account. These corrections were especially necessary when the whole work was experimental, and before the more or less permanent snow courses to be measured were decided upon. To the man in the street, it seems easy enough to say roughly that the amount of snow in any one year is 90 per cent or 120 per cent of the normal; but many factors nullify the reliability of casual observations. And then, too, a normal has to be determined through years of study, if the predictions are to be of any value to the water users.



Above—Mount Rose Observatory, 10,800 feet. Below, left—The weather recording itself on Mount Rose. Right—Ward Creek basin at crest of Sierra Nevada.

In the morning, after an almost air-tight night in the cabin, because wood rats in the place would have lessened our happiness there, we started down. The first snow course extends directly down to the north from the peak. From there we took forty measurements in a straight line one hundred feet apart. The samplers are steel tubes which can be forced down even through ice because of the sharp bottom edge. Now and again I had to exert my whole weight on the handle-like arrangement clamped to the top, but always after a good deal of effort we managed to reach the bottom of the bank, and bring up a core of snow to be weighed at once. We also noted down in the book the kind of bottom reached, whether of soil, rock, or underbrush, evidences of which showed on the lower end of the sample. Ten feet of snow on top of manzanita must be interpreted somewhat differently from ten feet of snow on a rock surface. Out of all the measurements, taken year after year in approximately the same places, a working average, with corrections for all sorts of conditions, is achieved.

It was so pleasant a morning that we worked without our coats and sweaters in the bright sunlight. Nevertheless we slipped and slid a good deal on the crust, and when we came to another course lower down sheltered by Alpine white pines, we bundled ourselves up again. After a few thousand feet of sliding an automatically winding tape measure over ice or rough snow, and putting together sections of the sampler and taking them apart, the surveying becomes tedious. An amateur like myself would naturally be tempted to fake some of the measurements for the sake of speed; but fortunately my superior on the job had a more scientific temperament. So we were accurate, even when we came to the edge of a snow bank, and had to record only a few inches of depth.

Mount Rose is 10,800 feet high, the chief peak in the Sierras to the northeast of Lake Tahoe. Dr. Church chose to measure the snow course there first, partly because of the accessibility of the mountain in winter from Reno, and chiefly because at that altitude his measurements would not be much affected by winter melting. Later he laid out other courses, notably around Ward Peak to the west of Lake Tahoe. He has usually selected sites in timber or in protected flats, where the winter cover is not much oscillated by the wind. Sometimes the whole cover is moved from year to year along or across the range. To predict the relative amount of water to be expected in large areas, he has divided the range into quadrangles. Three of these have already been established by the Nevada-California co-operative survey, which supports his work. One consists of the Tahoe, Carson, and Walker basins on the eastern slope, and the Yuba, American, Mokelumne, Stanislaus, and Tuolumne basins on the western slope. Here especially he has been able to forecast the spring and summer flow of the streams with sufficient accuracy to be of immense assistance to the ranchers and the power companies, and to stimulate the adoption of his methods in other regions. A year ago his plan was adopted by the city of Los Angeles, in association with the Kings River water storage district, for the basins of five Southern California rivers, and by the Bitter Root irrigation district in Montana.

He estimates the relative density of the snow each year, the effect of unusual precipitation or lack of it during the period when the water is beginning to run off freely, and the influence of the temperatures at all times. He also has to take into account the varying natures of the different parts of the basins which he surveys, whether they comprise bare rocks, or soil-covered slopes, and whether they are denuded of their forests or still wooded. For all this he has had to enlist the aid of winter caretakers at summer resorts and at dams, such as that at the Blue Lakes, ranchers and flume tenders, and other isolated mountaineers. It is fascinating to come upon such men in midwinter, who like even the slight relief from monotony which this work that takes little of their time gives them. They are all tiny parts in this almost unknown phase of the tremendous irrigation and power development that is so steadily going on. Their individual crest stations and outposts look fragile enough, but they indicate to those who more and more each year are pushing into the mountains on skis that guesswork in connection with the water supply of the arid West is giving way to accurate knowledge.

Actually standing on a snow course, I could realize how misled a rancher often is when he merely looks up at the mountains in February and congratulates himself that there is a good deal of snow there this year. What he sees after the big storm of the season may be comparatively local, and then, too, it may not be dense enough to furnish him with anywhere near the amount of water he expects from it. Important as the work is, therefore, nevertheless Dr. Church's individual initiative had to develop it for many years in the face of all sorts of skepticism. The United States meteorological service could co-operate with him only after his own persistence had demonstrated its practicability. Only now is the interest in it becoming at all general, though the plan was first conceived some fifteen years ago.

Dr. Church went to Nevada as professor of Latin and Greek in the university. He started climbing Mount Rose and the nearby peaks in the Sierras in much the same amateur spirit that I or anyone else would be content with. He soon found, however, that in this mountaineering there were possibilities for humanitarian effort that would relieve him somewhat from looking upon his academic work as a little remote from life.

When Co-operation Has No Strings to It

Concluded from page 4

the Rice Growers' Association of California, since there was no monopoly, and since the crop must move upon values fixed by world movements of rice and other food crops. Price-fixing in co-operative marketing is economically unsound, unless it is used as an incident to the method of merchandising, according to the management of the rice-growers' association. It became essential, then, to find an ever-expanding market for rice, not only for present crops, but for the increasing crops of the future. Up to 1921, very little rice grown in California had been exported, but, through connections which Mr. Merritt established by way of the Japanese delegates to the disarmament conference at Washington, a market for practically the entire California rice crop of that year was found in Japan. The year before, under the old management, an even greater and hungrier market for California rice existed in Japan, but had been neither discovered nor opened to the American rice-grower.

This finding of new markets, expansion of present markets, and development of new uses for the product, all combining to reduce buying resistance and increase consumer acceptance, is one of the main factors in the success of any co-operative association engaged in the marketing of foodstuffs. Yet it is a remarkable fact that *not one of the more than a score of co-operative farm marketing associations operated on the Sapiro Plan, with which the writer is familiar, has attempted to do any one of these things.* The Rice Growers' Association of California obtained information on the supply of and demand for rice in the Orient not only through the Department of Commerce of the United States Government, but sent Charles H. Johnson, senior field agent of the association, to Japan, where he gathered and brought back to association headquarters complete and detailed information of the Oriental rice market. Through these efforts, a place of sale for the entire California rice crop has been found. As far as the writer has been able to learn neither the Arkansas, Louisiana nor Texas rice-growers' associations—all Sapiro Plan organizations—ever have made any attempt to so broaden their markets, or increase the sales field for the product of their membership.

It is idle to reply to this statement—as officials of Sapiro Plan co-operative marketing associations have replied to the writer—that "this sort of international marketing can be done with non-perishable crops, such as rice and wheat, but cannot be done with fruits, such, for example, as prunes, apricots, peaches and pears." This answer, of course, is really an attempted excuse for the troubles which befell the California Prune and Apricot Growers' Association, previously described in these columns. *Yet the raisin-growers are selling their product,* a dried fruit similar in character to the others above mentioned, *in every country in the world.* To do this requires capable management, competent salesmanship, and adequate methods of distribution. Doubtless it is too much to ask this of the employes of the ring now engaged in the internationalization of the crops of the United States.

The records of the Pacific Rice Growers' Association, prior to its reorganization and its adoption of business principles in 1921, show that, for the twelve months prior to its reconstruction, its expenditures reached the amazing total of $145,758. This does not include a large amount of unpaid bills, left as a legacy to the Rice Growers' Association of California. In contrast to this, the expenditures for the first year of operation of the new association, according to the Yearbook of 1922, amounted to $54,636.44, a reduction of about 60 per cent. In addition to this, the Rice Growers' Association of California paid up $11,769.08 of obligations of the old association, and in investment in the capital expenditures taken over from the old organization.

In his report for 1922, Mr. Merritt gives some other interesting facts, thus:

"It is of interest to note that the Pacific Rice Growers' Association expended $5,000 for the solicitation of new members, whereas the Rice Growers' Association of California has not expended any money whatsoever for the payment of solicitors in obtaining a strong control under its five-year contract. In a similar way, our predecessor expended more than $25,000 in grader's expenses, while the present association has spent $2,158 for the same purpose. . . . In one month, seventeen foreclosures upon the lands of our members have been forestalled by the action of the association, and these members are now re-financed and in possession of their respective farm undertakings."

There is no record that any management of any Sapiro Plan association ever reduced operating costs, or ever took a single step to save a member from financial loss.

In the yearbook of the Rice Growers' Association of California for 1923 appear comparisons between the results obtained for the rice-growers of California with those of the same farmers in the southern states, who, it should be remembered, operated under the Sapiro Plan:

"Within the lines of our own commodity," says this yearbook, "we have seen with regret that the past year (1922-23) has not brought new hope of prosperity to the producer of rice in the southern states. Threatened by weak credit facilities, and *inadequate marketing machinery,* the southern rice-grower has passed through a year of discouragement equal to the worst period of two or three years ago.

"As compared to the southern situation, our own has been indeed one of contrast, and the lesson to be learned is that the theory which has prevailed up to two years ago that our own level of prices was dependent upon the New Orleans Exchange is only remotely true. If we had been dominated this year and last year, as our rice markets heretofore were dominated, it would have meant utter wreck and ruin to the rice-growers of California, but, happily, we have found our way out from under the idea which speculative interests formerly imposed on us, and we have found independence and a larger measure of permanent stability and prosperity."

One of the features which has proved of prime value in developing uniformly the interests of all the members of the association has been the confidential market letter sent at regular intervals by the management to the membership. By this letter, growers—who, it will be remembered, control the time of sale and the selling-price of their product—are kept informed of general movements of rice, and of opportune peaks at which to sell. The yearbook of 1923, in this connection, says:

"The result of the association merchandising policy, including the earlier movement of damp and off-grade rices, has been that the industry has been more successful this year, on a comparative basis, considering the problems to be met, than last year, and it has met with the greatest success of any industry in this country during the past twelve months. Moreover the average return to our growers has exceeded the average return to independents who, this year, overheld on damp rices and sold in disorderly volume almost at the bottom.

"Careful observation of the attitude and reactions of our membership to this confidential information supplied through the market letter and otherwise confirms my judgment that *the rice farmers, with proper facilities, could be relied on to formulate wise policies affecting their own particular holdings.* The past year's experience of this association . . . . indicates that our members required only a source of adequate information, interpreted and condensed to meet their needs, and an unfailing distributive channel through which they might act, in order to supply soundly the sale decisions for that part of the rice each produced.

"I believe," continues Mr. Merritt, "that the clause in our contract allowing each member to fix the minimum sales-price on the rice grown by him, which represents an entirely new idea in the co-operative marketing of our type of commodity, and which has attracted so much discussion over the country, has justified itself. It has resulted in a wholesome sharing of responsibility for sales between the members and the management, and in a lively interest by every member in the merchandising problems that inevitably appear in the handling of any crop. The members are acquiring genuine sales-technique, as distinguished from cloudy, uninformed speculation. I believe that we have contributed and demonstrated a new principle in the distribution of a commodity in a world market, where price and demand are beyond local guidance."

These are the fundamental factors in the success of the Rice Growers' Association of California since its reorganization. They are absent from the disastrous Sapiro Plan of co-operative marketing, and from all the associations organized and operating under that plan. The rice-growers' association, no less than the raisin-growers' association, are outstanding examples of the manner in which co-operative marketing organizations can be made to function successfully. They are worthy of the careful study of every farmer in the United States, whether he has been victimized by other forms of co-operative marketing, or is still an "independent."

High Cost of Watching Other People Play

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continue them. The profits that the collegiate football season brings makes this continuance possible.

Besides football only one other college sport promises to become generally self-supporting and that is basket ball. In recent years college basket ball has come into public favor. Last year the crowds broke all records. If this increase continues basket ball will soon be a money maker in all colleges of any size and consequence athletically.

College rowing, boxing, wrestling, fencing, skating, hockey, swimming and soccer teams are not self-supporting. Football makes it possible to continue them.

Take rowing as an example. It costs about $25,000 to put a varsity eight through a rowing season. In rowing, the money is all going out and none ever coming in. There is no "gate" at a rowing regatta although it requires a financial outlay to view these races. The spectator almost always travels by train to reach the scene of the regatta. Then he must spend money for launch hire or bring his own yacht to view the proceedings in style. A great many spectators bring their own yachts. Running a yacht is an expensive proposition, as all men who own them know.

Horse racing takes in many millions each year. Although forbidden by law in many states (referring to thoroughbred racing) it is still lawful in some states and there it flourishes. To have races you must have horses and race horses cost a great deal of money. To every "Man o' War" and "Morvich," bought for a small price and earning a fortune, there are a dozen racing animals that cost stupendous figures before they are even established as winning performers. No one is able to estimate the amount of money spent each year on race horses. But, it is a fact that millions are annually invested in horses that have proved their winning ability and those that promise some. And if the exact figures were ever known they would become insignificant beside the total amount spent by the public on horse racing. Several millions of dollars were paid at the gate to see the three match races in which Epinard, the French champion, opposed the pick of American thoroughbreds this year. Then, consider the total gate receipts at the Kentucky Derby each May.

In thoroughbred racing the gate receipts become a minor item. The big item is the gambling. Regardless of what the thoroughbred-racing propagandists try to tell you, this sport would die in a few days at any track where betting was prohibited—and actually prevented. Thoroughbred racing is, frankly speaking, a dull sport unless there is a personal interest and this is achieved by the making of a wager on the outcome.

The major harness circuit has not done so well in recent years. This organization, known as the Grand Circuit, devoted exclusively to harness racing, had a large following twenty years ago. Laws against bookmaking proved a severe blow to harness racing. The Grand Circuit had its strongest field of operations in Michigan but when that state decided that bets could no longer be made on races the Grand Circuit had to quit. Harness racing was supposed to exist on the interest the *sport itself* aroused, without the betting end to stimulate enthusiasm, but as soon as the Grand Circuit was asked to race without betting it could not continue (in Michigan at least) without a heavy loss.

Auto racing has its place in sports calling for big investments. There are a number of speedways in this country and each year sees a number of auto speed classics decided. Starting a car in a race is a costly proposition. It usually requires an outlay of about $10,000 for the car and many of them are good for a single race only. The leading auto race of the year is the 500-mile event at Indianapolis, generally run on Memorial Day. Here the receipts reach a staggering sum, but that is necessary. An enormous plant has to be kept up 364 days each year for the race on the 365th day and the prize list runs up into high figures. The enormous reward offered the drivers is what helps to bring the crowd. And the crowd comes from all parts of the country to view the event. It spends a few fine fortunes in railroad fares and traveling expenses other than the fares.

Long-distance races are held on speedways in the East, the Far South and on the Pacific Coast. Since not more than two races are held on a speedway each year (and rarely more than one) the imagination does not have to travel far to figure out what it costs to keep up these racing establishments. Many of the tracks are built of wood which makes the expense all the greater.

In speed-boat racing, as in rowing, the money all goes out and none comes in. There are no gate receipts at speed-boat racing. To build a speed boat costs a great deal of money. There are few men in the country whose yearly salary is as big as the cost of a speed craft, particularly a boat fast enough to get into the Gold Cup Regatta. There are several power-boat regattas in the North each year and a number in Florida during the winter months. All the figures of financial nature at these events appear on one side of the ledger.

Boxing is another sport that calls for a great deal of traveling. Whenever Jack Dempsey steps into the ring to defend his title the money spent in railroad fares is considerably larger than the money taken in at the gate, and with Dempsey defending his title the gate receipts must total more than $1,000,000 to enable the promoter to break even. The Dempsey demands are in excess of a king's ransom and he can ask for a half-million dollar guaranty with the same nonchalance that the corner druggist asks a dime for an ice cream cone.

At the present time boxing is permitted under certain regulations in most of the states. The total gate receipts reach high because the sport has a general appeal and few men miss an opportunity to see a good bout, or what promises to be one. If more matches promised to be good bouts the gate receipts of boxing would rival those of baseball and football but there are few good bouts. Still, the public continues coming, ever hoping.

Soccer, hockey, professional football, speed skating, professional basket ball, wrestling, billiards, exhibition golf matches, tennis, and other sports draw millions of the public money. The exact amount will never be known, but the United States annually pays several billion to watch others play.

A "Live Town" in the Sun-Scorched Orient

Concluded from page 9

and above all the song of the giant wheels make a lasting impression of weird music in the midst of the desert which stretches away on all sides to the distant mountains, save along the course of the Orontes.

The ancient citadel of Hamah is fallen to ruin but its site gives a wonderful view over the city itself and across the desert to the mountains beyond. The view is best seen near the sunset hour when the purple shadows creep from the lowlands up the sides of the mountains and finally to the tops where the sunlight still lingers, while all the desert is in shadow, and the lights begin to twinkle in the city below.

Hamah is noted for its silks. There are no large silk factories anywhere in Syria, their manufacture being done in the homes of the people. The quality of work here on the banks of the Orontes is noted throughout the country.

There is only one main business street in the city and here from early morning to late in the evening the traders sit, everlastingly smoking their water pipes which rest on the ground by their feet, and drinking cup after cup of black coffee. Camels wander along bringing the products of farm and orchard, and dogs are underfoot everywhere. The traders in produce do their business early in the morning and about the time an American business man is thinking of starting the day these men have finished and give the rest of the day to smoke, coffee and meditation.

At Hamah, General Gouraud joined us for the trip through the land of the Alaouites, among the most interesting people of all Syria, over a new road built by French engineers.

The motors were again with us and we started for the mountains early in the morning.

Selling a State on the Merits of Its Products

Oregon Owes Much to Judicious Publicity System

HERBERT CUTHBERT,

Originator of the new and novel plan of developing, improving and settling up a state, not on its size, area, climate, scenery or opportunities, but on the merit of the agricultural and manufactured products it already puts out. He is an official of the Portland Chamber of Commerce.

By HARRY H. DUNN

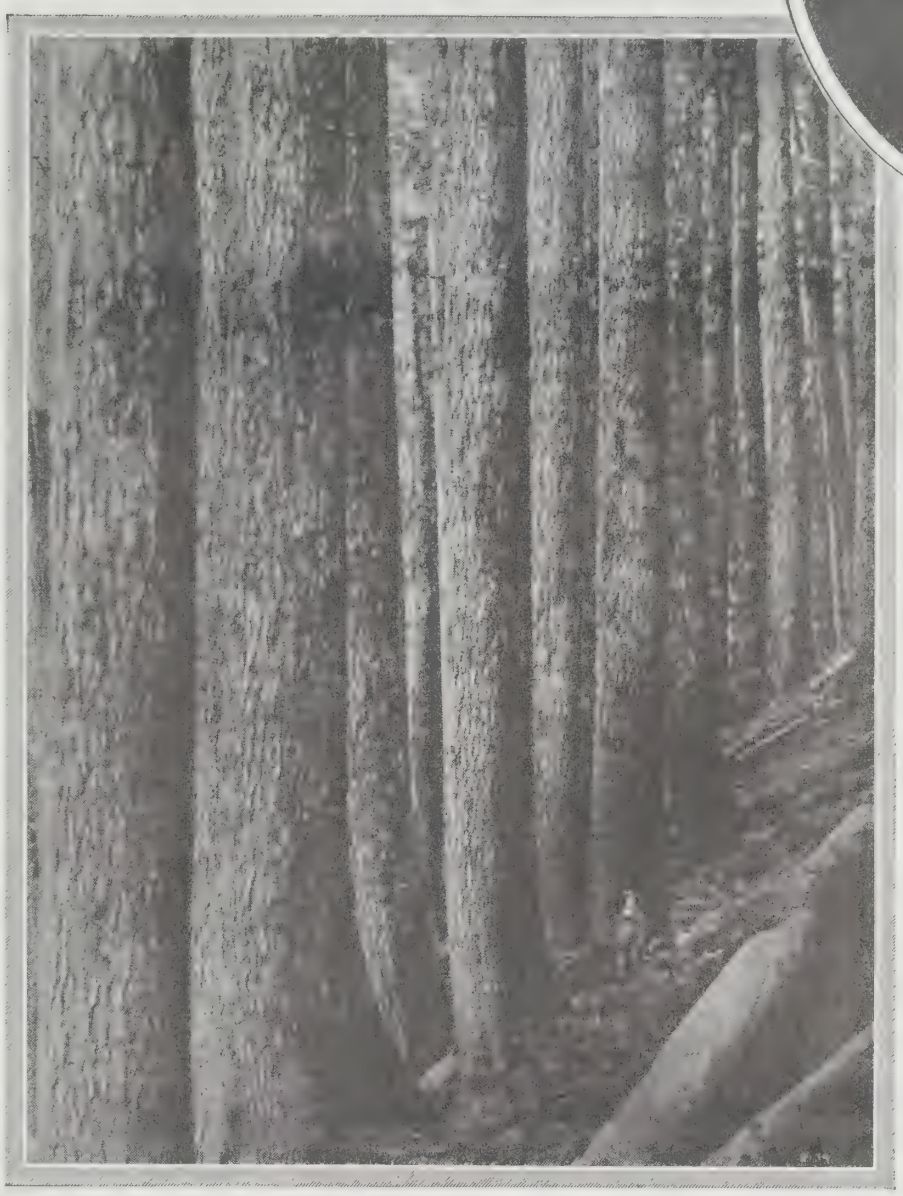
MANY of the states west of the Mississippi River, and a majority of those west of the Rocky Mountains, have been developed from the wilderness by advertising of one kind or another. At least one state on the Pacific Coast owes its present standing and population almost entirely to the publicity given it by carefully conducted advertising campaigns. Climate, scenery, possibilities, opportunities, all these have been drawn on —sometimes overdrawn—to attract men and women to become inhabitants of these western commonwealths. Now, however, comes a state, one whose population is still less than that of any one of several American cities, with a new plan for its own advancement, and for the development of its industries.

Instead of trying to bring new capital and fresh immigration, which, when brought in large numbers to a state, has worked more harm than good, this state plans to develop its own industries, to sell the products of those industries on a basis of merit, only, and to induce all these industries to make their products standard in the lines they represent. That is to say, the attention of the publicity and development powers within that state are to be devoted to the advancement, improvement, and development of the resources of that state through the expansion of the industries already established there, and through the wise use of the capital already invested there. Instead of devoting all the advertising funds and all the publicity opportunities to bringing in new capital and establishing new industries, these forces will be put behind those industries already functioning there.

The state is Oregon, probably the most nearly an original American state, still largely in the pioneer stage, of any in the Union. The system of developing the state first and looking for immigration afterward, is based on an idea which originated in the mind of Herbert Cuthbert, an official of the Portland Chamber of Commerce. As far as the writer knows, it is unique among methods of state or city development, and it is worthy of study, especially by those states which must depend for their advancement upon their resources and their industries, and not upon their possibilities as national playgrounds.

The idea is simple, as are most ideas which give large results. It comprehends, in brief, a combination of the forces within the state to obtain the widest distribution and sale of the products already produced there, by methods based entirely on the *merit* of each product. The result of this will be to increase the production of these established plants, and thereby augment the wealth of the state; and, eventually, to induce the people of Oregon themselves to start new industries and invest their money, their time and their abilities in them. The theory, which seems sound, is that to the people of the state belong the resources, the industries, the products, and the opportunities of that state.

There is no intention to bar outside capital; an abundance of that will come in when the successful operation of the "home-grown" industries is demonstrated. There is no thought of keeping out immigration, but it is hoped that at least a measure of *selective* immigration will be possible, and that a better grade of immigrants will be the result. Oregon is peopled today in large part by American-born Americans, men and women whose immediate ancestors made early America into the United States. It is that kind of people that the Oregonians want to keep coming to their fir-clad mountains, their stream-filled valleys, and their fertile slopes shading gradually into the Pacific Ocean.



There is more standing timber in Oregon than in any other state in the Union, according to the lumber experts of that section. Note the comparative size of the full-grown man standing at the base of one of these splendid trees.

"The idea first came to me when I read Napoleon's reported saying that 'the British are a nation of shopkeepers,'" said Mr. Cuthbert to me in Portland, the other day. "If Napoleon ever said this, he told the truth, but only half the truth, for this shopkeeping made wholesalers necessary. The wholesalers demanded manufacturers. The manufacturers demanded raw materials, and the need for raw materials developed the sea commerce of England. Every man who made anything in England in the days of Napoleon, made it the best thing of its kind that he possibly could. He did this because his consumers were local, neighbors to him, and if what he made was not of the best, his neighbors not only would cease to buy from him, but they would inform him, in no uncertain terms, of their opinion of his work. Thus it came about that, when there was a development in the manufacture of an article, it was an advancement toward the making of a better article, toward increasing the *merit* of the article produced.

"Today, as soon as the manufacturer in the United States finds that he has an article which sells readily, he immediately goes about, not to increase the merit of that article, but to find some means whereby he may reduce the cost, so that he can sell it cheaper, and make more money. In so reducing the cost of production, unless he has great industrial genius, the manufacturer, nine times out of ten, also reduces the quality of the article. Instead of building up to *merit*, he is building down to mediocrity.

"Now, then, following the precedent of the British shopkeeper who caused the upbuilding of England's commerce, the Oregon plan insists on the *merit* of the thing produced remaining at the highest standard, regardless of the *cost* of production. It demands that the productions of Oregon's industries, both agricultural and manufacturing, be sold to the consumers of the world only on the basis of that merit.

"In order to accomplish this we must first obtain—and we are getting it in full measure—the co-operation of every industry, both agricultural and manufacturing, in the production and sale of its product on this merit basis, first at home in Oregon, and, thereafter, in outside markets. We must drop this idea, prevalent to the exclusion of all others that 'investments,' 'pay rolls,' and 'population' are the only factors in the development of a section of this country.

"The development of our own already established industries will be such that the product of each is distinctive and attractive, yet so put out that it will draw attention to all of Oregon, and not merely to the section in which it is produced. In this effort we are getting the co-operation of every manufacturer. All goods of the same kind, whether manufactured or grown, are to be of the same grade of merit for each class, though there may and probably will be many classes of each product. All goods will be manufactured exactly as if they were all for home consumption right here among the neighbors of the manufacturers.

"By this method, if we can bring all the producers of the state to adhere to it, and it seems probable that we can, we shall obtain the widest and most favorable publicity for Oregon, and, through this, a class of immigrants, and permanent residents, which we believe will be better than those who might be attracted to the last frontier in America by different and more lurid forms of advertising."

Oregon is one of the leading wool-producing states of the Union. In fact, the ancient industry of growing wool and making clothing from it is being revived there to a greater extent than in any other state.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Cocain has been manufactured artificially by chemical means in the laboratory of a Berlin professor.

Canada exercised its full treaty-making rights for the first time recently when a commercial compact with Belgium was signed at Laurier House, Ottawa.

The United States Government plans to issue 50,000,000 pamphlets on the growing menace of heroin addiction among the school children of the country.

"It is perhaps a far cry from answering the endless questions of a child to the clanging of the big gates of Sing Sing and yet the two are related. From 70 to 80 per cent of the criminals come from unsympathetic homes. There is no greater preventive for wrongdoing than a great desire on the part of parents to understand their children, to pay attention to them and become their confidants."—*Rev. William E. Cashin,* Roman Catholic chaplain at Sing Sing.

The control of newspaper distribution in New York City is under the control of Morris Eisenman, Meyer Rosen, Joseph Kalmanoff and Louis Weinstock.

The Benning National Forest near Columbus, Georgia, has just been added to the list of new forest preserves of the United States. The new forest covers about 78,500 acres and has an excellent stand of southern pine timber.

An underground river passing under Mont Blanc has recently been discovered. The river, which has been named the Eauxbelles, contains many beautiful cascades and grottoes, and is believed to be the source of the Seine and the many rivers flowing through Germany, Switzerland and Austria.

Mrs. Johanna Smith, a citizen of Johannesburg, South Africa, who is 88 years old, has never seen a motion picture show, used a telephone, ridden in an automobile nor eaten ice cream.

The Romans were the originators of the Christmas tree, though their ceremony had little to do with the modern idea of the Christmas spirit. They began by hanging small masks of Bacchus, the god of wine, upon the grape vines in the belief that the spot would become unusually fruitful. The occasion was made one of merrymaking and dissipation. After the advent of Christianity it was converted into the Christmas-tree celebration.

The Malays of today are still using the water clock to tell time. This apparatus, which has been in use in the Far East for the past 5,000 years, is simply a small bowl with a hole in the bottom. When this is placed in a tub of water it will sink, the action always taking the same amount of time.

"For Sale—A Prison," is the odd advertisement which appeared in the newspaper of the town of Meckamburg, Switzerland. The jail has been empty for many years and the officials have decided to sell it and save the money of its upkeep.

Esperanto, "the universal language," has been officially placed in the curriculum of the public schools of Hungary.

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. This set includes: "The International Jew," Vol. 1, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

The Ukraine Government has set aside as a Jewish reservation 8,000,000 acres in the district of Ekaterinoslav. Three thousand Jewish families are expected to settle on the reservation and an American commission has advanced a loan of $100,000 for the improvement of the land.

General Butler of the Marines has warned the police traffic squad of Philadelphia against swearing.

The demand for snakes for medicinal purposes in Japan is so large that the most famous snake-catcher in Tokio declares the annual consumption to be between four and five million for the country as a whole. Eighty per cent of the reptiles are charred and powdered, or else dried and made into capsules and pills.

The first tin can was inspired by Napoleon Bonaparte who offered a prize of 12,000 francs to anyone who would invent a way of preserving perishable vegetables for his mariners to eat on their long voyages. In 1809 the money was handed over to Nicolas Appert, an uneducated pickler who discovered that cooking foods in hermetically sealed containers made it possible to keep them indefinitely.

A subtropical valley in Northern British Columbia, just south of the Yukon Territory border, is to be colonized next year by wealthy mining men, according to reports.

The United States produces $300,000,000 worth of sole leather annually. It produces $75,000,000 worth of leather belting annually—these in addition to millions of dollars' worth of other classes of leather.

The highest radio telephone station in the world has been opened at the observatory on the Pic du Midi, France, about 10,000 feet above sea level.

On the recommendation of the Secretary of State naturalization certificate fees in Canada have advanced from $3 to $5.

The word "fiasco," meaning a failure, was originally an Italian word meaning flask. Venetian glass blowers, who were keen craftsmen, often detected a small flaw in their handiwork. They then turned the object into a fiasco, or flask, and so the word came to be applied to any failure.

Valuable islands in Lake Worth near West Palm Beach, Florida, are the subject of lawsuits between the state and federal governments. Both parties to the litigation claim valuable property rights, the decision hinging on whether or not the islands were in existence when Florida was admitted as a state or have since been built of silt.

Coxswain means the swain, or fellow, as we should say, in charge of a cogge, which was an old name for a boat. The name cogge became cock and came to mean the small boat. This was known as the cockboat, meaning a ship's small boat.

Although science knows the chief substances of honey and the proportion used by the bees, it is unable to equal the bee in the production of a delectable honey.

Geniuses often come from large families; Napoleon was an eighth child, Benjamin Franklin was the youngest of seventeen children, Wagner and Mozart were both seventh children, and Balzac was the youngest of a long line.

Florence Nightingale's lover, John Smithhurst, is buried at Elora, Ontario. He was a clergyman and cousin, and to separate the pair Florence was sent abroad against her will. During her exile she took up nursing and never again saw Smithhurst, who emigrated to Canada, dying at Elora, in 1867.

Bankers have estimated that more than 400 million dollars is hidden away in houses and similar hiding places by people who are afraid to trust banks. But in spite of this, for every dollar hoarded forty-six dollars is banked.

The Pan-American countries are planning to erect a lighthouse in the harbor of Santo Domingo, the city Columbus loved so well, which will serve as a tomb for the great discoverer. The lighthouse will be 1,000 feet high and will act as a guide for ships at sea.

A British Museum scientist who has been excavating the foundations of Richborough Castle, the Fort Rutupise of the Romans in England, declares that the old Romans were quite modern in their methods of dentistry and that they used gold fillings.

Ismael Bedard, a resident of Charlesbourg, Quebec County, Canada, claims the honor for his family of having lived longer in one place than any other family of North America. His ancestors have held the land without interruption since 1629, and the house in which he lives at the present time is believed to be the one erected at that date.

According to legend, the American Indian received corn directly from the hand of the Creator. The story goes that a young brave, who was looking for a gift that would help his people, hid himself in the forest for seven days. During this time he encountered a spirit whom he killed, and it was from this spirit's grave that a plant which bore the plumes of the unknown visitor sprang. Thus we have Mandamin or the Spirit's grain.

America has more than twenty-two million telephones in use, or more than the rest of the world combined. There are more telephones in New York than in Great Britain and the North of Ireland, and more in Chicago than all of France.

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Scrooge Spends Christmas With Tiny Tim

By CHARLES DICKENS

A Reverie of Merry Yuletide in Old London

By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

Mussolini and Italy's Redemption

More About Muskrat Hunting

American's Visit to Versailles

Menace of a Polyglot Population

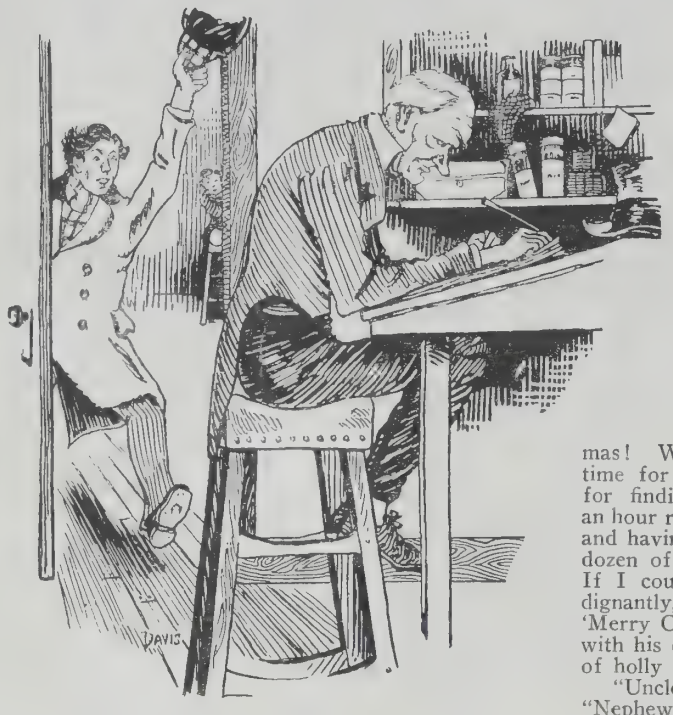
An Old Church of Old Edinburgh

A Gethsemane of the Revolution

Chronicler of the Neglected Truth

Scrooge Spends Christmas With Tiny Tim

From "A Christmas Carol"—By CHARLES DICKENS



ONCE upon a time—of all the good days in the year, on Christmas Eve—old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house. It was cold, bleak, biting weather: foggy withal: and he could hear the people in the court outside, go wheezing up and down, beating their hands upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the pavement stones to warm them. The city clocks had only just gone three, but it was quite dark already—it had not been light all day—and candles were flaring in the windows of the neighboring offices, like ruddy smears upon the palpable brown air. The fog came pouring in at every chink and keyhole, and was so dense without, that although the court was of the narrowest, the houses opposite were mere phantoms. To see the dingy cloud come drooping down, obscuring everything, one might have thought that Nature lived hard by, and was brewing on a large scale.

The door of Scrooge's counting-house was open that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who in a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his own room; and so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel, the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part. Wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter, and tried to warm himself at the candle; in which effort, not being a man of a strong imagination, he failed.

"A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!" cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation he had of his approach.

"Bah!" said Scrooge, "Humbug!"

He had so heated himself with rapid walking in the fog and frost, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he was all in a glow; his face was ruddy and handsome; his eyes sparkled, and his breath smoked again.

"Christmas a humbug, uncle!" said Scrooge's nephew. "You don't mean that, I am sure?"

"I do," said Scrooge. "Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough."

"Come, then," returned the nephew gaily. "What right have you to be dismal? What reason have you to be morose? You're rich enough."

Scrooge having no better answer ready on the spur of the moment, said, "Bah!" again; and followed it up with "Humbug."

"Don't be cross, uncle!" said the nephew.

"What else can I be," returned the uncle, "when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, but not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will," said Scrooge indignantly, "every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!"

"Uncle!" pleaded the nephew.

"Nephew!" returned the uncle, sternly, "keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine."

"Keep it!" repeated Scrooge's nephew. "But you don't keep it."

"Let me leave it alone, then," said Scrooge. "Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!"

"There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say," returned the nephew. "Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round—apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe it *has* done me good, and *will* do me good; and I say, God bless it!"

The clerk in the tank involuntarily applauded. Becoming immediately sensible of the impropriety, he poked the fire, and extinguished the last frail spark for ever.

"Let me hear another sound from *you*," said Scrooge, "and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation! You're quite a powerful speaker, sir," he added, turning to his nephew. "I wonder you don't go into Parliament."

"Don't be angry, uncle. Come! Dine with us tomorrow."

* * * *

"Good afternoon," said Scrooge.

"I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolute. We have never had any quarrel, to which I have been a party. But I have made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I'll keep my Christmas humor to the last. So A Merry Christmas, uncle!"

"Good afternoon!" said Scrooge.

"And A Happy New Year!"

"Good afternoon!" said Scrooge.

His nephew left the room without an angry word, notwithstanding. He stopped at the outer door to bestow the greetings of the season on the clerk, who, cold as he was, was warmer than Scrooge; for he returned them cordially.

"There's another fellow," muttered Scrooge; who overheard him: "my clerk, with fifteen shillings a week, and a wife and family, talking about a merry Christmas. I'll retire to Bedlam."

* * * *

The Ghost stopped at a certain warehouse door, and asked Scrooge if he knew it.

"Know it!" said Scrooge. "Was I apprenticed here!" They went in. At sight of an old gentleman in a Welsh wig, sitting behind such a high desk, that if he had been two inches taller he must have knocked his head against the ceiling, Scrooge cried in great excitement:

"Why, it's old Fezziwig! Bless his heart; it's Fezziwig alive again!"

Old Fezziwig laid down his pen, and looked up at the clock, which pointed to the hour of seven. He rubbed his hands; adjusted his capacious waistcoat; laughed all over himself, from his shoes to his organ of benevolence; and called out in a comfortable, oily, rich, fat, jovial voice:

"Yo ho, there! Ebenezer! Dick!"

Scrooge's former self, now grown a young man, came briskly in, accompanied by his fellow-'prentice.

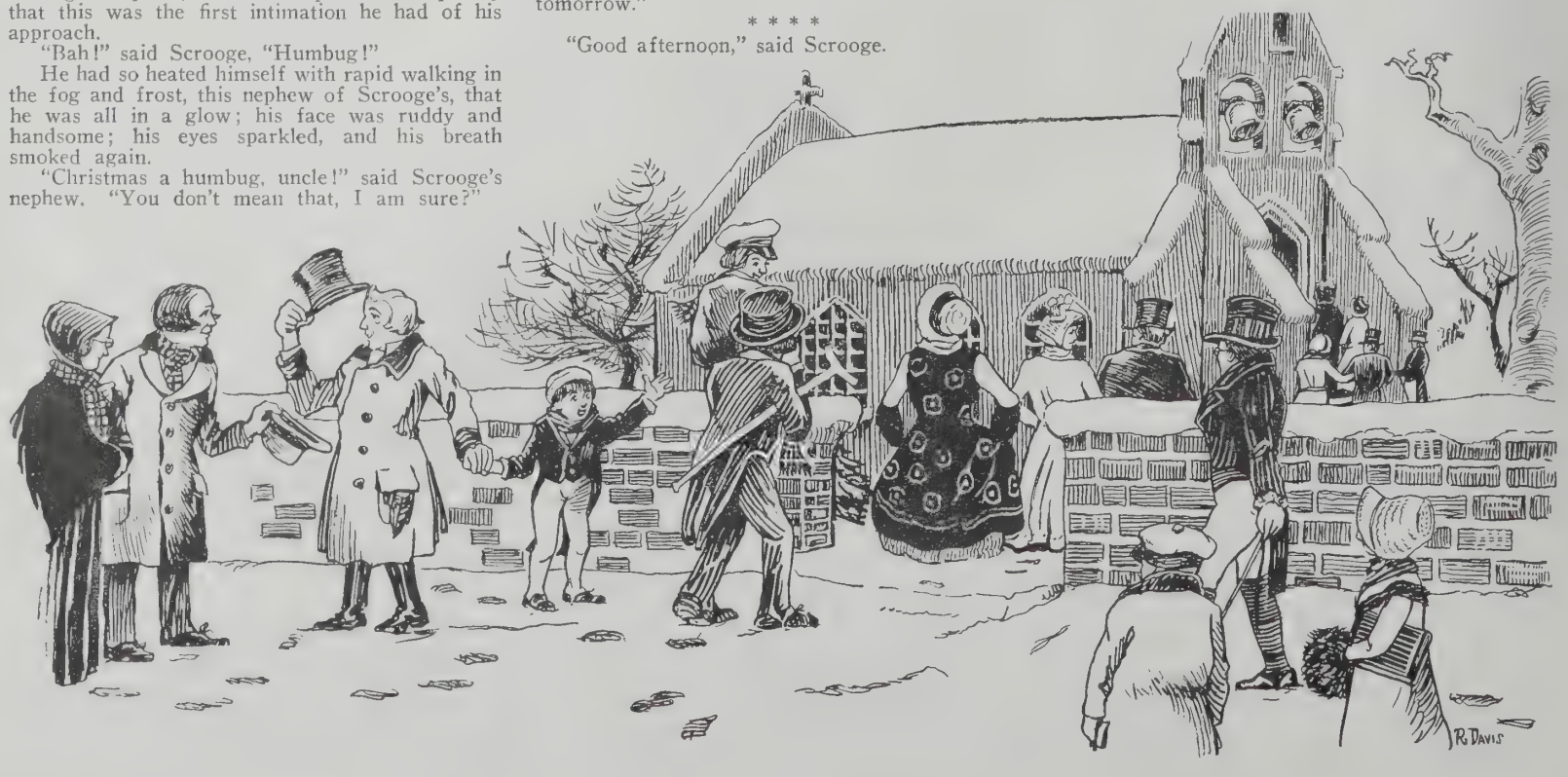
"Dick Wilkins, to be sure!" said Scrooge to the Ghost. "Bless me, yes. There he is. He was very much attached to me, was Dick. Poor Dick! Dear, dear!"

"Yo ho, my boys!" said Fezziwig. "No more work tonight. Christmas Eve, Dick. Christmas, Ebenezer! Let's have the shutters up," cried old Fezziwig, with a sharp clap of his hands, "before a man can say Jack Robinson!"

You wouldn't believe how those two fellows went at it! They charged into the street with the shutters—one, two, three—had 'em up in their places—four, five, six—barred 'em and pinned 'em—seven, eight, nine—and came back before you could have got to twelve, panting like race-horses.

"Hilli-ho!" cried old Fezziwig, skipping down from the high desk, with wonderful agility. "Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here! Hilli-ho, Dick! Chirrup, Ebenezer!"

Clear away! There was nothing they wouldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig looking on. It was done in a minute. Every movable was packed off, as if it were dismissed from public life for evermore; the floor was swept and watered, the lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon the fire; and the warehouse was as snug, and warm, and dry, and bright a ball-room, as you would desire to see upon a winter's night.



In came a fiddler with a music-book, and went up to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile. In came the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and lovable. In came the six young followers whose hearts they broke. In came all the young men and women employed in the business. In came the housemaid, with her cousin, the baker. In came the cook, with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. In came the boy from over the way, who was suspected of not having board enough from his master; trying to hide himself behind the girl from next door but one, who was proved to have had her ears pulled by her mistress. In they all came, one after another; some shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly, some pushing, some pulling; in they all came, anyhow and everyhow. Away they all went, twenty couple at once; hands half round and back again the other way; down the middle and up again; round and round in various stages of affectionate grouping; old top couple always turning up in the wrong place; new top couple starting off again, as soon as they got there; all top couples at last, and not a bottom one to help them! When this result was brought about, old Fezziwig, clapping his hands to stop the dance, cried out, "Well done!" and the fiddler plunged his hot face into a pot of porter, especially provided for that purpose. But scorning rest, upon his reappearance, he instantly began again, though there were no dancers yet, as if the other fiddler had been carried home, exhausted, on a shutter, and he were a bran-new man resolved to beat him out of sight, or perish.

There were more dances, and there were forfeits, and more dances, and there was cake, and there was negus, and there was a great piece of Cold Roast, and there was a great piece of Cold Boiled, and there were mince-pies, and plenty of beer. But the great effect of the evening came after the Roast and Boiled, when the fiddler (an artful dog, mind! The sort of man who knew his business better than you or I could have told it him!) struck up "Sir Roger de Coverley." Then old Fezziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. Top couple, too; with a good stiff piece of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pair of partners; people who were not to be trifled with; people who *would* dance, and had no notion of walking.

But if they had been twice as many—ah, four times—old Fezziwig would have been a match for them, and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. As to *her*, she was worthy to be his partner in every sense of the term. If that's not high praise, tell me higher, and I'll use it. A positive light appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. They shone in every part of the dance like moons. You couldn't have predicted, at any given time, what would have become of them next. And when old Fezziwig and Mrs. Fezziwig had gone all through the dance; advance and retire, both hands to your partner, bow and curtsey, corkscrew, thread-the-needle, and back again to your place; Fezziwig "cut"—cut so deftly, that he appeared to wink with his legs, and came upon his feet again without a stagger.

When the clock struck eleven, this domestic ball broke up. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on either side of the door, and shaking hands with every person individually as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. When everybody had retired but the two 'prentices, they did the same to them; and thus the cheerful voices died away, and the lads were left to their beds; which were under a counter in the back-shop.

* * * *

It was his own room. There was no doubt about that. But it had undergone a surprising transformation. The walls and ceiling were so hung with living green, that it looked a perfect grove; from every part of which, bright gleaming berries glistened. The crisp leaves of holly, mistletoe, and ivy reflected back the light, as if so many little mirrors had been scattered there; and such a mighty blaze went roaring up the chimney, as that dull petrification of a hearth had never known in Scrooge's time, or Marley's, or for many and many a winter season gone. Heaped up on the floor, to form a kind of throne, were turkeys, geese, game, poultry, brawn, great joints of meat, sucking-pigs, long wreaths of sausages, mince-pies, plum-puddings, barrels of oysters, red-hot chestnuts, cherry-cheeked apples, juicy oranges, luscious pears, immense twelfth-cakes, and seething bowls of punch, that made the chamber dim with their delicious steam. In easy state upon this couch, there sat a jolly Giant, glorious to see; who bore a glowing torch, in shape not unlike Plenty's horn, and held it up, high up, to shed its light on Scrooge, as he came peeping round the door.

"Come in!" exclaimed the Ghost. "Come in! and know me better, man!"

Scrooge entered timidly, and hung his head before this Spirit. He was not the dogged Scrooge he had been; and though the Spirit's eyes were clear and kind, he did not like to meet them.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Present," said the Spirit. "Look upon me!"

Scrooge reverently did so. It was clothed in one simple green robe, or mantle, bordered with white fur. This garment hung so loosely on the figure, that its capacious breast was bare, as if disdaining to be warded or concealed by any artifice. Its feet, observable beneath the ample folds of the garment, were also bare; and on its head it wore no other covering than a holly wreath, set here and there with shining icicles. Its dark brown curls were long and free; free as its genial face, its sparkling eye, its open hand, its cheery voice, its unconstrained demeanour, and its joyful air. Girded round its middle was an antique scabbard; but no sword was in it, and the ancient sheath was eaten up with rust.

"You have never seen the like of me before!" exclaimed the Spirit.

"Never," Scrooge made answer to it.

"Have never walked forth with the younger members of my family; meaning (for I am very young) my elder brothers born in these later years?" pursued the Phantom.

"I don't think I have," said Scrooge. "I am afraid I have not. Have you had many brothers, Spirit?"

"More than eighteen hundred," said the Ghost.

"A tremendous family to provide for!" muttered Scrooge. The Ghost of Christmas Present rose.

"Spirit," said Scrooge submissively, "conduct me where you will. I went forth last night on compulsion, and I learnt a lesson which is working now. Tonight, if you have ought to teach me, let me profit by it."

"Touch my robe!"

Scrooge did as he was told, and held it fast.

Holly, mistletoe, red berries, ivy, turkeys, geese, game, poultry, brawn, meat, pigs, sausages, oysters, pies, puddings, fruit and punch, all vanished instantly. So did the room, the fire, the ruddy glow, the hour of night, and they stood in the city streets on Christmas morning, where (for the weather was severe) the people made a rough, but brisk and not unpleasant kind of music, in scraping the snow from the pavement in front of their dwellings, and from the tops of their houses, whence it was mad delight to the boys to see it come plumping down into the road below, and splitting into artificial little snow-storms.

The house fronts looked black enough, and the windows blacker, contrasting with the smooth white sheet of snow upon the roofs, and with the dirtier snow upon the ground; which last deposit had been ploughed up in deep furrows by the heavy wheels of carts and waggons; furrows that crossed and re-crossed each other hundreds of times where the great streets branched off; and made intricate channels, hard to trace in the thick yellow mud and icy water. The sky was gloomy, and the shortest streets were choked up with a dingy mist, half thawed, half frozen, whose heavier particles descended in a shower of sooty atoms, as if all the chimneys in Great Britain had, by one consent, caught fire, and were blazing away to their dear hearts' content. There was nothing very cheerful in the climate or the town, and yet was there an air of cheerfulness abroad that the clearest summer air and brightest summer sun might have endeavored to diffuse in vain.

For the people who were shovelling away on the housetops were jovial and full of glee; calling out to one another from the parapets, and now and then exchanging a facetious snowball—better-natured missile far than many a wordy jest—laughing heartily if it went right and not less heartily if it went wrong. The poulterers' shops were still half open, and the fruiterers' were radiant in their glory. There were great, round, pot bellied baskets of chestnuts, shaped like the waistcoats of jolly old gentlemen, lolling at the doors, and tumbling out into the street in their apoplectic opulence. There were ruddy, brown-faced, broad-girthed Spanish Onions, shining in the fatness of their growth like Spanish Friars, and winking from their shelves in wanton slyness at the girls as they went by, and glanced demurely at the hung-up mistletoe. There were pears and apples, clustered high in blooming pyramids; there were bunches of grapes, made in the shopkeepers' benevolence to dangle from conspicuous hooks, that people's mouths might water gratis as they passed; there were piles of filberts, mossy and brown, recalling, in their fragrance, ancient walks among the woods, and pleasant shufflings ankle deep through withered leaves; there were Norfolk Biffins, squab and swarthy, setting off the yellow of the oranges and lemons, and, in the great compactness of their juicy persons, urgently entreating and beseeching to be carried home in paper bags and eaten after dinner. The very gold and silver fish, set forth among these choice fruits in a bowl, though members of a dull and stagnant-blooded race, appeared to know that there was something going on; and, to a fish, went gasping round and round their little world in slow and passionless excitement.

The Grocers'! oh the Grocers'! nearly closed, with perhaps two shutters down, or one; but through those gaps such glimpses! It was not alone that the scales descending on the counter made a merry sound, or that the twine and roller parted company so briskly, or that the canisters were rattled up and down like juggling tricks, or even that the blended scents of tea and coffee were so grateful to the nose, or even that the raisins were so plentiful and rare, the almonds so extremely white, the sticks of cinnamon so long and straight, the other spices so delicious, the candied fruits so caked and spotted with molten sugar as to make the coldest lookers-on feel faint and subsequently bilious Nor was it that the figs were moist and pulpy, or that the French plums blushed in modest tartness from their highly-decorated boxes, or that everything was good to eat and in its Christmas dress; but the customers were all so hurried and so eager in the hopeful promise of the day, that they tumbled up against each other at the door, crashing their wicker baskets wildly, and left their purchases upon the counter, and came running back to fetch them, and committed hundreds of the like mistakes, in the best humour possible; while the Grocer and his people were so frank and fresh that the polished hearts with which they fastened their aprons behind might have been their own, worn outside for general inspection, and for Christmas daws to peck at if they chose.

But soon the steeples called good people all, to church and chapel, and away they came, flocking through the streets in their best clothes, and with their gayest faces. And at the same time there emerged from scores of bye-streets, lanes, and nameless turnings, innumerable people, carrying their dinners to the bakers' shops. The sight of these poor revellers appeared to interest the Spirit very much, for he stood with Scrooge beside him in a baker's doorway, and taking off the covers as their bearers passed, sprinkled incense on their dinners from his torch. And it was a very uncommon kind of torch, for once or twice when there were angry words between some dinner-carriers who had jostled each other, he shed a few drops of water on them from it, and their good humor was restored directly. For they said, it was a shame to quarrel upon Christmas Day. And so it was! God love it, so it was!

In time the bells ceased, and the bakers were shut up; and yet there was a genial shadowing forth of all these dinners and the progress of their cooking, in the thawed blotch of wet above each baker's oven; where the pavement smoked as if its stones were cooking too.

"Is there a peculiar flavour in what you sprinkle from your torch?" asked Scrooge.

"There is. My own."

"Would it apply to any kind of dinner on this day?" asked Scrooge.

"To any kindly given. To a poor one most."

* * * *

(Concluded on page 12)

More About Elmer's Clan and the Muskrats

Elmer Discloses Some Secrets of the High Cost of Fashion Plate Furs

By MAX BENTLEY

The first installment of this article appeared last week.

THE night on which the trapping season ended, the rise in the river reached the lower Sabine. A late misty spring moon peeping over the swaying tops of the cypress trees saw the warm tide smoothly roll out over the coastal marshes of all that part of Southwestern Louisiana. It quickly covered the last upthrusting knob of high land on Honey Island, and drove Elmer Bowman and his extensive ménage out to the channel to seek a hang-up elsewhere, leaving disaster behind. They took me, their guest, along with them; we slid out to midstream to drift down the broad bosom of the river through the still night, without a single regret.

After a fashion, Honey Island is home to Elmer and his clan, by grace of squatter rights; but, as Elmer said to me, "Any old place is home whar I can fling a rope around a tree." The Elmer Bowmans are travelers. Judged by fur-trapper habits thereabouts they are downright cosmopolitans. Anywhere on the lower Sabine, along a stretch of 150 miles from Lofton Lake to the river's mouth, the Bowman houseboat fleet and its convoy of high-speed power boats, with the floating hog pen—and the hog—bringing up the rear, are likely to be seen, by day or night, gliding down the palmetto-fringed channel or chug-chugging upstream. This stretch of water is riotous with life—furred, finned and feathered—and yields a year-round living, and a good one, to the sixteen men, women, children and dogs making up the trapper colony over which presides the elderly, sinewy, shrewd, nature-wise Elmer himself.

A trapper's home in the Great Marsh, where the taking of fur-bearing mammals, especially muskrats, is productive of hundreds of thousands of dollars annually in value of the pelts

The rise on the Sabine had come down earlier than expected and caught the Bowmans unprepared: their traps lying here and there in confusion and their nets unstretched. The truth is, in thus neglecting the tools of his calling, Elmer had yielded to an unwonted impulse: high water had caught him patching up one of the two shanties on the island which give the place the legal semblance of a homestead. As a dwelling it left much to be desired, being rickety and having a positively ephemeral appearance, but it sufficed, and it was home. As Elmer expressed it, "The big oak had got doty and was about to die. I was afeard the water would break the tree and push the shanty down, and I sawed the tree and it fell on the shanty which leaned ag'in' the other shanty, and both of 'em slid in the water. We beat the rise to it."

Elmer took his newest loss with the same philosophical indifference. The subject was not again alluded to by the four men sitting around the oilcloth-covered table in the "living room" of the main house boat, over the crumbs of an abundant if late supper. A flickering oil lamp threw shadows grotesquely about the room, projecting on the far wall, with unearthly fidelity, every detail of Elmer's long and solemn countenance. Presently the moon slid behind a cloud. The trees moaned and the night became gusty. So we tied up on the Louisiana side at a point where cypress and tupelo gum and swamp maple trees stand straight and thick, undermining with their tangle of roots the low and precarious informal bank of the river. Their limbs brushed against roof and windows with a dolorous whishing sound. The steadily rising water gave the boat a pleasant rocking motion since it was supported on pontoons upturned at the ends like skis.

We had dined sumptuously on ribs of buffalo fish, crisp bacon frizzles and hot corn bread, topping it off with *demi-tasse* served in enormous cups, and caviar sandwiches, *à la* Bowman, spread thickly on slabs of cold biscuits. At city prices, we ate ten dollars' worth of that piquant palate teaser, but Elmer didn't mind: he makes the caviar himself, from the roe of the spoonbill catfish, and sells it in twenty-pound firkins to New York canners who broadcast it as "Genuine Russian Imported."

Just now we were listening to the radio, each of us having a headpiece.

"Kansas City announcing," said Elmer, breaking a strained silence. He clumped outside to give his aerial another twist around a convenient cypress limb. Kansas City was giving the weather forecast: "Clear and colder tomorrow. Cold wave to the Gulf Coast."

"Too bad! That means the rats will be running, and here's the season ending tonight. Them French *cajans* will cross to the Texas side when this snap hits, and make a clean-up," said Elmer. "I recollect last season when it was warm and wet and no rats stirring. The river was low; everything was just right but the weather. My darter was attemptin' to raise Pittsburgh for a violin solo or somethin', and she tuned in on Kansas City just as that fellow with the loud voice was sayin' the weather had dropped forty degrees and look out for a norther to the coast. My boy Robbie and me, and some of the others, shinned out that same night with two hundred traps while the other trappers was layin' cozy tied up to the bank in their shanties. Shore 'nough, the norther hit. We catched one-fifty—big, prime fellows—and sold 'em to Joe Pavell at Orange at four bits around.

"This radio is Lutcher Stark's idea over at Orange. He put it in, money bein' nothin' to him, and you can see what she does for us. She's a business getter because she gives us the jump on the other trappers. I don't know how much I don't owe that Kansas City weather fellow."

"The trapper's life," I volunteered, "is inexorably ruled by the weather."

Elmer acquiesced out of sheer politeness. "That and high prices," he assented. "High prices for fur is ruining the country. I've catched town boys in the marshes fiddlin' around with their new purty traps, bustin' their fingers, tryin' to pick up a skin or two for a dollar apiece when prices was high instead of working at the trade they was brought up at. I'd ruther trap rats any time for four bits than a dollar. Low fur keeps the amachoors out. In my time I've seen the rats move into this country by the million, over from the east side of Louisiana, with them *cajan* hogs right in behind them. They're still moving west. You won't find a hundred now on the Middle Texas coast, but wait a few years! By the time Robbie is my age there won't be a rat left here. They'll all be in Texas, still travelin' west, with the hogs pushing 'em on."

"What makes the high prices?" I asked.

"Them stinkin' fashion plates in New York," Elmer spoke bitterly. "It takes two hundred rat skins to make one of them Hudson sealskin coats, and they won't buy 'em under a thousand dollars. Ask three hundred for 'em and they'd spit on you. The fur companies holler about too much trapping and then turn around and put two hundred rat skins in one coat."

"But Elmer, the fur companies don't make the coats."

"It's all the same. The whole bunch are in cahoots," he insisted. "I get four bits for a prime rat skin, thirty-five cents for a possum, a dollar for a skunk, two-fifty for a good coon, four and a quarter for a mink, and fifteen to thirty dollars for an otter. *That's* my velvet; you don't catch more than two a season of them. If I trap on leased land I pay my regular buyer ten to twenty-five cents for the right to work on land he has leased up. Two hundred skins is a big run, even for me with all this menagerie to help, and it goes into one coat. We work like dogs—for *them*."

The bread-winners of the Bowman hunter-fisher-trapper clan. Left to right—"Mister" Larison, and Robbie, Homer and Elmer Bowman.

There was more of truth than poetry in what Elmer said. On the consuming end of the trapping industry one hundred, and even two hundred, rat skins will go into one coat and be sold for mole or mink, or electric seal, Hudson seal, Red River seal, and many other kinds of "seal"—none of which exist. The three-pound muskrat whose fur brought Elmer Bowman 50 cents, if it was prime fur, was auctioned by the dealer at $1.75 to $2.25. His $1 skunk skin drew $5 at auction, his $2.50 coon skin $6, his $4 mink skin up to $10, while his $15 to $30 "velvet," picked up on an occasional wandering otter, commanded at auction up to $50. In due time, if Elmer were a buyer of fur garments, his rat, sheared, would come back to him either as rat or seal, mink or mole. His mink, blended, might return as sable, or, unhaired and dyed, as seal; his coon, dyed, as lynx; his possum, blended, as marten.

Those are little byplays of the trade of which Elmer, being only a trapper, rightly should know little and yet knows much. Trade names have been adopted for dyed and manipulated skins; and since responsible dealers readily enough take their customers into their confidence, even to coaching them on how to identify for themselves the various grades of fur falling under one common or trade name, the practice is apparently not open to serious criticism except as it may be found that "group" furs are offered at prices in excess of the value of the original species making up the group. As, alas! it has been so found from time to time.

For example, during the fur extravaganza and post-war spending orgy of 1919-20 it was no secret that even the gentle house cat was appearing on the fur market as the *genet*, even as the prairie dog and woodchuck were sold as mink. On the other hand, as related by William T. Hornaday, of the New York Zoological Society, the society purchased for $1,250 a living specimen of the Australian koala, or native "bear," only to have it speedily languish away in captivity. Its passing might have been expected, since only two have lived for any considerable time after their exportation to North America. "The koala," says Mr. Hornaday, "is one of the most interesting of the many bizarre and remarkable animals of Australia. It is a tree dweller, and feeds on the leaves of the eucalyptus." Australian trappers have set out to exterminate the species, and its skin has appeared on the American market under the trade name *wombat*, at destructively low prices ranging from 70 cents to $1.50.

As for tabby, after all there is no fur of a softer texture and luster than hers, especially if she claims Persia or Malta as her ancestral home; so that if *genet* went over big (whereas *tomcat* or even *felis domestica* would never do), undoubtedly there were many satisfied customers.

With more dignity, but with nothing yielded of positiveness, Elmer Bowman's indictment of "them stinkin' fashion plates" is seconded in high circles, by conservationists and fur dealers alike. Mr. Hornaday, besides predicting total extinction of the fur-bearing animals within twenty years, scornfully pays his respects to the New York gallant in evening dress "who rides in a tightly closed limousine from hotel to theater and ball, wearing a fur-lined overcoat which is as necessary to his comfort as a caribou-lined sleeping bag would be in the Waldorf-Astoria." In New York, Mr. Hornaday notes, "an object of commiseration is the man with the fur-lined overcoat riding in the subway, bravely trying to bear up under the burden of unnecessary fur. If the amazing high prices for fur that prevailed in the winter of 1919-20 had held for five years, the fur question would have answered itself in the extermination of all species of fur-bearing animals. Thanks to the long and hard fall in prices that has given the market a terrific jolt, the fur bearers may be about twenty years in reaching extinction.

"The world's final frantic struggle for fur brings to mind Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn's masterful book, 'The Age of Mammals.' It reviews and throws upon the screen the developments of the world's most interesting geological period, following the Age of Reptiles and the passing of the dinosaurs. Viewing with the eyes of a biologist the war of extermination being waged on the fur-bearing species, and the destruction of wild animals for sport, Professor Osborn declares that 'The last chapter of the Age of Mammals now is being written in blood, and the end of the period of mammalian life is at hand.'

"We would like to think that the mammalian species living and thriving today will go on and on, changing and progressing according to their circumstances, for another million years, but all such dreams and hopes are vain and illusory. We are witnessing the extinguishment of the world's grandest group of vertebrates: the class Mammalia. The great tragedy is proceeding on plain and mountain, in forest and field, on lake shore and seacoast, in swamp and desert, and in the sea. Even under the surface of Mother Earth it is relentlessly moving on, and not even the subterranean mole is secure.

"The fur trapper has his legitimate place in the economy of Nature. We believe in fur in moderation just as we do in the Constitution of the United States, minus some of its amendments, but the death rate of fur bearers a garment and the great quantities of fur wasted, implicating alike men, women and children—and even the cradled babe—show the extent to which we are guilty of participating in a war of extinction."

The pride-bearing woman engulfed in her full-length coat of Hudson seal, stepping mincingly along the

(Concluded on page 9)

Seeing Paris—More American Impressions

Some Vivid Visions of Versailles—A Place of Extravagance, Not Luxury

By ALLAN L. BENSON

THE Champs Élysées is the most beautiful street I ever saw. It is about three times as wide as Fifth Avenue in New York, sweeps gracefully up the gentle ascent that begins at the Place de la Concorde and extends a half-mile to the Arc de Triomphe. It is hedged in on each side by a wonderful growth of huge horse-chestnut trees and the buildings are of uniform height—about five stories. The pavement is asphalt.

The Place de la Concorde is the gem of all I have ever seen in municipal planning. Imagine a square tract of land, the equivalent of perhaps ten large city blocks, set down on the banks of the Seine. Around it are eight huge marble statues of seated women, representing eight cities of France. The statues are mounted on broad pedestals perhaps ten feet high. It was the statue representing Strassburg that was shrouded in crêpe from 1870 until the French recovered Strassburg after the Great War.

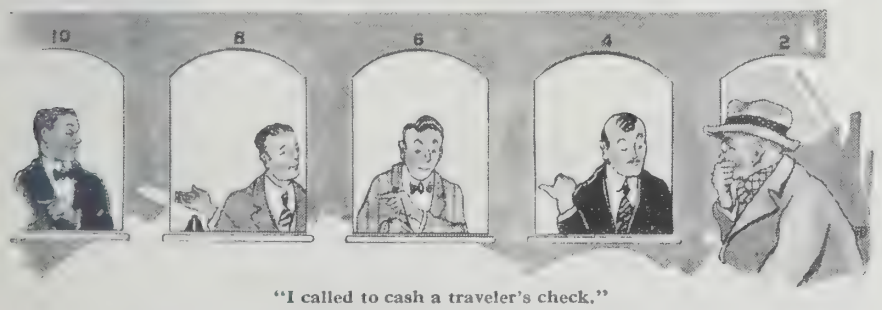
This whole great area is paved with asphalt. In the center is a pink obelisk perhaps sixty feet high that some African ruler gave to a French king 80 years ago. On either side of the obelisk, at a little distance, is a fountain, ornamented with the best bronzes that French art could fashion. The obelisk and the fountains are set in a line that marks a central driveway through the square, ending at the Seine. And just over the Seine is the old Bourbon palace, looking like a Roman temple, that is now the Chamber of Deputies. The palace, built long before the Place de la Concorde was ever thought of, looks as if it were the keystone of it. And over, a little distance to the right, is the Eiffel Tower, looking like a beautiful bit of lace draped down from a cloud. I saw the new moon hanging low toward the horizon as if some one in the tower had hung it out.

Historical recollections as well as beauty cluster about the Place de la Concorde. Where the pink obelisk now stands, Louis XVI was guillotined. During the French Revolution this great square was the slaughter-house of the revolutionists. Two thousand heads fell into the basket. Now fountains play and traffic swirls through what was once a sea of blood. Swirls is the word. While one is dodging one automobile, three others bear down upon him until death seems certain. I never saw anyone hurt, but I never passed through the Concorde that I did not wonder how I came through alive.

Napoleon's ashes lie under a great gilded dome that is the central part of what is known as the Hotel des Invalides. The adjoining buildings were once used as a military hospital; now they are a military museum. In the courtyard is the railway coach in which Marshal Foch received the surrender of the Germans in November, 1918. It is a steel car and will last long. One can imagine visitors to Paris, a thousand years hence, viewing this car with awe. It has become and will long remain one of the great historic properties of the world.

You go into the great circular room under the golden dome and look down through a circular, railed opening in the stone floor to the sarcophagus that contains the ashes of Napoleon. The sarcophagus, beautifully fashioned in sweeping, graceful curves, is made of a lustrous, reddish-brown marble from Finland, the gift of a czar who reigned in Russia 80 years ago. In a circle, around the sarcophagus are twelve statues representing angels. Each angel stands for one of Napoleon's battles.

Probably every one who ever visited Napoleon's tomb had a set of thoughts, created by the scene, that was peculiar to himself. I thought, first, of the restless soul who had shed so much human blood, now unable to shed any more. It seemed out of place that a dozen angels should be standing around, apparently in grief at his going, until it occurred to me that the angels were of stone and couldn't get out of the place if they wanted to. I thought of the splendor of Napoleon's tomb—which is beyond description—and then my mind turned to the simple little brick structure that houses the remains of George Washington. I thought of the procession, from the ends of the earth, that has been coming to Napoleon's tomb since his body was put into it about 80 years ago—and which will keep coming perhaps for many centuries. General Grant had stood there and looked down upon the great block of red marble. I also thought of another American whom a French guide tried to impress, with unexpected results. Told by the guide that the lid of the sarcophagus weighed ten tons or so, the American replied: "Well, that ought to hold him, but if he gets away, cable me at my expense."



"I called to cash a traveler's check."

I visited the palace at Versailles which John D. Rockefeller has given orders to repair at his expense. It needs it. The place is run down, out of repair and generally in bad order. Versailles has been so well advertised that I expected to see something that would make me gasp. I gasped but not at its beauty.

The first thing to remember about the palace and gardens of Versailles is that they cost $500,000,000 and the unpaid labor of 36,000 men during a long period of years. They were supposed to constitute the last word in luxury. They do nothing of the kind. There are plenty of places on Long Island that can discount it as places of luxury. Versailles is a place of extravagance, not of luxury. Louis XIV did not know what luxury meant. His Hall of Mirrors, where William I was crowned German Emperor, and where the peace treaty was signed at the close of the Great War, is anything but the gorgeous place that I had supposed it to be. It has a lot of mirrors in it, but so has the Grand Central barber shop. Its length, width and height are the only impressive things I could see about it. Louis XIV picked out a pretty good room for himself, and the bed upon which he slept is made up as if he were coming back to sleep in it tonight, but his queen, Maria Theresa, had a small suite of inside rooms that no one could now rent as a Harlem flat. The whole place is almost as bare of furnishings as an empty freight car, but one can imagine that these great rooms were pretty gorgeous when they were occupied.

The drunkest man I ever saw was trying, the day I was at Versailles, to flatten out these paving blocks with his head. Bystanders would pick him up, set him on his feet, gently remove their hands from his arms, and he would reel about three steps and come down like a falling chimney. I never saw anybody fall so fast and so hard. I was glad to note that he was not an American. He was French. Light wines and beer had not kept him sober.

Another picture comes to me from Versailles. As I was passing through the grounds, one beautiful Sunday morning, I saw a girl sitting on a French soldier's lap, throwing her arms about his neck, kissing him again and again, entirely oblivious of myself and others who were passing by. The girl was apparently about 18 years old and the soldier perhaps a year or two older. While she was throwing her arms about him and kissing him first on one cheek and then on the other, he looked at us, with sort of an Eddie Foy grin on his face. But in Paris kissing in public is quite common. Young men and women kiss on the street the same as we in America shake hands, and once in a while men smack each other.

I also visited the Grand Trianon, a marble palace that Louis XIV built for Maria Theresa. It is a one-story marble building, now turned yellow. Everything in France that rents for more than $35 a month is apparently called a palace. In the Grand Trianon I saw the bed upon which Napoleon slept when he was Emperor and also an eight-foot table, the top of which was made from a single board of a tree, from which Louis XIV and Maria Theresa used to dine.

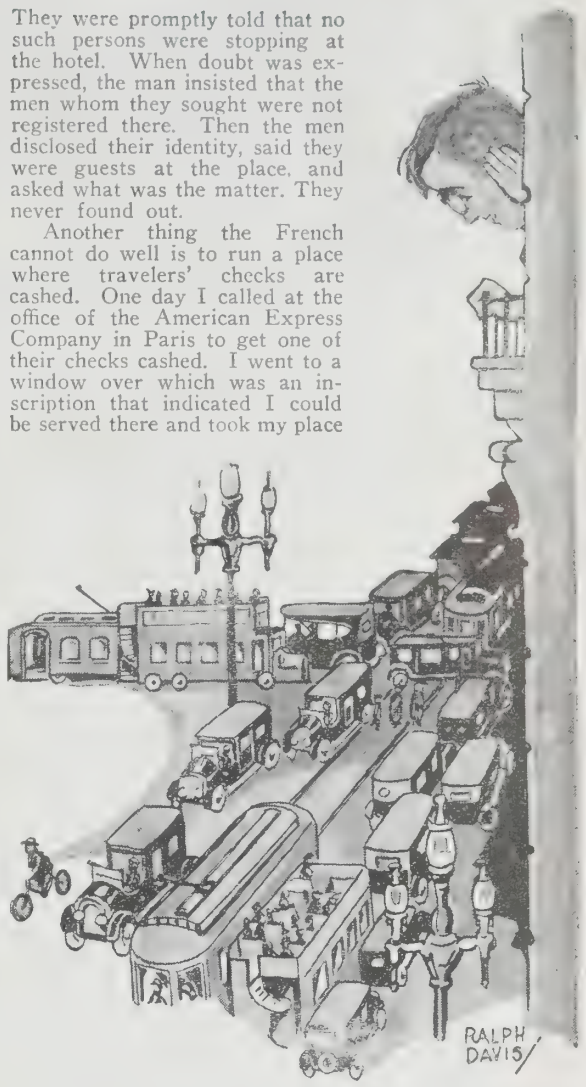
The Louvre is France's great art gallery—a place about which everybody raves. It is fashionable to rave about the Louvre. The more one raves about it the easier it is to conceal the fact that he has only a dim notion of what it is all about. I am frank to say that I went through the place like a fire engine answering a third alarm. I saw a lot that interested me and a lot that didn't. Some of the old masters got my goat. They knew how to get their effects, but what subjects they sometimes chose. What is the use of filling a twenty-foot frame with two-year-old angels, flying around like so many mosquitoes?

The French do so many things well that it is surprising they do some other things so poorly. They do not know how to regulate traffic in the city streets. I suppose the reason for this goes back to the French disinclination to take orders curtailing their personal liberty. Paris policemen are, therefore, jokes, because nobody pays much attention to them. Sometimes a policeman holds out his arm, or a short stick, to hold back the crowd while motors are passing, but the first Frenchman who comes along may push down the cop's arm or stick and walk on; or he may hang his hat on the officer's stick for a moment, to show his good-natured contempt for his authority, and walk on. Half the time the policemen, who travel in pairs, make no attempt to control traffic. I have seen them standing on the curb talking while pedestrians and motors were mixing themselves up in a busy street.

According to American understanding, the French do not know how to run hotels or office buildings. In most of the office buildings, you walk up or risk your life in an automatic elevator which you start by getting into it, closing the door and pushing a button. If it doesn't stick between floors or go to the top, fail to stop and drop, you are all right. But most of the time you walk and when you get to the top, you find that your man is not in and will not return until next Tuesday. I waited three days to see the man whom I had come to Paris most to see.

All good French hotels have telephones in the rooms, but the phones are practically useless. This is partly due to the fact that the Paris telephone system, which is owned and operated by the government, is the worst on earth. But it seems to be nobody's duty in particular to operate the hotel switchboards, and anybody who happens along when there is a call answers it. If the call is for a guest in the house, the easiest way is to tell the person at the other end of the wire that the one for whom he inquires is not stopping there. I knew of two men who became tired of having their friends told that they were not stopping at the hotel where they were quartered. So they went to the man who was at the telephone switchboard and asked for themselves. They were promptly told that no such persons were stopping at the hotel. When doubt was expressed, the man insisted that the men whom they sought were not registered there. Then the men disclosed their identity, said they were guests at the place, and asked what was the matter. They never found out.

Another thing the French cannot do well is to run a place where travelers' checks are cashed. One day I called at the office of the American Express Company in Paris to get one of their checks cashed. I went to a window over which was an inscription that indicated I could be served there and took my place in line. After a wait of several minutes I reached the window only to be told to go to Window Number 4. I took my place in line there, waited 10 minutes and was told to go to Number 6. I repeated the process at Number 6 only to be told to go to Number 8. After a wait of 10 minutes I was told to go to window Number 10—but I did not go.



"There is one thing French chauffeurs can do—blow their horns. Paris is full of taxis."

Instead, I went to a desk and inquired for the manager. I was told that his office was on the fifth floor. I did not like the idea of walking up and hesitated a moment. While I was hesitating, I was told to see a man at another counter. He was the manager, as I afterward learned. He was from Brooklyn and lent a sympathetic ear. When he heard my story, he was as indignant as I was. He asked me to lead him to the window where I had last been turned away. He asked the clerk if he had refused to cash my check. The clerk said he had. The manager asked why. "I was busy," replied the clerk, a youth of about 24 years.

"We can't get Americans to hold these jobs," said the manager, "and have to employ these French boys. They are very nervous and not very good, but they are the best we can get."

French women are not good-looking but are dressed with much taste. French men are "washouts" if the wife of a Chicago friend of mine can be believed. They apparently know little about dressing. Frenchmen's hats are fierce. When a young Frenchman wants to look a little doggy, he raises a full beard, and if he wants to add a knock-out, he gets a low-crowned, black felt hat, with a broad brim, slightly rolled at the edge.

There is one thing the French can do—that is to say, French chauffeurs can. They can blow their automobile horns more times to the minute than any other chauffeurs on earth. Each car has a little rubber-bulb horn of the sort that was used in America 20 years ago. As there are no traffic regulations worthy of the name, each taxi-driver looks after himself, and inasmuch as he will lose his license if he hits anybody, he keeps his horn going most of the time. I have stood in front of my hotel and seen drivers blow their horns half a dozen times in the course of a short block. Paris is full of taxis and they keep up an incessant tooting until two or three o'clock in the morning.

Paris impressed me as being a city that exists chiefly to cater to tourists. The streets are crowded all the while, but with people who seem to have nothing worth while to do. Great crowds sit at tables on the sidewalk and drink coffee two or three times a day. When a Frenchman is doing nothing else, he is drinking coffee.

I enjoyed Paris, but I did not turn around to take a last look at it. On the way to Cherbourg, I saw weeds growing between the rails of the track. I saw women washing their clothes in rivers. I saw stone houses, with the roof of a wing fallen in while the family continued to live in the upright, without repairing the roof. I noted the out-of-date cars that composed the train—out-of-date from an American point of view. And when, near midnight, I saw, four miles out in the blackness, the gleaming lights of the big ship upon which I was going to return to America, I was glad.

The Facista government going to see the king, October 31, 1922, just after the March on Rome. On Mussolini's right is General Diaz, on his left is Adm'ral Thaor de Reval. This was the first occasion in his life on which Mussolini wore a top hat.

Mussolini and Italy's Remaking

Cold Violence as Instrument of Good Government

The following article is written by one of the soundest authorities on Italy at the present time; but owing to the fact that he holds an official position in that country he is not able to write over his name.

TO ONE who has followed the vicissitudes of Fascismo from the formation of the Fasci di Combattimento in 1919 up to the present hour, the prospect of Italian politics has never appeared so dark and uncertain. It is just two years since the Blackshirts marched through the Aurelian wall into Rome, and, in their own oft-repeated estimation, opened a new era. In those two years, which their leader the other day proclaimed to have passed as a flash, they have been reaping the fruits of victory and suffering from the impact of problems whose handling by others it had been so easy to scorn. To adopt the phraseology of the French Revolution, October, 1922, was Thermidor, the month of heated enthusiasms; October, 1923, was Fructidor, the month of fruitfulness; October, 1924, was Pluviose, the month of storms.

All through this time it has generally been possible to foretell with some accuracy the developments of the next few weeks. The month of heat naturally causes germination, and is followed by the month of blossoms. But who can tell what will follow the month of storms? Will the rain nurture or will it drown? If winter comes, spring cannot, perhaps, be far behind, but will it in Italy be a Fascista spring? It is easy enough to describe the germination, the blossoming, and the fading of Fascismo. One can number its rather weather-worn petals; but one would be bold if one declared dogmatically that the plant itself was living or dead.

I will perform the easy part of my task first and consider the movement at its germination. In October, 1922, Fascismo started off with the most noble ambitions and ideals. It was a revival of the World War spirit, a living protest against those who insulted the men who had fought for Italy, a conscious attempt to prove that their sacrifice had been worth while. In this sense it was but a larger replica of the leagues of youth, of ex-service men, and so on, which sprang up all over the world to assert that the wisdom of the old was a fraud since it had led the world into war, and the strength of the young was a reality because it had won that war for the right cause.

Secondly, Fascismo was a revolt against administrative inefficiency which spent half as much again in Italy as the taxes brought in; bankrupted municipalities right and left; converted Parliament into the battleground of infinitely divisible political groups; made the Italian railways and posts the laughing stock of Europe, and reduced their country to a picker up of crumbs from the Entente table.

Thirdly, it was a protest against private immorality, against graft of all kinds, gaming houses, pickpockets, and rascality generally. Only secondarily was it a revolt against Socialism, only, that is to say, insofar as Socialism was responsible for the above evils. It is the fashion to say that Fascismo saved Italy from Bolshevism. This is quite untrue. The fiercest extravagances of the Reds were over two years before the Fascisti marched on Rome. The high-water mark had been reached in the seizure by the operatives of the Turin factories in 1920, and the collapse of this attempt ended the real danger, though it left behind it a trail of troubled industrial relations, and wretched efforts at political blackmail by means of strikes. But, in October, 1922, Fascismo forced the crisis for its own ends, to achieve the power to put into practice its ideals, and not in the least to save the country from Bolshevism.

The second period, the month of blossoming, October, 1923, found those ideals in practice, and Fascismo at the very height of its glory. It had pursued an admirable foreign policy, which had made peace with Jugo-Slavia, the heir of the traditional enemy, and lifted to unprecedented heights the prestige of Italy abroad. The one exception, the bombardment of Corfu, seemed to most foreigners inexcusable, but it was approved of unreservedly by the Italians, even the Opposition press joining in the chorus. At home, Fascismo had put an end to strikes, proclaimed the principle of class co-operation, and passed a law limiting the hours of daily labor to eight. It had restored the public services to efficiency. Trains no longer wandered into the wrong station six hours late, decanting passengers happy to be in any station at all. Government officials no longer universally belonged to the four-hours-off-for-lunch club. The finances had been restored, and a deficit of 20 per cent reduced to 6 per cent, with every prospect of a balance. The defense forces, rotted by contemptuous neglect, had been galvanized into spirited ardor. At this moment of supreme triumph and material efficiency, began, or rather came into prominence, that moral turpitude which was destined to produce a dramatic change.

Fascismo had never been unchallenged, and had never secured the support of all men of high principle in Italy. There were some who from the very beginning of its power recognized that this was the fight between democracy and an autocracy of a very curious kind, in that it was not reactionary, but merely incredibly pretentious. Its philosophic basis was the maxim that the ends justify the means, that since in one party—itself—were concentrated all the virtues of patriotism and intelligence, the members of that party were like the king, who "can do no wrong." The benefits they conferred on all Italy were conferred out of the kindness of their hearts, and Italy was to pay for their august blessings by recognizing their supremacy everywhere and in all things. There were thus many who said that the Fascisti had merely substituted a Black tyranny for a Red, but their murmurs against the moral degradation of the system were lost in the blaze of its material achievements. The Fascista excesses were excused in the belief that Mussolini at least was at heart sensible and moderate, and that he would control his followers in his own good time.

But, in fact, the grumblers were even more accurate than they supposed. The ominous facts that the Fascisti openly gloried in such events as the beating of Opposition statesmen in the streets, the knocking senseless of

Sacking of the *Epoco* newspaper offices, via del Tritone, Rome, by Fascisti.

any candid critic, the sacking of an ex-prime minister's house, and countless outrages against the property of their real or alleged opponents; and that no one was ever arrested or punished for these crimes, were not the result of exuberance of spirits or the inevitable lapses from rectitude of a speedily created organism, but were of the very essence of the Fascista policy. It was *true* that there was no personal liberty; and that those who were against Fascismo were outlaws with no civil rights of which to speak. It was *true* that the police force was rotted by the necessity of showing favoritism amounting to blindness toward the Fascista peccadillos. It was *true* that many of the latter profited by their new-won position to indulge in graft of various kinds; and it was *true* that the constitution itself was undermined by forcing through a trembling Parliament an electoral law which gave the most disproportionate advantages to the party which secured a bare majority. The passage of this law should have opened men's eyes. It was a deliberate and official abuse of power; and however excusable the original seizure of that power by force, there could be no shadow of reason for imposing its permanence by fraud.

This extraordinary contradiction between material efficiency and moral materialism is thoroughly borne out by the character of one man who is responsible alike for the good and the bad. Benito Mussolini is a man of great personal courage, immense capacity for work, magnificent organizing ability, and oratorical talents of the highest class. He is also blatant, vulgar, and inordinately conceited; not so much wise as cunning; not so much strong as violent. His ordinary good sense is betrayed by gusts of passion when he is hardly responsible for his actions. He is, in short, a born revolutionary, who firmly believes in cold violence as an instrument of government, though he has sense enough to see that violence does not always pay. That this estimate is not exaggerated will be attested by all who have been privileged to see him in repose and in anger, or by a glance at the bewildering changes in his internal policy. I pass over the great conversion from Socialism to Fascism, because it is clear that his support of the war and his consequent abandonment of the Socialist party, of which he had been such a shining light, was a noble impulse for which he was ready to risk his life and did risk it. It is, however, perhaps worth recalling that in June, 1914, a series of outbreaks in the Romagna of a revolutionary and republican tendency were organized and led by Mussolini. But it is really sufficient to tabulate his proceedings since he came to power, and the result is the following:

1. He forms a coalition government of all the non-Socialist parties.
2. He drives out all the non-Fascisti.
3. He makes advances to the Opposition chiefs.
4. He allows those chiefs to be maltreated with impunity.
5. He passes the electoral law.
6. He appeals for pacification, co-operation, and so on, to those whom that law had politically murdered.

Every change is the seesaw between extremism and moderation. Every delay in insisting upon the latter increases the domination of the former. Every little victory of this extremism made more and more inevitable the tragic scandal of June, 1924.

The murder of the Socialist deputy Matteotti for no other reason than that he was the most disquieting adversary of Fascismo brought down the reputation of that movement with a crash that echoed through the world. It is really rather surprising that it should be so. Political murders are not uncommon, even murders surrounded by every conceivable circumstance of deliberate butchery and premeditated brutality. There have been a thousand political murders on both sides in Italy during the past three years, and the Fascisti alone boast of their 3,000 dead. I think the reason for the concentrated horror aroused by this particular murder was that the only possible justification for such a movement as Fascismo, for such an action as the March on Rome, is that it should be, morally speaking, absolutely unsullied. Those who claim all the power must possess, like the golden race of Plato, all the virtues. Now it is obvious that the Matteotti crime arose out of the Fascista system and was made possible by it. Of course, hundreds of thousands of Fascisti are absolutely guiltless at law; but all stand, or stood, for being a law unto themselves. No one except his unreasonably intemperate enemies suggest that Mussolini had the slightest connection with the crime. But those arrested for it were of his entourage, he himself has justified the philosophy of "dying or killing for Fascismo"; and the general impression is, not that he knew of the crime, but that he must be less able, less "furbo," than people imagined, not to have known about it. The omniscient hero had a spot of ignorance after all; and this decline of the belief in his talents has had a profound effect. For the popularity and reputation of Mussolini personally counter-balanced the unpopularity and disrepute of his followers. The legend was that he was playing with his extremists as a cat with a mouse. The truth appears that they were playing with him.

The danger of an explosion immediately after the

(*Concluded on page 14*)

After sacking the headquarters of the Socialist party, the Fascisti rush across the Piazza del Popolo waving trophies. The photograph is of Karl Marx.

Mr. Ford's Page

PRESIDENTIAL addresses, like party platforms, have fallen upon public indifference since the war. Not that the people are incompetent to read a President's message to Congress; the chief cause of indifference has been that Presidents have so little to say that seemed to the people to be vital to their daily concerns.

President Coolidge gave a message to Congress on December 3, that deserves the widest reading. Evidently here is a President who speaks only when he has something to say, and has nothing to say that does not get close to the people's problems.

We devote this page today to the purpose of giving its readers a taste of the practical-mindedness of the President by quoting from the first part of the message. A President who thinks and speaks as Calvin Coolidge does promises well for the nation. Read these passages and see.

"I do not profess that we can secure an era of perfection in human existence, but we can provide an era of peace and prosperity, attended with freedom and justice and made more and more satisfying by the ministrations of the charities and humanities of life.

"Our domestic problems are for the most part economic. We have our enormous debt to pay and we are paying it. We have the high cost of government to diminish and we are diminishing it. We have a heavy burden of taxation to reduce and we are reducing it.

"But while remarkable progress has been made in these directions, the work is yet far from accomplished. We still owe over $21,000,000,000, the cost of the national government is still about $3,500,000,000, and the national taxes still amount to about $27 for each one of our inhabitants. There yet exists this enormous field for the application of economy.

"In my opinion the government can do more to remedy the economic ills of the people by a system of rigid economy in public expenditure than can be accomplished through any other action.

"The cost of our national and local governments combined now stands at a sum close to $100 for each inhabitant of the land. A little less than one-third of this is represented by national expenditure, and a little more than two-thirds by local expenditure. It is an ominous fact that only the national government is reducing its debt. Others are increasing theirs at about $1,000,000,000 each year. The depression that overtook business, the disaster experienced in agriculture, the lack of employment, and the terrific shrinkage in all values which our country experienced in a most acute form in 1920 resulted in no small measure from the prohibitive taxes which were then levied on all productive effort.

"The establishment of a system of drastic economy in public expenditure, which has enabled us to pay off about one-fifth of the national debt since 1919 and almost cut in two the national tax burden since 1921, has been one of the main causes in re-establishing a prosperity which has come to include within its benefits almost every one of our inhabitants. Economy reaches everywhere. It carries a blessing to everybody.

"The fallacy of the claim that the costs of government are borne by the rich and those who make a direct contribution to the national treasury can not be too often exposed.

"No system has been devised, I do not think any system could be devised, under which any person living in this country could escape being affected by the cost of our government. It has a direct effect both upon the rate and the purchasing power of wages. It is felt in the price of those prime necessities of existence, food, clothing, fuel and shelter.

"It would appear to be elementary that the more the government expends the more it must require every producer to contribute out of his production to the public treasury, and the less he will have for his own benefit. The continuing costs of public administration can be met in only one way—by the work of the people. The higher they become, the more the people must work for the government. The less they are, the more the people can work for themselves.

"Of course necessary costs must be met, proper functions of the government performed, and constant investment of capital account and reproductive effort must be carried on by our various departments. But the people must know that their government is placing upon them no unnecessary burden."

The President, to judge from the following passage, will not be easily misled by suggestions which pretend to be in the interest of the people of Europe when really they are only in the interest of selfishly motivated financiers:

"Ultimately nations, like individuals, cannot depend upon each other but must depend upon themselves. Each one must work out its own salvation. We have every desire to help. But with all our resources we are powerless to save unless our efforts meet with a constructive response.

"The situation in our own country and all over the world is one that can be improved only by hard work and self-denial. It is necessary to reduce expenditures, increase savings, and liquidate debts. It is in this direction that there lies the greatest hope of domestic tranquillity and international peace.

"Our own country ought to furnish the leading example in this effort. Our past adherence to this policy, our constant refusal to maintain a military establishment that could be thought to menace the security of others, our honorable dealings with other nations whether great or small, has left us in the almost constant enjoyment of peace."

That President Coolidge does not share the swollen conception of some members of his party that the last election placed them above the law and straight American practice, may be adduced from these words:

"It is axiomatic that our country can not stand still. It would seem to be perfectly plain from recent events that it is determined to go forward. But it wants no pretenses, it wants no vagaries. It is determined to advance in an orderly, sound and common-sense way. It does not propose to abandon the theory of the declaration that the people have inalienable rights which no majority and no power of government can destroy.

"It does not propose to abandon the practice of the Constitution that provides for the protection of these rights. It believes that within these limitations, which are imposed not by the fiat of man, but by the law of the Creator, self-government is just and wise. It is convinced that it will be impossible for the people to provide their own government unless they continue to own their own property."

The President shows appreciation of the business problem involved in his Administration. The "overhead" cost of Government is clearly exhibited as one of the matters weighing on his mind. "Anybody can reduce taxes," he says, and that in itself is very interesting information, since the general impression has been that tax reduction was precisely the thing which government officials felt could not be done.

"Anybody can reduce taxes," says President Coolidge, "but it is not so easy to stand in the gap and resist the passage of increasing appropriation bills which would make tax reduction impossible. It will be very easy to measure the strength of the attachment to reduced taxation by the power with which increased appropriations are resisted."

That is very wisely said. Measured by this standard President Coolidge proved his attachment to reduced taxation very early in his Administration.

DID you read the President's message to Congress? Or did you pass it over because in the past Presidents' Messages have seemed to be directed to the politicians and not to the people? Calvin Coolidge has just made a communication on the public business that can be understood by any citizen and that touches every citizen's concerns. There is nothing high-flown about this message; it comes down to matter-of-fact treatment of the nation's daily affairs. It takes up the matter of taxes in an almost revolutionary way—it says the things that the people always say and that Presidents so seldom seem to know. It goes directly to the roots of the tax trouble and it proposes action which is so full of common-sense and so practicable that it seems to be the production of almost any place other than Washington.

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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The Festival of Christmas

OUT of the darkness of winter dawns a glowing day—The Mass of Christ, the ancients called it; Noel, the Nativity of the Lord; Yuletide. It is Christmas in these lands, with all its background of memory and all its present spirit of good will. Christmas as only it can be, with the significance of the time in mind, even if modernly subdued. For beyond doubt people are feeling the diminution of Christmas. Nor does it spring from the necessary commercial accompaniments of widespread festival observances. Gifts must be made and even sold to those who cannot make them for themselves, and the glory of the Christmas shops is no small part of the color of the Season. It is ungrateful to charge all this labor and zeal, mingled of no small amount of good will, with having cheapened Christmas. Nonetheless people are conscious that something has changed. In recent years they sought in vain for cards with Christmas sentiments and greetings. This year people have looked in vain for Christmas in the magazines, but the only recognition they observe is a cover design—the Christmas story, poem and play seem to be things of the past.

What has wrought the change? Our easy surrender, it seems, to the wiseacres who wish to shear Christmas of its significance. A pagan festival, revamped for Christian uses, we are told. But why this special pagan festival? Why not some other one? Surely there were plenty to choose from! Just "a symbol of the eternal child and the cradle endlessly rocking," we are told. But there have been babies and cradles since the world began; why did it remain for Christmas to take its rise just when it did?—just when the world was perhaps less likely than ever to idealize babies and cradles. The degeneration of Christmas began with such dwarfings and attenuations as these. Its meaning was withdrawn; this left it bloodless; Christmas is suffering from spiritual anemia.

The consciousness of this is the cure of it. What people begin to miss, they proceed immediately to replace. We shall see a revival of Christmas. Not only will many of the ancient customs return (are they not already here in the "waits" and in community Christmas trees all topped with the Star?) but the meaning will come back as well. The classic narrative of the Bethlehem Night will stir to life in all its details. There is not a line in all the story that is incompatible with the modern mind. It is all outdoors and supremely natural. Shepherds in the fields. Wayfarers at an inn. Spiritual intelligences round about. That is life. At Easter the Christian world proclaims its hope of passing into a spiritual world; death is glorified as the gate through which we break into another plane. The emphasis at Christmas is different; it is the spiritual world breaking in upon this. It is the spirit of incoming, not of outgoing. Shepherds and angels; the mingling of the worlds. A Star in the sky, and "the hopes and fears of all the years" meeting at a cradle. "And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly soldiery singing Peace!—peace on earth to men of good will." Take the Christ out of Christmas and even the alleged pagan elements fade and die. In Him the worlds are one.

What people miss, they will return and find. They will find Christmas again where Christmas began—at Bethlehem.

The Ghastly Truth

A WRITER in one of the leading English papers makes a few remarks on the language of the country as it is spoken today. What has been said about the English language as now spoken falls short of the "ghastly truth," he says. This critic asserts that "the whole island has become a suburb of 'Byker-street styshun,'" and that lonely farmhouses will oblige with a bucket of water for your "rydi-ytor," while Welshmen will point you the "wye" to Llanfihangel. In Suffolk, he says, the gaffers sit in the inglenook, nursing their quart pots and discussing the "expropri-yshun of the gryte estytes."

Shades of Dan Chaucer and his "well of English undefyled!" not to mention Shykespeare, and Spenser, and Dryden and Pope! Have the war and the movies and the "Dyly Mile" brought Old England to this? Or is it the pernicious effects of the nine months' regime of the Socialistic government?

Years ago it was said that the best English in the United Kingdom was spoken in Inverness and Dublin, and now this horrified writer declares that "today the only district where decent, disappearing English is habitually spoken is Virginia and the Carolinas," and suggests that the new Minister of Education should import elementary teachers by the thousand from these states.

It is a comforting thought that there are at least a few corners of the earth where the well has not been contaminated. But if this process goes on it may soon be necessary to organize a society for the conservation of the English language, to avoid the possibility of having to go to Kamchatka or Tibet for qualified teachers.

Meantime, it is a comforting thought that down in old Virginia and the Carolinas the descendants of the Elizabethan and Carolian pioneers have kept the linguistic faith. Missionaries are apparently urgently required if the people are to be properly "eydukited" in the tongue of their forefathers.

Colleges Are for It

"LIGHT wines" put France at the bottom of the list in the Olympic games, with 26½ points, while the prohibition United States led the list with 255 points. Prohibition Finland won 166 points, while "personal liberty" Great Britain won only 85½ points.

These figures are brought to mind again by the results of the debating tour conducted in this country by teams from Oxford and Cambridge. In their meetings with the debating teams of American colleges and universities, the visitors proposed Prohibition and the League of Nations as their favorite subjects. Though judges presided the verdicts in most instances were directed by the vote of the audiences. Here are some collegiate verdicts on prohibition:

At the University of Michigan the audience decided that the Michigan debaters had worsted the Britishers, the vote being 1,247 to 520. At the University of Minnesota the vote was 1,348 for the prohibition defenders, to 493 against. At the University of Cincinnati the vote was 1,714 for to 698 against. At Coe College, 437 for to 95 against. At Hillsdale College 432 for to 88 against. At the University of Kansas the vote was four to one for prohibition.

It would seem that Prohibition is capable of producing equally good records on the athletic field and the debating platform.

We Join in Peace

THE announcement—quite seasonable at Christmas—that the United States will join the international Conference on the traffic in arms and ammunition, will be received with approval. Here is a definite desirable object to be attained, something far from the haze of European politics, something of direct bearing on international morality and policy. It is desirable that a recognized code of conduct be imposed upon nations in their trade in the instruments of warfare. Our own nation faced that question in the recent world struggle when we were charged with being the willing purveyor of death-dealing machinery to either or both belligerents. The Conference, it is hoped, will open up every phase of the question. It is in the nature of the limitation of armament, to begin with, and the commercial rights of neutrals to end with. These questions can never be determined by diplomatic strategy, but only by forthright international desire to reduce to a minimum the causes of war. In conferences like these the United States may well participate if only to signify its willingness to co-operate in the maintenance of the peace.

The Lady of the Limberlost

THE sudden death by accident of Gene Stratton Porter will be felt as a personal bereavement by hundreds of thousands who have known her through her books. Here was a woman, set down in the midst of a most perfervid industrial generation, who elected to write about moths and birds and marshlands, and weave romances of mingled Nature, inanimate and human, and whom the world followed in multitudes, giving her fame and wealth and what is far better, affection and confidence.

Mrs. Porter's work was marked by this mingling of human and "natural" nature. "The Girl of the Limberlost," which first brought her prominently to the attention of the reading public, was really a story of the moths and birds and wild flowers of that now famous stretch of Indiana swampland. "Freckles" dealt more particularly with the woods and with trees. "The Harvester" is a romance of roots, the medicinal herbs of the woodlands, and how the gathering of them led to significant things in human life.

A career like that of Gene Stratton Porter provides a scale by which to measure popular taste in literature. Where there is a multitude of writers the majority of whom fail to win widespread attention, there is always a tendency to affect to despise popular success. Popular literature is supposed to be cheaply wrought. Yet, if anything is true about the classics, it is that they were made by popular approval. The highest reach of creative genius in literature, be it Bible or Shakespeare, were popular successes, and remain so.

The books of Gene Stratton Porter have sold over eight million copies to date. Why? Because she touched life where most people live. The Freudian writers don't do that. One fact about the shady sex fiction of the time is that it does not sell. It is not popular. The noise that is made in its behalf is mostly bought and paid for, and the rest is neurotic or an ill-directed claque toward "freedom." And this is not due, as the sour-grape critics contend, to the public's childish love for the pleasant. Sinclair Lewis' books were not pleasant, yet they were popular—because they were true. There is a world of difference between the Porter books and the Lewis books, a difference too in the writers' status as literary artists, but both hit true and the public sealed their truth. Truth that is virile with life, human truth and not special pathologic facts, always seems to get the right of way.

The Re-awakening of Russia

THE attempt of the Russian Soviet government to stifle private enterprise and to set up a state monopoly in all trading has proved a complete failure. According to estimates made by responsible Soviet leaders, private capital controlled, by the beginning of 1924, fully 80 per cent of the retail and over 50 per cent of the wholesale trade of the country.

Lenin had not been long in power when he discovered that the death of private enterprise meant the economical paralysis and industrial death of the nation, but he did not foresee how rapidly private enterprise would reassert itself in spite of his efforts to quench it against his better judgment.

In spite of the lessons that have been taught, the whole machinery of the Soviet is now directed toward fighting private trade by substituting for it trade carried on by the state and co-operative organizations. The idea that "capitalism" must be killed has become an obsession with the clique of communist demagogues that now dominate Russia.

The trouble with the Russians as a people is that they lack initiative, and like sheep are led or driven by the bureaucrats who have seized the reins of power. The whole trend of the Soviet is to discourage individual effort and to level down whole communities to the level of the lowest intellect within it. This policy is being carried out in their schools; they are poisoning the wells at their source, and the plague of misery and destitution that is coincident with Russia's recently found "freedom" is the outcome.

But there is arising in that unhappy country a steadily growing volume of public sentiment which refuses to be thrust back into a state of serfdom far worse than that which prevailed in the time of the czars. Lenin and his successors may have trampled upon and mutilated the body of Russia, but it still retains its soul. It may be that the Russian soul needed this last humiliation to stab it wide awake. The wave of corrective conservatism which has reestablished stability in the United States, which has given a feeling of security to Britain, and which has been the keynote of the Fascisti in Italy, is rising to something more than a ripple in Russia.

The Tower of Babel—A Modern Instance

Some Dangers That May Arise From the Polyglot Population of This Country

By CASPAR F. GOODRICH
REAR ADMIRAL, UNITED STATES NAVY

THE reading of the Bible is less habitual among us than it was among our forebears in the early days of the Republic and the lessons contained in its pages are too often neglected, pertinent as some of them be even in our own time. An instructive warning is found in the story of the Tower of Babel. When the Lord "came down to see the city and the tower, He said, 'Behold the people is one and they have all one language . . . . and now nothing will be restrained from them which they have imagined to do.'" Surely in the Old Testament account of the result of the Confusion of Tongues we have the best warrant for holding that unity of speech is essential to constructive progress in any and every national undertaking.

Are we committing the grave mistake of fostering the growth of many alien tongues in this land of ours? Are we, even unconsciously, failing to uphold English as our national language and to insist upon it as the sole medium in all official transactions? These questions are of more than passing interest. They deserve careful thought and study before it is too late to avert disaster through the breaking up of our population into discordant and (except when combined against the Anglo-Saxon majority) mutually antagonistic elements based upon race and language.

Consider a modern instance. Few persons realize that the fundamental obstacle to the establishment of a Chinese Republic is lack of a common speech. Practically every province has its own dialect, an insuperable bar to harmonious and concerted action. The inability to pull together, due to the cause mentioned, seems to me and to many who have more extended acquaintance than I with that far-off land, to spell the hopelessness there of any form of self-government.

Foreign Language Publications

ARE we creating a polyglot population? The evidences that we are lie on every hand, to meet the eye and the ear. Notices in foreign languages are posted in multitudes of public places. They no longer occasion comment or remark, so common have they become. Of newspapers and periodicals in alien tongues, there are well more than a thousand with individual circulations, in certain cases, reaching hundreds of thousands daily. Too many of these are distinctly anti-American. Even those which are not unfriendly to our institutions have the evil effect of discouraging the acquisition of our national tongue. A report for 1921, which is incomplete, because many made no returns, under this head, puts the circulations of our foreign-language publications at more than eight million. It lists forty-odd tongues from Albanian and Arabic to Ukrainian, Welsh and Yiddish.

Without as much as hinting that these should be prohibited, it is only a matter of self-protection against a strongly disintegrating influence and of furthering the cause of Americanization that their growth should be checked and that measures should be promptly taken to curtail their circulation. This is not a question involving the limitation of free speech. It is entirely proper to contend that every foreign language publication in this country tends, unwittingly, perhaps, but none the less powerfully, to discourage the learning of English, the language of the nation. If the alien prefers not to learn it he is quite within his right not to learn it, but the exercise of that right is of the nature of a luxury for which he should be willing to pay. It has been suggested that this can be accomplished, without incurring any noticeable burden, through imposing an insignificant tax, such as one cent on every copy of such a daily, five cents on every copy of such a weekly, and ten cents on every copy of such a monthly, quarterly, pamphlet, book, and so on. Also, it is urged, every public placard or notice in a foreign language should have a government stamp varying from one cent upward, according to the size. It is stated furthermore that such an impost while bringing in a welcome revenue, estimated at from $25,000 to $50,000 a day, would, at the same time, work effective good in a constructive sense, through furthering the solution of that grave national problem, Americanization.

Treasonable Posters

IN ANY event, an English translation of every such issue should be filed with the local Federal attorney over the signature of a responsible person who, in the case of a dangerously faulty or misleading English rendering, could be punished as guilty of a misdemeanor, by adequate fine or imprisonment or both.

A similar restriction should be placed on every foreign-language notice or placard which, in addition, should bear on it an English translation over the name of the author, the incorrectness of which could be followed by sufficient penalty. Doubtless there would then be fewer of these treasonable posters, beginning with, "To Hell with the Government."

We Americans are wretchedly poor linguists, hence, as a rule, we do not understand the import of the placards in other tongues than our own nor know whether they are incendiary or innocuous. It is to be feared that the following incident is only too typical.

At the last annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Commandery of the Military Order of Foreign Wars, a distinguished member said, among other things:

> "Just outside one of our large eastern cities, beside the railroad, there stands a large sign which insults intelligence and the effrontery of which should outrage every American, 'Tell it to them in their language.' Knowing something of Yiddish, I have found in one section of the city (Philadelphia) placards beginning with "To hell with the government' . . . . Within a month, I crossed from my office to buy a morning paper; I found papers in seven tongues and in no one of them was English represented by the paper on sale. This is not a theoretical and academic or a philosophical question. It is a practical question. Those of you, supposed by your condition in life to be beyond it, sense little, not only of the possible danger, but of the probable."

How long shall we, blindly and foolishly, allow this "outrage" to continue? It is of common knowledge that New York is almost the largest Italian city in the world; that it contains about one-tenth of the Jewish race; that there are communities, more or less large, in various states where English is neither spoken nor understood; that in the southwestern part of our country, Spanish has, frequently, to be employed in courts for the administration of justice; that foreign groups in various cities demand that their co-nationalists shall be local judges, policemen and other public functionaries, that their language alone shall be there employed and that speakers addressing recent meetings in English have been howled down and driven out. Where and when is this thing to end? It seriously menaces our national homogeneity and progress in civilization. Unless the bricks and masonry are tied together by a proper cement, the building is doomed, sooner or later, to crumble to pieces—its ruins a monument to the master's folly. In our national structure no binding material can be substituted for the English language. Anti-English language movements can have but one effect, the continuance of factions opposed to each other and to the traditions and policies which have made this country what it is today, the marvel and the envy of the whole world.

No foreigner is invited to our shores. He comes of his own accord. Too often, especially when sent here by hostile governments or associations, he brings with him the obligation to overthrow our institutions and to set up a rule distinctly opposed to the wise scheme of our fathers. In carrying out these tasks, *he would be well-nigh helpless were he obliged to use English in his published appeals* to the ignorant and his preaching of racial and class hatred. But he finds on our soil large bodies of men of his own blood and speech who greedily credit his promises of the millennium which he falsely describes Russia as now enjoying.

Of course, there are among us "pinks," half-cracked fanatics, deluded disciples of *a socialism proved utterly impossible by no less than thirty-four failures in the United States* listed by Daniel J. Ryan, former secretary of the State of Ohio, *with not one success anywhere or at any time from the days of Sparta to the present.* The real danger lies in the vast alien population to which the franchise is given with a foolish prodigality that would be laughable were its effects not so tragic. It is not pleasant to hear of the "German, Italian, Polish or Yiddish vote" for which politicians too often sacrifice the real good of the people.

Ability to read and speak *English* ought to be an adamantine requirement before granting first papers of naturalization. It is idle to argue that a foreigner can vote intelligently when he is ignorant of our language. Incidentally it may be observed that naturalization papers should be "valid only during good behavior" and that the preposterous statute preventing ourselves from deporting an alien who has been in this country five years should be repealed without delay.

Qualifying for Naturalization

ESPECIALLY since 1890, the majority of our immigrants are illiterate and they do not speak English, hence they are unable to understand our institutions or to grasp the fact that here exists a liberty denied them in the land of their birth. Moreover, lacking the individual intelligence requisite in our citizens, being easily susceptible to argument based on racial or class animosity, they fall prey to the glib agitator who harangues them in their own tongue. Hence we see that menacing thing, "mob action." And upon these politically incompetent we shower the suffrage with recklessly indiscriminating bounty, thus empowering them to take part in framing laws for our governance. That this should be so is a sad arraignment of American intelligence.

Naturalization ought to be a highly coveted prize granted only to those who have proved themselves by mentality, character, industry and spotless record, to be worthy. The *sine qua non* should be *knowledge* of *English* both written and spoken.

It is, by the way, eminently proper to inquire into the motives of these foreigners who apply for naturalization. If their object is, in bettering themselves, to help us in our task of advancing civilization through wise government and to become loyal members of our body politic they should be welcomed; but, at times, a reasonable doubt arises on this point. An illuminating instance may be cited.

I had occasion to look into the statistics under this head in the city of Philadelphia for the year 1916. I found that 60 per cent of the naturalizations in that period and district was granted to Russians. That was while Russia was at war with Germany and the United States at peace. Is the inference natural that these applicants for naturalization largely sought to avoid military service in defense of their own country? And was it not, on our part, a *quasi* breach of neutrality to countenance this weakening of a friendly nation's power of resistance? Yet no one seemed to perceive, much less to protest against, this attempt to evade a plain duty by making a selfish use of our lax system of naturalization as a bridge from danger to safety.

A searching investigation would appear to be desirable if not imperatively necessary, to elicit in every case answers to those fundamental questions, "Can you read and speak English?" "Why did you leave home?" "Why do you want to become an American citizen?" "Who advised you to present yourself here?" and so on. This interrogation should be made in English, should be carried still further in scope and should be varied in phraseology and the order of asking so that the questions cannot be answered by repeating from memory sentences taught by professional coaches. If any answer be in the least unsatisfactory or if an interpretor is needed, the application should be rejected summarily.

A Common Tongue Necessary

IT IS not an exaggeration to say that our future as a united people depends absolutely upon our possessing a common tongue; that every legitimate means should be employed to extend a knowledge of that common tongue and to discourage the growth of any other as the habitual medium of intercourse and publicity. I do not mean to frown upon the acquisition by Americans of other languages in addition to English; far from it. I myself read, write and speak three such and have a bowing acquaintance with a fourth. None the less do I urge my fellow citizens to support our legislators in every measure they may conceive to maintain English as the national language and to check the growth and employment of any other. If we and they fail now in this important duty, we shall be false to the fathers of this Republic and responsible for the creating of a new Tower of Babel. If this matter is given due consideration by the aliens in our midst who desire to become American citizens in the full extent of those words, they will realize that it is to their own interest to favor the suggestions of this article. Of what advantage would it be to them to become members of a political body containing the seeds of its own dissolution?

In answering this question they will realize that what is here written is not inspired by unfriendly motives but by the wish to make this country actually worthy of their adoption.

More About Elmer's Clan and the Muskrats

Concluded from page 4

Boardwalk—in August—may not know it, but she is indebted to Elmer Bowman to the extent at least of a grateful pang, inasmuch as Elmer, at great labor for himself and for those of his clan who braved the Louisianian muck with him, caught the hundred or so rats going into her garment. That is, he *may* have caught them; the thought is not completely improbable. *Some* trapper caught them, and why not Elmer? His boy Robbie and I may have caught some of them, that misty morning in the cattail flats, the morning of the last day of the trapping season, just before the rise came down.

We set out for Honey Island in Robbie's speed boat, since we had far to go to run our traps. We passed the city of Orange at express-train speed, and Robbie punctiliously waved an answering salutation to the flutter of hands marking our bounding passage past the railroad landing. We had two dozen traps out, we had set them out the night before, and Robbie was in a haste to run them since the buffalo fish were "knocking" that day and the sound was music to his ears.

"When the last day of the season rolls round you want to catch every fish in the river and trap every rat in the marsh," he grinned.

Robbie leaned on the wheel. In a wide swishing arc the boat left the river and darted up a canal. We tied up to a willow, drew on our hip boots, and waded out over the marsh, following a red-rag trail marking the location of our traps.

Our catch was small. For my edification Robbie skinned a rat. With a swift stroke of his knife he ripped the pelt from hind leg to hind leg, pulled backward—literally turned it wrong side out over his doubled-up fist—and the job was done.

"One trap short," Robbie announced. "We set out twenty-four."

"We went to every rag. You must be mistaken," I said.

"I'll find it," he answered confidently.

He did find it, and in it the last catch of the season. It was a plump old glistening rat with long whiskers. It had been caught by the left forefoot only, and near the toes at that. After a quick, frantic struggle at our approach it lay quietly, keeping its beady eyes watchfully on us.

"How will you take him off?" I asked.

"It's a she," Robbie answered soberly. Deftly he disengaged the trap, meanwhile gripping the captive firmly behind the ears. He examined her injured toe, gave the little paw a gruffly affectionate shake, and released her. One flirt from the broad tail, one convulsive bubble from the bottom of the ooze, and our captive was gone.

"She was full of young," Robbie explained. "We need her alive—what would me and paw do without her?"

Christmas in Old London—
A Reverie of Merry Yuletides

By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

Drawings by L. Pern Bird

"At Christmas play, and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year."

And if it came oftener we should scarcely know what to do with it!

A HUNDRED years ago, or is it only fifty?—when I was young—Christmas chiefly appealed to me as a season of unusually abundant, good fare and a plenitude of presents; in brief, I was a quite healthy boy in body and brain. I can't abide those youngsters I meet nowadays who pretend—I can't quite believe them—that they don't care much about plum pudding or mince pies and who sniffingly declare that they have no manner of faith in Father Christmas or in Santa Claus. It is an irreverent and cynical generation, here in England anyway; and it may be so also in America, for all I know to the contrary. But I sincerely hope that the boy or girl has not yet been born who does not welcome Christmas gifts, with their seasoning of love and good will.

But, come, come, I mustn't be grousing and grumbling. I find each Christmas more enjoyable than the previous one. I've not yet grown up, you see; while at the same time experience has taught me how to make the most of the good things and the good folk that come my way. That is where the older are wiser than the younger.

I'm just a small boy over Christmas cards—I like'm Christmassy; snowy and robin redbreasty; with holly, ivy and mistletoe. Too many Christmas cards today might better be called *midsummer cards*:

"At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Than wish a snow in May's new fangled mirth,"

as Master Shakespeare hath it.

By the way, Christmas cards, like so many other supposedly ancient things are really quite modern, the first, almost certainly, seeing the light in the year 1846, not coming into general use till some years later. The pleasant old fashion of special Christmas stationery has quite died out.

Holly, with lots of red berries; ivy; mistletoe, also with many berries. Listen! What's that? The sound of flute, flageolet and violin coming along this way! And voices of men and boys! It is the waits singing in the frosty air:

"The Holly and the Ivy,
Now are both well grown,
Of all the trees that are in the wood
The Holly bears the crown.
O, the rising of the sun,
The running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ,
The singing of the choir."

—or "Good King Wencelas," or "God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen."

I am not quite so sure that the holly does bear the crown; I cast my vote for the mistletoe. No, *sir*, not because I am fond of kissing the girls—young or old, pretty or plain—beneath the mistletoe bough! I am not so foolish as to wait for that *infrequent* opportunity. But because there is so much ancient lore attached to this evergreen parasite. Is it not a sovereign remedy if you chance to suffer from "convulsive distempers" or a stitch in your side? Did not Sir John Colebatch, that learned man, write of it some two hundred years since: "This beautiful plant must have been designed by the Almighty for further and more noble purposes than barely to feed thrushes, or to be hung up superstitiously in houses to drive away evil spirits."

We do not now hang up the mistletoe to drive evil spirits from our homes but to introduce good spirits! Shakespeare called it "baleful," because in ancient legend Balder the Beautiful was slain by an arrow made of its wood. Afterward the Goddess of Love was appointed its guardian, so now any gentle and kindly lady who pauses beneath it is greeted with a kiss, which is often a preliminary to courtship.

With us, as doubtless with you, there are modern fashions of decking the home for Christmas; paper festoons, paper flowers, Japanese lanterns, and so on. Away with them all! Holly, ivy, mistletoe for me, always! And a Christmas tree! For the kiddies? Yes, and for *me*. The old-fashioned way, with thin pink candles stuck about the branches; and imitation snow; and Father Christmas atop! And plenty of sweetmeats. Whence arose the legend that the Christmas tree is an ancient and British institution, I do not know. It came over to us from Germany some seventy years ago, when German Prince Albert was Queen Victoria's consort. Never mind. I for one can't *see* Christmas without a tree and I don't care even a half-cent from what century it dates. No more does it matter to me—does it to you?—that the hanging up on Christmas Eve of stockings to be filled by Santa Claus during the night hours is but a modern fashion. I have ceased to do it! The presents given to me by my adoring family and affectionate friends do not accommodate themselves to the practice: such like as chest-protectors, mufflers, woollen stockings, warm slippers, and so forth. But I *do* believe in Santa Claus; for I have seen him many a Christmas Eve in—the mirror! He is not at all a bad looking old fellow; indeed, he is the very spit of me.

It is commonly said that Charles Dickens invented Christmas. Rubbish! But he did invest it with a halo of uproarious mirth and jollification, good will and splendid hospitality; and surround it with ice and snow, spices and puddings and sugar and punch. He amplified only; did not invent. What about this for a picture of Christmas, from a book three hundred years old, written by one Nicholas Breton:

"It is now Christmas, and not a drink must pass without a carol; the beasts, fowl, and fish, come to a general execution; and the corn is ground to dust for the bakehouse, and the pastry . . . . A good fire heats all the house . . . . Musicians now make their instruments speak out, and a good song is worth the hearing. In sum, it is holy time, a duty in Christians for the remembrance of Christ, and custom among friends for the maintenance of good fellowship. In brief, I thus conclude of it: I hold it in memory of the Heaven's love and the world's peace, the mirth of the honest, and the meeting of the friendly."

How shall I spend my this year's Christmas? There is varied choice before me. Shall I go to Oxford? I shall feel greatly tempted so to do if the weather be real Dickensy—Christmassy. For when King Frost and Queen Snow take the business in hand Oxford is supremely lovely. The gray ancient buildings, with the innumerable carvings and the hammered ironwork, picked out with white; the lawns as snowy carpets; the boughs of every tree and the twigs of shrubs and bushes glittering with hoar frost in the crisp wintry sunshine—it's a winter's fairyland!

If I did go I would dine on Christmas Day with a friend at Queen's College; a lordly Boar's Head would be carried in gallant procession from the kitchen into the Hall—designed by famous Christopher Wren—to the accompaniment of the Boar's Head Carol, sung by a Precentor, the Latin chorus delivered by the choir.

Or I would visit a country clergyman, rector of a very rural parish, where he and the squire are the only gentlefolk, his parishioners being farmers and their hands. I'd go to church with him morning and evening; a gray, stone building, many centuries old; small, homely, reverend. There would be singing of carols, perhaps:

"Welcome be thou heavenly King;
Welcome, born on this morning,
Welcome, for whom we shall sing
Welcome Yule.
Welcome be ye that are here,
Welcome all, and make good cheer,
Welcome all, another year,
Welcome Yule."

—decorations of holly and ivy and gay chrysanthemums; a brief discourse from my friend upon the glad tidings that the festival celebrates. Back in the evening again to the vicarage, maybe by the light of the moon and over the soft snow, lying "deep and crisp and even"—a red brick house of the days of good Queen Anne, set in an ample garden. Cosy comfort; a snug room; a blazing fire, roaring on the wide hearth; my kindly host and his wife; a well-set table: turkey, plum pudding and mince pies, of which last I would dispose of several, both because they would be goodly and because in the coming year I should have as many happy months as the number of the pies I ate; no use therefore in putting away more than a dozen!—and friendly conversation. And so to bed and pleasant dreams. When with this hospitable friend I always remember the Old World rhyme:

"If thy friend come unto thy house,
For dear love and pure amitie;
Exile sadnesse and show to him
Friendly familiaritye."

But an end to conjecture. I'll stay in London town. In the morning I may wend my way to the chapel of the Foundling Hospital in Bloomsbury, a somewhat worn part of the town, about which it has been said that there "is more of the bury than the bloom." Founded by

(*Concluded on page 14*)

Surely, at Christmastide—on Christmas Eve and on Christmas Day—East, West, *HOME'S* best? At home I will bide, with my own kin.

A Modern Tendency in Education—By FRANCES MARY HUGHES

THE man who declares himself unfit to advance in the world because of early educational handicaps is receiving less and less consideration at the hands of society at large. In a not-so-far-distant past, few people attended either high school or college whose parents did not finance the period, and those whose parents were unable or unwilling to do so were left handicapped in the subsequent struggle with their better prepared brethren.

Certain changes have been wrought in comparatively late years, however, changes whereby an adult possessed of a little spare time and a desire to better himself can rise to undreamed-of heights of cultural or vocational excellence. More and more universities and colleges are offering extension courses, summer sessions, and short courses of whose advantages all mankind is invited to avail itself. To the person prepared for college entrance, work may be taken for credit and applied toward a degree. And for the person not ready scholastically to enter a higher institution of learning, the work may nevertheless be taken with an equal degree of profit to the individual.

There are also vocational courses given in which no college credit at all is given, but of what an advantage such courses are to the man who is eager to keep abreast of late developments in his field!

The University of Wisconsin offered 490 different courses in the extension division last year, and 30,000 persons were enrolled in them. Seventy per cent of these students were residents of the State of Wisconsin, and of the remaining 30 per cent, 400 students were foreigners receiving instruction in their own homes. One student lived only 125 miles south of Alaska's northernmost point, up above the Arctic circle. Another lived in China, ten day's coolie-train travel beyond the farthest navigable point of the Yangtze River. Still other students were workers in the mines of India, dwellers in remote Africa, in Norway and in Sweden. And so the extension work of a great American university goes on, reaching not only those of the homeland, but stretching out a friendly hand around the globe.

And what type and class of Americans continue their education by mail? Many types and many classes. The group includes day laborers, clergymen, farmers, grocery clerks, boarding-house keepers, cooks, bank clerks, geologists, mill workers, vaudeville actors, teachers, artists, waiters, prisoners in state penitentiaries, janitors, probation officers, ball players.

And what do they study? It would be simpler to name the things they do not. Some study to aid themselves in their present work; some use the work as a stepping-stone to something better than the present holds; others take up the work for purely cultural reasons, while still others take this means of keeping up with modern developments in a given line or lines. English, education, romance languages, and history are the studies most often pursued for credit toward a degree, while business courses and those in engineering are most frequently in demand among the vocational group.

That the University of Wisconsin has made the greatest progress in the development of study through the extension method is evidenced by the table made up a short time ago of relative correspondence enrollments in various large colleges and universities. When the figures were compiled, Wisconsin led with a hundred or so over twenty thousand, while her nearest rivals in numbers, the University of Florida, and the University of Chicago, had, respectively, 5,604, and 5,575 correspondence pupils. Ohio State University followed with 4,900, while the more recent entrants in the field, the University of Kansas, the University of Missouri, and the University of Texas, had approximately one thousand each. In the remaining seven institutions offering such courses, and from whom figures were available, namely, Columbia University, Indiana University, Iowa State College, the University of Kentucky, and the Universities of Minnesota, North Dakota, and Oklahoma, the enrollment for extension work ran from eight hundred to two hundred forty pupils.

It may be safely concluded that educational opportunities are being eagerly grasped by men and women in many walks of life. In England, the universities are conducting classes in the great labor centers which serve much the same purpose as the extension work mentioned. Numerous American universities and normal schools are now conducting courses in neighboring cities but as yet these are largely patronized by teachers.

Probably a large part of the success attained in the University of Wisconsin's extension work is due to the much-talked-of personal touch which it is able to impart even to such a seemingly impersonal thing as a correspondence course. A student who enrolls for a course receives at once a mimeographed pamphlet of some two dozen sheets containing advice under various headings. Under *How to Get the Lasting Start* are these sentences: "Set aside a regular time for your study work and keep this work engagement as a standing engagement with yourself .... If you have to break any engagement do not, as a rule, break this. Get the study habit." And under *How to Get Acquainted With Your Instructor*: "To answer questions, to solve problems, to make formal recitation reports with regularity is doing well; to report also as concisely as is consistent with good results is better; but best and above all is to report so as to reveal yourself, your mind, your interests, your aspirations, through your work .... Your instructor can know your mind more intimately, if you will let him, than can a class instructor, as a rule, know the minds of his class students, and you will be surprised by what you will learn about the characteristics and qualities of your instructor."

Christmas in Old Time

By SIR WALTER SCOTT

HEAP on more wood!—the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
Each age has deem'd the newborn year
The fittest time for festal cheer:
And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had roll'd,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all its hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honor to the holy night;
On Christmas Eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas Eve the mass was sung:
That only night in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donn'd her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dress'd with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry-men go,
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then open'd wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And ceremony doff'd his pride.

The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose;
The lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of "post and pair."
All hail'd, with uncontroll'd delight
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of Salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide;
The huge hall-table's oaken face,
Scrubb'd till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.
Then was brought in the lusty brawn,
By old blue-coated serving-man;
Then the grim boar's head frown'd on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.
Well can the green-garb'd ranger tell,
How, when, and where, the monster fell;
What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the baiting of the boar.
The wassail round, in good brown bowls,
Garnish'd with ribbons, blithely trowls.

The Town Meeting Comes to Fairview—By J. P. HOFFMAN

THE Northville Commercial Club meets once a year to elect officers and then carefully tucks in the covers and sleeps peacefully for twelve months.

However, in every community, no matter how evident are the signs of chronic lethargy, there are some who cling heroically to the optimistic hope of a revival of interest in civic welfare.

So in Northville a group of men met recently on their own initiative and appointed a committee to visit the neighboring town of Fairview to get pointers on instilling pep into an expiring body politic.

Reasons enough were evident for choosing Fairview as the object of study. Fairview has a state-wide reputation as the town that puts its community celebrations across in Class A style, and that gets first page space in the city press without a murder case as the subject.

Fairview is the town where the banker's wife plays bridge with the switchman's spouse, and the only qualification for singing in the choir is ability to sing.

Fairview has a Chautauqua, a baseball team, golf links, public playgrounds, rest rooms and boosters; but it has no Chautauqua Association, no Baseball Association, no Golf Association, no Playgrounds Association and no Booster Association. It has the Fairview Club.

By a fortunate coincidence, the Northville committee arrived in Fairview on the regular club meeting night. And the committee promptly got its first enlightening shock.

Instead of holding its meeting in the directors' room at the rear of the state bank, the Fairview Club met in the city auditorium and the s-r-o sign was hung out at 7:55. The committee got seats in the twenty-second row and wondered if President Coolidge was to be the guest of honor that night.

He wasn't. It was an average meeting lasting one hour and a quarter and no person talked longer than three minutes.

Long before adjournment the members of the Northville committee were sitting perilously near the front edge of their seats with their mouths open and their pulse rate nearing one hundred twenty. Shock followed shock.

Visions of the annual meetings of the Northville Commercial Club rose in their minds to be swept aside by the actual facts of the present meeting. But there was nothing spectacular. The Northville committeemen were the most excited persons in the auditorium.

A few minutes before the meeting adjourned, a gentleman rose and in a three-minute talk called attention to the fact that next month would mark the semi-centennial of the incorporation of Fairview as a village, and he proposed that the event be celebrated fittingly. The proposal met with favor and President Freeman named Dr. Pillby, Farmer Graham and Editor Denton as a committee to carry out the wishes of the club. And then the Northville committee received more shocks.

Dr. Pillby did not rise to remark that he was old in years and had traveled every road in the country a thousand times and had seen more storks than any other man living, and that his professional practice required all of his time and energy day and night, and that, therefore, he begged to be excused. No. He rose and said, "Thank you, Mr. President."

Farmer Graham did not remind the audience that his Shorthorn bull had tossed him over the fence two years ago and that the bones in his left leg had never been properly assembled and that, as a result, he could not get about well and therefore begged to be excused. He rose and said, "Thank you, Mr. President."

Editor Denton did not mention the price of print paper nor the typesetters' strike nor the multifarious duties of a country editor, nor the lack of appreciation of his editorial efforts. He, too, rose and said, "Thank you, Mr. President."

The Northville committee came back for the semi-centennial celebration and found that the event did credit to Fairview and was a benefit to the community. Every one of the numerous visitors was made to feel at home and welcome, and decided to come again. Merchants made new customers and the town new boosters.

When the Northville committee went into conference to set down its observations and formulate conclusions, there was but little difference of opinion. Facts were self-evident.

Where Uncle Sam counted 3,000 people in Fairview, he found 4,000 in Northville. He also found twenty-one associations in Northville, nineteen churches, fifteen clubs, four locals, and the town on the toboggan.

Every second man in Northville is either the president or first, second, third or fourth vice-president of something. Everybody is a colonel or general but nobody is in the ranks. Everybody is willing to give orders but there is no one left to execute them.

Northville paved a few of its streets last year and, on January first when the taxes fell due, the collective groans of the taxpayers brought an emergency relief train of nurses from headquarters.

There is no use of Northville kidnaping Freeman—it has Jones. No use talking Pillby, Graham and Denton—it has Medby, Brown and Byit.

But in Northville, when President Jones appoints Medby, Brown and Byit on a committee, do they rise and say, "Thank you, Mr. President"? They do not. They rise and inquire, "Who is the chairman?" If Medby is so honored, Brown and Byit resign. If Brown is designated as head, Medby and Byit won't serve. If Byit is chairman, Medby and Brown can't spare the time to act.

Northville has no baseball team because everybody wants to pitch. It has no band because everybody insists on being cornet soloist.

The nineteen ministers generally preach about the heathen of Siam or the lost tribes of Israel because both topics are considered safe.

Northville has civic anemia. But civic anemia is a result and not a cause. Civic anemia exists only where public spirit is absent. Northville lacks public spirit, Fairview has it. That's the difference. That's the essential difference between any live town and any dead one. And size makes no difference.

Scrooge Spends Christmas With Tiny Tim

Concluded from page 3

And perhaps it was the pleasure the good Spirit had in showing off this power of his, or else it was his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his sympathy with all poor men, that led him straight to Scrooge's clerk's; for there he went, and took Scrooge with him, holding to his robe; and on the threshold of the door the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the sprinkling of his torch. Think of that! Bob had but fifteen "Bob" a-week himself; he pocketed on Saturdays but fifteen copies of his Christian name; and yet the Ghost of Christmas Present blessed his four-roomed house!

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honour of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable Parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collar nearly choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan-lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha warn't as late last Christmas Day by half-an-hour?"

"Here's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother!"

"Well! Never mind so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk, and blind men see."

* * * *

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovel-full of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass. Two tumblers, and a custard-cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed:

"A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!" Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

* * * *

Yes! and the bedpost was his own. The bed was his own, the room was his own. Best and happiest of all, the Time before him was his own, to make amends in!

* * * *

"I don't know what day of the month it is!" said Scrooge. "I don't know how long I've been among the Spirits. I don't know anything. I'm quite a baby. Never mind. I don't care. I'd rather be a baby. Hallo! Whoop! Hallo here!"

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clang, hammer; ding, dong, bell. Bell, dong, ding; hammer, clang, clash! Oh, glorious, glorious!

Running to the window, he opened it, and put out his head. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring, cold; cold, piping for the blood to dance to; Golden sunlight; Heavenly sky; sweet fresh air; merry bells. Oh, glorious! Glorious!

"What's today?" cried Scrooge, calling downward to a boy in Sunday clothes, who perhaps had loitered in to look about him.

"Eh?" returned the boy, with all his might of wonder.

"What's today, my fine fellow?" said Scrooge.

"Today!" replied the boy. "Why, CHRISTMAS DAY."

"It's Christmas Day!" said Scrooge to himself. "I haven't missed it. The Spirits have done it all in one night. They can do anything they like. Of course they can. Of course they can. Hallo, my fine fellow!"

"Hallo!" returned the boy.

"Do you know the Poulterer's, in the next street but one, at the corner?" Scrooge inquired.

"I should hope I did," replied the lad.

"An intelligent boy!" said Scrooge. "A remarkable boy! Do you know whether they've sold the prize Turkey that was hanging up there?—Not the little prize Turkey: the big one?"

"What, the one as big as me?" returned the boy.

"What a delightful boy!" said Scrooge. "It's a pleasure to talk to him. Yes, my buck!"

"It's hanging there now," replied the boy.

"Is it?" said Scrooge. "Go and buy it."

"Walk-ER!" exclaimed the boy.

"No, no," said Scrooge, "I am in earnest. Go and buy it, and tell 'em to bring it here, that I may give them the direction where to take it. Come back with the man, and I'll give you a shilling. Come back with him in less than five minutes and I'll give you half-a-crown!"

The boy was off like a shot. He must have had a steady hand at a trigger who could have got a shot off half so fast.

"I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's!" whispered Scrooge, rubbing his hands, and splitting with a laugh. "He sha'n't know who sends it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim. Joe Miller never made such a joke as sending it to Bob's will be!"

The hand in which he wrote the address was not a steady one, but write it he did, somehow, and went down-stairs to open the street door, ready for the coming of the poulterer's man. As he stood there, waiting his arrival, the knocker caught his eye.

"I shall love it, as long as I live!" cried Scrooge, patting it with his hand. "I scarcely ever looked at it before. What an honest expression it has in its face! It's a wonderful knocker!—Here's the Turkey. Hallo! Whoop! How are you! Merry Christmas!"

It *was* a Turkey! He never could have stood upon his legs, that bird. He would have snapped 'em short off in a minute, like sticks of sealing-wax.

* * * *

He dressed himself "all in his best," and at last got out into the streets. The people were by this time pouring forth, as he had seen them with the Ghost of Christmas Present; and walking with his hands behind him, Scrooge regarded every one with a delighted smile. He looked so irresistibly pleasant, in a word, that three or four good-humoured fellows said, "Good morning, sir! A merry Christmas to you!" And Scrooge said often afterwards, that of all the blithe sounds he had ever heard, those were the blithest in his ears.

* * * *

But he was early at the office next morning. Oh, he was early there. If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! That was the thing he had set his heart upon.

And he did it; yes, he did! The clock struck nine. No Bob. A quarter past. No Bob. He was full eighteen minutes and a half behind his time. Scrooge sat with his door wide open, that he might see him come into the Tank.

His hat was off, before he opened the door; his comforter too. He was on his stool in a jiffy; driving away with his pen, as if he were trying to overtake nine o'clock.

"Hallo!" growled Scrooge, in his accustomed voice, as near as he could feign it. "What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?"

"I am very sorry, sir," said Bob. "I *am* behind my time."

"You are?" repeated Scrooge. "Yes. I think you are. Step this way, sir, if you please."

"It's only once a year, sir," pleaded Bob, appearing from the Tank. "It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir."

"Now, I'll tell you what, my friend," said Scrooge, "I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore," he continued, leaping from his stool, and giving Bob such a dig in the waistcoat that he staggered back into the Tank again; "and therefore I am about to raise your salary!"

Bob trembled, and got a little nearer to the ruler. He had a momentary idea of knocking Scrooge down with it, holding him, and calling to the people in the court for help and a strait-waistcoat.

"A merry Christmas, Bob!" said Scrooge, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. "A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary, and endeavour to assist your struggling family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon, over a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! Make up the fires, and buy another coal-scuttle before you dot another i, Bob Cratchit!"

Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, who did NOT die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man, as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough, in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him, but he let them laugh, and little heeded them; for he was wise enough to know that nothing ever happened on this globe, for good, at which some people did not have their fill of laughter in the outset; and knowing that such as these would be blind anyway, he thought it quite as well that they should wrinkle up their eyes in grins, as have the malady in less attractive forms. His own heart laughed; and that was quite enough for him.

He had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon the Total Abstinence Principle, ever afterwards; and it was always said of him, that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God bless Us, Every One!

Valley Forge—Gethsemane of Revolution

Where Washington's Ragged Soldiers Starved and Froze, But Fought On

By AARON HARDY ULM

IN THE Revolutionary War, Valley Forge was the Gethsemane of that conflict. After the defeat of the Colonial forces at Brandywine and Germantown, during the late summer and autumn of 1777, both Washington and Sir William Howe, the latter being the British commander at that time, looked for suitable places at which to spend the winter.

Howe then held Philadelphia, the country's first city, and there he let his forces settle down for a season of quiet, gaiety and comfort. They seem to have had a very good time. The record, a not very proud one, is that the Philadelphians who remained in the city, where

"Washington's Headquarters," Valley Forge, Pennsylvania.

the Liberty Bell just a year and a half before had proclaimed the Declaration of Independence, did little to keep the invaders from enjoying the season to the full. In fact, Tory sentiment probably was predominant among the remaining residents of the city. And even others who were not Tory could not always resist the temptation represented by the good money spent freely by the invaders.

One of Washington's biggest trials was to keep good Americans from selling supplies to the British forces in preference to their own army which could pay for them only in script of doubtful value. In Philadelphia, the season teemed with balls and dinners and fêtes in which natives joined freely with the invaders.

Meantime, Washington's ragged soldiers starved and froze at Valley Forge only twenty miles away. For in selecting and organizing his winter quarters Washington could give little thought to the requirements of comfort. He had to be in position to watch the opposing forces and to keep them from making raids in the rich farming section west of Philadelphia.

So Washington's rendezvous was at Valley Forge, which was nothing but a group of wooded hills where what is known as the Valley stream pours into the Schuylkill River. It took its name from the fact that a forge stood nearby. There was not even a village as at present. There were good farmhouses in the vicinity but only enough of them to supply quarters for Washington and other high officers.

The writer recently visited the place, which once was remote from lines of easy travel but now on account of good roads is easily accessible. It lies only a few miles from the old Lancaster pike section of the Lincoln Highway, from which motorists may turn and quickly view the most romantic and most tragic spot associated with the history of the War of Independence.

Valley Forge remains very much as it was in Revolutionary times. Though not far from a large city, its environs have not been greatly marred by "progress." There is a village population of a hundred or two, and substantial farmhouses built of stone by the original Quaker and Welsh settlers still are in the majority.

Although it had nothing to do with the selection of the place as a military camping ground, Washington might have hunted far and wide without finding a better expression of natural beauty than was and still is there. The army lived among the trees on rolling hills which rise gracefully from a deep and shadowy ravine wherein General Headquarters were situated. Most of the trees still stand, and here and there among them one finds the marks of forts and trenches which were set up for purposes of defense. These are about the only specific relics of the encampment which remain. Though several hundred and probably several thousand troops died and were buried there, the grave of only one of them is known or is marked!

When the troops, much heartened by events which occurred while they held out at Valley Forge, took to the field again the camp ground passed back to its private owners and was handed down from generation to generation. The State of Pennsylvania acquired it and made of it a memorial park, which is dotted with monuments and markers. The residence in which Washington lived and exercised command stands in the ravine near where the old forge was operated. The house then used as an army bakery is now a part of a hotel structure. Scattered through the woods are replicas of the log huts in which officers and men of the line lived. They are tiny structures of logs and mud. The Federal Government has had nothing to do with preserving the historic spot, but has erected several monuments there, among them being a magnificent memorial arch in honor of George Washington.

Surviving records do not show exactly how many were encamped there. The number probably fluctuated between five and eleven thousand. It comprised the greater part of the Revolutionary Army at that time.

Many evidently spent part of the winter at home on furloughs, some no doubt deserted, and many died. New recruits were added to the force, however, especially during the latter part of the Valley Forge experience.

John Marshall, afterward Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, who was a lieutenant there, wrote from Valley Forge in midwinter:

"Although the total of the army exceeds 17,000 men, the present rank and file amounts to only 5,012." On February 1, 1778, there were 3,989 of these unfit for duty for want of clothes. Sixteen days later, Washington wrote to Governor Clinton of New York:

"For some days past there has been little less than a famine in camp. A part of the army has been a week without any kind of flesh, and the rest three or four days. Naked and starved as they are, we cannot but admire the incomparable patience and fidelity of the soldiery that they have not been, ere this, excited by their sufferings to general mutiny and desertion."

On the day following, John Laurence wrote:

"The unfortunate soldiers are in want of everything; they have neither coats, hats, shirts, nor shoes; their feet and legs freeze till they become black, and it is often necessary to amputate them."

Washington's orderly book contains the following entry: "The commander-in-chief offers a reward of $10 to any person who shall by 9 o'clock on Monday morning produce the best substitute for shoes, made of raw hides."

Many of the men had to rip their fragmentary

Reproduction of an army hospital.

blankets into strips with which to bind their feet for walking in the snow. Some had to plod through the snow in bare feet, often leaving blood-stained imprints behind them.

While the log huts, chinked with mud, gave protection against wind and rain, blankets were so scarce that the men often would have to sit up all night around a log fire to keep from freezing.

"The whole army," wrote General Wayne, "is sick and crawling with vermin."

Yet the body of the soldiers remained loyal to Washington. Conspiracies against the commander developed among some of the officers and in Congress. Tradition says that Washington resolved to resign. When he announced this to the officers close to him, someone asked:

"How about your penknife?"

This knife, which is now on public exhibition in Alexandria, Virginia, had been given to Washington when a youth by his mother with the injunction that he never undertake anything without seeing it through.

When reminded of it, the commander-in-chief took back his words about resigning.

It was Washington's example which held the little army together.

The pay schedule ran as follows: Colonels, $75; captains, $40; sergeants, $10, and privates, $6.33 a month.

Even when paid, which was not regularly, they had to accept Continental currency, which was of little purchasing value.

Yet Valley Forge was not all gloom and suffering during the period of about six months spent there by Washington's troops.

Camp sutlers managed to drum up many luxuries for those who could buy them. The higher officers and their staffs lived in farmhouses which still are commodious. The wives of some, among them Martha Washington, joined their husbands and spent part of the period there. Foreign officers, like Lafayette, added liveliness to the experience.

Nor were the sufferings of the officers and men of the line a continuous experience. There was firewood a-plenty, and little to do except gather it. There was guard duty, of course, and entrenchments to erect, for they knew not when Howe's forces might come out and attack them. But the Britons and Hessians seem to have had too good a time in Philadelphia, where, as one wrote, they were supplied with all that was necessary and superfluous, for them to bother the ragged Continentals a few miles away.

Since he could get little relief from Congress, which was sitting at York a hundred miles away, Washington boldly decided to "live on the country." Foraging parties regularly scoured the rich farming region for food, which they seized when found, paying for it in script, which, by the way, never was redeemed. Farmers caught taking supplies into Philadelphia for sale to the enemy were dealt with severely. There is a record of a court-martial having ordered that 250 lashes be applied to the back of one offender.

It was at Valley Forge, as spring came on and eased their sufferings, that the most cheering word of the entire Revolution, next to that of Yorktown, reached the army. It was that France had decided to take the side of the Colonies. This news was duly celebrated in the camp. Washington's order outlining the celebration survives.

"It having pleased the Almighty Ruler of the universe," it says, "to defend the course of the United States, and finally raise up a most powerful friend among the princes of the earth, to establish our Liberty and Independence upon a lasting foundation, it becomes us to set apart a day for gratefully acknowledging the Divine goodness, and celebrating the important event which we owe to His Divine interposition."

He directed that the celebration begin in the early morning with suitable discourses by the chaplains, then that there be firing of cannon, followed by a running fire of infantry, with the climax in the form of huzzas by all the army for the King of France, for friendly European powers, and "the American States." This happened on May 2.

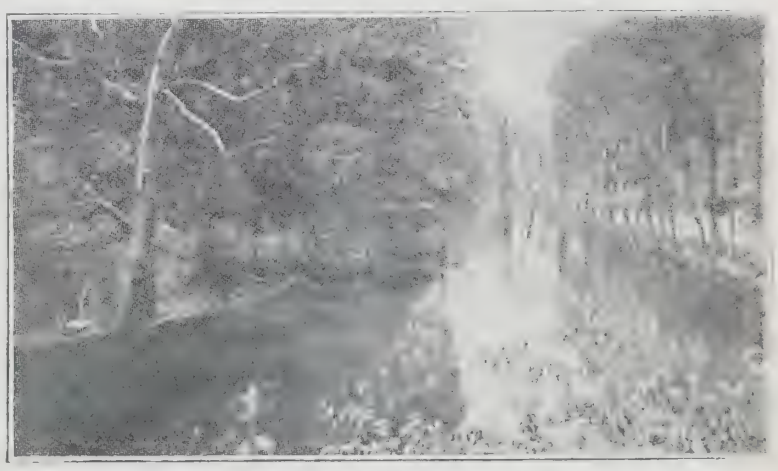
On May 8 there was a council of war preparatory to resuming fighting operations. Washington reported that the Continental forces then comprised 15,000, not including cavalry and artillery. Of the number 11,800 were at Valley Forge.

Valley Forge was probably the turning point in the war. But for Washington and the remnants of the army which stayed with him holding on there against terrific odds, France would not have come to our aid and discouragement among the people probably would have brought the contest quickly to an end, favorably to the British.

Tradition records that Washington, who was not given to religious fervor, was found one night in the woods of Valley Forge upon his knees in prayer.

This tradition is now enshrined by the Washington Memorial Chapel, probably the most attractive monument which has been erected at Valley Forge. It stands outside the park on private land and was erected by popular contributions. To the Reverend W. Herbert Burt, a local Episcopal clergyman, this memorial is due, for it was he who in the face of much discouragement realized the dream of a suitable mark of Christian America's reverence for the spot where George Washington wrestled in prayer with the God of Nations.

The vicinity of Valley Forge is reminiscent of Revolutionary times. The village of Paoli remains much as it was a hundred and fifty years ago. At Easttown one still may see the birthplace and old home of General Anthony Wayne who was Washington's main aide during the Valley Forge experience. Several churches, like the Great Valley Baptist Church which is more than two centuries old, remain as they were in Washington's time.

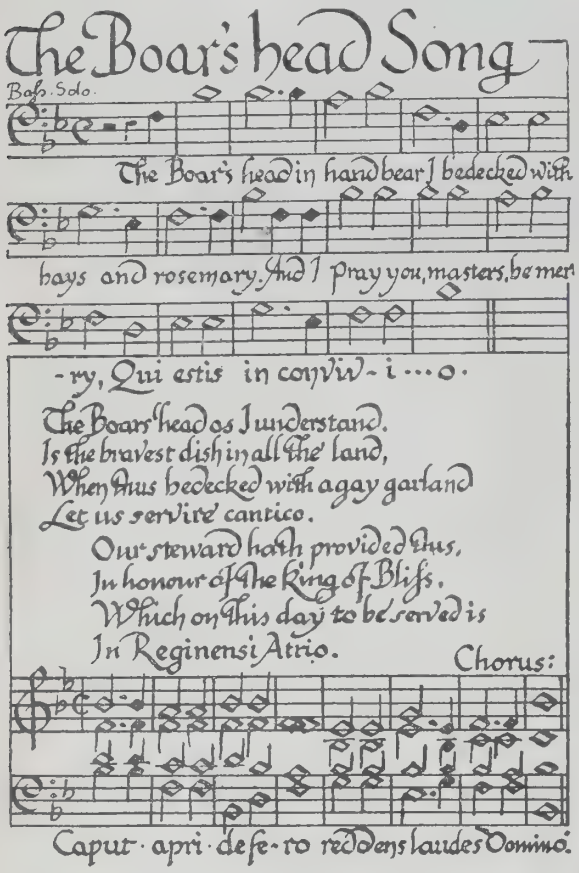


Valley Creek, Valley Forge, Pennsylvania.

Christmas in Old London—A Reverie of Merry Yuletides

Concluded from page 10

merchant sea-captain Thomas Coram in the year 1739 for the care and welfare of "exposed and deserted poor children." In the chapel this Christmas morn seated on each side of the organ—given and often played upon by George Frederick Handel, great benefactor to this hospital—are grouped the children in their quaint costume, the girls in high mob caps, singing as with the voice of cherubs. Thackeray used to attend here, and the glasses of his spectacles would grow dim as he


The Boar's head Song
Bas. Solo.
The Boar's head in hand bear I bedecked with
bays and rosemary. And I pray you, masters, be mer
-ry, Qui estis in convivi - i ... o.
The Boar's head as I understand.
Is the bravest dish in all the land,
When thus bedecked with a gay garland
Let us servite cantico.
Our steward hath provided this,
In honour of the King of Bliss.
Which on this day to be served is
In Reginensi Atrio.
Chorus:
Caput apri defero reddens laudes Domino.

This song was sung as the principal dish—the boar's head—was brought into the banquetting hall.

listened to their singing. We read in his ballad of Eliza Davis, ascribed by him to one policeman X:

"Praps you know the Fondling Chapel,
Vere the little children sings:
(Lor! I likes to hear on Sundies
Them there pooty little things!)

In the evening I could go to one of the big hotels, where there will be gorgeous high jinks, much laughing and quaffing and chaffing; music and dancing; all of which would not come home to my heart. For, surely, at Christmastide—on Christmas Eve and on Christmas Day—East, West, *HOME'S* best? At home I will bide, with my own kin and a friend or two. We shall have a very merry Christmas, and shall not forget to sing "Auld Lang Syne," drinking to the good health of all absent friends, among them the many we have in America.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to them and to you all!

An early Victorian home scene which was used as a headpiece for Christmas stationery.

Mussolini and Italy's Remaking

Concluded from page 6

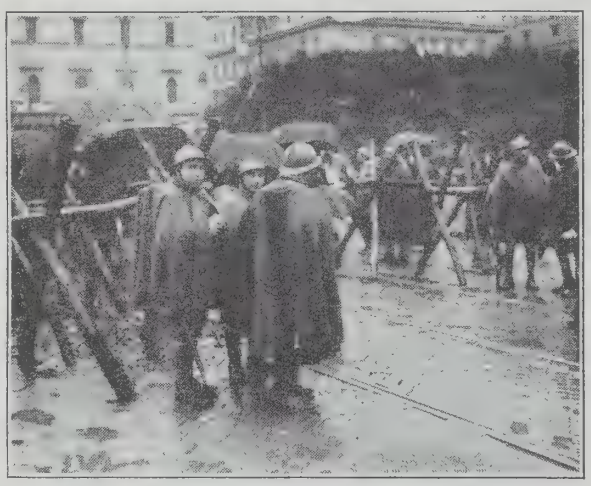
crime was mercifully averted, probably forever. Italy is not on the eve of a second March on Rome. The Fascisti will neither bloodily suppress their enemies nor be bloodily suppressed by them. They are engaged in a desperate attempt to prove to the Italian people that their movement in spite of coming in like a lion will remain as a lamb, and that though they will abate no jot of their claim to power and respect, they have abandoned the system of ruling by fear.

I will endeavor in conclusion to give the actual situation as it exists and to indicate one or two probable developments.

The compositors of Italian newspapers should be able to set up the words "normality," "normalization," "pacification," "collaboration," and so on, in their sleep. Little else has appeared in the columns for the past six months. They are all absolutely meaningless, or rather Government and Opposition mean, when they use them, two entirely different and contradictory things. The Opposition means restoration of a real democratic system, the political and legal equality of Italian citizens, the confinement of arms to the army and navy, and a Parliament properly elected. The Fascisti mean the acknowledgment of their supremacy. It is impossible for Fascismo to "normalize," for if it did it would be finished. If, for example, the Blackshirt army, the militia were disbanded, the whole organization would fall to the ground. The Fascisti know it, and cling to their militia. The Opposition know it, and call for its execution. Between the two sides there is a great gulf fixed, dug by two years of insults, over which there can be no bridge. It is only fair to say that justice is now rigorously meted out to all offenders impartially insofar as the central authority can insure it, and that not even the murder of a Fascist deputy by a madman was made the excuse for an outbreak of violence. But the outlook of the two sides remains irreconcilable, and the better conditions are the symptom of a summer's truce: they are not the foundation for a permanent peace.

One by one during the past six months the allies of Fascismo have fallen away from it. The pro-Fascist sections have been unable to prevent directly or indirectly hostile resolutions being passed by the associations of ex-service and disabled men, which have refused to participate in the birthday celebrations of the March on Rome; by the conferences of the Italian bar, the Italian press, and, lastly, the Liberal party. These bodies and their resolutions are of secondary importance in themselves, because they do not represent directly any great numbers, and because within each there is a pro-government group of varying strength. But the important point is that they would never have dared to pass such resolutions, had they not believed they were striking at the losing side, and speaking for the majority of the 38,000,000 people, who, on Mussolini's own estimate, are those not attached to any definite political party. Mussolini is known to contemplate another election whether on the present system, or upon one changed to suit the altered situation of Fascismo. Under whatever system, however, the election will be something of a test, because the unborn, the moribund, and the dead will not again vote at this election as they did at the last.

It must not be supposed that Fascismo is altogether a



Rome, October 28, 1922. The Facta government declared a state of siege against the Fascisti, and barricaded the Tiber Bridges. The king refused to sign the proclamation, and thus averted Civil War.

spent force, for it has an enormous asset in the divisions which exist among its opponents. The latter include the Socialists, the Social-Democrats, the Populars, the Liberal Constitutionalists, the Republicans, and a number of minor groups; in fact, all the old Italian parties except the Communists. Their views are widely different, except upon the one point of their determination to defeat Fascismo. This measure of agreement is sufficient to enable them to form a joint Opposition committee, and to issue common manifestos in favor of such general principles as the restoration of individual liberty, and the abolition of the militia. But I doubt very much whether there is enough common ground among them to allow of the presentation of one single list of candidates at a general election, and if they present themselves separately, the Opposition vote will be split into five or six fragments, whereas the Fascista vote will always be solid. It is still more doubtful whether, in the event of electoral success, they could form a homogeneous government; and it is absolutely certain that Mussolini could not pass quietly from his present eminence into opposition. All these considerations give many people occasion to pause, and to ask themselves, whether, if the Fascisti continue to keep quiet, their maintenance in power is not preferable to the trouble inevitably consequent upon their fall. It is for this reason that I remarked that the political future is extremely dark and uncertain. So delicate a political barometer as the Vatican, for example, has recently taken every opportunity of disassociating itself from both sides, and of slapping each impartially.

It should not be thought from any of the foregoing that Italy is on the eve of a counter-revolution, of a countermarch on Rome by Opposition forces, or anything of that kind. On the contrary, in the material sense, the country is outwardly perfectly quiet and hard at work. All that I have intended to convey is that Fascismo has in the moral sense failed to make good; that the moral evils inherent in its system are ineradicable; that it is widely unpopular, and sooner or later must go. I do not know whether it will go quietly or not, but one thing is certain, that the Italian people are tired of blast and bombast and will turn in that political direction whence it thinks will come liberty and peace.

"Cobler Turned Courtier"—A 17th Century Chap Book

The pictures in the tayle reprinted herewith are a literal reproduction from a Chap Book of the seventeenth century, one of the most famous of the Chap Books. The earliest book on this subject is the "Cobler turned Courtier, being a Pleasant Humor between K. Henry 8th and a Cobler" 1680, quarto.

These Chap Books were hawked about the streets by Chap men, and were the precursers of the Annual which followed later.

The
History of the
KING and the COBLER

"It was the custom of King Henry 8 to walk late in the night into the City disguised, to observe how the constables and watch performed their duty; not only in guarding the City gates but also diligently watching the inner part of the city, that they might prevent those dangers and casualties that happens to great and populous Cities, in the night time. This he did oftentimes, without the least discovery who he was, returning home to Whitehall early in the morning.—Now on his return home through the Strand he took notice of a certain Cobler who was always up at work whistling and singing

every morning, so he resolved to see him, in order that he immediately knocks the heel of shoe by hitting it against the Stones."

The King gives the shoe to be mended, and tells the cobbler to bring it to him at the opposite inn when done. The cobbler obeys. The King gives him liquor and they hobnob in the most familiar manner; the King telling him his name is Henry Tudor; that he belongs to the Court and should be very glad to see the cobbler whenever he liked to call. In fact, they became so friendly, that the cobbler would insist on the King's going over to his cellar, and trying some wonderful brown ale and a Cheshire cheese.

The King departs and the cobbler sadly misses him. At length the cobbler's wife persuades him to pay his friend a visit.

On his arrival at Whitehall, he asked for Henry Tudor, and by the King's express command was immediately ushered into his presence. This very much embarrassed him as will be seen from the illustration:

The King, however, at once disguises himself, follows his friend and takes him to his own cellar, as thus:

He then reveals himself, and later gives the "cobler" a pension of forty marks yearly, with the freedom of his cellar, and made him "one of his courtiers." The last picture shows how the "cobler" deported himself as a courtier:

International Science Briefs

By DR. ARVID REUTERDAHL
President, Ramsey Institute of Technology, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Life and the Endocrine Organs

CLAUDE Bernard (1813-1878), the illustrious French physiologist, in the year 1849, proved that the blood which enters the liver does not contain sugar, while the blood after leaving that organ and entering the *hepatic vein* is charged with it. Bernard also demonstrated that a division of a certain nerve, known to physiologists as the *pneumogastric nerve*, when divided, caused the formation of sugar in the liver to be interrupted. He also discovered that if the floor of the fourth ventricle of the brain is punctured the disease known as *diabetes* results. According to Bernard, the function of the liver is to store sugar as glycogen and liberate it into the blood which supplies the tissues in accordance with their requirements. The process by which the cells of the liver give up sugar to the blood was named *"internal secretion"* by Bernard. At the present time this term is used in a more limited sense. In its modern significance it refers to any process of secretion, of some specific chemical material, by some organ into the blood, provided that this secretion is essential to the maintenance of the proper functioning of some other organ. An *internal secretion*, then, is a definite chemical material which is manufactured in one organ for the purpose of maintaining some other organ in a normal and healthy state of activity.

An important and highly interesting discussion on "Internal Secretions" by Professor P. T. Herring, of the University of St. Andrews, appeared in the April number (1924) of *Science Progress*. (We are indebted to this journal for the photographs here reproduced.) Dr. Herring, in his historical survey of this subject, leads up to the main discussion by very interesting references to the beliefs of primitive man. We quote the following from his article: "The belief is common among primitive peoples that by eating the flesh of man or animal the partaker acquires the physical, moral and intellectual qualities which characterized them when living. Courage, the most desirable of virtues, was more particularly identified with the heart, and the custom arose of eating the heart of a courageous foe, man or animal, to acquire this virtue. Closely akin is the practice among some savages of transferring their blood one to another in the belief that they are thereby made members of the same family, endowed with the same attributes."

Professor Herring also mentions that Sir James Frazer has come to the conclusion that in the time of the Roman poet Ovid more knowledge about the circulation of the blood was extant than has been generally supposed. In substantiation of this assertion Frazer has cited that passage from Ovid in which "Medea restores the aged Aeson to youth by a method which may be aptly compared to the intravenous injection of modern times. After many incantations and purifications, Medea pierces the neck of Aeson with a dagger and pours into the wound a decoction containing, among other ingredients, the liver of a long-lived deer and the head of a crow that had outlived nine generations of men." It appears, therefore, that the dreams of the alchemists concerning an *elixir of life* and the more recent attempts of Brown-Séquard, Serge Voronoff, Retterer, and Steinach, to rejuvenate the human body have their common sources in a desire which is as old as history.

This field of scientific investigation has proved fertile soil for charlatans and exploiters of the human race. "Homeopathic Magic," as Sir James Frazer designates this mode of converting a natural human desire into a lucrative means of sustenance, is not a new "profession" in view of the evidence presented by Ovid. It is not the purpose of this article to discuss this matter. The intent is rather to throw some light upon the nature and functions of the endocrine organs found in the human body. These organs are of utmost importance to life, normality, and health.

The following physiological structures or organs are of the endocrine type: certain cells in the mucous membrane of parts of the alimentary canal, the *suprarenal capsules*, *pituitary body*, *pineal body*, the *gonads* of the male and female, the *thyroids*, the *parathyroids*, and the *islets of Langerhans of* the *pancreas*. It is frequently a fact that technical terms are absorbed into the general vocabulary and employed without the possession of specific knowledge concerning their significance. For this reason it has been deemed advisable to point out some of the salient and distinguishing features of these terms in the following brief discussion. The importance of the endocrine organs to human life will also be incidentally revealed. The *suprarenal capsules* are located in the upper end of each kidney. They are flattened cellular structures of a highly complex nature. Their size varies from one to two inches in diameter. The term *"adrenal"* is sometimes used to designate these organic structures. The crystalline substance known as *adrenaline* is obtained from the *suprarenal extract*. The *internal secretion* of the *suprarenal capsules* exercises an important influence on the circulatory and muscular system.

The *pituitary body* is a small, oval, reddish gray, vascular (fluid carrying) body which is located at the base of the brain. According to Cushing (1912), the *pituitary hormone* (internal secretion), in excessive quantities produces gigantism whereas an insufficient supply results in obesity. Whenever diminished activity of the *pituitary body* takes place in early life then atrophy (lack of growth) of the gonads is generally observed. In the male this retarded action of the pituitary body is accompanied by the appearance of many feminine characteristics in the body.

The *pineal body* is also located in the brain. This small organ is conical in shape. Its color is a reddish gray.

The *gonads* are the reproductive glands of the male and female.

Close to the *larynx* (organ of voice) we find the highly important gland known technically as the *thyroid*. Its secretion is of great significance in *metabolism*. This process (metabolism) involves not only the building up (*anabolism*) of protoplasm but also its destruction (*katabolism*) through decomposition and oxidation accompanied by the liberation of energy. By the process of metabolism energy is provided for the vital processes and activities and new material is assimilated to repair the waste. If the functions of the *thyroid* are disturbed such diseases as *cretinism*, *myxoedema*, and *exophthalmic goiter* (Basedow's disease) result. The term *cretinism* refers to inherited idiocy accompanied by physical degeneracy and deformity. The disease known as *myxoedema* produces what is technically called a *cretinoid* appearance of the face. It also results in a retardation of the speech and dullness of intellect. *Exophthalmia* is accompanied by a protrusion of the eyeball generally so pronounced that the eyelids cannot cover it.

PROFESSOR J. J. R. MACLEOD,

Awarded the Nobel Prize for Medicine cojointly with Dr. Banting because of his important work in the preparation of *insulin*. Dr. Macleod is professor of physiology and vice-dean of the Faculty of Medicine at the University of Toronto.

DR. F. G. BANTING,

The scientist who, in conjunction with Dr. C. H. Best, discovered *insulin* in 1923, while working in the physiological department of the University of Toronto under the direction of Professor Macleod. Dr. Banting cojointly with Professor Macleod was awarded the 1923 Nobel Prize for Medicine.

Near or imbedded in the *thyroid glands* we find the *parathyroids* which are composed of masses of cells arranged in columnar fashion. This organ is endocrine in its nature but its precise functions are not, as yet, definitely determined.

The structure known as the *"islets of Langerhans"* is located in the large gland called the *pancreas* which discharges into the intestine. The *islets of Langerhans* is an endocrine organ generating an *internal secretion* or *hormone*. It was first shown by Laguesse (1893) that this particular hormone played an important rôle in metabolism. The *pancreas* proper generates the *pancreatic juice*, a clear alkaline secretion, which acts on the food previously acted upon by the *gastric* juice. The *pancreatic* juice is the most important digestive juice because it is capable of acting upon all of the three types of food substance, that is, *proteids*, *carbohydrates*, and *fats*. The *pancreas* is an elongated gland placed transversely in the abdomen behind the stomach. By a long series of investigations culminating in the discovery of *insulin*, in 1923, by Drs. Banting, Best, Collip, and Macleod, it was finally demonstrated that the "islets of Langerhans" secrets the anti-diabetic hormone. This endocrine structure received its name because it is diffused, like little islands, through the *pancreas*. The *islets of Langerhans* are the regulators of the sugar supply in the body. The mal-functioning of these small organs is the cause of the disease known as *diabetes*. This disease is attended with an excessive and persistent discharge of urine. In its most serious form, *diabetes mellitus*, progressive emaciation sets in, the urine shows the presence of sugar, and excessive thirst and hunger are in evidence. Professor J. P. McMurrick (University of Toronto), in *Science Progress* (April, 1924), has told the "Story of Insulin." We epitomize a portion of his account as follows:

Drs. F. G. Banting and C. H. Best laid the foundation of the discovery of *insulin* by showing that the intravenous (within a vein or veins) administration of the extract of the "islets" produced an invariable and rapid decrease in the amount of blood sugar in animals afflicted with diabetes. As first produced the extract contained irritant substances which were finally removed by Dr. J. B. Collip, of the University of Alberta. The *harmone insulin* was thus produced in a sufficiently pure form for use as a definite agent in the treatment of diabetes which previously had invariably proved fatal.

The co-operative work of Professor J. J. R. Macleod and his associates proved of exceptional value in the consummation of this discovery.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the thumb was the fashionable "ring-finger."

A third of the automobiles in the United States are owned by farmers. Eighty-five per cent of the farmers of the Middle West own cars, while fifty per cent of the Atlantic Coast farmers are owners.

C. F. Braden, of Eola, Texas, is authority for the statement that turkeys will not eat corn when they can obtain haws, grapes, acorns and other wild fruits and bugs. Mr. Braden raises hundreds of turkeys for the market that never saw corn, wheat, barley or other grain but grew and fattened on weeds and bugs.

Dry weather and lack of food has driven bears to seek the rural sections of Oregon. Orchards are raided and food stolen from campers.

Seventy years ago aluminum sold for $7 an ounce and was advertised as "silver from clay."

The city of Natchitoches, Louisiana, is a good roads town. In addition to the Louisiana Purchase Highway, now under way, there are three other national highways converging in this city. They are the Jefferson Highway from Winnipeg to New Orleans, the Lone Star Trail from Jacksonville to Los Angeles and the Lake to the Gulf Road from Chicago to Lake Charles.

Aerial photography has become so important in recent years that dredging companies and others whose work requires drawings are using photographs taken from the air instead of blue prints and maps.

As the sun sinks to the horizon, its rays strike us on the slant shining through myriads of particles of dust and water vapor, breaking them into their component parts and coloring them. This makes for sunsets of brilliant coloring.

Extensive limitation of the Danish army and navy to the extent of practical disarmament is proposed in a bill introduced in the Rigsdad by the Danish Minister of Defense. The bill would abolish general enlistment for military service and all soldiers would return to civil life. All forts would be dismantled and the material and land would be used for other government purposes or sold.

Our word "ship" is derived from the Dutch word "schip." The Dutch mariner used to be known as a "schipper," and to this our sea captains owe their nickname of "skipper."

The ordinary house fly makes 330 wing beats a second.

"The power to predict the future is not so valuable or so truly prophetic as the power to see what the future ought to be and to help create it." —*Bishop McDowell.*

The game of poker was known to the Persians thousands of years ago.

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. This set includes: "The International Jew," Vol. 1, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

The late Herr Krupp, the German armament magnate, a maker of death-dealing devices himself, had a horror of the word "death," and he would not permit the word to be mentioned in his presence.

Jews in Palestine are going back to the old Hebrew names. Golman is becoming Zahabi; Silverman is becoming Kaspi; Blumberg becomes Parchi; and Goldman becomes Haklai. Names like Sapiro, Cohen and Levy remain unchanged: they are already Hebrew.

Gold is produced in nineteen counties of the State of North Carolina.

"Horses must go!" is now the slogan of Chicago, except on a few specified streets where they will not interfere with traffic.

With two fingers you can lift a girder of duralumin metal strong enough to hold six men.

Each of the world's peoples have their own standards of modesty. Chinese women wear trousers and believe the skirt immodest. Certain Mohammedan women of the Sahaha region will tear off their last garment to cover their faces upon the approach of a stranger. The Breton maiden wears a close-fitting hat to prevent her hair from showing.

Upsetting the plans of the Democrats and Republicans in the recent election, a woman's party appeared in Sunbeam, Colorado, and succeeded in electing two constables and one justice of the peace. The names of the three women were written in on the ballot.

The Federal Supreme Court holds that a taxpayer, as a taxpayer, cannot maintain an action to restrain a government officer from performing his official acts. A Boston woman attempted to restrain the Secretary of the Treasury from paying out certain funds under the Sheppard-Towner Maternity Act, suing as a taxpayer and attacking the validity of the act.

The word Dad originated from the Irish word for father, "Daid."

The genuine ruby is obtained from the mineral known as corundum, being the pure crystalline variety of corundum. Emery, the abrasive, is an impure form of corundum.

Put a piece of mignonette and a rose together in a vase. Within half an hour each will make a perfume "gas attack" upon the other. In the battle of odors both flowers will lose their freshness and scent. Separate them and each will revive at once.

"In California out of thirty-five rabbis that we investigated, we found only three who were handling their wines without irregularity," said Federal Prohibition Director Sam Rutter at San Francisco.

Certain African tribes smelt iron ore in furnaces which bear a remarkable resemblance to the great blast furnaces of the civilized world, except they are in miniature and crude in their operation. In both instances the stacks are shaped alike and a blast of air is driven in to increase the heat.

Despite his huge bulk, an elephant can glide along as quietly as a cat or a fox in the dense jungles which constitute his home, according to a recently returned hunter.

Bauxite takes its name from the French hamlet of Baux, ten miles east of Arles, on the lower Rhone.

When Sir Isaac Newton was writing his "Principia" he lived on a scanty allowance of bread and water and vegetable diet.

The will of Joseph Conrad showed that the author left an estate valued at about $100,000.

There are only about 120,000 ostriches in all Africa.

Captain Robert Dollar, owner of the Dollar Steamship Company, is said to be the "Cappy Ricks" of Peter B. Kyne's stories.

The eagle was first used on American money in 1795 when Congress authorized the issuance of a gold coin worth $10.

A collection of coins identified as dating back to the time of Cenwulf, a Mercian king who ruled about A. D. 800, was discovered in a cave near Peakland, Derbyshire, England, recently.

The original manuscript of "Kidnaped," by Robert Louis Stevenson, brought $10,000 at an auction in New York City recently.

An old silver mine has been rediscovered on Catalina Island and two carloads of ore, realizing $6,500 to each carload, have been shipped to San Francisco.

Remains of an Indian village estimated to be 2,000 years old have been found near The Dalles, Oregon, buried under more than twelve feet of stratified deposits.

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The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois.

By the Year $1.50 | Published Weekly | Dearborn, Michigan, December 27, 1924 | 25th YEAR No. 10 | Single Copy Ten Cents

Ring Out the Old, Ring in the New

Ring out wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Tennyson

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Yuletide Annuals Our Grandsires Read

The Year 1924—Looking Backward

President Plutarco Calles Discusses Mexico

Cape Verders and Their Strange History

Father Ricard—"Padre of the Rains"

Freuchen's Four Years in Baffin Land

The Man Who Made Manhattan Clean

Destroying Haunts of Our Wild Fowl

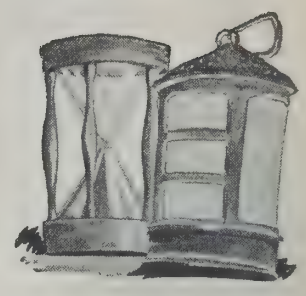
Holding the New Year in Many Lands

When Germany Harbored Riotous Living

Radio Photography and Its Bright Future

Yuletide Annuals Our Grandsires Read

Intense Sentimentality in Picture and Print Relished Like the Roast Goose and Mince Pie



By THOMAS L. MASSON

THE Christmas and New Year's annuals and gift books of the past!—how little we realize what they have meant to their own readers. England still keeps up the practice to some extent, and the London Christmas Annuals, with their coated paper and their resplendent colored illustrations, are still to be seen here. But inquiry among the agents betrays the fact that their yearly sale is steadily declining.

In the older, more leisurely days how different! Everybody looked forward to the annuals and gift books.

The annuals issued for adults were ornate affairs, embellished with wonderful steel engravings, some of them printed in colors, contributed to by the best writers, replete with gems of beauty and with stories renowned for virtue triumphant.

Here, for example, is the opening of a story which appeared in "The Youth's Sketch Book" for 1836, entitled "The Tortoise-Shell Kitten." It gives us a perfect picture of the home life of that day:

> "One dark winter's evening, George and Charles, and two of their cousins, were seated around a cheerful fire, amusing themselves by playing forfeits. On one side of the fire was seated their father in his great arm chair, and before him were placed a table and his desk."

From the same issue of this gift book, which was published in Philadelphia by one William Ash and "illustrated with 8 beautiful engravings" is a delightful description of the grandmother of that day. It is written by Mrs. Child, and is entitled "The Happy Grandmother."

> "Dame Trueman lived in a very pleasant village, in old England. The cottage which she hired of her richer neighbor was small and humble. She had four orphan grandchildren to support, and she was obliged to labor hard for her daily bread. Yet Dame Trueman was a very happy woman. From her earliest childhood she had always been in the habit of preferring the comfort of others to her own."

Some of the engravings were so elaborate as to be almost painful in their execution. In an old number of Cassel's Illustrated Almanac, which was about the same size as *Chatterbox*, is a much detailed woodcut of three young ladies of the period, with their heads pressed together. Two of them are seated on a sofa, as close as their crinolines will permit, and the other is bending over them. This picture takes up the full page except for a small space beneath for the following "poem":

A Telling Passage—
Pianissimo
What's your secret, pretty lispers,
Prating is with you a passion,
Could I catch your little whispers,
They would run in much this fashion—

"She said, we said, he said, they said,
I said, she said, we said, he said.
Bell said, Mary said and May said—"
Stay now; tell me first what she said!

The early Victorian family circle indulging in its yearly feast of reason and flow of soul.

If we really wish to get an idea of how comfortable we are today as compared with the past, let us take a glance at the Comic Almanac of George Cruikshank which was issued continuously for about nineteen years, and which was undoubtedly one of the most successful humorous annuals of the period. From the volume for 1836 the opening verses are:

> Chilblains sore on all your toes;
> Icicles hang from your nose;
> Rheumatis in all your limbs;
> Noddle full of aches and whims;
> Chaps upon your hands and lips
> And lumbago in your hips;
> To your bed you shiv'ring creep
> There to freeze but not to sleep.

It is the function of the humorist to depict misfortune and make light of it. Thus from the humorous annuals of the past we get a much better idea of what they had to endure from the cold than from formal histories. There were no steam-heated apartments or hot-air furnaces in those days!

It is interesting to note that two of the steady contributors to this Cruickshank Almanac, with their names on the title-page, were the brothers Mayhew. To Henry Mayhew is given the credit for starting *Punch* and contributing its title, but more than this, it was he who originated the famous Punch Almanac, which is to this day as good as ever—perhaps the only single example of a survival over a period of seventy years. *Punch* was started in 1841. The circulation was about 6,000 when Mayhew thought of the almanac. The first issue ran the circulation up to 90,000 copies. "The Almanac," says Spielmann, "became at once the talk of the day; everybody had read it, and a contemporary declared that its cuts 'would elicit laughter from toothache, and render gout oblivious of his toe.'"

This almanac naturally had many imitators; it is undoubtedly the pioneer of the Christmas numbers of today. The London *Times* declared of it that it "commences the winter season with us, and continues the tradition of Charles Dickens by retaining much of the fine old hearty flavor which the great novelist imparted to it—that jovial, tender, charitable, roast-goose spirit that exhales from it, the Spirits of Christmas Present and Christmas Past."

The annuals themselves, as a definite group of yearly gift books, began in England about 1823. They were clean and wholesome, and reeked with sentimentality as a rule; they were exported to this country from England at first but from about 1830 they had many imitators here. The original object in issuing them seems to have been threefold. They came as a kind of spontaneous outburst of good feeling induced by the season; they were profitable, and they did much to offset the bad books, of which there were a considerable number.

Christmas, as a universal celebration, undoubtedly got its start with the advent of the printing press. The true Noël begins to appear in the fifteenth-century manuscripts, but not until the sixteenth century was it in full vogue. Here also is a curious fact, that the first Christmas cards—verses, sentiments, and so forth—were written by clerks—and yet they say there is not sentiment in business! The great poets, of course, contributed. But it was printing that made it possible. Christmas and New Year's thus became symbolized in words. Before typography and printing it must be remembered that the illuminated manuscripts were very beautiful. I myself have handled all the first editions of the Bible, including the Gutenberg, the "He" and "She," the "Breeches," and six or seven others, and have not yet recovered from the thrill; several of them weighed each at least twenty pounds. Here again I am off my subject, only, I may say in an aside to, I trust, the interested reader, that all this material is so fascinating in its entirety that it is hard to leave off no matter where one begins. As far as these Christmas annuals are concerned, I know of no one who has made a collection of them. I can conceive of no more interesting reading for a desert island. It was from the use of wood that those wonderful woodcuts came which grace the pages of those annuals. *Chatterbox*, which I read continuously as a boy, was full of them. The old files of *Chatterbox* are as fascinating as ever, although the edition of today is merely "just another."

Chatterbox was first published in England in 1868, as a substitute for vicious and unclean literature and an offset to the dime novel. It is refreshing to record that its success was very great. It sold at wholesale from 75 to 90 cents, apparently according to the size of a particular issue. In 1878, Dana Estes, of Boston, seeing its possibilities, imported as many copies as he could buy and sold them here readily. He was honest about it, calling the publisher's attention to what he was doing and proposed to him (James Johnston) to send over the plates and authorize an American edition. This proposition was not at first acceded to, and in 1879 a second edition was published, but in 1880 Mr. Johnston, according to Estes, assigned the latter all his rights and title in America. From then on *Chatterbox* flourished in this country, the wholesale price was largely reduced and the English proprietor received royalties amounting to about $5,000 per annum. All the way from 50,000 to 100,000 copies were sold here each year. Later several suits were the outcome for infringement. Among others was the *Frank Leslie Chatterbox*. The great fact was established, however, that the young people would flock to a pictorial annual in large numbers, which contained spotless material.

Compared with the flood of annuals that preceded it *Chatterbox* was late in our history, as was also *Oliver Optic's Annual*, and a number of others. Oliver Optic, in my opinion, performed a valuable service in his boys' books. His annual was printed in very large type and did not compare in interest with *Chatterbox*. In the eighties *The Young Folks Annual* was perhaps the best, and its pages were full of contributions by Ernest Ingersoll, Hezekiah Butterworth, Arthur Gilman, Amanda B. Harris and Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. These annuals mentioned, in size, were about 7½ by 9½, whereas the earlier ones, to which I shall now refer, were much smaller, about 4¼ by 6 inches. Perhaps I should here interpolate and say that if this account seems rambling, that is precisely the effect one gets from a survey of these annuals over a period.

They were all essentially yearly visitors. They were all intended to be messengers of joy. They strove also to convey beauty. They depicted beautiful women, women with rounded clear cheeks, fully clothed, and who exhaled the very quintessence of domesticity, yet with more charm than one can say who has not fallen a victim to them. There were reigning belles, there were "bevys," there were whole albums of notable women, members of the aristocracy, beauties of the day. Indeed, I defy any regular red-blooded member of the male sex of today to look over the pages of many of these old Annuals, with those full-page fair women, curls and crinolines, Gainsborough hats and cupid lips, without getting more thrills than he can get today out of listening to any girl over the radio, or even in looking out of his window.

They certainly should come back to us, if only to revive the spirit of real romance.

In stating this, it must not be overlooked that the

(Concluded on page 13)

What the Year 1924 Did to Make History

Survey of World's Political Happenings—America's Confidence in the Future

By HARRY PENCE

TWELVE months ago in these columns, it was necessary to characterize 1923 as a period of "Disagreements and Misunderstandings." It was not a pleasant task to chronicle details confirming the painful fact.

France had taken possession of the Ruhr district, the great industrial heart of Germany, in the futile effort to exact reparations by force. Germany exhausted her already crippled resources and all but wrecked her political structure in an equally futile "passive resistance." Italy precipitated a crisis by the bombardment of Corfu and the imposition of an onerous and unreasonable penalty on Greece. Spain submitted to rule by a military dictator who corrected everything but the abuses which brought him into power. The Turk threw off the yoke of European guardianship, which had industrial exploitation as its chief motive, thus exposing the impotence of that school of elder statesmen who still dominated the diplomatic world.

But a year has passed and while it has not brought all that the perennial optimists dared to hope for its developments, observers who have usually read the signs of the times aright declare the general outlook to be brighter than at any time since the fateful outbreak of 1914.

The French occupation of the Ruhr was condemned by many as unjust and illegal. While French policy had many defenders, the conviction grew that Premier Raymond Poincaré was intent upon two objectives, only one of which was humanly possible. He was determined to wring money or its equivalent from Germany, while, at the same time, he skillfully obstructed Germany in its struggle toward economic rehabilitation.

Through Prime Minister Bonar Law, the British Government had sought to dissuade Poincaré from his "direct action," but refrained from condemnation or effort to employ other influence than polite dissent. On several subsequent occasions Prime Minister Law and his successor, Stanley Baldwin, sought to re-establish the same friendly and advisory relations which had been so easy to maintain in the face of a common danger, but Poincaré became increasingly unreceptive to such overtures.

The Dawes Report

AN ALMOST universal demand for an impartial investigation grew steadily during 1923, but Poincaré refused to consider any action that abridged the power of the Reparations Commission. He agreed to a review of the situation that would remain entirely within strict limitations and even assented to American participation in such an inquiry under such conditions.

The United States promptly and emphatically refused to take part in a certain fiasco.

As the year drew to a close Poincaré became less obdurate. Things had happened that discouraged him. The Ruhr occupation was not paying its cost. French finances were going from bad to worse and the necessity for higher taxes, always unpopular in every country, loomed as a certainty.

Moreover, the time for the regular French parliamentary elections was approaching, while in England events were shaping up disturbingly. The political reaction of one country upon another is no new factor in European progress.

England was suffering from widespread unemployment. The ministry became convinced that protective tariffs on imports would revive lagging industry. But what all Europe knew and what, for some unexplained reasons, the Conservative ministry temporarily lost sight of, was that England's traditional policy of free trade was too deeply rooted to be reversed in a parliamentary campaign of a few weeks.

This English development could not fail to impress Poincaré, for it promised, as eventually happened, to bring into power the British Labor party, the rank and file of which was in sympathy with the elements in France that opposed such drastic phases of the Ruhr policy as the effort to establish a Rhineland republic separate from Germany. Although they were officially denounced as unpatriotic, the French opposition supported the Ruhr adventure as a means of exacting payment. They realized that it could not be made the means of preventing the economic recovery of that country, for only an economically vigorous—and therefore potentially aggressive—Germany could redeem her treaty obligations.

Moved by these and other considerations Poincaré receded from his original position and assented to an impartial, international investigation of Germany's ability to pay and the Reparations Commission invited two commissions to undertake the researches.

It was agreed that the United States should be represented on the first and most important of these committees and that an American should be its head.

Late in December, a few weeks after the adverse election in England, General Charles G. Dawes, banker, prominent in the purchase of supplies during the war, former Controller of the Treasury of the United States and later the Director of the first National Budget Commission, was selected for this post.

His committee was empowered to determine what sums Germany could pay annually and to devise and recommend plans whereby the restrictions on that country could be lightened and her recovery facilitated.

The two committees began their work in January of this year and on April 9 they made their reports.

That of the second, or so-called McKenna, committee can be briefly disposed of. Its duty was to inquire into large exportations of capital from Germany, the belief at the time of its appointment being that Germany's industrial and financial chieftains had thus evaded their share of the national burden. It reported only an estimate of this withdrawal of national wealth with no determined facts as to its ownership, the circumstances of its exportation or its possible utility for reparations purposes. This capital, the committee believed, would return if and when lured by prospects of security and profits.

The findings of the first, or Dawes, committee were more specific and momentous. The resources of the German republic were comprehensively appraised, the commercial and industrial wealth analyzed and a plan formulated whereby, with adequate pledges as security, aid might be given Germany in working out her own salvation.

Space does not permit a digest of the plan. It is intricate and provides for an intricate system of administration. It depends upon international agreements as to interpretations but, in the main, it declares for the stabilization of German national finances, a brief relief from heavy payments, the non-interference in German affairs by the creditor nations except through the agencies of the administrators of the plan who, thereby, superseded to some extent the Reparations Commission. It fixed the amount which, once restored to a semblance of normality, Germany could pay each normal year, but was not empowered to determine the number of years it should remain in effect. The gross amount of Germany's penalty, therefore, remains a matter of adjustment through the Reparations Commission. The report, by clear implication, declared against the occupation of the Ruhr for any considerable time after the plan was ratified and put into effect.

The Reparations Commission promptly approved the reports and transmitted them to the countries directly interested.

Further action had to await parliamentary elections in Germany on May 4 and France on May 11. The German election gave the reactionaries and obstructionists a favorable opportunity to declare against all foreign influences and the various blocs of monarchists, imperialists and irreconcilables united to defeat the plan.

In France the result was the reverse. Poincaré and his extremists were decisively defeated. The opposition party not having attained a majority an anti-Poincaré coalition became necessary which had on its program also the elimination of President Millerand, who, contrary to French traditions, had become an active partisan in the campaign.

The leader of this coalition, Edouard Herriot, extreme liberal, refused to accept the premiership from President Millerand or to support anyone whom the President should appoint.

When the Chamber of Deputies met early in June, Millerand made a brave effort to save himself but on June 11 he resigned and on June 13 Gaston Doumergue was elected in his stead. The next day Herriot became Premier of France, thus bringing into power in that country a party closely akin in principles to the Labor government of Great Britain.

A week after the change of administration at Paris Premier Herriot visited Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald in London and the two were able to agree on certain preliminaries that removed obstacles threatening the success of the formal conference of Allied Premiers slated for the middle of July at which the acceptance or rejection of the Dawes Plan was to be determined upon.

America was invited to participate in this conference and President Coolidge named Frank B. Kellogg, United States Ambassador to Great Britain, and James A. Logan as our representatives.

This London Conference began on July 16 and on August 16 a pact was signed providing, subject to the ratifications of the home governments, for the earliest possible inauguration of the plan.

The most substantial concession was the agreement of France to begin the withdrawal of military forces from the Ruhr and to complete the evacuation within a year.

Britain's Political Vicissitudes

THE fight then shifted to the German Reichstag where the opposition had votes enough to defeat the plan. But when the final test came, realizing that should Germany spurn the opportunity the act would crystallize the opinion of the world against her, even the leaders voted to ratify the agreement. Thus action took place on August 29.

The plan also provided for a loan of $200,000,000 to Germany for the stabilization of her finances and on October 10 an association of bankers agreed to facilitate this loan. A few days later this was oversubscribed in every country in which portions of it were offered. The American quota of $110,000,000 was immediately absorbed.

The installation of the plan, however, did not allay discord in Germany. Chancellor Marx undertook to reorganize his cabinet but the disgruntled reactionaries refused to co-operate, so he brought about a dissolution of the Reichstag and a call for new elections on December 7.

The early returns of this election, made public as these lines are written, indicate a defeat of the reactionaries and the success of the liberal element which have been valiant for a political as well as an economic stabilization of Germany.

Reference has been made to the political vicissitudes of Great Britain. Late in 1923, Prime Minister Baldwin risked his continuance in office on an election upon the issue of a protective tariff. He lost, although his party returned more members of the House of Commons than either the Liberals or the Laborites.

The country, however, voted strongly against protection and this made the position of the Conservative untenable. The Labor party stood second in popular vote and representation in Commons, but the Liberals held a balance of power. On January 23, MacDonald, the first Labor Prime Minister of Great Britain, accepted the invitation to organize a new government and announced his ministry.

This was not only the first Labor ministry but the first that represented a minority and depended for its continuance in office upon the sufferance of an essentially antagonistic party. It was, therefore, impossible for Prime Minister MacDonald to make any move to carry out the extreme articles in the program of his party and when he took office it was predicted that his eventual fall would come from the defection in his own ranks. The radical element would demand that efforts be made to put the socialistic program into effect.

There was discontent but MacDonald, assuming charge of foreign affairs, succeeded where his predecessors had failed in bringing about an accord with France. He recognized Russia and a number of his cabinet members won commendation for governmental efficiency.

There is general agreement that MacDonald was able to promote the success of the London Conference more than his predecessor could have done and his appearance at the assembly of the League of Nations was an important event of the year.

The end came in October and then not on account of any issue of importance. A radical editor had been arrested for publishing allegedly seditious matter but Attorney-General Sir Patrick Hastings had withdrawn prosecution of the case. An investigation of his conduct with an implied censure was proposed in Commons and the Prime Minister declared its passage should constitute an expression of want of confidence in the entire ministry. On October 8 the resolution passed and the following day Prime Minister MacDonald offered his resignation, effective after an election, should the country fail to support him and his party.

The new elections took place on October 29. In the midst of the campaign a sensational letter was made public and the issues of the contest were overshadowed by the reputed effort of a prominent member of the Soviet government at Moscow to stir up communistic and revolutionary activity in London.

Concerning the League of Nations

THE Conservatives would most probably have won despite the Zinoviev letter, but its entrance into the campaign rendered the Labor defeat overwhelming. Although the party increased its popular vote it lost more than forty of its members and the Conservatives elected nearly two-thirds of the new House of Commons. (The Zinoviev letter, though denounced as a forgery by its alleged author, was accepted as genuine by the MacDonald government, by the people, and later, upon investigation, by the Baldwin government.) On November 7, Stanley Baldwin became Prime Minister, having occupied the post twice in one year.

Concerning the League of Nations much difference of opinion exists in this country, but the actual developments of the year cannot be ignored and some of the facts are incontrovertible.

The League lost prestige last year because it did not assert itself more firmly in the controversy between Italy and Greece. On the other hand, this very impotence disarmed some of the American criticism that the League was a dangerous super-state.

But in the meantime the incidental side activities of the League were progressing, generally beneficently. Austria continued her financial recovery, Hungary passed under the economic guardianship of the League and several smaller issues were settled without resort to force.

The assembly of the League met in Geneva on the first of September. The allied nations had just concluded the London pact validating the Dawes Plan and during the sessions of the conference the Premier of France and the Prime Minister of Great Britain, both the heads of parties, friendly to the League, agreed to attend and address this assembly.

The speech of Ramsay MacDonald on September 4 was the most complete and candid statement yet publicly made of the accepted British policy in European affairs, especially in regard to her participation in future conflict on the Continent. Premier Herriot's reply voiced the French point of view with equal candor and made clear the issues upon which, under existing conditions, further agreement is impossible. This clarification of the question clears the way for the elimination of some of the possible causes of future discord.

The assembly devoted most of the 1924 session to the consideration of an international agreement for further disarmament, for international arbitration and mutual pledges of security.

The work was ultimately embodied in a protocol which, if ratified by the member nations, will make the League much more efficient than it has ever been.

The protocol calls for an international conference on arbitration and disarmament to be held in Geneva on June 15, 1925, if, prior to June 1, the majority of the permanent members of the Council of the League (Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan) and at least ten other countries ratify the pact.

The United States and all other non-member nations have been invited to ratify the protocol and participate in the conference.

Opinion has not crystallized sufficiently to enable even the most venturesome of political prophets to risk a prediction as to the probable outcome of this endeavor

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President Calles Discusses Mexico's Future

Economic Ills Principal Cause of Former Troubles

Not the People's Love of Revolutionary Uprisings

By E. L. M'COLGIN

PLUTARCO ELIAS CALLES

PRESIDENT Plutarco Elias Calles of Mexico, who assumed office December 1, discussed his country's problems with me several weeks ago in New York while en route from Germany, where he had taken medical treatment, to Mexico City.

Although Americans have become reconciled to the failure of most of their presidents to get needed programs adopted, they seem to expect Mexican executives to be miracle workers. Therefore, the man who will wrestle with Mexico's internal problems and also attempt to satisfy a critical though friendly Uncle Sam, becomes forthwith an interesting personage.

Señor Calles is a stern-visaged, burly man of middle age who gives the impression that he has no other thought than to improve the condition of the Mexican people. Rough and blunt, lacking perhaps the flexibility and capacity for adjustments of his comrade and late chief President Obregon, the new president gives an impression of strength and integrity which inspires confidence.

There is nothing of the courtier about Calles. While he seemed to be perfectly aware of the complexity of his new task, he did not hesitate to declare that Mexico must now be allowed to work out her destiny as a democratic state:

> "All foreigners who abide by the principle of not exacting rights, privileges or one-sided consideration, and who respect the sovereignty and the laws of our country have traditionally been, and will continue to be, received as brothers."

Calles is a native of Sonora, the northwestern state of Mexico, which adjoins Arizona. It is an agricultural, mining, and industrial community with much the same relation to Mexican affairs that Ohio, Michigan, or Wisconsin has to American politics.

A graduate of the normal school in Hermosillo, the capital of Sonora, Calles became a public school teacher in the port city of Guayamas. Here he married a lady of the well-known Chancon family and became city treasurer.

Mexico Wants More Farmers

CALLES later removed to Frontera, opposite Douglas, Arizona, where the governor of Sonora appointed him *jefe politico*, the prefect or sub-governor in charge of the county. While there, Calles settled a big strike of the native copper mine and smelter workers. The American managers of Mexican operations were paying for a twelve-hour day but one-half or one-third as much as Mexicans across the line in Arizona were paid for a shorter day. The inequality was adjusted.

Calles served in the Madero revolution of 1910 as an "emergency" soldier with the rank of major. When General Huerta ousted Madero and attempted to become dictator, Calles opposed him in arms and became the military governor of Northern Sonora. His intimate in these affairs was Alvaro Obregon, a planter and merchant, destined to precede him as president.

Calles was civil governor of Sonora from 1916 to 1920. He is said to have persuaded the copper workers to accept wage reductions, to enable the American operators to resume work. This does not suggest the unreasonable radical. He developed new irrigation projects and doubled the agricultural production of Sonora in two years. Public and private subscriptions were obtained for a technical school in Hermosillo, where two thousand young men and women are now being taught engineering, mining, printing, shoemaking, domestic science and other useful vocations.

When Obregon rid Mexico of Carranza and later was elected president, Calles was summoned to Mexico City to serve as chief of the cabinet.

President Calles stressed to me that *all these and other national uprisings in Mexico were caused by economic ills and not because of the revolutionary habit.* The quick, decisive manner in which all the people helped suppress the Huerta outbreak of 1924 supports Calles' contention.

Mexico expelled the Spanish régime and later Juarez disposed of the French and Maximilian in an endeavor to do what Calles is committed to further. It is in effect the division of the great feudal estates among the peasants. The present strength of France comes from the stability of her numerous small farmers who own the land they till. Mexico cannot become a strong nation until a big independent farming and landowning population is developed.

Aside from the quickly extinguished manorial holdings of the patroons in New York State, the United States has never had to deal with the problem that has always bedeviled Mexico. The American Congress quickly put an end to county-wide estates and forestalled incipient rebellion.

Americans, therefore, usually overlook the salient differences between the settlement of the United States and Mexico. Here the English and other colonists from North Europe came to till the soil as they had done overseas. Few Indians were encountered and they were either killed or driven out of the country. However, Mexico today has ten times as many full-blooded Indians as there ever were in the United States.

Spain simply seized Mexico for the exploitation of its mines. No attempt was made to colonize Spanish peasants upon the soil of Mexico. The Indians were retained to slave in the mines and other looting operations of the conquerors. Usually the Spaniards married Indian women as few Spanish women came out; today six and one-half million of the population are mestizos or mixed breeds. About five and one-half million are pure Indians. The balance of the population, about three million, is of pure European stock. Practically all of the twelve million mestizos and Indians are illiterate. Government is further complicated by the fact that sixty-three languages and dialects are spoken, fifty-two of them by Indians.

For more than four hundred years, less than ten thousand families owned all the land in Mexico, whose area is one-fourth that of the United States. It has been only about one hundred years since the 25,000 square mile estate given Hernando Cortes, the conqueror, was disentailed.

However, the spirit of the Aztecs, the dominant Indian element, survived their condition of peonage and a universal demand for fair conditions has always been manifest. The mass of the Mexicans are proud of their Indian blood and resent being termed Spanish as that reminds them of their conquerors and persecutors.

Death and Poverty Reign

ALL of the presidents of Mexico, including Calles, have been mestizos.

Aside from the business men, most Mexicans seem indifferent to copying American or European culture, preferring to maintain their own traditions while seeking security and comfort. However, more Mexicans attend American universities than any other Latin-American people.

It will require generations under the most favorable circumstances to lift the Mexican peons to exuberant initiative. America had to fight a bloody, expensive war to free a smaller number of Negroes than these Mexican peons, and it required fifty years for the South to become reconstructed.

Although there are some very healthy districts, the high, arid country requires special precautions against disease, pneumonia being the most feared. *The death rate of Mexico is the highest in the New World.* Dire poverty of the masses, undernourishment, insanitary conditions and lack of medical facilities accentuate climatic conditions.

Calles expressed his attitude toward these outstanding factors by saying: "I believe that Mexico cannot be a great country as long as it has twelve million human beings who have been in perpetual slavery. To lift the moral and economic level of these people I believe to be a work of reconstruction that will benefit not only Mexico, but all other countries with which Mexico has relations, because it is not to be doubted that with the awakening of the spirit of industry among these unfortunate people the volume of business will be greatly multiplied.

"You may have the absolute certainty that with the ideals we are seeking, the betterments we are trying to effect will not be an obstacle either to the development of industry or commerce, but will serve to strengthen the spiritual ties that must unite all countries in the world."

A Huge Foreign Debt

IT IS doubtless true that Calles in his work will be more or less afflicted with what Roosevelt termed the "lunatic fringe" of radicals and socialist advocates. But he seems to be well endowed with common sense and his record as governor of Sonora is as constructive as that of any governor in the United States.

We of the United States cannot be proud of some records our compatriots have made in Mexico. One cause of socialism in Mexico was the Yucatan sisal monopoly, which was made possible by the assistance of Wall Street bankers who shared in extorting high prices for binder twine from American farmers.

Mexico's foreign debt aggregates half a billion dollars plus about *half as much unpaid interest* accumulated since the first revolution. Last year the government planned to resume payment of interest but the Huerta revolt emptied the cash drawer of the treasury. The old loans were obtained from international bankers in New York, London, Berlin, Amsterdam, and Paris, including such houses as Speyer, Ladenburg, Thalman, Bleischroeder, and Rothschild.

The international bankers now insist that before new loans are made a Federal Reserve Bank must be established and a majority of the stock of this bank must be owned by French bankers who plan to borrow the capital from their New York colleagues. This would give foreigners control of the economic affairs of Mexico, and France would have a pretext for challenging the Monroe Doctrine whenever her bankers got into a dispute with Mexico. France invaded Mexico and set up Maximilian while we were preoccupied with the Civil War because Juarez suspended interest payments on the debt for several years to devote the money to urgent reconstruction work.

In 1914 General Huerta sold several million dollars of unauthorized bonds to English speculators who were warned by Mexican citizens that the bonds were not valid. English recognition of Mexico has been impeded by the demands of the bankers that these bonds be paid.

However, Americans should in all fairness recall that the Association of Foreign Bondholders of London has declared that no Central American country has treated bondholders as the State of Mississippi has done. Mississippi, long ago, borrowed money abroad with which to establish two banks. When the banks failed the state repudiated the bonds. The State of North Carolina has felt justified in refusing to pay bonds issued by the carpetbag government of reconstruction days, which bonds remind one of those General Huerta sold abroad. The essential difference is that the United States can't be coerced by foreign government. It is possible that if Americans should ever become weakened European politicians would cheerfully join in forcing us to pay the hundreds of millions the Rothschilds paid for repudiated Confederate bonds.

Mexico's Appeal

MEXICO is not nearly so rich in taxation sources as many people suppose. Silver-mining states do not make a country prosperous, as our own experience in the United States shows. Other than the oil wells, the Mexican Government has no special revenue sources. And twelve million illiterate, impoverished peons are a liability rather than an asset from the taxation viewpoint.

There are gratifying indications that important foreign interests, those that do not dabble in Mexican politics, have faith in the Mexican Government. For example, the English-owned Mexican Railway Company, operating between Vera Cruz and Mexico, is electrifying its mountain division and also building a new short line or cut-off between Mexico City and the rapidly growing city of Tampico. The Southern Pacific Railway is spending fourteen million dollars, gold, upon a new connecting link with Mexico City. Furthermore, the government-operated National Railways of Mexico which are soon to be returned to the operating company are in better physical condition than they ever were. Railway experts say Mexicans have a knack that makes them the best locomotive drivers in America.

America, after the World War, lent money prodigiously to new and old European states, to avert in those countries just such social and political perils that now menace Mexico, which is also a war-worn country. Government and private funds have been poured into Russian relief although the Soviets continue to spread their doctrine here. It would be farsighted statesmanship, and quite in accord with our traditional interest in humanity and democratic government, to help Mexico to consolidate her present gains. We cannot afford to have on our southern frontier a nation suffering from the ills that have ravaged Mexico. If Calles is left to the mercies of international bankers, he may be able to make but desultory progress and disappoint his unfortunate people and the expectations of the United States.

New Englanders Who Come From Afric Isles

Making Bedford Whale Fishers Out of Cape Verders

By ALBERT ERNEST JENKS
Professor of Anthropology, University of Minnesota.
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A whaler's map of the Cape Verde Archipelago.

THE story of American immigration, when written in other form than that of lifeless statistics, has many strange chapters. Perhaps there is no more curious chapter than that of the people from the Cape Verde Archipelago. From first to last the history of this people in America is part and parcel of the romance of New Bedford whale fishing. Whaling vessels brought the first Cape Verders to America, and for them that means New Bedford. Even today, though they have gone to many other places, they feel that New Bedford is their real home here.

In August, 1924, I was in New Bedford at the time the whaling bark *Wanderer* was outfitting for what was commonly said would be the last whaling voyage from that port. With no little interest I went over the veteran whaler. The vessel was forty-eight years old and had been constantly used in whale fishing. The new "try-works" being built on deck—two immense iron kettles built in above brick fire boxes—the cramped quarters of the captain and the crew, the barrels in the hold where the whale oil was to be stored, harpoons, guns and knives being put in order, were all of interest. Patrons of motion pictures who saw the whaling movie, "Down to the Sea in Ships," are familiar with the *Wanderer,* as it was this ship which did the active whaling shown in the film.

The first mate of the *Wanderer,* J. A. Gomes, a Cape Verder, told me that when they sailed they would go directly to the Island of Brava in the Cape Verde Archipelago for a "green crew"—leaving New Bedford with only enough men to sail the bark across the Atlantic.

This plan of getting a Cape Verde crew was the continuation of the practice of many New Bedford whalers for a couple of generations.

During the days the *Wanderer* was outfitting, the Cape Verde packet *Matthew S. Greer*—dramatically called in the headlines of the press "The Ship of Blasted Hopes"—lay at anchor in the stream, having on board what was said would be the last group of alien immigrants who would come from Cape Verde Islands to America. Under orders from Washington, the twenty-three natives were not permitted to land in America, and subsequently were sent back to the Islands, as under the new immigration law there is no separate Cape Verde quota. Other vessels in the Islands were cabled by their agents not to start for America with immigrants, as it would be impossible for them to be landed.

August 26, there appeared in the press of New Bedford this statement:

"The famous old whaling bark *Wanderer* which left this port Monday on a whaling cruise went ashore in today's gale on the Middle Ground Shoal and will be a total loss. The crew was saved."

Thus the curtain was rung down simultaneously in New Bedford on as thrilling and perilous a romance as ever made a city prosperous and deservedly famous, and on the immigration of one of our unique, though, in numbers, lesser immigrant peoples.

America has no other immigrant group who formally bears so many names as the Cape Verde group. None are names of derision. The group leaders prefer the name "Cape Verder." Formerly they spoke of themselves as "Portuguese"—and this designation is, in a sense, correct, because the Cape Verde Archipelago has been a Portuguese possession during the four and one-half centuries the Cape Verders have been in the making. Today the term is less used, because other groups of peoples from Portuguese possessions who are their neighbors in New England object to Cape Verders in America being classed as "Portuguese." This objection is most common on the part of the "Western Island Portuguese"—especially those from the Azores. Sometimes the Cape Verders are called "The Other Island Portuguese"—to distinguish them from those of the Western Islands. The name most commonly applied to them in New Bedford and along Cape Cod is "Bravas." This term is used by those who know them intimately and favorably as seamen (sailors, mates, captains, whalers, stewards, firemen), as mill hands in cotton, cordage, iron and machine industries, as employes on the cranberry bogs, as trucksters and small farmers, as independent fishermen, both scale and shell, as dock hands, and as house and personal servants. This name is correctly applied to most of the Cape Verders in America, as the majority of them come from the island of Brava—though it is next to the smallest of the inhabited islands of the Archipelago. Some of them object to the designation "Brava," because, as they say, "it does not sound well," the word in Portuguese meaning "wild."

In the regular reports of the United States Commissioner of Immigration, Cape Verde immigrants are included under the two designations "African (black)" and "Portuguese," depending on their color. The United States census includes them under the heading "Atlantic Islanders"—in two city classifications adding a footnote that the term includes a definite number of Cape Verders. The United States Immigration Commission in 1911 designated them "black Portuguese," "dark Portuguese," "dark-skinned Portuguese," but more commonly it employs the term "Bravas." The Massachusetts state census blankets them under the term "Portuguese, including island possessions." Recruiting officers of the United States Army classify them as "Colored," if Negro kinship is evident.

Maritime America has long been interested in the Cape Verde Islands. Especially has her acquaintance been intimate during the hundred years of successful whaling in the Atlantic Ocean. The accompanying rare map of the Archipelago, with additions made seventy-three years ago, was photographed from the copy preserved by the Dartmouth Historical Society in its New Bedford Museum building. The map is one of the exhibits in the whaling museum. It is a whaler's map of the Islands. The Archipelago consists of fourteen islands, the ten largest of which are peopled. The total area is 1,475 square miles, or a little larger than the area of Rhode Island.

From this small island-area there has been transplanted in recent years to the identical New England area where, during the second quarter of the seventeenth century, the Pilgrims and Puritans planted the seeds of our nation, a people in numbers equal to the earliest colonists.

It is from the island of Fogo that most of the Cape Verders in the United States, who are not from Brava, come. Fogo lies above Brava and is separated from it by a channel eight and one-half miles wide. On this island is a volcano, Pico do Cano, rising to a height of 8,800 feet, the highest point in the Archipelago. It is very like Vesuvius in formation and after an eruption in 1680 caused the name of the island to be changed from St. Philip to "Fire" Island. In spite of the fact that it has no interior springs, but only a few along the northern coast, Fogo produces coffee, sugar, tobacco, indigo, and millet which are of small trade value. The recent years of rain failure have been very severe on the people of Fogo. A New Bedford Fogoite, who returned this last spring from two and a quarter years' stay there, told me that during that time, due to lack of water, he did not see a single domestic animal.

Brava contains only twenty-three square miles, but is justly called the Paradise of the Archipelago. It is better watered than the other islands and is the most healthful. The land in the interior is divided into small holdings and intensively cultivated, having a population of 418 persons to the square mile. This is two and one-half times the density in any of the other islands. There is a great desire on the part of the people of Brava to own land. This desire, and the extreme density of population, were important factors in the continued Brava migration to America.

The Cape Verde Islands were discovered in 1456 by the Venetian, Alvise Cadamosto, on his second African voyage of discovery under the employ of Prince Henry the Navigator, of Portugal. These voyages were part of the extensive maritime discovery of Portugal in the fifteenth century, when Madeira, the Azores and great reaches of Africa were added to the known world. This activity was due to the restless genius of men like Prince Henry and also to the promise of great profits, since in 1441 there was first brought to Portugal gold and Negro slaves from Africa. The Islands were uninhabited when discovered.

In 1461 Prince Fernando, brother of King Alphonso V, of Portugal, sent out colonists to the two islands, St. Jago and Fogo. Those colonists brought to the Islands Negro slaves from the Guinea coast of Africa. During the sixteenth century other islands also were settled by small numbers of whites from Portugal and slaves from Africa. Great difficulty was experienced in getting colonists in Portugal to recruit the earlier adventurers, and up to the middle of the seventeenth century there were few Portuguese in the Archipelago, the scarcity of the water supply being the chief cause. However, there was a gradual spread of population. The liberation of slaves because of religious conviction by the Whites in Fogo resulted in inter-island distribution; there was also a considerable inflow of Whites, undoubtedly mostly Portuguese, from Madeira, who went especially to the Island of Brava. About 1780 there was a Spanish colonization movement to St. Antonio from the Canaries.

It must also be noted that from the sixteenth century up to the close of the nineteenth century a certain number of convicted Whites were deported from Portugal to the Islands. Statistics of numbers are few, but for the seven-year period between 1837 and 1844 we find that 323 men and 23 women were sent to the Islands. This class of recruits, we are told, centered at the port settlements and especially at the capital. Some few became soldiers, but most of them did nothing and were pronounced a "pest" by the other inhabitants.

Elderly Cape Verders now in New Bedford told me that at the time of the Napoleonic Wars a goodly number of Continental Europeans became permanent residents of the Islands. Now and then White recruits have been added from the hundreds of vessels which yearly touch there, while the constant, even though slender, stream of foreign blood fugitively added to a small population of seaport people in time becomes an important factor in the amalgamation process. In the days of whaling vessels, as we shall

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Above—Cape Verders in the city of Mindello.

Photo by Shantz.

Center—Farm home of a Fogo family.

Photo by Jenks.

The Island of St. Vincent.

Photo by Shantz.

An inclosed home in the Cape Verdes.

Photo by Shantz.

"Padre of the Rains"—Seer of Santa Clara

Father Ricard, Who Forecasts Weather Months Ahead by Means of Sun Spots

By ALLAN L. BENSON

MEET the "Padre of the Rains," as Father Ricard is called on the Pacific Coast.

Meet him beside his telescope in the vineyard back of the old Spanish mission at Santa Clara, California.

The best the United States Government can do is to forecast weather 48 hours, or at most a week, in advance.

Father Ricard tells what Pacific Coast weather will be a month in advance. He says he could, if necessary, forecast three years in advance. A San Francisco editor told me that the padre's forecasts are better than the government's.

Late in September, I spent an afternoon with this interesting old man. I found him, at 1 o'clock, taking an observation of the sun. A young student was helping him. Father Ricard, who is 75 years old, was bareheaded and smoking a pipe. His cassock swished around his legs as he walked about. The telescope, which was perhaps 10 feet long, seemed to be mounted right out in the vineyard, with nothing over it, and the brilliant California sun beating down upon it. As the old man smoked his pipe, he watched his young assistant make marks upon a sheet of paper on which the telescope was focused. Each mark indicated a sun spot.

The operation lasted perhaps 10 minutes. Then a little house on wheels was moved over the telescope. We went inside and sat down at opposite sides of a small table. I then had my first opportunity closely to observe Father Ricard. I saw that he did not look his age. He could easily pass for sixty. He has little gray hair. His face is tanned to a brown mixed with red. His eyes twinkle. He laughs, smokes, and talks all at once.

But just then his pipe went out and he had to go to another building to get some tobacco. That gave me an opportunity to look at my surroundings. The little observatory was in the center of a vineyard of two or three acres. Not a blade of grass was growing; only vines. Every foot of the ground seemed to have been freshly cultivated. That is done to retain what little moisture descends during the dry season that lasts from May to November. The vines were hanging full. Some of the grapes were dark and some were white. Away over to one side was a flower garden of wonderful dahlias and gladioli.

Why the Weather Changes

IN A few minutes the padre came back with his tobacco, lit his pipe and settled back in his chair with a smile on his face, ready to talk. I suggested that we begin with a definition of what constitutes weather. Weather, he said, is the state of the atmosphere with regard to motion, temperature, moisture, and precipitation.

Then I asked him why weather changed. This quickly brought us to the heart of his subject. Orthodox scientists attribute changes of weather to the sun and let it go at that. Where they stop, Father Ricard begins. He says weather is determined by the relative positions of the sun, the moon, the earth, and five other planets. When two or more of these planets are in line with the sun they exercise some sort of an electromagnetic influence that starts an electromagnetic storm upon the sun. That is a sun spot. Sun spots upset things on earth and make what we call changes of weather.

Sun spots, according to the padre, travel from east to west across the face of the sun. They have no effect until they reach an imaginary perpendicular line drawn through the center of the sun. Then the spots that passed through the northeastern quarter of the sun produce areas of low barometric pressure in the vicinity of Vancouver and the Aleutian Islands, off the coast of Alaska. All storms start at the point where an area of low barometric pressure centers. When the spots that travel over the southeastern quarter of the sun reach the center they produce areas of high barometric pressure in the vicinity of Arizona. High barometric means a tendency to restore fair weather. The high combats the low. In summer, a "high" means fair, cooler weather. In winter, it means fair, cold weather.

"When I see a spot appear on the rim of the upper eastern quarter of the sun," said Father Ricard, "I know that in not more than approximately six and a half days, an area of low barometric pressure will develop in the vicinity of Vancouver. This is because observation, in thousands of cases, has shown me that a sun spot moves across the face of the sun in approximately thirteen days. But I know the sun spot is coming before it comes because I know that certain positions of the planets produce sun spots. The United States Government works out and publishes the relative positions of the planets three years in advance. From this data I could forecast weather, if I wanted to, three years in advance. It would mean a tremendous amount of work, but I could do it.

"There is the greatest possible difference," he continued, "between the work that the government forecasters do and what I do. The government forecasters do nothing but observe a storm after it appears and guess as closely as possible where it will go and how strong it will be when it gets there. The best guessers guess very well, but still they guess. In other words, they practice an art instead of a science. A man with a quick eye can go far at such forecasting, but he cannot tell what he knows to anybody else. That is because what he knows has come from experience. He can closely estimate the combined effect of barometric pressures, wind velocities and 'counter-storms'—as high barometric pressures are called—but he cannot pass along this ability to another. Each must learn for himself.

"I can do more than that. As I have said, I can forecast the weather for a month and, if necessary, for three years ahead. And I can tell others how to do it. I have young students here who are better than I am."

Forty years ago, weather forecasting was so unreliable that Josh Billings touched it up with a forecast of his own: "Perhaps rain; perhaps not." It is better now, but Father Ricard says the improvement is solely due to increased expertness on the part of forecasters and information from a wider area with regard to weather conditions.

"All storms," said Father Ricard, "move from west to east. If we know what is to the west of us, how rapidly the winds are bringing it to us and what obstacles, if any, are in the way, we know what is coming. Official forecasters used to know nothing about weather conditions except those in the United States and British Columbia. Now the United States Government has

FATHER RICARD.

fourteen stations in Alaska, the most distant of which are considerably west of the American mainland. When these stations were established the daily reports that they telegraphed in were of great assistance to forecasters. They were then able to spot a storm some time before it hit the mainland. They could guess pretty well what time it would strike various localities. It takes, as a rule, seven or eight days for a storm to cross the country and plunge into the Atlantic.

"The invention of wireless telegraphy helped a lot more. The government has now practically commandeered every ship sailing west from Pacific ports. Each ship is required to radio reports of weather conditions on its way across the Pacific. When the distance becomes too great, reports are sent from ship to ship back to the United States.

"Official forecasters are thus able to predict, with more or less accuracy, what the weather will be for a week ahead. But this is only because the area from which reports are obtained has been greatly extended. It is not because observers know any more about forecasting than they did 40 years ago, except as experience has added to the skill with which they practice their art."

I was curious to know how definitely Father Ricard foretold what weather conditions would be on the Pacific Coast—whether he got down to days with definite forecasts or whether he lumped periods and contented himself with generalities. In reply, he showed me his forecast for September for the Pacific Coast, which was a daily detailed prediction of conditions from Oregon to Mexico.

Father Ricard never forecasts for any territory except that which lies west of the Rocky Mountains. He says he cannot. That is because he does not know what track a given storm will take in moving eastward. Nobody else knows. It all depends upon where an area of high barometric pressure springs up, where it goes and how rapidly it moves. Father Ricard suspects that the moon may have something to do with the paths that storms take. He is trying to find out. If he can discover the laws that guide the storms from west to east he feels that he will have done a good life's work. It would then be possible, he says, accurately to forecast weather for the whole United States, months and, if necessary, years ahead. He feels that such information would be of great value to agriculture.

Father Ricard predicted the exceptionally dry weather that has afflicted California since last May. He said there would be no rain of importance until November. Dry weather, according to the padre, moves in ten-year cycles in California. In fact, there are three dry years. The first one is a little dry, the second much drier and the third very dry. This is the third and the worst of the last group of three dry years in California. The state does not look much different than it always does in the early autumn when all vegetation that has not been irrigated is burned to a light brown. But many wells and springs have dried up and all unirrigated crops have suffered. But Father Ricard says that next year will be all right; there will be rain enough.

"I am inclined to believe," he said, "that many weather conditions move in cycles. If we knew the facts, covering a long period, we should probably find that hard winters and open winters, heavy snow and light rains, come according to a fixed order of change. I am sure of this—that the relative positions of the planets determine the weather on earth. If we know the positions of the planets today we may be certain that the next time they assume this position the weather will be exactly what it is today."

I asked Father Ricard how well his forecasts were verified.

"A hundred per cent," he replied. "In the main, what I forecast comes true.

"The forecasters at Washington," Father Ricard continued, "say that my theories with regard to the weather are not scientific and are not true. They say the moon has nothing to do with the weather. But they say what they do not know. They have not a particle of proof. I have proof. When like conditions produce like results—not once, not twice, not twenty times or a hundred times, but thousands of times—we have a right to say that the conditions are directly connected with the results. The first time that I saw sun spots cross the central meridian of the sun I did not say that the areas of low barometric pressure that followed in the vicinity of British Columbia were caused by the spots. I made no such announcement until I had observed the same phenomena thousands of times. If official forecasters wish to dispute the statement that storms follow the passage of sun spots over the upper half of the central meridian of the sun they may do so, but the facts are against them. No scientist, however, who has taken the trouble to understand my theories and the facts that support them, has ever questioned the validity of the theories. There are 'scientists,' of course, who do not want to believe. Such men cannot be convinced."

Wants to Buy a Telescope

WE WALKED out into the sunshine and down the paths through the vineyard. The old padre, still smoking his pipe, began talking about the land of his birth—France—which he left when a young man to come to America. The French, a nation of infidels as he called them, had pursued a violent, vacillating policy toward his church. One government would expel the religious orders and the next would let them back.

He stopped smoking, picked a bunch of grapes and handed them to me. As he began to eat a bunch that he picked for himself his mind shifted to the grape—and its juice.

"I am the professor of ethics in Santa Clara University," he said. "As a student of ethics it is amazing to me to perceive that legislative bodies cannot understand the natural limit of legislative powers. Legislatures can go so far and be obeyed—but no farther. There is an interesting fact about prohibition to which attention is seldom or never drawn. It has always been the heretics who were opposed to the use of alcohol. Christ drank wine. The Turks do not. The natives of India do not. Who is wrong and who is right?"

I thought that if he had reached the mature age of 75 years without becoming a Prohibitionist I would not try to convert him.

Some of those who do not believe in Father Ricard say that as a scientist he is a quack. I am sure that is not so. A quack is a man who, knowing full well that he is a fraud, nevertheless tries to "put something over" on the public. I have no doubt of Father Ricard's sincerity. It is difficult to judge his ability as a forecaster by what he can do in California in the summer when it never rains and the only change, from day to day, is the change from sunshine to fog and back again. I did note, however, that during the evening of September 19 the barometer fell sharply. That, perhaps, was a part of the "triple disturbance" mentioned in Ricard's forecast for the day. On the morning of September 24 I noticed pools of water on the flat roof of a building near the hotel in which I was staying. It may have sprinkled during the night, but the pools seemed to have come from a very heavy fog. At any rate, the padre predicted "cloudiness and sprinkles, even in California" for September 23 and I saw pools of water on the morning of the 24th.

Father Ricard's abilities as a forecaster are generally respected throughout California. Inquiries in many places made this plain. People are interested in his forecasts, as they are published the first of each month, because in the past they have found him right so many times.

As far as Father Ricard is concerned he does not seem to care what anybody thinks. All he wants is $60,000 with which to buy a 26-inch telescope to take pictures of the sun, moon, and other planets that he holds responsible for the weather. If he could discover the laws that make men let go of their money, he would have his telescope. But it is always easier to understand the moon or something far away than it is the man next door.

Mr. Ford's Page

REVIEWS and forecasts are equally futile unless there be a principle to be guided by in making them or a principle to be discovered by making them. A year is but a block of days and weeks and months, marked principally by four seasons, the same now as for ages, ever to remain the same in its basic rhythm; and thus there is nothing to mark this year from last or from next unless it be a change or advance in human progress or principle.

The natural year is, of course, a factor in man's action and his growth. If day were constant and never fell on night; if seed-time, cultivation and harvest did not draw man out by their several compulsions; if seasons did not change, now driving him afield, now driving him to shelter; if time were changeless, endless, man would be deprived of that outer pressure which is his first stimulus to action and the contrivance of means to ends. The natural year has that use, even the changes of the weather, heat and cold, flood and drought, have that use; but these remain; the only gain or loss is in the human result.

It would probably be agreed that one of the greatest gains of the civilized world in the last ten years is a realization of its basic ignorance in so apparently simple a matter as living together. It is not so long ago that the wise men of the world were congratulating themselves that they had at last struck the cosmic gait, that they were building a structure that would resist all change, that they had found the secret of progress. When they awoke the whole business was in ruins about them.

And then they sought to place the blame for the wreck. They placed it here and they placed it there, but nowhere would it stick. Blame has this special characteristic, it must fit or it will not remain. They tried it on Serbia, on Russia, on Germany, on France, on England—finally on the United States. Apparently it did not fit anywhere. And then at last they tried it on the fallacies of civilization, and there it fitted, there it remained. The wrecking principle came from within, not from without.

The lesson was not learned immediately, however; indeed there were long trials at restoration of the old system. "Returning to normalcy" was the fatuous phrase. It was like returning from the crisis to the development of the disease. The period of incubation is always a profitable one for the destructive germ, and it was to this kind of profit that men unwittingly demanded we should return.

LAST year was a great year, measured inwardly. Next year will be a great year in the same sense. We are living in a great time. We are a bridge generation. What we found when we came upon the scene and what we shall leave to those who follow marks the transition from the old to the new. We have been the bridge. Complaints we hear about the seeming slowness of progress are mostly from those who would rather be the crossing throng than the bridge that carries them. But that is not within our choice. Destiny has set us another job. Upon our backs, upon our labors, upon our steadfastness to principle, the world passes from a less good to a better time. And it is not a bad destiny to fulfill. Half our errors, all our frets grow out of short views; take a long view of the function of these years.

It was not the war, but the impossibility of restoring conditions as they were before the war, that gave men the first inkling of the lesson they were to learn. They would have accepted the war as an accident, as a mistake, as a casual aggression, had they not been made to see that the war was but the symptom of a deeper malady, the outworking of a principle that was profounder than anything of political or governmental nature.

They learned this by failure to restore the conditions that caused the war. The old tricks failed. The old wisdom proved foolishness. The old motives were ineffective. The old enthusiasms lacked power. Nothing of the old seemed to remain except the old counsels which had been labeled impractical. They stood. The "impractical" things were seen to be the things that had survived. These old counsels had not failed, for they had not been tried.

If losing a false wisdom and finding a new beginning of learning is progress, then we may say that the world has progressed. Its cocksureness is gone. Its old principles are disproved by experience. It sits amid the wreck of all its falsities. And no time is more full of hope than the time that knows the wreck of falsities. That marks a stage in advance.

Not that all the falsities have fallen as yet. Progress is not so clean cut as to permit of that. Progress is not marked by a definite boundary across which we step, but by an attitude and an atmosphere. Everything false does not fail at a given moment, and everything less false arrive. There are efforts being put forth even now along the old lines; it is necessary that they be put forth; only in this way can the old system be drained. And the fact that they are being put forth by some of the alleged wise men of the earth only shows that even wisdom is not wise when she ignores the plain implications of the times.

On the whole, however, the corner of progress has been turned. A great distrust of the old method of selfishness has been sown broadcast through the world, and a greater trust that somewhere the basic principle exists is regnant. That marks a phase of progress that will be felt in every field, for what transpires in mind soon makes its influence felt in matter.

The note of impatience was heard—would that this change could move more swiftly! And yet how swift it has been! Measure the past twenty years against the last three centuries: have we been moving swiftly? Surface and bowels of the earth; depths of the air; time and motion and power; chemical mysteries; secrets hid from the ages—these are the conquests of the last two decades. Where once it took centuries to disseminate an idea, it is planted now in days. Communication is instantaneous; the world thinks simultaneously. There is now such a thing as universal thought; it broke over all confining limits during the war. The reactions of the world can be determined in a day, and its purpose crystallized in a night.

So the fact is, we *are* moving swiftly, much more so than we realize. And the new era *is* coming to pass much more actually than we see. It is as yet so much confused with the passing debris of the old that sometimes the impression is one of chaos. Nevertheless the new order is pressing up through the confusion to take its place, even to force its place, wherever the old has been sufficiently forced out.

We are living in a great time. We are a bridge generation. Upon our backs, upon our labors, upon our steadfastness to principle, the generations are passing over from a less good to a better time. The complaints that we hear about the slowness of it all are mostly from people who would rather be the crossing throng than the bridge that carries them across. But that is not within our choice. We must do the job that destiny has given us, for if we fail the next generation will not get across to a better footing. We may go forward confidently with everything we know to be right and useful, in the fullest faith that what we thus build those who come after will find most fitted for their use. Take the long view of these things; more than half our errors, almost all our frets, grow from our short views of life.

In the deepest sense, therefore, the year 1924 was a time of progress. The wisdom of the world lost some of its conceit, and gained a humble sense of the existence of Law, which cannot be bent or twisted to any scheme of shortsighted racial, national or individual selfishness. And that determines the outlook for 1925. There is still some dependence placed upon schemes redolent of the old time, but these schemes will fail from the pressure of the new times. We need not become disturbed by them; they involve mostly the exploiter-class though they are veiled as humanitarian attempts to help distressed nations—they will do no harm to the nations, and they will demonstrate that the old exploitation system will have impossible sledding in the new world.

Economically the new year will be a good year. But all years should be that. It is but the natural result of honest life. All the years would have been prosperous had men realized, as they are beginning now to realize, that the Laws of life cannot be broken.

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Getting Down to the Root

THE President's announced intention of calling a conference of Governors to consider the possibility of reducing State and County taxes is an indication that the ax of economy is to be laid to the root of the tree. It also calls attention to the fact that the tax burden of this nation is not all of Federal origin. Not only Washington, but the State House, the County Seat and the City Hall have their share of responsibility of the tax load of the people. If economy can be practiced at Washington, it can be practiced by State, County and Municipal governments as well. A conference which should consider the debt of the country, as composed of these other government obligations as well as of Federal obligations, would not be an interference with State business, but would indicate a community interest which may easily lead to practical co-operation.

The Shelving of Trotzky

LEON TROTZKY has been ordered to "a warmer climate." It would appear that the climate of Russia is getting too cold for some of the "fathers of the revolution," dead and living. Recently it was announced that the mausoleum in which reposes the mummified body of Lenin was to be artificially heated owing to its frigid atmosphere, and now it is Trotzky who is to fly from wintry conditions.

Trotzky has failed to measure up to the standard required by Zinoviev, the head of the Third International, and his colleagues, who are the real rulers of Russia. He has not been Red enough for the Reds nor sanguinary enough for the sansculottes. He has dared to criticize the wisdom of Zinoviev in stupidly trying to engineer Red revolutions in various countries, particularly in those countries where Anglo-Saxon common sense stood firm against alien chaos.

Not that Trotzky loves revolution less, but hates incompetence more. The revolutions Zinoviev advertised in England, the United States and elsewhere never came off. Trotzky had a right to criticize—but not in Russia! He presumed too much on "freedom" there. Perhaps he had been reading some of the dope given to "foreign correspondents."

Whatever may be said of Trotzky, he is not stupid, and Zinoviev is nothing else. Demagogues of the Zinoviev type do not like to be told that they are stupid, and their policy is to get rid of anyone who dares to say so. The significant thing is that stupidity is gaining power over shrewdness in Russia—Zinoviev ruling Trotzky. It certainly proves the British Government to be correct in its contention that the Third International is the principal element of Sovietism, and it should satisfy the world that Bolshevism does not primarily propose to build Russia but to destroy the rest of the world if it can. The principal business of Bolshevism is found in the program of the Third International, not in the policies of the United Socialist Soviet Republic—the U. S. S. R. of sinister fame.

The people of Russia have allowed themselves to become the playthings of a handful of needy adventurers of no determinate nationality, but with common racial characteristics. Perhaps they will have the good sense to see that the one thing that blocks their progress and delays the day of their real regeneration is their toleration of a tyranny such as Czarism at its worst would have deemed impossible.

Let the Journal Refute It

THE *Wall Street Journal* is not successful with humor. And when, quite contrary to its custom, it cites opinions and omits to name their authors, it loses in convincing power. Its recent assertion under a Washington date line—we rather hesitate to credit it to an informed Washington correspondent—that the capitol is "amused" by THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT'S assembly of facts bearing upon the failure of all attempts by American citizens to open up honest trade with Germany, and the success of similar attempts by German-Jewish financiers, would have been more in keeping with the *Journal's* dignity had it indicated the amused persons. THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT knows many persons in Washington whose reaction is very far from amusement, equally far from being amusing, but when it is ready to print that fact as news it will not allow it to remain in the doubtful state of anonymity.

The *Journal's* writer apparently knows the outlines of the truth about Paul Warburg's relation to the Federal Reserve and through that to the American financial system, but cannot reconcile the fact that at the secret Jekyl Island conference Senator Aldrich advocated a central bank plan, with the fact that in the present system there are twelve regional banks. This betrays an ignorance of comparatively recent financial history. The story of the Jekyl Island conference was told by B. C. Forbes in *Leslie's* during 1916. And no less an authority than Professor E. R. A. Seligman, of Columbia, tells (Proceedings of the Academy of Political Science, Vol. 4, No. 4, pp. 387-390, July, 1914) that Senator Aldrich "was won over by Mr. Warburg to the adoption of these two fundamental features," first, the central bank, second the European system of rediscount. The *Journal* writer should read this very informative article. He will find that "the concession in the shape of the twelve regional reserve banks . . . . is, in the opinion of Mr. Warburg . . . . a mistake." "The existence of the Federal Reserve Board creates, in everything but in name, a real central bank." All these facts are pertinent to the "amusement" with which the *Journal* writer deals. And he can find still more information in Volume Three of the Studies in the Jewish Question, entitled "Jewish Influences in American Life." In that little book he will learn that Mr. Warburg, upon his examination by a Committee of the Senate as to his fitness to serve on the Federal Reserve Board, proposed to "overcome in an administrative way" this little error of allowing twelve regional reserve banks to exist, which so shadowed his plan for centralized New York control.

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has no interest in Mr. Warburg or any other distinguished persons as individuals, nor even as Jews or Gentiles, but as influences. In that respect it will be found that the statements made in this paper concerning the defeat of American efforts and the success of German-Jewish efforts are worth reading and comparing with the data given and obtainable.

This, of course, is offering advice in the *Wall Street Journal's* own field, and it is difficult to conceive that that highly serviceable financial daily does not know what has been long known to many New York bankers. But the last thing to do with such articles as those commented on is to seek for amusement in them; they are too deeply rooted and too seriously undertaken.

If the *Wall Street Journal* has any refutation to make, there are people in Washington, Dearborn and New York, who would be interested to weigh and test it.

Go Forward!

IT IS not so much the speed with which things are done that counts, but the steadiness. An essential of all kinds of progress is that it be continuous. There must be no standing still. The rate of progress may, for one reason or another, slacken at times, but the movement must always be forward. A man's pace may be comparatively slow, but if he pursues it steadily and with his eyes wide open, he makes more progress than one who rushes along blindly for a time, and, exhausted by his exertions, stumbles frequently and sometimes loses the path altogether. "It's dogged does it." Choose your goal, keep steadily on. Whatever occurs, you will find yourself farther forward than if you had never begun.

Samuel Gompers

IF, AS it is reported, Samuel Gompers' last words were, "God bless American institutions," it was but the expression of a life-long appreciation. Although he was the leader of the American union labor movement, he was not identified with many of the fallacies or excesses which have marked that movement from time to time. He kept to the main lines on which public opinion always agreed, namely, that good working conditions, decent hours, a wage sufficient to maintain the American standard of comfort and self-respect were the least that industry owed the multitudes of workers who staffed its various enterprises. These contentions seem self-evident now, and doubtless they would have been generally acknowledged long before they were, had not bad temper been aroused, as it always is, in a fight. There were rowdies in the A. F. L.; there were rowdies also in the National Employers' Association. The extreme labor press was not more vitriolic than the extreme employers' press. Both sides had each its own quota of plug-uglies, some of them in overalls, some of them in broadcloth and plug hats; these were the destructive elements.

Samuel Gompers was a Jew who did not seem to have inherited certain traits which the influx of Asiatic Jews have given the public to consider as characteristically Jewish. He was English born and was probably a purer type than the half-breed hordes which swarm this country. His ethical strain was strong and enduring. He mingled a strong idealism with a very practical ability. He maintained his leadership, not by strong-arm methods, but by the steadfastness of his character.

The worth of Mr. Gompers to the nation has been fully realized since the war. In the aftermath of Red propaganda, Gompers stood firmly for American institutions. When the Bolsheviks used their "boring from within" tactics on the American trades unions, Gompers checkmated them at every turn. No man knew better than he the components of Soviet-Bolshevik-Internationalism. Toward the end he gave way to bad political counsel. For no one could have known better than he that, except in extreme instances where the general public also joined, there was in this country, and could be, no "labor vote." American workmen are American citizens and vote as such.

But Mr. Gompers' influence did prevent in large degree the American trades union movement being deceived or outwitted by the Russian Jewish faction. It is to be hoped that his successors will be as wise. In Russia, at the Red International of Labor Unions, held last November, one of the streamers across the convention hall read—"THE TRADES UNIONS ARE THE SCHOOLS FOR COMMUNISM." It reads like the statement of a fact, but it is not a fact; it is the expression of the Red Russian Jewish program. Directly it becomes a fact, American trades unionism is dead. Samuel Gompers saw this most clearly, and doubtless he has left disciples who will keep the vision alive.

Is It Too Much Law?

ONE of the causes of lawlessness in this country is that there are too many laws. The more laws there are the more chance there is of people breaking them. But the trouble with most laws seems to be that no sooner are they on the statute book than someone comes along with another law calculated to sap and undermine them and render them innocuous or useless.

A gentleman of the name of Bumble once declared in a moment of irritation that the "law was an ass"—which was rather a sweeping statement, as Bumble included all law in his classification. But if Bumble was right it only goes to show that law only partakes of the assininity of its makers. But even so, as long as a law stands on the statute book it ought to be respected. And if it is not a good law, no shorter way of proving its unfitness can be found than that of enforcing it.

Every state, upon analysis of its statutes, would find many enactments that have become obsolete or have proved impracticable. A judicious redding up of the accumulated legislation of the last hundred years or so might do much to clear the way for a better state of things. What is good and sound and workable may be retained, and all that makes for the public good.

That there is an alarming slackness in the administration of the law in this country cannot be denied. There are too many sources of defeating the ends of justice which are get-at-able by those interested. Pressure is brought to bear in quarters where it should never be tolerated, and many a crime goes unpunished. Better to have a few laws that are effective and properly enforced, than a conglomeration of half-baked legislation that is worse than useless.

Ultima Thule—He Found It a Three Year Exile

First White Man to Penetrate Remote Arctic Wilderness Tells Experience

By GUDRUN TOKSVIG

THE members of the Fifth Thule Expedition, organized by the Danish Government and private initiative, and whose main object was to trace the ethnological and anthropological relation between the Greenland and American Eskimos, have now all returned to Denmark except Knud Rasmussen. The latter still keeps westward from Alaska to investigate the Siberian tribes, but he is soon expected in Copenhagen.

So far the expedition has cost the Danish Government 280,000 kroner and private capital 150,000 kroner. The Danish polar explorer, Peter Freuchen, the expedition's zoölogist and botanist, who counts this his sixteenth Arctic exploration, returned to Copenhagen recently on the Royal Danish Greenland Trading Company's ship, the *Hans Egede.*. Accompanying him was the mechanical engineer, Blichert Hansen, whose problem had been to transport the six-ton meteor found by Knud Rasmussen in 1913 in North Greenland, from its mountain resting place down to the sea. It will remain on the beach until next year when it will be shipped to Denmark. Two days later another member of the Thule Expedition, the author and anthropologist, Helge Bangsted, returned on the *Frederick VIII* via Winnipeg.

Freuchen left Denmark three and a half years ago, in 1921. With him went the first motion-picture expedition to Greenland as well as the National Museum's Research Expedition, who conducted a series of excavations in South Greenland, the latter finding interesting medieval-cut costumes and tools belonging to the ancient Norsemen. Two weeks later, Knud Rasmussen sailed with his ship, the *Sea King* (Sökongen). Freuchen is the third expedition member to return. The first two men to return were the anthropologists, Birket Smith and Therkel Matthiasen, who arrived at Copenhagen in the spring of 1923.

After the completion of the films, Freuchen started north from Lyon Inlet to solve his problem proper, namely, to survey and chart the archipelago between Greenland and America, and to conduct botanical and zoölogical researches. Freuchen is the first white man entirely to penetrate Baffin Land. Some regions here had not been surveyed in the last 200 years.

The most important surveys in Freuchen's eyes are the maps he made of Southampton Island, east and north coast of Melville Bay, Milne Inlet, south shore of Lancaster Sound, entire Admiralty Inlet with adjacent fjords, and north coast of Fury and Hecla Straits. Baffin Land is now really surveyed. Some islands hitherto believed to exist do not exist. A couple of fjords continue farther inland than hitherto believed, and he has named new fjords and bays.

"The animal life in Baffin Land is rich and varied, and would be a gold mine for the natives," says Freuchen, "if the Eskimos were as clever hunters and kayak-men as the Greenlanders." Their kayaks and tools were such as had been used in olden times in Greenland, and on the whole he found the people in a more primitive state than the Greenland Eskimos. Freuchen's two Greenlandic Cape York Eskimos, who accompanied him, caught fully as many animals as a whole colony of forty Canadian Eskimos.

Reindeer abound here in great herds every summer, and wolves, fox, ermine, marmot, and so forth, are plentiful. Along the coasts are many whales and seals, while the streams are rich in salmon and other fish. A considerable variety of flowers and grasses is found, as well as butterflies, bees, and other insects; but birds are rare because the ermine eats the young ones.

Naturally, Freuchen's trip did not proceed without considerable hardships. Frequently dogs, flowers, and hare excrements were the only available food. Freuchen, himself, during a snowstorm developed gangrene in one foot which necessitated amputation of his big toe at Lyon Inlet.

During the advance north, some equipment had been left behind which Freuchen went back to get when he was overpowered by a violent snowstorm. Using his sled as a windshield, he bore up as well as he could, but when the storm was over he was deeply buried under several feet of closely packed, frozen snow. He could scarcely move, but after eleven hours' work he finally succeeded in extricating himself. Meanwhile his comrades had camped only a few yards away but had not heard him.

Freuchen found the Eskimos in the north of Canada friendly and honest as all Eskimos are, in his opinion, when one gets to know them and treats them fairly. These people are of pure Eskimo extraction; purer than the Greenland Eskimos. Curiously enough, they had never seen a white man, yet all could write. They employ hieroglyphics, their language being composed of thirty-two syllables, each having its written symbol.

Generally speaking, these American Eskimos do not lie nor steal, but they kill each other at the drop of a hat. The Fifth Commandment is unknown. Curiously enough a murderer goes free, but revenge takes the form of the literal interpretation of the words: "If you kill *my* brother, I'll kill *your* brother."

"Unlike the Greenland Eskimos," Freuchen says, "the Eskimos in the north of Canada are, as a rule, not Christians. And the ones who first become Christians are generally not the best nor ablest among them. They believe in the Great Spirit who has as his prophet the Angokok who has the power to invoke the Great Spirit. The Angokok, again, has a staff of assistant spirits.

"Every man has his formula which he uses in danger and he must not reveal it, or it loses its power. Man consists of three things: a body, a soul, and a name. When a man dies, his name wanders out into space to fasten itself to a soul. The tiny child weeps because it has no name. The spirits whisper names around the house, the oldest of the tribe listens, and gives the child name according to what he thinks he hears.

"When I returned next year to the same tribe, I found there had been a missionary with them from Igliluk—a man of forceful personality. In a short time he had done away with almost all the impracticable old taboos, so that life had become easier, and the inhabitants Christian by name. They carved crosses from walrus teeth but their Christian belief had its unique features. The faithful could, for example, still freely continue to exchange wives, but only with Christians. They could also still buy wives or sell daughters but only in the narrow circle of the true believers.

"Christianity, however, brought with it a certain humanitarian point of view, although, hygienically speaking, of a somewhat unfortunate nature. Hitherto, three old members of the tribe had been isolated because they were afflicted with a loathsome disease, otherwise not occurring in these parts. These three were now readmitted into the tribe; and I saw an old woman with big, running sores in her head, minding children.

(C) Keystone

Photo shows Peter Freuchen with his little daughter who had not seen him since he went away in 1920.

"Suicides are not uncommon. The favorite method is by hanging. I remember a case of a man who wanted to hang himself. His fellow Eskimos set great store by him, and accordingly offered him a pound of tobacco if he would live on. He promised, but tired quickly of smoking the tobacco, and one fine day he hanged himself after all.

"Girls are, as a rule, killed at birth, unless they are almost immediately sold or promised in marriage. Hence, there is a scarcity of women, and most of them have two husbands. Famines sometimes induce cannibalism. I saw a woman who had eaten her husband and her five children during a famine. Now, she is a great lady once more, married again and respected.

"Death can also be heroic. An old woman saw that she was becoming a burden to her son. 'Build me a snowhouse,' she said, 'and abandon me.' But the son would not. He was fond of the old woman and would have her with him. But she kept insisting, and he finally gave in and built the house, and walled up all openings, so she could not get out. A tiny hole was left at the top through which the name and soul could escape—the immortal parts of the human being. A few days later we found the old mother dead in the snow hut."

"In the spring of 1923" says Freuchen in another interview, "I was staying on Vansittard Island near Lyon Inlet, together with my Cape York Eskimos and Helge Bangsted. After accomplishing some map surveys, I went in June to one of the Hudson's Bay Company's stations in Repulse Bay, and with whaleboat down to Rowes Welcome, a sound along Southampton Island. It was an arduous journey, made difficult by heavy pack ice. Here the Hudson's Bay Company has a big station with a police force of sixty-five men. Murders are not infrequent. The police undoubtedly have the best intentions, but unfortunately know nothing of the Eskimo language, and grave misunderstandings consequently arise.

"I was a semi-invalid because of the frozen foot I had got on my winter expedition to North Baffin Land. Nevertheless, I pottered around a little and killed time by excavating the ruins of some old Eskimo houses. Finally one of the Royal Greenland Trading Company's ships came up with a doctor, who operated on my foot. I stayed here until the beginning of August, when I returned to Repulse Bay on a little schooner, and came back to Vansittard Island in October, where Bangsted had stayed all summer with the Cape York Eskimos, and had had very good hunting.

"We left here the day after Christmas going north along the eastern coast of Melville Peninsula, a region only loosely charted by Peary, but which I now surveyed in more detail. February 5, we came to an *Iglulik* colony by Fury and Hecla Straits where we stayed about eight days and caught several walruses. From there we drove up through Baffin Island, and here determined that the fjord of Milne Island extends much farther inland than hitherto believed.

"At Ponds Inlet where the Hudson's Bay Company has a station, we rested a little while, and the dogs were given extra fodder. We then kept on along the southerly side of Lancaster Sound to a point called Cape York, and attempted to force Lancaster Sound by means of our sleds, to which we had tied our hunting buoys. Out in the middle of the Sound, however, a wind blew up, the ice packed, and we had to seek back toward the shore, a very difficult matter because the ice carried us out almost as fast as we could drive toward the shore.

"This maneuver made us lose our tents, and we now had a rather difficult time because the snow was still too soft to allow building of snow huts. We had to return south around Admiralty Inlet where I discovered a large fjord, which I named Fabricius Fjord after the Danish zoölogist. Here we met with an Eskimo tribe afflicted by a species of boils. Unfortunately our own Cape York Greenlanders became infected, so that we had to let them remain here for the time being. Happily, I induced a young Eskimo of the tribe—Malla—to accompany us as guide against pay and fair words. The pay was a gun and a wife, who brought a sled as dowry. A very nice wife, by the way!

"We kept on straight ahead through the country, Cockburn Land. The region is the northerly part of Baffin Land, a very hilly stretch, while the southern part is level clay. Again, a most strenuous trip. We had barely enough fodder for the dogs, and we had to eat one of them, but now and then we shot a reindeer; otherwise we lived on hare excrements. On June 27, 1924, we returned to Ponds Inlet, whence we came to Bilot Island where there was good whaling. The Thule Expedition ship, the *Sea King,* arrived here July 31, went down to Admiralty Island and took on board the Cape York Eskimos we had left there. The *Sea King* had been in Thule to see if we should have arrived there, but now fetched us here after previous agreement. The ship had too little oil to return to Thule, and accordingly sailed over to Cape Seddon in Greenland by Melville Bay, and put the Cape Yorkers on land here. From there I came down to Upernivik where I boarded the *Hans Egede.*"

Helge Bangsted, the Danish anthropologist, the fourth member of the Thule Expedition to return, was gone four years, and had some stirring adventures of his own. September 26, 1923, Bangsted left the expedition headquarters on Danske Island near Lyon Inlet, and went south to examine the comparatively unknown Eskimo tribes, who, practically speaking, had had no contact with white men. They lived about 200 miles south of Danske Island in the region around the big Baker Lake and the Kazan River. Bangsted was here to continue his ethnographical researches as well as around Ranken Bay.

Besides Bangsted, there was only the Eskimo Siutluk, meaning, "He with the Ear." The heavy frost was late in 1923, and the result was that they traveled on thin ice nearly the whole trip. A couple of days after breaking up camp to reach Chesterfield, the ocean ice broke under their sleds. They lost all provisions, films, camera, and so forth, as well as several dogs without it being at all possible to attempt to save the animals, and much clothing had to be discarded because they could not get it dried. A proposal was made to turn back to get new equipment, but they finally decided to go on.

They managed to sustain life by hunting. Fortunately there was plenty of reindeer in these regions, and not a few seals, so they kept on to Chesterfield where Hudson's Bay Company has a station. Here, around Baker Lake, however, this branch of the expedition met with new difficulties. The Eskimos had starved all winter. Situated far inland, the Eskimos have only the reindeer to fall back upon. If the reindeer migrations are a failure, starvation is the result. This had just happened when Bangsted came. Neither had these Eskimos any clothes because these are mostly made of reindeer skin. They had been sustaining life by the help of one or two small salmon a day for a family of five.

Bangsted found the Eskimos in this region more primitive than the Greenlanders, but the race is the same.

(Concluded on page 10)

John W. Goff, Who Made Manhattan Clean

Noted Lawyer Who Tackled Tammany and Gave Graft a Black Eye

By PETER SCHUYLER

ON THE tenth day of November, 1924, there passed out of the life of Manhattan one of the most picturesque, colorful, and compelling figures that ever occupied the center of the stage in "The Largest Hick Village in the World."

But because John W. Goff had done so much to make it tolerable in the nostrils of the nation, Manhattan let him go to his grave with as scant ceremony as if he had never done anything for the good of the community. A grafting district leader would have caused more comment by his death.

Thirty years ago Goff's name blazed across the front page of every New York paper with daily regularity. He was then the special counsel to the Lexow committee which was investigating vice conditions in the city. Day after day he dragged from its apparent security some fresh form of graft and with it the names of the grafters who battened off it. He cleaned Manhattan's house as it had never been cleaned before. The rule of Tweed had been destroyed with the pencil of Tom Nast, the cartoonist, as a powerful weapon in that attack. But Croker succeeded Tweed, and Croker's Tammany was the same jungle tiger as Tweed's. One boss was dethroned but another took his place. The system itself was continuing and indestructible—apparently. Then came Goff, with his mild blue eyes, his soft Irish brogue and his unfailing courage. When Goff finished Croker was not only driven into oblivion but the system he represented was smashed forever. For the first and only time in the history of the city professional politicians learned the bitter lesson that there was really no such thing for them as immunity from the law. And John W. Goff was the schoolmaster who beat the lesson into them. Tammany never forgot nor forgave him for what he had done to it although with paradoxical frankness it admits that "the organization" is better off now without the old "dirty" graft than it ever was with it. But it refused to credit Goff with being the cause of the reformation. According to Tammany he had nothing to do with it. The reform came from a virtuous interior impulse, not his outside pressure. In any event it did not take Goff to its bosom after he had beaten it, as has ever been the accepted Tammany procedure. It realized that he could never be used. Manhattan at large realized that fact, too. He lived a free agent in all that phrase implies and he died a free agent. He never would play "the game" and Manhattan has no niche in her hall of fame for anyone who refuses to be "regular."

An Everlasting Nightmare

SMALL wonder then that when Goff, the stormiest of all its stormy petrels of bench, bar, and public life, took his last long flight that the city, for whose fair name he had waged war so relentlessly against the forces of corruption, scarcely noticed the event. For years he was the tireless pursuing fury of systematized vice. At every political feast he was the Banquo's ghost. He was the everlasting nightmare that haunted the slumbers of the higher-ups. Criminals called him "a hanging judge." Politicians labeled him "fanatic." Lawyers who never could reach him when he was on the bench and corruptionists who could never do business with him when he was off it branded him as "radical." Higher courts set aside his decisions and reversed his judgments. It made no difference to Goff. He was absolutely uncontrollable when justice was involved and his efforts to see it done were unhalted by any personal considerations.

It was not easy to connect the physical man with his record. It took some imagination to visualize in the tottering, spare old man with the red-apple cheeks, the shock of snow-white hair and venerable beard, the incredibly soft and melodious Irish brogue and the mild blue eyes, the crusader of Lexow days, the unshakable independent who was New York's last Recorder, the imperturbable Supreme Court judge who sent to the electric chair the criminals in the Rosenthal murder, and one of the moving spirits in the *Catalpa* romance.

Goff's age was for years a subject of bitter controversy. Whenever there was a possibility of his presiding at a trial where graft was involved, the date of his birth was discussed. Those interested in getting an unfixable judge off the bench clamored that he was as old as Methuselah and should have been retired years before. "How old is Goff?" was a question as popular and unanswerable as "How old is Ann?"

But if his enemies thought they could force the old man into retirement before he wanted to go they were mistaken. Goff paid no heed to the discussion. The schoolhouse wherein were kept the birth records of the village where he was born had been destroyed by fire. There was no way of checking up on his years, and the subject of the controversy kept an immutable and irritating silence. The last time his age became a matter of importance was during the trial of the Rosenthal murderers. In the person of Lieutenant Charles Becker, police graft had staged its comeback in Manhattan affairs for the first time since the Lexow investigation. Becker was an old-style Croker-Tammany cop, and when he was indicted for complicity in the killing of Rosenthal "the system" was once more dragged to the dock. By one of the ironies of fate, the judge assigned to try the case was Goff, the same man who as prosecutor had given police-politician graft its quietus in 1893. Under the circumstances the enthusiasm of the defendants was not altogether hilarious. They knew and the power behind them knew that no one living could "get to" Goff. So the point was raised that by reason of his age Goff was precluded from hearing the case. Without the slightest sign of irritation Goff ruled that he was competent to preside at the trial and the Court of Appeals to which the matter was later taken decided that he was.

He made no secret of the fact that he was born in Ireland, came to America friendless, and went to work in the dry goods store of another Irishman, A. T. Stewart. Out of that job he pulled himself by the boot straps. During his lunch hour he used to wander about the courts listening to what was going on. If, as has been stated, he then reached the determination to study law, he also got a hatred for judicial injustice and a contempt for legal red tape when there was a straight-out issue of plain right and wrong, which was one of his outstanding characteristics later. He worked in Stewart's shipping room during the day, studied law at night, and in 1870 was admitted to the bar. Six years later he sprang into prominence by reason of his connection with the *"Catalpa"* affair.

The "Catalpa" Affair

IN 1866, John Boyle O'Reilly, the Irish poet, was, with twenty companions, sentenced to penal servitude in Australia for stirring up rebellion among the English troops stationed in Ireland. O'Reilly escaped from the settlement in Van Diemen's Land and as soon as he was at liberty started a plan to rescue his companion. Goff, then struggling along as an unknown lawyer, but a fiery worker in the Irish cause, was made chairman of the secret executive committee which hired the *Catalpa*, a whaler out of New Bedford, and sent her on the voyage to Van Diemen's Land. There she picked up O'Reilly's companions as they fled the penal settlement and stood out to sea. An English frigate fired a shot across her bows as a hint to stop but the skipper of the *Catalpa*, Captain Anthony, a rock-ribbed New Englander, promptly hoisted the American flag and profanely invited the English frigate to fire on that. Discretion, disinclination to kick up an international row, or the more probable feeling of "Goodby and good riddance" kept the English captain from accepting the invitation and the *Catalpa* made off with her human salvage.

Whether his prominence in the *"Catalpa"* affair started him on his upward career cannot be asserted with assurance but it probably had something to do with it. For all his devotion to the cause of Irish freedom Goff never trained with the Tammany Irish of Croker's type. No one can be as bitter toward his racial brothers as the idealist Irishman is against the materialist kind. The Tammany Irish always distinguished between "clean" graft and "dirty" graft. The former came from protection given to saloons violating the excise laws, or from contracts to do city work; the latter always came from prostitution and for that reason was held to be reprehensible. Goff, the idealist Irishman, hated graft of all kinds and grafters of all descriptions. That was the reason for his selection as counsel for the Lexow committee.

In 1893 Manhattan was rotten to the core. It was a Presbyterian clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Charles Parkhurst, who took on the nauseating job of showing up things as they were. Accompanied by two members of his congregation, Dr. Parkhurst made a personal investigation of the worst districts and shouted what he discovered from the housetops. The dive keepers and the crooked police tried to build the usual back fire by also shouting from the housetops their belief that it was personal diversion and not moral zeal which prompted the Parkhurst search for evidence. In spite of the mud slingers the clergyman stuck to his job and his disclosures increased in color, detail, and sensationalism.

It happened that the political power in control of the state at the moment was one altogether opposed to Democratic Tammany and it saw in the Parkhurst revelations a chance to destroy a rival and acquire some moral prestige for itself. At the instigation of a lawmaker named Lexow, a committee was appointed to investigate conditions in New York. Tammany gave a hoot of derision. The thing would blow over in no time. It would be a nine-days' wonder. Nothing would come of it. Tammany was cynically sure that no one could uncover its secret sins. It awaited confidently the issue. At the express request of Dr. Parkhurst, John W. Goff, then assistant district attorney, was appointed special counsel to the commission, and the committee moved down to New York for what everyone felt sure was a useless trip. Only the people who knew Goff's uncanny skill as a cross-examiner sat back and waited.

The first few days of the investigation saw Tammany triumphant. The apparently diffident, palpably Irish special counsel with the sweet touch of brogue and the quaintly old-fashioned, almost scriptural English, was getting nowhere. Then under the hypnotic insistence of the mild voice that had never raised a tone a witness broke badly. Without the slightest sign of satisfaction Goff continued his patient, fatherly cross-examination. There was none of the blood-hungry prosecutor in his attitude just then. He was more like a confessor listening to the sins of a penitent. And involuntarily the penitent told what he knew. Then the prosecutor sprang into action. Witness after witness succumbed to his pitiless determination to get at the truth. If it did not come willingly he dragged it out bit by bit. And he never ceased until he got it all. Up into the light he forced the unspeakable story of politics living off every conceivable form of human degradation. Out of the darkness of respectability with which they had shrouded themselves he yanked the scared persons of the men higher up. From Croker, the boss, he wrung the admissions which led later to his retirement from the kingship of Tammany. The police grafters' heads went into the basket one after the other until he had cleansed the force from top to bottom. When the investigation ended Goff had smashed beyond reorganization the hitherto invincible army of graft. He put the fear of God—and Goff—into Tammany and he set in motion the movement which afterward resulted in the complete divorce of the Wigwam and "dirty" graft. His reward was the election to the office of Recorder which he held for twelve years. He was the last of the Recorders and for one reform he instituted the most worthy to be remembered. Here again he killed a long established form of corruption.

Checkmating the Politicians

THE Recorder was really a judge of the Criminal Court before whom were tried all major and minor offenses. The pickpocket and the murderer faced the Recorder.

The first reform Goff put into force as soon as he took office was the disposition of indictments. Prior to his incumbency indictments which were returned by the grand jury were sent to the district attorney's office where that official could either bury them, quash them, or make any disposition he cared to of them. Goff fixed it so that criminal indictments were deposited with the clerk of the court and became part of the record. In doing so he annihilated one of the greatest sources of power the politicians had. They could always bring pressure on the district attorney to quash indictments returned against any of their supporters or keep them on file to make their enemies behave. Goff as a former assistant district attorney knew what was happening daily and with one blow he stopped it forever.

On January 1, 1919, he retired because he had reached the age of seventy. It was the first time he gave his enemies the satisfaction of knowing how old he was and it was quite like him to delay the information until it would do them no good. The illness from which he died was contracted at the polls while voting at the latest election. Those who followed his lifelong unqualified and remorseless fight against "The System" are quite sure he did not cast any "regular" ballot as his final shot. He couldn't do it and be Goff.

Ultima Thule—He Found It a Three Year Exile

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Polygamy is prevalent. A man takes a wife to get as many children as possible to support him in his old age. These people were, however, not the most primitive Eskimo tribe that Bangsted encountered. Nearer the pole, the tribes are still more primitive. The so-called *Netjiliks,* whom the author had a chance to study for a short time when he was with Knud Rasmussen on the latter's trip through the Northwest Passage, use bow and arrow. Wood is unknown. The sledge runners are therefore made of the skin of the musk ox, and frozen salmon are used as crossribs in the sleds. These people live almost exclusively on raw meat because they cannot secure any more fuel than is barely necessary to warm their huts or melt ice for drinking purposes. Their clothing consists entirely of reindeer skin.

Bangsted, who studied Eskimo one year in Greenland, made himself readily understandable in that language—practically the same from East Greenland to Alaska—and found the people very friendly and hospitable.

His worst experience during the trip was one summer when he with Birket Smith walked from Yathkeyed Lake to Bear Lake, a stretch of 200 to 300 miles. Hunting was poor so there was nothing to do but store their collections and paraphernalia, and march through the icy wastes to seek stations where they could get food. Three Eskimos accompanied them. In five days they had only one grouse to divide among them—five husky men.

Finally, Blichert Hansen's feat in getting Knud Rasmussen's six-ton meteor down from its original resting place on the *fjeld* to the sea was no mean engineering job considering the primitive equipment at his disposal. It took nearly three years because of difficulties due to the loss of equipment, bad weather, and illness. The first year was wasted, but on February 15, 1923, the real work began. The actual task of getting the stone down from the mountain took nine days with the aid of six Eskimos and sixty-five dogs.

Both men and animals were now too exhausted from lack of food to proceed farther with the stone. In the latter part of April they began again with 14 sledges and 140 dogs. Snow and thin ice hindered progress, but on April 27, the stone was on *terra firma* at Savik, whence it will be taken to the Buschmann Islands next summer by the Cape York Eskimos, and thence on to Copenhagen where the meteor will be placed in the open courtyard of the Mineralogical Museum. The meteor is mostly pure iron and measures 1.55 meters at its broadest place.

Daugaard Jensen, director for the Greenland colonies, who has been on an inspection tour of the country, also returned on the *Hans Egede*. He was well satisfied with the year's fishing results which he found more than the average in most places, especially at Godthaab.

The new radio stations are progressing nicely. Engineer Bretting expects the work to be finished next year. At the Julianehaab colony the mast is erected and the station built. At Godhavn the foundation of the station building has been started, while at Godthaab the work is about finished.

Upernivik is now the only colony in Greenland where there still are eider ducks. The yield of down has hitherto been about two or three hundred pounds a year, but if the birds are not soon protected, they will become extinct. Bistrup hopes to get the same protection for these birds as obtains on the Faroe Islands.

Drainage Destroys Home of Our Game Birds

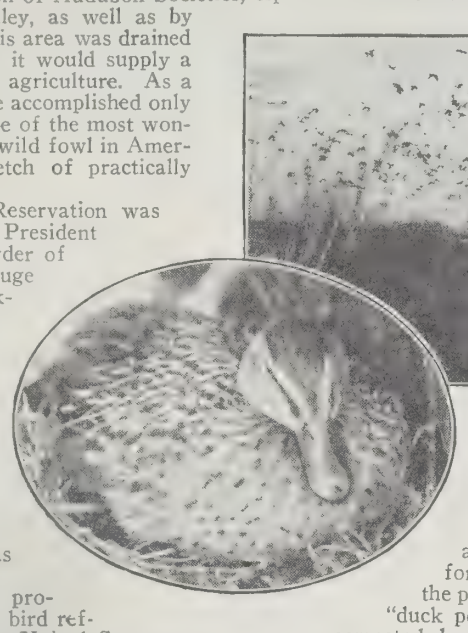
Curious Effects Upon Wild Life of Certain Modern Improvements

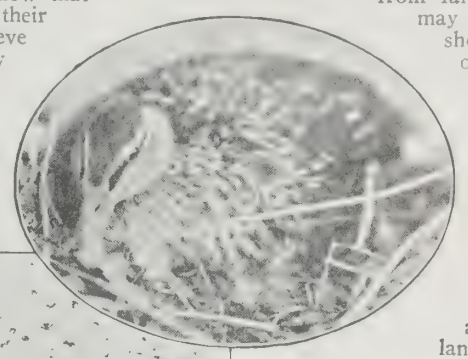
By JAMES CLYDE GILBERT

FULLY fifty million acres of lake, swamp and marshland have been drained in this country during the last few years, mostly for agricultural purposes. Much of this drained land is worthless or at least not worth the effort and money it cost to drain it. When the water is taken from these lands some of the very best nesting and feeding grounds of our migratory game goes with it. This drainage craze is growing stronger and is affecting lands not suitable in any way for agriculture. As evidence of this there is the instance of the drainage project near Muscatine, Iowa, where the level of the river during flood stage makes the soil too wet to cultivate.

The Commissioner of Reclamation in the Interior Department has recently informed the Chief of the Biological Survey that as soon as water is available it will be turned into the Lower Klamath Lake, in California and Oregon, for the purpose of restoring conditions favorable to a multitude of migratory wild fowl such as occupied the lake before it was drained. The restoration of this lake has been actively championed by the National Association of Audubon Societies, especially through W. L. Finley, as well as by the Biological Survey. This area was drained in 1917 with the idea that it would supply a large acreage valuable for agriculture. As a matter of fact the drainage accomplished only the utter destruction of one of the most wonderful breeding places for wild fowl in America and laid bare a stretch of practically worthless alkaline land.

Klamath Lake Bird Reservation was originally set aside by President Roosevelt, by executive order of August 8, 1908, as a refuge for the birds using the extensive marsh areas then existing as breeding grounds. These included large numbers of Canada geese, together with important colonies of gulls, Caspian terns, grebes, and white pelicans. These birds enjoyed the sanctuary thus afforded up to the time the area was drained in 1917.





Thousands of wild fowl will again be available if Federal protection is afforded them in places set aside for their breeding.

Commenting on the prospective restoration of this bird refuge, Doctor Nelson, of the United States Department of Agriculture, said that cutting off the supply of water from Lower Klamath Lake had been a striking example of the folly of unwise drainage whereby water areas useful for the support of vast numbers of wild fowl are destroyed for the purpose of developing agricultural lands without first determining that the lands beneath the waters are of any real value, especially as compared with the public asset represented by the wild life which these areas in their pristine condition so bountifully support.

Dr. Nelson also says that it is hoped the rainfall will be sufficient during the coming winter to supply the necessary surplus water, so that the wild fowl may again concentrate there. He added that conservationists and lovers of wild life throughout the country would rejoice over the information that these waters may again resound with the calls of the wild birds.

But that section is but a small part of our bird-breeding country. Elsewhere our migratory game is today facing the greatest, most fundamental danger which has ever threatened it. Birds cannot live in the air!

Overshooting and evils of that sort can be corrected by restrictive laws, but once remove the feeding and nesting grounds and the migratory game is gone beyond recall. Restrictive laws won't help. The Game Refuge-Public Shooting Ground Bill furnishes the solution by providing government-owned permanent refuges for this class of game and for birds valuable to agriculture. On certain areas no shooting *will ever be permitted.*

Today the man of ordinary means is finding it increasingly difficult to discover a place in which he may hunt without being faced by a "no-trespassing" sign. This bill provides the solution by establishing at strategic points each year additional public shooting grounds where anyone may hunt. In time these will be easily accessible to the hunters of every state. The bill also provides funds with which to combat the duck disease which annually kills millions of ducks in the West. The effect of the bill is also very far-reaching in other ways. By means of it the government will recognize two most important points: the necessity for perpetuating the American system of free shooting; the effectiveness of the game refuge system. Once the government has established these refuges and the beneficial results are clearly seen, the various states must see the advisability of adopting the idea—establishing their own public shooting grounds and refuges for local game. All these things can be accomplished without the cost of a single cent to the general taxpayer.

Literally thousands of sportsmen, men who enjoy bird hunting, have come forward and offered to supply the funds to the government because they know that only through the provisions of this bill will their sport be preserved and because they believe that since they get the chief benefit they should stand the expense.

Wealthy individuals and gunning clubs have extended their holdings to such an extent that the shooting open to the public is being rapidly cut down. Then, too, we have today but twenty-five Federal wardens to enforce the provisions of the Migratory Bird Treaty Act in the entire United States and Alaska. We have thousands of acres suitable for the propagation of waterfowl except for the fact that there is insufficient feed of the proper varieties such as wild celery, wild rice, "duck potatoes," and the like. This can easily be corrected by introducing suitable food for the birds.

It is a well-known fact that wild ducks must have water if they are to survive. With the rapid increase of hunters in the country the situation is revolving to the point where they must at least make the attempt to save the shooting or face the possibility of no shooting. During the autumn migrations there is barely a damp spot in the United States that does not have at least one gunner lying in ambush for the unsuspecting migrant. If we are to provide shooting for posterity there must be resting and feeding places at various points between Canada and the Gulf of Mexico.

Under the provisions of the bill every man who hunts migratory game birds must take out a Federal hunting license costing $1, which is less than he pays for one box of ammunition. This money goes into a special fund. Approximately one-half of it will be used for the purchase of refuges and public shooting grounds; the other half will be used for the care and protection of the birds, both game and otherwise.

The question has been raised that to talk game refuge and a public shooting ground is inconsistent. Such a viewpoint comes only from the man who is not thoroughly conversant with the habits of our migratory game birds. Some of the refuges purchased under this bill would act as a sanctuary twelve months a year, in which a shot will not be fired except in the control of predacious birds and animals. On others, it is perfectly legitimate or proper to permit shooting during certain seasons of the year, under certain restrictions, without in any way hurting the birds. And this would be free to all who could afford the $1 Federal license.

For example, a great breeding marsh in Nebraska, or the Dakotas, may produce hundreds of thousands of birds and be a sanctuary until such time as these birds have departed on their southern journey. Then there is no good reason why this entire tract should not be made a public shooting ground for the balance of the season when the birds are drifting in from farther North. Other tracts may be part sanctuary and part shooting ground, all shooting, of course, being done under suitable regulations and only during the proper season. All this the proposed bill will provide.

The Izaak Walton League has reported that the old bed of Horicon Lake, once nationally famous as a hunting place, but drained a number of years ago in a land-selling scheme, is again under water and that wild ducks and geese by the thousands are flocking there as though the bed had never been dry. During the heavy rains of August the Rock River, which runs through Horicon marsh, was unable to accommodate the heavy volume of water. The excess water flowed into the old drained lake bottom and still covers it to a depth of from four to six feet.

Old-timers say that the amount of wild fowl compares favorably with the number that came in the early nineties, in the days before the drainage promoters substituted the sloughs, bayous, ponds and lakes with sun-baked land consisting mostly of dry peat and on which grew Canada thistles and weeds. If the game refuge bill were now a law a small dam at Horicon city would stop up the drainage and preserve the lake bed for the wild fowl.

As this district is but a short distance from Milwaukee its incorporation into a game refuge would prove an attraction to tourists and to hunters if shooting were permitted at times.

Section four provides "That no deed or instrument of conveyance shall be accepted or approved by the Secretary of Agriculture under this Act until the legislature of the State in which the area lies shall have consented to the acquisition thereof by the United States for the purposes of this Act."

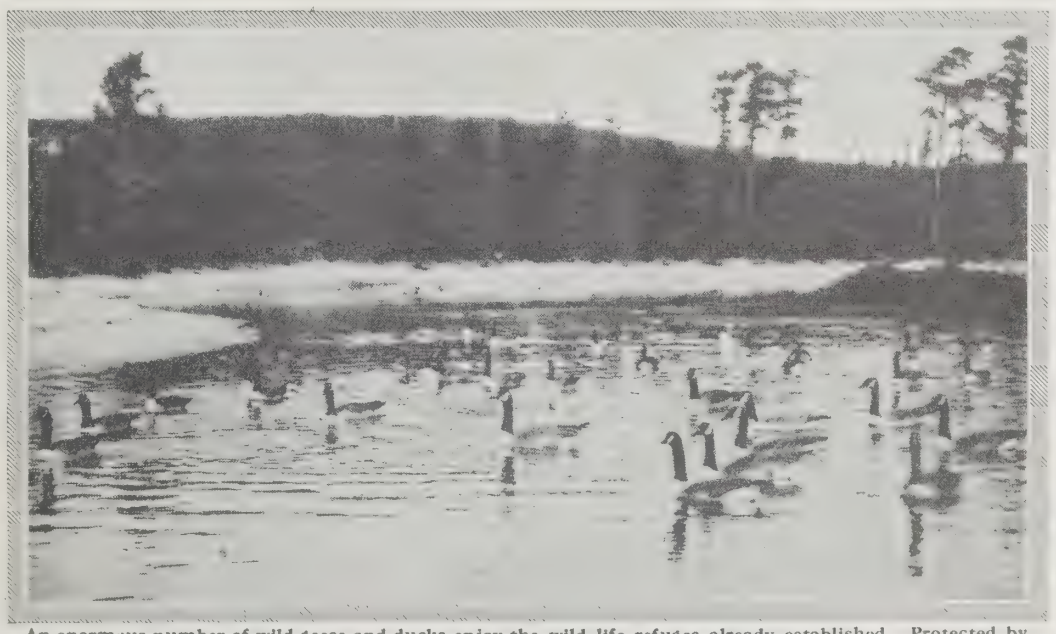
Section five contains the following: "And it shall be expressed in the deed or other conveyance that the use, occupation, and operation of such rights-of-way, easements, and reservations shall be subordinate to and subject to such rules and regulations; and all areas acquired under this Act shall be subject to the laws of the State in which they are located, if such laws are not inconsistent with the Migratory Bird Treaty Act, this Act, or regulations adopted pursuant to such acts."

The fisherman and trapper are protected in Section Six as follows: "Nothing in this Act shall be construed to prevent a person from entering upon any such area for the purpose of fishing or of trapping fur-bearing animals in accordance with the law of the State in which such area so entered is located."

A nominal penalty of $5 for first offenders is the punishment to be meted out to those who might hunt migratory birds without having first secured a Federal license. This amendment removes the objection raised by some against the former measure that the penalties for minor offenses were excessive.

This is without doubt the finest piece of conservation legislation ever introduced in state or nation.

Public interest in the welfare of the wild birds must be aroused. A comparatively restricted area in the South for the birds in winter is gradually becoming more restricted due to the drainage projects, some of which are impractical. Some progress has been made in providing sanctuaries during the months when the birds visit the more densely populated districts of our country, both North and South, but if we are to maintain the wild fowl in numbers that will permit shooting we must provide more protected areas within the next year or two or suffer for our negligence. Ernest Thompson Seton, the well-known wild life writer, advocates breeding places along the Canadian-United States border. He especially urges such places in the cities. He believes that ten acres in town is of more benefit than ten thousand acres ten miles from town.



An enormous number of wild geese and ducks enjoy the wild life refuges already established. Protected by wardens the birds become tame as the fowls of our farms.

New Year's—World's Oldest Holiday

Festival Which Each Country Holds in Characteristic Fashion; Gift-Giving a Feature From the Earliest Dawn of Civilization

By EARLE W. GAGE

NEW YEAR'S DAY is one of the oldest of holiday festivals. The Romans on this day were accustomed to exchange greetings and make presents. Never has it occurred on the first of January. It is probably the most movable feast known to history, having been held in nearly every season of the year; it is also the holiday redeemed, having been saved from the lewd orgies which characterized its early observance, but having been universally established as January 1 since 1752 by civilized peoples.

A wise prophet of long ago, who had given considerable thought to the flight of time, the revolving seasons, and the swiftly passing months, has observed that it is very appropriate, as far as the Northern Hemisphere is concerned, that January "should be the first month of the year. Its beginning being near the winter solstice, the year is thus made to present a complete series of the seasonal changes and operations, including equally the first movements of spring, and the death of all annual vegetation in the frozen arms of winter."

Fixing New Year's Day

HOWEVER, the calendars of the ancients—the Jews, the Egyptians, the Greeks—did not place the commencement of the year at this point. It was not done until the formation of the Roman Calendar usually attributed to the second king, Numa Pompilius, whose reign is set down as terminating in the year 672 B. C. Numa, it is said, decreed that the year should commence at this time, and he added two new months to the ten into which the year had previously been divided, calling the first of the new months Januarius, in honor of Janus, the pagan god supposed to preside over the doors. Janus might very naturally be presumed also to have something to do with the opening of the year.

The ancient Jewish calendar year opened as a rule on what is now March 25, and it continued long to have a legal position in Christian countries. In England, it was not until 1752 that January 1 became the initial day of the legal year, as it had long been the initial day of the popular year.

Before that time it was customary to set down dates between January 1 and March 24, inclusive, in this way, "January 30, 1648-49," meaning that popularly the year was 1649, but legally 1648, for the legal year did not begin until March 25.

Thus New Year's Day was a movable holiday; every race and creed had a different idea and custom as to its day of visitation, and uncertainty reigned throughout the then known world. Different nations celebrated the day at various seasons in the winter, the spring, the summer and the autumn. The ancient Egyptians and Persians began the new year at the autumnal equinox, September 22, and the Greeks in the time of Solon—after whom every rural lawmaker has called himself ever since—at the winter solstice, December 21. The Romans began the year with the winter solstice until changed to January 1. The Jews began the New Year at the vernal equinox, March 22, as the beginning of the year. This is astronomically the beginning of spring and is really a logical time to begin the new year.

In 1582 the Pope promulgated the Gregorian Calendar, and New Year, which medieval Europe therefore had observed on March 25, was finally fixed for the first day of January. Catholic countries adopted the change immediately. Protestant countries were slower, and it was not until the British Parliament passed a law fixing New Year's Day as on January 1, in 1752, that the Christian world accepted it generally.

The Wassail Bowl

UNDER the Caesars, New Year's was quite a source of profit to the emperor, and became so great a burden to the people that the Christian church prohibited its members from having anything to do with the festival. The orgies which accompanied the celebration of the season not only among the Romans but also among the Teutonic races, caused the early Christians to look with scant favor upon it. By the fifth century, however, December 25 had become a fixed festival commemorative of Jesus' nativity, and January 1 assumed a special sacred character as the feast of the circumcision.

In Scotland, the change was made by a decree of King James VI, who became James I of England, when the crowns of the two kingdoms were united at the death of Queen Elizabeth. The decree of King James was issued in the year 1600, so that Scotland made the change 152 years before it was made in England, by act of Parliament, almost a half-century after the complete union of England and Scotland.

Our Teutonic and Saxon ancestors found it impossible to celebrate New Year's Day without what they called the wassail bowl. Pledges were drunk from it, and from this came the name, wassail, derived from the Saxon "wass hail"—meaning "to your health." While a man drank from the great bowl, a friend stood near with sword drawn to protect him from interruption.

In England, no holiday was considered of much account that was not observed with flowing bowl. On New Year's Eve the wassail bowl was filled with spiced ale and drunk in families, and poorer folk tied a bowl with ribbons and begged for money for ale to fill and refill the bowl, singing:

> Wassail, wassail, all over the town,
> Our toast it is white, our ale it is brown;
> Our bowl it is made of a maplin tree,
> We be good fellows all I drink to thee.

The custom of exchanging presents on New Year's Day, though in Anglo-Saxon countries it has been largely superseded by the giving of Christmas gifts, is still retained in France and the Latin countries. It is one of the oldest and was one of the most universal observances of the season.

The Persians celebrated the beginning of the year by exchanging gifts of eggs. The ancient Druids distributed as New Year's gifts among the early Britons branches of the sacred mistletoe, cut with peculiarly solemn ceremonies on the previous night from oak trees in a forest dedicated to the gods.

In France the *jour de l'an* entirely puts Christmas in the shade—indeed it is only of late years that the latter has had any vogue at all to speak of among the French. Even now it is a fashionable imitation of an English custom rather than a native-born feast. The Christmas *créches* in churches and homes are but introductions to those of Epiphany, and the *trois Mages* are usually present at the Nativity whatever chronology may say.

The old Roman customs connected with Janus (who faced both ways, past and future) and the importance of the greetings and presents on the first of January are as flourishing today as 2,000 years ago. For the Romans of old, right back in early Republican times, presented their friends with dried figs, dates, and honeycomb as emblems of the sweetness of the omens under which the year should run its course. Along with these was the *stips*—a small coin or medal which was an emblem of the good luck expressed and also a mascot presaging riches. Later this became a "tip" to one's slave or workman.

Where Tradition Lingers

IN AMERICA and England, a few close friends, the younger generation, our business servants, such as postmen, and a few domestic ancillaries profit at Christmas; but in France the whole nation takes a hand. All your friends without exception must receive your wish of *"une bonne et heureuse annee,"* and this should be done personally. A private citizen of retiring habits (not many in France) may do this with fair ease; a business man with customers added to his own and his wife's relations has a harder task; while a public man of any distinction, even local, has any number, from hundreds to thousands, who *must* be remembered.

Fortunately, Dame Convention allows this to be done by deputy, and you may suitably inscribe your cards, send them around by a hired distributor, and peacefully remain at home. After the late war this custom was allowed to assume reasonable proportions, but in France all ceremonious traditions have a tough life, and today this "calling" duty is as binding as ever.

The New Year's present duty is just as rigid. Presents must be given, for instance, to all your employes. Hundreds of employers have to stand for hours receiving the handshake and *"Bonne annee"* from expectant workmen and return the wish with a *"Pareillement, Jules,"* or *"Pareillement, Gaston,"* together with an envelope containing a gift exactly proportionate to the importance of their duties. It is an opportunity of displaying considerable tact in deciding the precise position in the heirarchy of labor of the man who sweeps up the refuse and him who carts it away.

These New Year's gifts are called *etrennes,* and the derivation of the word indicates the antiquity of the custom. The ancestor of *etrenne* in historic times is the Sabine word *strena,* meaning health. It is a common word in republican times when it means any omen, generally of good luck.

"First Footing"

IN SCOTLAND, as in France, New Year's Day outshines Christmas as the most important festival of the year. A visitor whom every family expects on New Year's morning is the "first foot," a name given to the person who first sets foot over the threshold after the stroke of twelve.

At the principal Russian cities, under normal conditions, New Year's is celebrated according to the rite of the calendar of the Greek Church. The favorite form of gift appears to be bric-a-brac. Under the pretext of sending bonbons, men pack the candies in the most exquisite caskets of Saxe or Sévres porcelain, or else in boxes made of that beautiful enameled silverware for which Russian jewelers are justly famous. After the restoration of the Bourbons in France, it became fashionable to send bonbons on New Year's Day, and 1,000 tons of them, in 1822, were sold in the two days preceding the festival.

In Japan, the New Year is a season of much festivity and innocent mirth. Every portal is decorated and each object of which the decoration is composed has a symbolic meaning. The usual form of the decoration is a green arch. On the right is placed a small pine tree with a reddish stem, and on the left one with a black stem. Fancy has attributed to the light one a feminine and to the dark one a masculine sex. Also, this hardy tree symbolizes a stalwart age that has withstood the storms and struggles of existence. Close to the pines on either side are set graceful stems of bamboo, which, rising erect with succession of rings, form a fit symbol of hale life and fullness of years.

The distance between the trees, about six feet, is spanned by a grass rope sufficiently raised to admit of passage beneath it. This, according to its symbolic purpose, debars all unclean and evil things from crossing the threshold. Among the Chinese, New Year's Day is the greatest festival of the year, while in many countries it receives greater attention than even Christmas.

From old Dutch times to the middle of the nineteenth century, New Year's Day in New York City was devoted to the universal interchange of visits. Every door was thrown open, and it was a breach of etiquette to omit any acquaintance in the annual calls; when old friendships were renewed and family differences amicably settled.

Former Days in Old New York

AT THIS period there were great feasts spread in many houses and the traditions of tremendous Dutch eating and drinking were faithfully observed. Special houses were noted for particular entertainment; at one, pickled oysters; at another, boned turkey or marvelous chocolate or perfect coffee. At all houses there were New Year's cakes in the form of the Egyptian cartouche.

It is quite possible that the custom of the Presidents, from Washington to the present, to receive on New Year's Day, was established by these early Dutch festivals. In 1790, when New York City was the seat of our government, President Washington held a reception between noon and three o'clock, and was visited by all the home and foreign dignitaries. He expressed the hope on that occasion that whatever change might take place in the manners and customs of the city, the observance of New Year's Day might never be abandoned. In New York and many other cities, there are services in many churches and receptions in clubs and drawing rooms. The good Knickerbocker custom is still maintained by some families.

However, slowly there followed the gradual breaking down of the old lines of conventionality into a wild riot of visits. New Year's Day took on the character of an untamed race against time. A procession, each of whose component parts were composed of two or three young men in a barouche, with a pair of steaming horses and a careless driver, would rattle from house to house all day long. The visitors would jump out of the carriage, rush into the house, and come out in a few minutes. The ceremony of calling was a farce. There were hilarious greetings, a bite to eat, everybody shook hands all round, and the callers dashed out and jumped into the carriage and were off to the next house. However, after a few years thus the custom was abolished.

New Year in New England

THE sole record of the observance of the New Year by the Pilgrims in the New World named New England was most prosaic, most brief—"we went to work betimes." Many of the good Puritan ministers thought the celebration of the day savored of improper and un-Christian reverence for the heathen god Janus. Yet these English settlers came from a land where New Year's Eve and New Year's Day were second in importance and in domestic observance only to Christmas.

For centuries it has been the custom, at least among northern nations, "to see the old year out and the new year in" with the highest demonstrations of merriment and conviviality. To but a few does it seem to occur that the day is a memorandum of the subtraction of another year from the little sum of life.

An old writer records: "With the multitude, the top feeling is a desire to express good wishes for the next twelve months' experience of their friends, and to be subject of similar benevolence on the part of others, and to see this interchange of cordial feelings take place, as far as possible, in festive circumstances."

The poet Longfellow, in one of his prose works, has given advice as to the attitude to take, respecting the flight of time of which all are so forcibly reminded by New Year's Day. He writes:

"Look not mournfully into the past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the present. It is thine. And go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart."

The Old World custom of watch-night meetings and of sitting up to see the old year out and the new year in is now perhaps, here in the United States, more general than elsewhere in the world. Indeed, New Year's Day is our second holiday, as it has been man's festival day since remotest times.

Seeing Our Friends When Thousands of Miles Away

By S. R. WINTERS

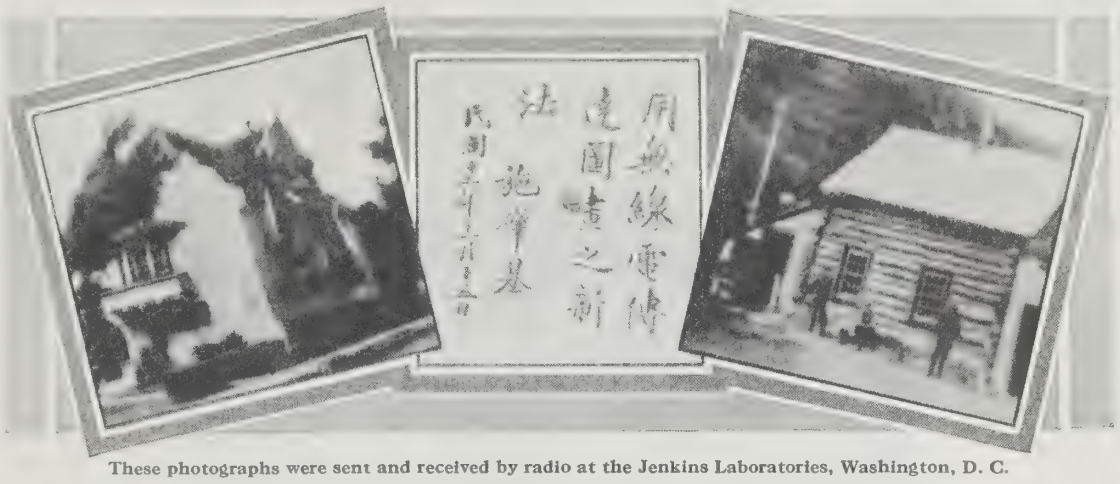
PHOTOGRAPHY is the most rapid means of copying, and radio the swiftest in travel. We've hitched the two together. The apparatus is essentially a long camera with the lens in one city and the negative plate in a distant city.

Almost anything that can be photographed with an ordinary camera can be photographed by the radio camera. Photographic copies of portraits, photos of messages and news copy; of persons, of outdoor scenes, and so forth.

It differs from ordinary photography in this respect, that being a broadcast phenomena instead of directed, a thousand radio receiving cameras, in a thousand different places, can make a thousand negatives of the thing the broadcasting lens is looking at.

Have you never put a nickel under a piece of paper and by drawing straight lines across it with a very dull pencil made a picture of the Indian appear? Well, now, that isn't so very different from the way we do it. In place of the crayon pencil we draw lines across the white surface with a pencil of light, the image of a small light source of high intensity and high frequency.

The photograph to be radioed is caused to move across a light-sensitive cell in successive imaginary lines. The lights and shades of the photo are thus converted into electrical values, which are then broadcast on a radio carrier wave.



These photographs were sent and received by radio at the Jenkins Laboratories, Washington, D. C.

At receiving stations the incoming radio signals are changed back into light values and put together in lines on a photo plate.

When this negative is developed prints are made therefrom which are duplicates of the photograph at the broadcasting station.

As the still camera and the motion picture camera differ only in speed, it naturally follows that when the radio camera is speeded up motion pictures are obtained.

Motion pictures and radio vision (the ability to see by radio what is happening in a distant place) are right now a matter of daily laboratory demonstration.

The telescope enables us to see to great distances, but only along straight lines; and as straight lines only lead away off into space, the telescope is limited to a study of the stars.

Radio vision, however, enables us to see to great distances along curved lines. Therefore we may see around obstructions, over mountains, perhaps ultimately around the earth.

Our President may then look on the face of the King of England, as he talks with him; or upon the countenance of the President of France, when exchanging assurances of mutual esteem. A portrait of President Coolidge has already been received from London in twenty minutes.

The chiefs of staff of our Navy and Army may see at headquarters all that a lens looks upon as it is carried aloft in a scouting plane. And from our easy chairs by the fireside we stay-at-homes can view the bleak terrain below as the broadcasting lens is carried over the North Pole in a great ship like our *Shenandoah*.

In due course, then, folk in California and in Maine, and all the way between, will be able to see the inaugural ceremonies of their President, in Washington; the Army and Navy football games at Franklin Field, Philadelphia; the struggle for supremacy in our national sport, baseball; and both see and hear grand opera broadcast from anywhere. Incidentally Mr. Jenkins is the inventor of the first motion picture machine, the prototype of the projector in every theater the world over, and a Franklin Institute medalist.

Transmitting news copy by reducing the copy to a long succession of dots-and-dashes, right in 1840, seems terribly antiquated today.

Photographing the copy sheet by sheet is much quicker, is authentic, is in original characters and native language. It may also include explanatory sketches.

The instruments are simple and rather inexpensive, and, like a loud-speaker, can be attached to any standard radio receiving set.

I am sometimes asked how our method differs from the method of the many others who have attempted to send photographs by radio. This is it. Like an artist we fasten the paper to an easel and move the pencil to make the picture, while the others hold the pencil still and shift the paper about under it, a rather illogical method, involving difficulties never yet successfully overcome.

Yuletide Annuals Our Grandsires Read

Concluded from page 2

period between 1830 and 1850 was a period of intense sentimentality, and there was a great deal in it reflected in these annuals, which today would excite our derision and which—as we shall see—excited the derision of writers even of that day and generation.

To begin then, almost at the beginning, or at least when the annuals were in full swing, here are a few titles and dates:

The Keepsake for 1829. Edited by Frederic Mansel Reynolds, 8vo, pp. 360. Eighteen plates, London: Hurst Chance and Cox, and R. Jennings.

The Bijou: an Annual of Literature and the Arts, 12mo, pp. 288. Ten plates, London: W. Pickering. For 1829.

The Winter's Wreath for 1831, Whittaker's Friendships Offering, a Literary Album and Annual Remembrancer. Smith Elder & Co.

The Humorist, a Companion for the Christmas Fireside. By W. W. Harrison, author of "Tales of a Physician." Ackerman.

Ackerman's Juvenile Forget-Me-Not, a Christmas, New Year's and Birthday Present, for Youths of both sexes. Eleven plates.

Note. ("For youths of both sexes" would be a large order for this present 1924.)

The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not, a Christmas and New Year's Gift, or Birthday Present for the year 1831. Edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall, 12 embellishments, 12mo, pp. 224, London: Westley & Co.

Now if we think there was no critical reviewing in those days, the illusion must be dispelled at once. Meade Minnegrode, in his interesting book on "The Fabulous Forties," recently published, mentions a number of the annuals and other periodicals, but, unless I err, fails to include the *Monthly Review.* I should like to know who wrote the critical articles for that periodical. He may have been one of our most eminent writers. And this is what he says, in part, about the annual which heads our list, the *Keepsake* for 1829. Sir Walter Scott evidently had something to do with it. (He contributed "The Laird's Jock."):

"The choice of subjects may perhaps in some instances be questionable. We do not, for example, think 'The Laird's Jock' entitled to any praise . . . . although the design was suggested by Sir Walter Scott. Neither can we applaud the 'Scene at Abbotsford' consisting as it does of a pair of worn out old dogs and a confused pile of helmets, armor and harness. The design of the print in which the mother is represented on a declivity by the sea side maddened with agony, requires to be described by the story before we can understand it, for we see nothing at all of the sufferers, or the persons destined to be their protectors."

He then goes on to say:

"We have had occasion frequently to remark, that writers of distinction, the Campbells, the Southeys, the Scotts, the Coleridges and the Wordsworths who, on most other occasions, have maintained their early reputation, have been almost uniformly immeasurably beneath it, in the compositions which they have contributed to the annuals. But if Mr. Heath's embellishments have derived little assistance from the first literary names of the day, he has been still more unhappy in his choice of authors, hitherto unknown, whom he has called into requisition on this occasion. Foremost amongst these stands the editor, a Mr. Mansell Reynolds, of whom, though not altogether unacquainted with the secrets of modern English literature, we do not recollect ever by any chance to have heard before!

"As a straw thrown up in the air indicates the direction of the wind, we looked in the first place into the preface of this edition in order to discover if possible the marks of those talents for which he has given himself credit. Upon glancing over it, we must say we blushed for the literature of the country."

I have referred to the fact that many of the annuals were written by the most famous writers of the day. These included not only Thackeray and Dickens, but Byron and Southey, Miss Mittford and the Howitts, Tom Hood, Barry Cornwall, Haynes Bayly, Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Abdy, Praed, Charles Swain, and even Macaulay. Among the artists represented were Turner, Clarkson Stanfield, Stothard, Sam Prout, J. Skinner Prout, Martin, Frank Stone, Westall, Wilkie, Mulready, Landseer, and many others. Some of the names given to the annuals were Tokens, Atlantic Souvenirs, Landscape Annuals, Gems, Oriental Annuals, Books of Beauty, The Pearl, The Amethyst, and others. In America some of the writers were Catherine Sedgwick, Hawthorne, N. P. Willis, Percival, Peter Parley, Lewis and Willis, Gaylord Clark, Isaac McClellan, Fitz-Greene Hallack, Grenville Mellen, President John Quincy Adams, and maybe Edgar Allan Poe. There were many stories. Besides "The Laird's Jock," which Sir Walter Scott wrote for the *Keepsake,* he also wrote "My Aunt Margaret's Mirror" and "The Tapestried Chamber."

Perhaps the annual was at its best in 1830. From then on it slowly declined. The great authors grew tired. It was somewhat later—about a decade—that Charles Dickens made his memorable experiment with his "Christmas Carol." This, best of all Christmas annuals, was ushered in by its author with many pains. He had expected to make a thousand pounds out of it. His "yearly bills" pressed heavily upon him. "I really believe," he writes, "I should never get up again, until I had passed through all the horrors of a fever. I found the *Carol* accounts waiting for me, and they were the cause of it. The first six thousand show a profit of £230 . . . . My year's bills, unpaid, are so terrific . . . ." But the letter is too painful to continue. Suffice it to say that, in the end, Dickens realized all any author could hope for from his Christmas masterpiece.

"The True Noel"—The Waits, a scene in the fifteenth century.

Where Youth Lived Riotously on 30 Cents

"Red Ring" Around Post-War Germany When It Is Drawn From the Inside

By DAVID STEWART

In the issue for July 5 there appeared an article by H. H. Allen entitled "A Red Ring Around Germany." The writer of the following shows us how the "Red Ring" might be drawn from the inside.

IN NOVEMBER, 1922, a small boy of St. Joachimstal, a German town of Northern Czecho-Slovakia, was intrusted with four letters destined for America. Czechish stamps were attached to them; but these he steamed off, and sold for their face value, 10 crowns (30 cents). Then he disappeared, and for two days nothing was heard of him. Anxious parents and wondering officials traced his path over the German border, and he was found in Oberwiesenthal, Saxony, sleeping off the effects of the one mad debauch of a youthful lifetime. In Germany he had sold the 10 crowns for 3,000 marks, of which only 60 had been required to forward the letters, postpaid and *registered*, to the United States. With the balance, he had taken a room at a good hotel and proceeded to "go the route." Nor were his funds by any means exhausted, when he was interrupted and taken home.

Exactly one year before this time, when the Austrian crown toppled, an equally brilliant stripling, dweller in one of the Tyrol villages awarded to Italy by the Peace Treaty, slipped by the frontier guards and armed with about a dollar's worth of Italian money, descended upon Lienz. The value of exchange had risen; prices, out of regard to the ability of a local population to buy, had not. He went on an orgy of spending, threw money in every direction, and ended by raiding and almost buying out a pastry shop. Nearly suffocated with an excess of tarts, from the shop he carried a large pail of cream-puffs to a cow which was grazing nearby, and which he recognized as an old friend.

"Das arme Kuehele soll auch 'was haben," he remarked to an astonished bystander. And though scurvy, rickets, and acute malnutrition prevailed among Viennese children, the "poor cow" got her bucket of cream-puffs.

These incidents, ridiculous as they are, serve to illustrate Germany's (and Austria's) extreme defenselessness throughout the period in which mark and crown were on their way from pre-war values to those of the present day. From June 12, 1922, when the dollar rose over a quotation of 300 marks, until November 30, 1923, when it reached sixteen trillion, the former country almost uninterruptedly was open to depredation without parallel.

After the summer of 1922, it became generally known in Europe that foreign bank notes had an artificially high purchasing power in Germany. From that time on the land was overrun by thousands of foreigners, most of whom took extensive advantage of the anomalous relation existing between exchange and inland prices to live cheaply there, and literally to grow fat on it.

On January 31, 1923, the French occupied Essen. Ex-

Student shoe-repair shop in Tubingen.

change, which on the third of the month had been quiet at 7,260, broke to 51,000. In consequence, a private in the departing American Army had for the moment a salary more than equal to that of the entire German ministry. On the evening of the same day, two American students at the University of Berlin changed a dollar and went out to see how long it would take to spend it.

At the opera they obtained orchestra seats, and witnessed an inspired performance of "Lohengrin." Then they taxied to Traube's, the best wine restaurant in Germany. There they ate roast goose and drank two bottles of the best German champagne; were occupied, in fact, until midnight, but the money still held out. On their way home, after visiting a café and stopping at a bar, they gave up in disgust, and decided to throw such small change as they had left to a group of street urchins in the Friederich strasse. This amounted to approximately a thousand marks; a sum which, when thrown into the gutter, produced what threatened to become a riot.

With conditions such as these prevailing, it is not astonishing that foreign visitors came in from all directions. "Something for nothing," is an attractive lure in any section of the world; and if not for nothing, Germany had something for very little. Railroad fare was the most negligible of all considerations; a second-class ticket from Aachen (Aix-la-Chappelle) to Konigsberg in East Prussia, a distance of 800 miles, cost 75 cents. All other fares were proportionally high, and it actually was impossible, without doubling on one's path or traveling first-class, to spend as much as a dollar on a single German railway ticket. The influx which followed was as irresistible as its consequences were inevitable.

"The man at the bank forgot to sell my $20 on Wednesday, and on Thursday the dollar was up so high that I nearly bought out a leather-goods store with the difference," was one man's reason for making extensive purchases. With many, however, the exploitation of German retailers was as lucrative an occupation as that of the present-day American bootlegger.

In Constance, where John Huss was burned, a cake of milk chocolate cost the equivalent of 8 centimes on the same day on which it sold for 80 in Kreuzlingen, half

Working students in their kitchen.

a mile away in Switzerland. Within 24 hours the German price had risen 300 per cent, and then there was no more on the market. In cities and villages near the Dutch and Danish borders, German prices for butter, which at all times were beyond the reach of persons with average incomes, varied between 75 and 25 per cent of those in Holland and Denmark. In the face of local shortage, the butter-runners kept prices soaring, and, consequently, milk in any form was to be had only by the rich.

In Prague, capital of Czecho-Slovakia, an imitation-leather suitcase sold for 150 crowns, while at the same time 100 would purchase one of the best sole-leather in any German city; and a suit of clothes cost so much more in Czecho-Slovakia than it did in Germany, that for a time tailors in the former country were threatened with bankruptcy. The situation in Flensburg, Schleswig, was typical of that in many border cities. Habitually the place was overrun by Danes at mealtime, because food there cost less than a third as much as it did across the line in Denmark. In self-defense, most border districts had to keep their prices 30 per cent higher than those inland.

At times, the relation between retail prices and exchange became so false, that it was impossible even for foreigners to make purchases in Germany. A week after the Ruhr break, neither eggs nor butter were to be had on the Munich markets, though the hinterland on which that city draws is the strongest agricultural section of the country. Tyrolean peasants had cornered the supply with Austrian money, and with the marks they had left behind them, the retailers were unable to buy even an appreciable fraction of their former stocks.

In November, 1923, with exchange demoralized and chaos threatening because of the Rheinland revolution and the Hittler "Putsch," prices rose *700 per cent* in a single week, and because of the worthlessness of German money the bakers refused to sell bread. Unless prices automatically were increased with the dollar quotation, everyone who sold during a rise of exchange did so at a certain loss; and the price of bread was fixed by the government.

It has been said that the purchases made by foreigners in Germany were of negligible effect, because of a law which forbade the taking of new articles out of the country. This statement deserves just as much respect as one that there is no liquor in the United States, because its manufacture, transportation, and sale are forbidden by American law.

During eighteen months of almost uninterrupted depreciation of the mark, thirty-one express trains a day carried between 600 and 2,000 foreigners each out of Germany and into the nine countries adjacent; each of which had a stable currency. Throughout this time all international trains were crowded; after the shortage of Ruhr coal had set in many of them were so overfilled that access was impossible. Customs revisions seldom lasted more than half an hour. As far as personal baggage was concerned they were a total farce. In crossing German boundaries fifty-five times (at every railroad point) the writer saw export duties levied only twice, and but a single case of confiscation.

Somewhere within these United States dwells the mythical family which lost all its heirlooms and family jewels at the hands of a customhouse official on the Dutch-German, the German-Czechish, the German-Swiss, and the French-German border (on which there are no German guards). No one ever has seen this family, though every traveling American has a friend who has seen someone who knows all of its members. The protesting victim, who ruthlessly was led away and fined $1.50, whom the writer can offer in its stead, was a little Polish Jew.

"Ich habe *gar* nix," he sobbed, as a hundred-pound sack of sugar was taken from around his bare middle, where it had made him stagger so that no customs official in the world could have failed to remark his gait.

Americans, English, Dutch, Swedes, Danes, Norwegians, and Swiss, coming from the so-called *higher* countries, invariably went unchallenged under a universal rule of practice, that a foreigner was entitled to "all necessary and reasonable equipment, including a camera or a pair of field glasses," duty-free, on leaving the country.

Ninety per cent of the persons arrested by frontier guards were found to be attempting to convey into foreign countries money (in foreign currency) which they had made in speculations on the money market, illegally, and entirely at the expense of the German Government. Almost all of the remainder were caught smuggling foodstuffs or gold bullion, or with substantial irregularities in their passports.

That the foreigner fared well in Germany, and much better than at home, cannot well be denied by anyone familiar with the situation of his life there. In 1923, the summer resorts at Rügen, which used to be filled with Germans, had as guests nineteen times as many Czechs and Swedes as members of their own country. Berlin had entire districts given over to Polish and Hungarian Jews, and more than a fourth of all the dwelling houses in the city in the hands of persons who before the war were not German citizens.

While the German population suffered all the losses of demonetization, and hardship gave way to veritable impossibility of the continuance of existence for thousands, the never-failing foreigner was always in evidence. German students at the University of Frankfort am Main were using cloth made from dyed blankets, left by the American Army at Coblenz, for clothes. But if a Pole, Czech, Lithuanian, or Austrian wanted a new suit, he went to Germany and waited for a fall of the mark. Infallibly, he could buy one and live like a rich man for a week, on less money than the suit alone would have cost at home.

From Sweden, Holland, Denmark, Italy, Switzerland, the Baltic, and the Balkans, came an endless stream of "Auslaender," all to exercise their vested right to pick the carcass clean. Always came a lower and more avaricious class than that which had come and gone before it; one which bought a little more, and stayed a little longer. Meanwhile the Germans, to whom the country presumptively belonged, found themselves crowded from every phase of life which had to do with luxury and comfort.

On seven occasions during 1923, the writer left the station at Frankfort am Main, in a second-class compartment, bound for Southern or Central Germany. On six of these occasions all of his fellow passengers were Jews from Southeastern Europe, and on the other all but one were Polish Jews. The "average" German, who, previous to the war, had traveled second-class, was having to content himself with fourth-class accommodations on *local* trains, while such foreigners as those mentioned, to whom "second" was as novel a sensation as that of being rich, were traveling in his stead.

At the opera and in the theaters, German lawyers, doctors, teachers, and professors had been driven to the galleries—or barred from the theater altogether—by acutest poverty. Berlin orchestras, loges, and boxes, however, were full; swarmed with an audience to be found nowhere else in the world than in the lowest amusement places on the East Side of New York; with Hungarian, Austrian (née Polak), Rumanian, and Ga-

Student acting as fireman on a German locomotive.

lician Hebrews, the riffraff that lived off the falling mark.

For 90 per cent of the Germans a living had to be earned, while the ever-spreading lines of prices and earning capacity continued to diverge. Yet it was no uncommon thing for a well-dressed foreigner, obviously a product of the neighboring gutter, to stand on a crowded sidewalk and say in a loud voice: "If it gets

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What the Year 1924 Did to Make History

Concluded from page 3

but it is certain that the issue will be a very live one in several countries during the next few months and that strenuous efforts will be made to arouse the public mind and conscience of all the member countries on the subject of the outlawry of war by the common consent and joint action of the peoples of the world.

The trend toward a better condition of affairs was clearly evident in Mexico. General Calles, in the election on July 6, is reported to have received more than three-fourths of the popular vote.

The official proclamation of Calles' election was issued on September 29. On November 30 he was inaugurated, and for the first time within the memory of any one present a Mexican president had regularly and legally participated in the installation of his duly elected successor.

Dimly but no less certainly there looms on the horizon the end of the dictatorship of Benito Mussolini in Italy. The end may not, probably will not, come in 1925 largely because there is no visible alternative. But this very factor makes it inevitable.

Had the assassination of the radical deputy, Giacamo Matteotti, in June, been merely a political act like others very much the same but less heinous, even though it had been equally patently a Fascisti deed, the reaction would not have been so great.

But it was not a political, it was an economic move. Its purpose was the suppression of evidence revealing graft in the cabinet of the dictator—graft of which he was presumed to be ignorant. Predatory interests had fastened themselves upon him and his advisors. A coterie of men as shrewd as he, and keener visioned because they lack his undoubted patriotism, capitalized their ostentatious devotion to him and sought valuable concessions in the same manner that such concessions are always sought the world over.

The fall of General Primo de Rivera, Mussolini's imitator in Spain, is not expected to be much longer delayed. Rivera has, like his Italian prototype, instituted needed reforms in Spain, but Spanish reverses in Morocco, which brought him into power, continued with distressing regularity.

Rivera made one mistake. Because of journalistic attacks upon his régime and pretentions he banished Professor Miguel Unamuno, one of the foremost of Spanish educators and authors, to the Canary Islands under conditions that made his exile painful as well as humiliating. Spain didn't seem to care until the world of letters denounced the outrage and then his release was brought about by a decree of amnesty.

In Spain, as in Italy, the dictatorship is supported by many who disapprove of its methods because the alternative is anarchy. In neither country is there an individual or a party regarded as able to continue the processes of orderly government should the dictatorship terminate suddenly.

For this very reason, as said before, the succession must be provided for if freedom is to be a reality.

Of Russia one always hesitates to particularize. During the closing year the Soviet government has been recognized by a number of countries, including England, France, Italy and China.

There is another development confirmed by both critics and defenders of the Moscow government. In the spring of 1921, after four years of determined effort to stamp out commercial trading on a money basis, the existence of merchants, Nicolai Lenin proclaimed the "New Industrial Policy"—the "NEP," so called, which allowed a limited amount and kind of merchandising. The innovation was regarded as a confession of the failure of outright communism—the provisioning of the populace by the state, who in turn gave their labor in exchange for the means of subsistence. The more radical Russian leaders accepted the move grudgingly, but Lenin dominated the situation.

Lenin died on January 21 of this year and since then reports from Moscow indicate that the forces of reaction are in the ascendency. The government has not been bold enough to abolish the "NEP" by an open decree, but has undertaken to undermine it by discrimination, excessive taxation and propaganda. The government subsidized "Co-operatives" have been advanced as the means of crushing the independent merchants and their losses due to underselling are made up by a state bonus.

This reversion to communism and the unfortunate episode of the Zinoviev letter seem to indicate that the Bolsheviki have learned little from the varied experiences.

In the Orient the civil wars in China require but brief consideration. Similar disturbances occurred in the previous year and are likely to recur in 1925.

In Japan the condition is different. Today she is smarting under the exclusion features of the United States Immigration Act, but cherishes another sense of danger. It will be recalled that a Russian relief ship, carrying supplies to the sufferers of the Tokio earthquake last year, was denied a landing because, it is said, the vessel also carried communistic propaganda. From time to time word comes that the ruling classes actually fear a radical revolution and that stern repression is sometimes resorted to to suppress its growth. The extent of this defection it is impossible to estimate. Of its existence there can be do doubt.

In the United States the early months of 1924 were marked by an unprecedented wave of Congressional investigation and political and personal scandal. A Senate committee found evidence that under the direction of Charles R. Forbes the Veterans' Bureau misused its funds. It so reported on January 9. Forbes was indicted in February, jointly with John W. Thompson, and on November 24 they were placed on trial in Chicago.

The celebrated "Teapot Dome" case has taken the same course. President Roosevelt set aside certain oil lands as reserves for the use of the Navy. Presidents Taft and Wilson refused to lease the lands to oil men but Albert B. Fall, Secretary of the Interior under Harding, induced Secretary of the Navy Denby to transfer these lands from the Navy Department to the Department of the Interior and leased one tract to a company headed by Harry F. Sinclair, the other to interests conrolled by E. L. Doheny.

A Senate investigation of these leases was ordered and the hearings before the Public Lands committee were often spectacular.

The Presidential campaign was enlivened by the entry of a third party which, justly or not, became regarded as dangerously radical. Although in the early weeks of the campaign it was thought that the electoral vote would be indecisive and it would devolve upon the House of Representatives, or possibly the Senate, to choose the next President, the ultimate result was the rallying of all the conservative elements to the present incumbent. It was not a partisan victory in any sense. Nothing is so dangerous as overwhelming victory. It tempts excess. The victors should remember this.

New Englanders Who Come From Afric Isles

Concluded from page 5

see, the Archipelago was constantly visited for crew men, "the best to be had," while the coal docks in St. Vincent annually bring many hundred visitors temporarily to the Archipelago. As early as the years 1842 and 1843 records show that 217 vessels entered Cape Verde ports —87 were United States registered, 61 were Portuguese, 36 English, 9 French, 3 Spanish, 1 Venezuelan, while the remaining 20 were listed as "Europeans." Today more than 3,000 vessels annually visit Cape Verde ports.

This historical inflow of white blood, probably predominantly Portuguese, and of Negro blood directly from the Guinea coast of Africa, has resulted during the lapse of 460 years in 185,000 persons in the Archipelago, according to a 1920 census.

The Cape Verders in America are not at all a homogeneous-appearing people. How many of them are entirely white there is no means of knowing. I talked with persons from the Island of Brava who apparently were of White ancestry, and I saw three children said to be of pure Brava parentage who had yellow hair and light-colored eyes. I saw several others, of Brava parentage, whose hair was fawn-colored, and others with medium-brown hair.

Cape Verders having Negro blood frequently differ distinctly from the American Negro—much, of course, as the latter people differ among themselves. They are taller than the white Portuguese. The face is often long and narrow, exhibiting more of the Mediterranean racial type, from their Portuguese ancestry, than characterizes the American Mulatto. The features, especially of the light-skinned women, are often distinctly delicate and slender, and the hair slightly wavy and brown. If one may attempt to distinguish the skin-color, it must be said to be distinctly more bronze in tone than black or brown or yellow. This is especially true of persons from Brava. I believe 5 per cent, or possibly 10 per cent, of the Cape Verders in America, could pass as white—as the American Negro says—"could cross the line." Many more, say 10 to 15 per cent, if resident in our Southwest, would not be judged as Negroes. While the others, anywhere in the United States, would be thought of as Negroes. The language spoken by Cape Verders is called "Creole." It is a bastard Portuguese, consisting mainly of sixteenth century Portuguese with many African words and phrases.

The Archipelago forms a single over-sea province of Portugal. The Franciscans went to the Islands before the close of the fifteenth century. They went, wrote an early chronicler, "to root out from this new vineyard of the Master the bad weeds which the African climate had produced there." Since 1867 certain educational work has been carried on. On all inhabited islands, excepting St. Lucia, churches and primary schools are now conducted by the government or priests. Some of the wealthier families send their children to Portugal for education. During recent years Cape Verde immigrants are said to be more literate than those received from other Portuguese possessions.

In the Dartmouth Historical Society's Museum in New Bedford are preserved some 500 logs of whaling and trading vessels. The average seaman's log, contrary to expectation, is not usually an interesting book—being a monotonous repetition of a tale of wind and weather. But certain information may be gleaned from them. A few short extracts from the museum log of the bark, *Susan Jane*, Charles H. Taber, captain, sailing from New Bedford July 26, 1862, for a six months' trading voyage to the Cape Verde Islands and the Island of Goree will serve to show the islands visited, the use of Cape Verders in various capacities on the vessels, and the ease with which they came on small sailing vessels to America. Some of the Island exports are also noted. The cargo taken from New Bedford was largely lumber and furniture—chairs being particularly mentioned.

The log was kept by the first mate, and is reproduced faithfully as far as spelling and punctuation are concerned.

At Porte Grande, St. Vincent, Monday, October 13, 1826. "This day begins with fine weather. Discharged some cargo unbent the Fly jib and bent another and took in the Kedge and Launch and got the ship ready for the Sea unbent the spanker to repair a man came on Board to work his passage to Brava So ends this day."

At Furna, Brava, Monday, October 28. "first part fin let the men go on shore on Liberty at sunset all came off got off 1 more cask of water at 9 a m Capt and supercargo Came on Board with others discharged Antone took 4 men to work their passage also a steward making 17 on Board Stowed off the stole took in the Launch so ends this day."

At Praya, St. Jago, September 3, "a man came on board as a hand." Sept. 4, "This day fine weather employed discharging lumber another man came on Board." Sat. Sept. 20, "Took on board 2 bar potatoes 1,300 oranges 8 bun Bannas." Tues. Sept. 23, "a cabin boy came on board."

From St. Jago the *Susan Jane* went to Goree, a small French island close to the west African coast, discharging lumber. She returned to the Cape Verde Islands and completed her home cargo.

At Sal, Nov. 5, "Took on Board 6 launches of salt."
Nov. 6, "7 launches of salt."
Nov. 7, "took on 3 lighters of salt."
Sat., Nov. 8, "took on Board a Launch Load of Copper and Composition and got some goat skins so ends this day."
Sun. Nov. 9, "This day strong Trades and hazy part of the Crew on Liberty."

At Praya, St. Jago, Nov. 29, "took on 51 bundles of goat hides and 6 bullock skins."
Dec. 2, "16 bags Coffee 28 bundles goat skins."
Dec. 3, "3 boxes 2 Bags Coffee 2 Bundles goat skins."

At Porte Grande, St. Vincent, Dec. 9, "took on Board 111 Hides 12 Bags Coffee."
Dec. 10, "63 Hides 5 Bundles goat skins 1 cask of old Copper and some lead."

The *Susan Jane* sailed from St. Vincent, December 11, 1862, directly for New Bedford where she arrived January 16, 1863. In the same log book is a record of a second trading voyage of the vessel, with the same captain, sailing July 1, 1863, for Cape Verde Islands, returning to New Bedford December 12 of the same year.

The second and concluding installment of this article will appear in an early issue.

Where Youth Lived Riotously on 30 Cents

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any cheaper, they'll have to *pay us to live here!*" On a dollar a day, the cost of a New Yorker's lunch, the native of any foreign country could live in luxury. German salaries, payable in marks which melted like dripping snow, were varying between four and six dollars a month, and often fell as low as two. The contrasts to be made were remarkable.

On the one hand, scurvy, which had not appeared during four and a half years of war and food blockade, crept into the universities. On the other, students from every European country rushed to the same universities, because it was possible to study in them at an expense of £3 a month.

The Dutch and Swiss in border villages sent their laundry to Germany for washing, at savings of 80 per cent; and at the same time, in Frankfort, in the writer's presence, a girl student burst into tears at the sight of her laundry bill; three times as high as any she had ever paid before. While the uncivilized portions of Europe were dumping their lowest elements (via Vienna) into Berlin, where they attached themselves, barnacle-like, to the failing economic structure, the most cultured and highest classes of pre-war Germany were suffering hardship of a kind and intensity not known since the days of the French Revolution. On every age and rank it left its indelible mark.

While Swiss shop girls were taking their vacations "in style," in Freiburg in the Bresigau, Stuttgart, Hannover, Leipzig, Dresden, and Berlin, and spending five francs a day to do it well, an exclusive Burschenschaft, or student's fraternity, of the University of Marburg, went en bloc into the coal mines at Hamm. Stricken by the blight which had fallen on all the professional classes, a doctor of international standing sold *wurst* at the Anhalter Bahnhof.

Retired physicians pawned their linen, suits of clothes, books, instruments, one by one, and finally succumbed, while a foreign scum carried in its pockets money enough to have supported whole German families . . . *made in speculations on the falling mark.* A professor, known before the war in every country and wherever students meet, played in the orchestra of a cheap motion-picture theater, while his baby starved to death and his wife died of tuberculosis. Currently, foreign tourists, and particularly the American, objected strenuously in the Paris newspapers to having to pay ten times as much as the Germans paid for admission to castles and museums, although the sums were less than a fourth of those paid by Germans and foreigners alike in 1914.

On May 1, 1923, the dollar was 31,000 marks; on June 1, 75,000; to start July 160,000. August began with a quotation of one million, and multiplied it by ten. On October 1, American exchange had reached the unbelievable figure of a quarter billion; which a month later was insignificant in comparison with that of a half-trillion; which in turn gave way, within four weeks, to the formidable notation of fifteen trillion. (Ultimate stabilization at 4.2 trillion was effected by the Rentenmark.)

Throughout the period described, as well as in the year preceding it, German railroad fares never were able to keep up with exchange. Today's 400 per cent increase in rates would tax the Germans dearly; but if next week the dollar went up 600 per cent, to foreigners tickets were cheaper than ever. Their transportation veritably cost nothing.

Forty-seven per cent of the population of the industrious city of Nuremberg was receiving support of some kind or other by October, 1923. The wages of its inhabitants might as well have been given out in ice or snow: overnight a bank note, worth a loaf of bread at the baker's, would shrink to the value of a roll, and in two days would not buy even a box of matches.

Side by side with German misery, from the war's end almost until 1924, sat foreign arrogance and wastefulness; the harder conditions became for German citizens, the better they were for their uninvited guests. It was in a frantic protest against such things as these that in November, 1923, prices rose until, even for foreigners, Germany was the most expensive country in the world.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Land and improvements to the extent of $150,000,000 are represented in the "made land" area of the lake district of Chicago. One of the largest office buildings in the world is nearly a half-mile out into what was once part of Lake Michigan. Hotels and huge apartment houses stand where once the fisherman plied his trade.

The Bureau of Biological Survey has declared war on the prairie dog. The tastes of the prairie dog are so similar to those of cattle that the two classes of animals cannot live on the same pasture lands, as drouth coupled with the prairie dog menace starves the cattle out.

The American flag which flew over Fort McHenry during the bombardment by the British and which inspired Francis Scott Key to write "The Star Spangled Banner" is preserved in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. There were originally fifteen stars in the union but one was cut out and presented to President Lincoln.

In Tibet, respect to a thing or person is shown by always keeping it on one's right-hand side. In passing by any religious edifice it is proper always to pass round from left to right, "clockwise," which is also the direction in which the prayer-wheel should be turned. To violate this rule is considered an act of blasphemy.

North Louisiana is dotted with giant earthen tanks stored with crude oil. Wild ducks coming down from the North mistaking the oil for water alight in them never to arise again, as the thick oil clogs their feathers and weighs them down.

Wahabism is a Moslem reform taught some 165 years ago by a poor student of the Koran in Nejd and championed by the then head of the family of Ibn Sa'ud. The Koran, according to him, was to be interpreted freely by the individual reading it. Upon alcoholic drinks, tobacco, jewelry, the wearing of silk and the shaving of beard and mustaches he laid a strict prohibition.

The menace to navigation comes not so much from the brilliant ice peaks of the iceberg that are visible for miles, as it does from the great bulk that extends below the surface of the water. Seven-eighths of an iceberg is submerged.

Wars in which the United States has taken part since 1790, exclusive of the World War, have cost the nation more than $6,836,000,000 in pensions.

Hairpins were used seven thousand years ago. They have been excavated at Kish by the Field Museum-Oxford University Mesopotamian expedition. Among other things found were jewels of exquisite ancient workmanship, finely engraved cylinder seals of inestimable historic value, glazed pottery and inlay work of lapis lazuli and silver.

Fort Apache, Arizona, famous Indian military outpost of frontier days, has been converted into an Indian school.

The bureau of appointment of Yale finds that 1,354 students last year earned $382,206—an average of not far from $300 a year apiece.

Jewish immigration into Mexico has jumped from 100 a month to 200 and over, due to the wide publicity given the Calles speeches inviting the 10,000 Jews detained in European ports to colonize Mexico.

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. This set includes: "The International Jew," Vol. 1, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

"It isn't very pleasant to read of indictments in connection with promotion of fraudulent bankruptcies and find that nearly every one of the twenty-five or thirty who were indicted were Jews. It seems that we have some house cleaning to do among ourselves and it is high time that we started it."—*Charles H. Joseph,* Jewish syndicate writer, in Detroit *Jewish Chronicle.*

It is suggested that gasoline-burning vehicles be banished from Central Park and the leisurely victorias restored. Trees in Central Park have suffered from exhaust fumes of automobiles.

Dr. Johnson did not haunt the Cheshire Cheese Tavern and it is doubtful if he ever entered the tavern, according to Clement Shorter, historian and formerly president of the Johnson Club.

Wild cabbage still survives as a weed on chalky soils near the North Sea.

The United States Government pays slightly more than ten cents for each meal served soldiers. Three meals for each soldier cost the army 31.65 cents.

The climate of the Channel Islands south of England is so mild and land is cultivated so intensively, often under glass cover, that an acre suffices to support a family.

The germs of decay do not seem to affect linen. A piece of linen six thousand years old was recently examined in London and found as perfect as the structural linens of today.

A soaring airplane with movable wings has been built. It has a 20-horsepower engine and the inventor claims it capable of flying 50 miles on a gallon of gasoline.

Four hours' classwork, four hours' actual labor at one of a multitude of tasks, and daily Bible study are some of the features of the John E. Brown College at Siloam Springs, Arkansas. No student able to finance himself through any other institution is admitted. The school is interdenominational.

The mill in Windsor, England, where paper for bank notes has been manufactured since 1724, was founded by a French Huguenot. A family monopoly has existed in the industry since that time.

The old Bowery Mission, long known as "The Place Where Crooked Men Are Made Straight," was organized in 1879 by a little band of earnest workers at 55 Bowery, New York City, where the Gombossy Music Hall formerly had been domiciled. The enterprise first met with scorn and derision, but the persevering institution carried on in the face of opposition until today it stands as a respected haven of refuge.

Occasionally elephants of the circus that have become vicious have had their tusks sawed off without injury to the animal. However, practically all the ivory used in industry is taken from dead elephants and from nine thousand to twelve thousand are killed annually for this purpose.

Castles in Germany, the former homes of dukes and princes, which are now in the hands of the government, have become so numerous that officials do not know what to do with them. Some have been converted into museums and public buildings, but the majority will remain vacant unless they are purchased by wealthy foreigners.

There are 174,947 one-teacher schools in the United States with 3,500,000 children attending these schools.

The Bureau of Standards, after exhaustive tests, has announced that alcohol is the best material to keep automobile radiators from freezing.

A healthy adult may lose nearly a quart of blood before serious results become apparent.

When a Boston "hot dog" seller was fined three dollars for operating his stand in front of a lunch room on Berkeley street, he bought the entire building with savings, amounting to more than $12,000, which he had made from his stand in the last five years.

Drought, not frost, causes the leaves to fall in autumn. The sap is stopped causing the leaves to change color and wilt. The wilting, the changing to a brown or yellow or red, is not caused by freezing but by a drying out of the leaf moisture.

It would be possible for a railroad tank car of fresh milk to travel 3,000 miles and arrive fresh at the destination. A truck-tank of milk recently traveled from Pittsburgh to Milwaukee and after being on the road sixty hours the product was fresh and usable.

The oldest married couple in England have both celebrated, this year, their hundredth birthday. They were married sixty-three years ago.

A man works evil for himself in working it for another, and the wicked scheme is worst for him who devises it. ("Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein.")—From Observations of Hesiod, a celebrated Greek poet who lived about 800 B. C.

Lycurgus, a Spartan lawgiver and political economist, stopped the currency of the gold and silver coin, and ordered that the people should make use of iron money only. Then to a great quantity and weight of this he assigned but a small value. When this became current, many kinds of injustice ceased in Lacedaemon for no one would steal or take a bribe when he could not conceal the booty. The coinage was quenched in vinegar when hot to make it brittle and unmalleable, and consequently unfit for any other service.

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The Vogue of the Cross-Word Puzzle

By THOMAS L. MASSON

Boston's Old Red Brick State House

World Court—What It Stands for

Beautiful Books Favored by Royalty

Cape Verders and Cranberry Culture

Pulling a City Out of Financial Bog

Fur Trappers and Their "Skinners"

Elsie Singmaster and Pennsylvania

How "Babe" Ruth Reached the Peak

College to Job—Filling the Gap

NEXT WEEK

The Truth About the Naval Controversy

By OUR WASHINGTON REPRESENTATIVE

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

How Old Is the Cross-Word Puzzle?

It Came From Greece, Went to France, Crossed to England, Jumped to New York—And Then It Grew! You Saw It Long Ago, But It Was Not the "Fashion," So You Passed It By

Story of Two Lucky Young New Yorkers—the Apotheosis of the Word Hound

By THOMAS L. MASSON

THERE is a man in South America (Paul Meierz) who is said to be working on a cross-word puzzle, declared to be the largest in the world. Up to the last account he was still at it. This cross-word puzzle was made by an Englishman. It is five feet square, made on parchment. Each square is three-fourths of an inch on each side. To ascertain the total number of squares in this cross-word puzzle is, therefore, comparatively an easy matter for mathematicians.

What is the cause of this craze which has swept over this country, and which now, apparently, is at its zenith? We must necessarily be cautious in our replies, yet the explanation which I shall attempt in this article—like the cocksure solutions of many of the expert puzzlers themselves—appears to me to be the only logical one. In the beginning, however, let us say something about the origin of the cross-word puzzle.

First, then, it is not new. For sever l generations, and very probably before that, the thin line of cross-word puzzles, in some form or other, has been unbroken. In this country as far back as the seventies, cross-word puzzles appeared in *St. Nicholas* regularly. Two examples are herewith given. One is merely the verbal form; the other is a variation of the present form of squares, in the shape of a cross. It is perhaps the best example of one of the earlier forms. The *Strand* magazine in England used these puzzles. Their origin can be traced back, apparently, to the tetragrammaton, or magic acrostic, used during the Middle Ages to drive away the devil. Indeed, this is not an inappropriate beginning for so worthy a weapon. For if we may now say that the devil stands for certain forms of ignorance, it would not be stretching the point very much to state that the present cross-word puzzle craze has been put into the hands of the American people as a weapon against too much mental atrophy. (And by the way, just as an aside, it is a great comfort in an article like this to feel that one may use all the big words one likes, without being accused of being a highbrow—for am I not addressing a large group of word hounds, in which the verbal sky is the limit?)

To pursue the thread of my narrative, it was not so long ago that various psychologists and mental engineers, after innumerable tests, declared that the average intelligence of the inhabitants of this country was only about that of fourteen years of age. They might have added, with truth, that this is the age when one knows the most. However, from their investigations was born the word moron. Sinclair Lewis, Theodore Dreiser, and H. L. Mencken promptly made it plain—each in his own terms—that they considered us a nation of morons. And now we have even bank presidents—who are supposed to be the lowest form of human intelligence—proving that this isn't true by solving from week to week some of the most difficult of the cross-word puzzles. The fact is, as Mr. Bryce long ago asserted in his "American Commonwealth," just when we are in despair about ourselves, the surprise occurs. "A hundred times in writing this book," he declares, "I have been disheartened by the facts I was stating: a hundred times has the recollection of the abounding strength and vitality of the nation chased away these tremors."

The brief facts about the present revival of the cross-word puzzle are simple and superficial and sensational. A year ago two young men in New York, Simon and Schuster, decided to go into the publishing business. They had no particular idea of just what they were to do. But one day, shortly after they had started, on January 1, 1894, Mr. Simon was called to the house of a young woman friend of his who was convalescing, and who asked him to bring along a cross-word puzzle for entertainment. Up to that time he had no knowledge of cross words. He went to Brentano's the bookseller's to get a book, and, like Old Mother Hubbard, discovered there was none. He recalled that he had seen cross-word puzzles in the New York *World;* it came to him that F. P. A., of the *World,* had had something to say about them in his column—in short it was plain that a small band of intellectual intimates—writers and so on—in the Metropolis had developed a kind of small-town fad in a very large town. It suddenly occurred to him that here was his chance to publish a book. But where could he get the cross-word puzzles?

He repaired immediately to the office of the *World.* In charge of the puzzle section at that time (and at present) was a young man named Prosper Buranelli. Simon stated his trouble. He was foolish enough to consider publishing a cross-word puzzle book, and wanted to know if they had anything on hand. Buranelli opened the lower and largest drawer in his desk, which was stuffed full of manuscripts. They counted 1,500 cross-word puzzles which had been coming in week after week from all over the country, and had been stuffed away in that drawer. Here, then, was a spontaneous something from somewhere which indicated a long-felt want. It was what the psychoanalysts call suppressed desire. All it needed was sublimination, or a release. Simon insists that he did nothing himself. He went where he was ordered and merely became the happy medium through which the cross-word currents flowed. They told him that the cross words had been a feature in the *World* for many years; nobody in the office had paid any attention to them. One week they left them out of the paper, either by mistake or as a test. And immediately they got so many "howls" from the band of fans who were doing the puzzles, that they received orders not to disturb their appearance again. Simon and Schuster got out their book. But these two young men were ambitious to be real publishers—they had lofty ideas, and so they determined to conceal their identity under the name of The Plaza Publishing Company. They took three editors of the *World* into their secret, however, and gave them a royalty, and the perpetually smiling faces of these three editorial confederates is now evidence of their prosperity. Simon told me that the edition of their books had gone over the 300,000 mark. In one day they sold 53,000 copies. This seems to be the only instance of a popular fad which has seized everybody alike. In New York, there is only one paper of any standing—the dignified *Times*—which does not issue cross-word puzzles daily.

In November, Dean F. Paul Anderson, head of the electrical engineering department of the University of Kentucky, announced a course in cross-word puzzles for senior students, declaring it not to be fad, but educational and a true mental stimulus. The Reverend George W. McElveen, of the Knoxville Baptist Church of Pittsburgh, not so long ago preached a sermon in which Proverbs 1, 10, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not," was blocked off in large letters for the edification of the congregation, who were invited to fill in the blank spaces. Professor Robert K. Root, of Princeton, also proposed a three-hour test of the most frightful puzzles in history. Apparently, in this country, Columbia University was among the first to use cross words, in connection with the course in psychology, but this is not authoritative.

In the Archeological Museum of Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore is a copy of what is declared to be the world's oldest cross-word puzzle. It is called the *Rhaestus Disk* and came from the Island of Crete. The disk is made of terra-cotta, both sides containing a continuous line of spiral writing. It never has been deciphered. According to Dr. Aaron Ember, associate professor of Semitic languages in Johns Hopkins, the cross-word puzzle did not originate in Egypt.

It is very much more likely to have been used in Greece, although I can find no definite evidence for it. Of course, from the beginning of time, in every group of inquiring people, there have always been a few who delight in puzzles. They like first to create a mystery, and then solve it. It is also quite natural that statesmen, or any men whose minds are taken up with weighty affairs, should turn to puzzles as a relaxation. Robert Lansing is declared to be a cross-word fan. Others are Mary Roberts Rhinehart, Kathleen Norris, Gelett Burgess (who has invented a number of cross-word puzzles), Admiral Sims, Cyril Maude, the actor, and Neysa McMein.

The cross-word puzzle is only a particular pictorial demonstration of a very old impulse; it is, in a way, an outgrowth of the anagram, which is very old. Socrates delighted in anagrams, and used them as a diversion from the discomfort of his wife's presence, if we may believe ancient gossip. The anagram consists, as doubtless everybody now knows, in the transposition of the letters of a word or phrase so as to form a new word or sets of words. One of the most recent anagrams was used by Samual Butler, in his book "Erehwon," which, read backward, is *Nowhere.* Shakespeare's Falstaff attacked ancient anagrams. The skeptic and true intellectual of his time, Pierre Bayle (1647-1706), pronounced all anagrammatists as wanting in taste and judgment. The Hebrews classed anagrams as cabalistic. They were common in Egypt and both Ptolomaeus Philadelphus and his Queen Arsinöe had their names anagrammatised:

There was an anagram made on the Mistress of Charles the Ninth of France,

MARIE TOUCHET
Je Charme Tout

And on the unhappy Mary Queen of Scots,

MARIA STEUARDA STOTORUM REGINA
Trusa vi Regnis, Mort Amara Cado

(Both of these defective).

These old anagrams become of great interest now as revealing the background of the cross-word craze. For instance, Crashawe the poet had a literary intimate of the name of Car, who edited his works, and thus came the anagram, HE WAS CAR. (Made out of the letters composing Crashawe.) From this came the following lines:

"Was Car then Crashawe, or was Crashawe Car?
Since both within one name confined are.
Yes, Car's Crashawe, he Car; 'tis Love alone
Which melts two hearts, of both composing one
So Crashawe's still the same," and so on.

The anagram came over to this country early in its history, revealed by Cotton Mather in his elegy on John Wilson:

COTTON MATHER

"His care to guide his flock and feed his lambs
By words, works, prayers, psalms, alms, and *anagrams.*"

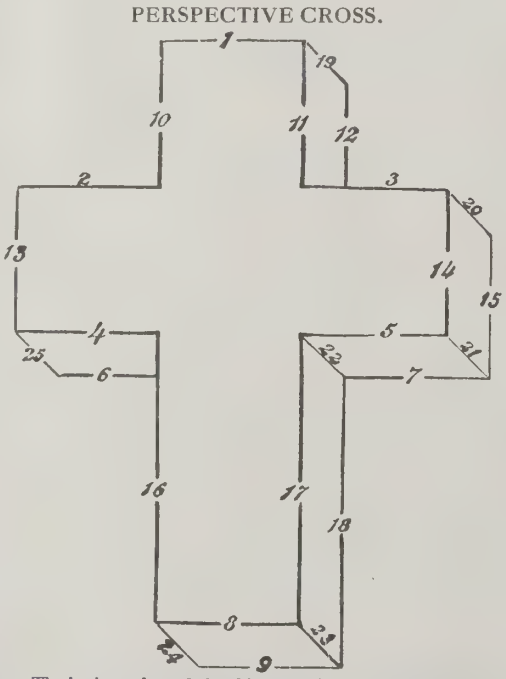
In a recent article on old Christmas Annuals, I called attention to the fact that Barry Cornwall was one of the principal contributors to the old *Keepsake.* His name, Barry Cornwall, becomes an anagram for his real name, Bryan Waller Proctor when the *Poet* is added, thus,

BRYAN WALLER PROCTOR
BARRY CORNWALL POET!

(Concluded on page 14)

Here is one of the earliest pictorial forms of the cross-word puzzle used in this country. It is reproduced from *St. Nicholas,* issue of December, 1878.

PERSPECTIVE CROSS.



The horizontal words in this cross have five letters each, except number 6, which has three. Of the perpendiculars, 16, 17, 18 have ten letters each, number 12 has three. All other perpendiculars have five letters each; the slanting words have three.

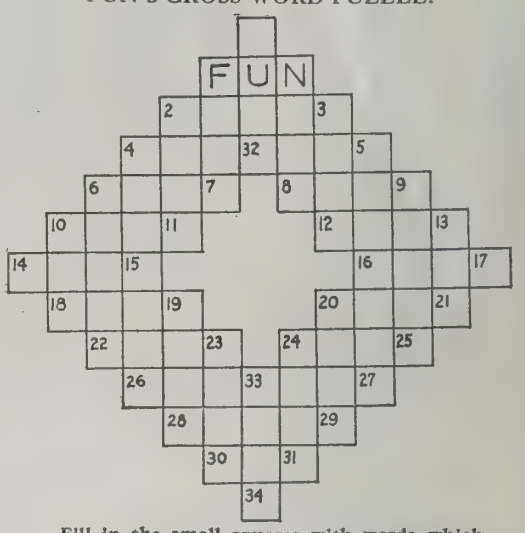
The meanings of the words are: 1. A wanderer. 2. To aim. 3. To hesitate. 4. A bird. 5. A color. 6. An animal. 7. A time of darkness. 8. To tend. 9. To intimidate. 10. A tale. 11. A Biblical king. 12. A jewel. 13. An organ of the body. 14. To exercise controlling influence. 15. A fish. 16. A scientific person. 17. A kind of dog. 18. Lowest. 19. An animal. 20. An animal. 21. A kind of fruit. 22. To execrate. 23. A point used in writing. 24. A boy's nickname. 25. A part of the body.

The answer is as follows, taken from the January (1879) issue.

PERSPECTIVE CROSS.—1. Nomad; 2. Level; 3. Demur; 4. Raven; 5. Brown; 6. Bat; 7. Night; 8. Trend; 9. Daunt; 10. Novel; 11. David; 12. Gem; 13. Liver; 14. Reign; 15. Trout; 16. Naturalist; 17. Bloodhound; 18. Nethermost; 19. Dog; 20. Rat; 21. Nut; 22. Ban; 23. Dot; 24. Ted; 25. Rib.

One of the first cross words, which appeared in the "Fun" section of the New York *World* on December 21, 1913:

FUN'S CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



Fill in the small squares with words which agree with the following definitions:

2- 3 What bargain hunters enjoy
6- 7 Such and nothing more
10-11 A bird
14-15 Opposed to less
18-19 What this puzzle is
22-23 An animal of prey
26-27 The close of a day
28-29 To elude
30-31 The plural of is
8- 9 To cultivate
12-13 A bar of wood or iron
16-17 What artists learn to do
20-21 Fastened
10-18 Found on the seashore
6-22 What we all should be
4-26 A daydream
2-11 A talon
19-28 A pigeon
F- 7 Part of your head
23-30 A river in Russia
1-32 To govern
33-34 An aromatic plant
N-8 A fist
24-31 To agree with
3-12 Part of a ship
20-29 One

This is one of the easy ones. The answers to it appeared later in the New York *World,* but they are not given here as this is not considered necessary among so many present-day experts.

The World's Court—Why It Was Created

Functions Are Limited, and It Is Not a Cure-All for International Ills

By C. R. HOBART

MOST Americans are doubtless vaguely aware that there is in existence, somewhere, some such thing as the World Court; but the lack of definite knowledge and information in regard to this institution is very marked, as is shown by certain newspaper editorials and the utterances of some of our politicians.

The history of the World Court is bound up with the history of arbitration in general. It is difficult to say who was the originator of the idea that there should be a court for the nations just as there are courts for individuals. The suggestion was once made by Benjamin Franklin, but it is certain that his suggestion was not the first. At all events, the idea of settling international disputes by arbitration and conference rather than by resort to arms has undoubtedly had its greatest development in America. Our first arbitration treaty, the famous Jay's Treaty of 1794, was entered into with Great Britain.

The making of this treaty with Britain gave impetus to the idea of a general arbitration treaty, one which would include all, or at least the most important nations of the world. More than a century was required for this idea to bear fruit. In 1908 the first of the general arbitration treaties was made with France by our representative, Mr. Root.

After Jay's Treaty of 1794 and the proposals of general arbitration, the next really important stage in the development of arbitration came in 1898 when the Czar of Russia called on the various powers to attend a conference to consider disarmament. The suggestion did not meet with an immediate favorable response, but in 1899 a conference actually met to consider not only the question of armaments but also the question of revising the rules of warfare, and ameliorating the cruelties of war.

This first Peace Conference, which met at The Hague, was attended by twenty-six powers. The question of the limitation of armaments was deemed to be too large and complicated to be dealt with at that session, so it was put on the table for a future conference. Most of the time was spent in *elaborating* the rules of warfare. But in spite of the fact that the conference by no means attained its end, certain very desirable results were brought about. The most important of these was the indorsement by the conference of the idea of general arbitration. This idea, while broached at the conference by Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British Ambassador to the United States, was really the contribution of the American delegation.

It is worth while noting the language which Mr. Hayes used. He said:

"Nothing can secure for human government and the authority of law which it represents so deep a respect and so firm a loyalty as the spectacle of sovereign and independent states, whose duty it is to prescribe the rules of justice and impose penalties upon the lawless, bowing with reverence before the august supremacy of those principles of right which gave to law its eternal foundation."

Machinery for Arbitration

THE First Peace Conference at The Hague approved the idea of general arbitration, but no provision for a general arbitration treaty was made. No nation was, as a result of this conference, bound to arbitrate. Nevertheless, the machinery for arbitration was created; it consisted in a panel of judges selected by the various nations, which judges might be called upon to act as arbitrators in case of a dispute. The organization was "The Permanent Court of Arbitration for the Settlement of International Disputes." The name is misleading, however, inasmuch as the organization is not a court in the true sense but only a list of judges. And it is not permanent except insofar as the list is always on file at The Hague.

The Second Peace Conference convened at The Hague in 1907. Our delegates were again instructed, this time by Secretary of State Root, to use their efforts to bring about the development of The Hague Court into a really international tribunal; one which would be permanent, "composed of judges who are judicial officers and nothing else; who are paid adequate salaries; who have no other occupation, and who will devote their entire time to the trial and decision of international cases by judicial methods and under a sense of judicial responsibility."

This proposal was discussed, but no tribunal of a really international character resulted. The great difficulty encountered was to devise a plan for the election of judges, a plan which would meet the approval of the small and great powers alike. A court in which all the powers would be represented was obviously too large; and the small powers would not consent to have the judges elected from the great nations alone. The representative from San Domingo said forcefully that his country could never consent to become a party to such a court unless San Domingo had equal voice with Great Britain. The best that the conference could do was to go on record as favoring compulsory arbitration; and even this resolution, which had no binding force whatever, met with the strongest opposition on the part of Germany.

It was the intention of the parties to meet for a third conference in 1915, but this date came at a time when most of the world was at war. Of necessity the task of creating an international court had to be postponed until the conclusion of hostilities. But the idea which had been growing all these years only received added impetus by reason of the events of the World War. Consequently, provision was made in the League of Nations Covenant for the future creation of a World Court.

The Constitution of the Court

SINCE there has been so much talk about the World Court and arbitration, it would perhaps be well at this point to distinguish between the two. The aims of arbitration and judicial settlement are, in the long run, identical, namely, the settlement of international disputes by peaceful means rather than by resort to war. It is in the methods employed that the two systems differ.

In a case of arbitration it is usual for the two countries first to reach an agreement to submit their difficulty to arbitration. Next each country selects an equal number of judges. These in turn sometimes select a third judge or group of judges who are presumably neutral. Finally, the evidence is submitted, the arguments heard, and a decision is reached. The result is invariably a compromise, a balancing of interests, a giving up on both sides, sometimes regardless of the right or wrong of the position of the parties.

The method of judicial settlement is somewhat different. A court is already in existence, ready to act whenever a controversy may arise. The judges are not politicians nor diplomats, but men skilled in the law. Presumably they represent no special interest. They have been selected because of their impartiality before the controversy has arisen. The decision of the case is arrived at, not by considering the strength or weakness of the opposing parties, nor the special interest of the judges, but by an examination of the principles of law involved in the case. The result is justice as opposed to compromise. It must not be assumed, however, that arbitration and compromise are necessarily unjust, or that arbitration is undesirable.

In accordance with the provisions of the League Covenant, a World Court was finally brought into being. The plans for the court were prepared by a committee of experts in international law, of whom our Mr. Root served as a member.

Now for the details of how the court is constituted and how it works. Details are usually tiresome, but they are almost always important. The World Court, or, officially, the Permanent Court of International Justice, is composed of eleven judges and four deputy judges. The method of selecting judges which had prevented the formation of a World Court at the earlier Hague conference was overcome by providing that the judges should be elected by the council and the Assembly of the League of Nations, from candidates proposed by those states that are members of The Hague Court of Arbitration, or are members of the League. The former provision, of course, includes the United States. Only one man may be elected from any one nation. This solution seemed to meet the objection of both the small and the great powers, because all have a chance to propose and to vote for the candidates; and the judges are elected, not because they represent a certain nation, but because of their fitness for the office. At the first election the following judges were selected: Loder (Holland); Weiss (France); Altamire (Spain); Anzilotto (Italy); Barbosa (Brazil); DeBustamente (Cuba); Lord Finlay (England); Huber (Switzerland); Moore (United States); Nyholm (Denmark); Oda (Japan); Meichman (Norway); Neguelesco (Rumania); Whang Chung Hai (China); and Yovanovivh (Serbia).

It will be seen from the above list that fifteen nationalities are represented on the court, which include the principal languages of the world, the main forms of civilization, and the important systems of law. Students of international law recognize at once in this list the names of the world's leading authorities, particularly the name of John Bassett Moore, America's best-known writer and teacher of international law. Mr. Moore's election was not due to American influence, because America, not being a member of the league, did not vote in the election of the judges. The selection of Mr. Moore is, however, a tribute to America, and it is also an indication of the impartiality with which the judges are chosen.

The World Court meets once each year, and can hold special sessions if necessary. A committee of the court (called a "Chamber of Special Procedure") is always ready to sit at the request of the parties. This chamber deals with questions which demand immediate attention. The court is open to hear controversies between nations; consequently the parties must be states and not individuals.

What kinds of controversies or questions are likely to come before the World Court? The court has jurisdiction to deal with disputes in two sets of circumstances. First, two states may agree to submit a dispute to the court for judgment. Secondly, a state may sometimes compel another state to appear before the court, where an existing treaty between the two nations provides for the submission of such disputes to the court, or where the two nations have accepted the jurisdiction of the court as compulsory.

In connection with the latter statement, it should be mentioned that the men who drew up the project for the World Court thought that jurisdiction should be compulsory; that is, that a state should be haled willy-nilly before the court, just as in civil life a defendant who has been served with notice of a suit against him is bound to appear and defend, or have judgment rendered against him. Strong objection was raised against this idea, however, particularly by the larger nations, and it was finally decided that states by signing a special agreement could bind themselves and each other, without other special agreement, to submit certain classes of cases to the court—questions such as the interpretation of a treaty, the breach of an international obligation, damages, and so forth. Those nations which did not sign this compulsory clause are, of course, not bound. Up to this time some twenty-odd nations have signed the special protocol, but none of the nations so signing has been a great power.

Not a Cure-All

PREVIOUS to the session of 1924 the court had heard and dealt with nine cases. A review of these cases and the facts leading up to each is beyond the scope of this article. It is sufficient to say that each case was very carefully considered and decided in accordance with legal principles, and the result reached in each case has been satisfactory. The official reports of the court's activities during the present session are not available.

The old court of arbitration at The Hague has not been extinguished by the creation of the new court.

The questions which can be decided by the World Court must necessarily be of a legal nature. Its field of activity is, therefore, rather limited. It is not a cure-all for all the diseases of the body politic. The majority of the questions which are now harassing the world are not legal questions, and are hardly susceptible of a legal solution. On the contrary, they are political, social, and economic in nature, and as such must be solved by other means than by recourse to the World Court.

The fact that the World Court can only deal with a very limited class of situations is often overlooked by the advocates of world peace who are urging that the United States participate in the World Court. They think, evidently, that this is the one step needed to bring about world peace and solve all of the international problems. But as the court is constituted at present, the United States could become a party to a suit without accepting membership in the court. American civilization and the American system of law and justice are represented in the court by the American judge, John Bassett Moore. We have the right to nominate candidates for the court. What then would be the effect, either in the United States itself, or in the world, of our decision to subscribe to the World Court Convention? It is probable that the difference would not be felt at all in this country. As far as other nations are concerned, our entry would without doubt greatly strengthen the court by adding moral support and increasing general confidence in its stability and usefulness. By becoming a member of the court we could also participate in the election of judges, a privilege which may in the future be of more importance than it is at present.

But neither the World Court nor our participation in the world tribunal will insure peace. As was remarked by Mr. Politis, the former minister of foreign affairs of Greece, "It is argued that justice will usher in peace because it will end war. It is rather the contrary which is true. The reign of justice presupposes the reign of peace. In an atmosphere saturated with passion, with rivalries and a war-like spirit, the judge is powerless; for the *RIGHT*, which is the judges arm, loses all value before force."

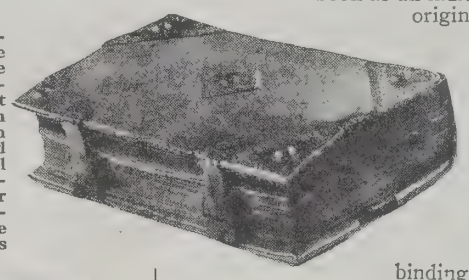
Royal Books and Their Rich Bindings

Bible on Which Kings and Queens of England Took the Coronation Oath; Bluff King Hal Was a Lover of Fine Books Artistically Embellished

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

IN FORMER days kings and potentates were accustomed to having a considerable amount of spending money. In consequence the royal encouragement of the arts and crafts was possible. In particular the monarchs found it highly desirable to encourage the art of bookmaking and bookbinding. This gave the air of learning to the royal house and made considerable impression upon the common people and even upon the learned. Quite recently the learning of a monarch who now seems to occupy himself with woodchopping, a healthy exercise, was the subject of frequent comment.

The outside of the royal books evidently engaged the attention of their owners even more than the inside and so we have some of the finest specimens of bookbinding emanating from the royal libraries which, like those of the commoner run of mankind, have frequently been sold in the book markets of the world, in London and New York.



Left—A portion of a tenth-century manuscript of the Bible used to bind three sixteenth-century works included in one volume. Right—An American psalter in German. Published in Philadelphia in 1781 and bound there. The metal ornaments are more common on larger books. Center—"Evangeline," by Longfellow. On the cover are eleven exquisite miniatures in ivory, set in the cover.

The book upon which the kings and queens of England from Henry I to Henry VIII took the Coronation Oath is a typical specimen of binding with metal reinforcements, which were in vogue up to the seventeenth century and even later in America. This book contains the gospels in Latin, written in the twelfth century. The leather binding is deerskin covering thick wooden boards. The lower cover contains a panel, sunk in the wood, upon which reposes a crucified figure of our Lord cast in bronze and ornamented, originally with gilt. The corners are protected by embossed pieces of brass, stamped with the fleur-de-lis within a circle. The rounded knobs upon which the book rests show encouraging signs of wear which suggest that the book may have been read by its owners. There is a clasp of leather and of brass as such old books were commonly kept closed by clasps.

King Henry VIII was a lover of fine books and the specimens from his library are ornamented with his coat of arms with subsidiary crowns over double roses. The kings were evidently fond of the "kingly crown," at least for decorative purposes on books and china, if not for regular headgear.

The Arabs are constrained by the Koran not to use for ornamental purposes any representation of man or animals. Probably for this reason the Arabs carried geometrical filigree designs to a very high degree of perfection. Many of the European bindings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are obviously either imitations of Arabic designs, or, at the least, directly traceable to Arabic influence.

In placing a binding upon a book it is necessary to have some stiff material upon which the leather or paper may be stretched. At the present time this material is commonly cardboard. Formerly thin wooden boards were used and particularly in early American bindings the backing of the leather is of wood. Occasionally a binder would have on hand some older manuscripts, on vellum, perhaps, or some books which had become (in the binder's opinion) obsolete and this material would be used for backing. Some extremely important maps have been found concealed in the bindings of old books. Recently at the New York Public Library some early specimens of the printing of William Bradford, first printer of New York and also of Pennsylvania, were found hidden inside the covers of old books and some of these happened to be specimens not preserved elsewhere.

Many old manuscripts were written on vellum or parchment, itself suitable for binding. It is quite common to find old books bound in parchment containing some fragment of a biblical manuscript or a religious tract of early times. Such works were most common in the days before printing largely because education was so completely in the hands of the church. To copy a portion of the Bible was an act of devotion and possibly occasionally of penance.

Not only the covers of the finer books are decorated but even the margins. In ancient libraries the front edge and not the back of the book was exposed on the shelves. At first simply an ordinary decoration appeared upon the margin, gilt as we have it today. The marbled effect which continues in use is also a fairly ancient procedure. Another development which is quite unique is the painting of a picture upon the fore edge in such a way that when the books closed only an ordinary gilt edge appears but when the leaves are flexed a pastoral scene or some other painting appears. Success in this difficult art of fore-edge painting is attained only by the elect few. The cost of such a painting is rarely less than one hundred dollars.

In the finest bindings the inside cover continues with the same type of decoration as the outside of the binding. With extremely rare books it is highly desirable to protect them somewhat from the changes in the atmosphere by inclosing within a case. The real book-lover prefers the old original vellum binding of a rare book as an indication of age and as being the original state in preference to any modern embellishment. However, the book is inclosed in a case which bears considerable resemblance to a jewel box, often being lined with velvet so that there should not be any wear on the cover in placing the rare book within its case.

Another popular form of binding was the embroidered cover, wrought by the devoted fingers of some fair lady. Such a book could well be used as a pillow when weary of reading. This binding may have owed some of its popularity to the fact that books have been known to be used as missiles in the hands of a fair but irate reader. Obviously one would prefer to be impressed in this manner by a cloth-bound book. Today women have found other means of self-expression at the polls and in the professions, and where not? In any event, whatever the reason, this binding has disappeared, despite its numerous advantages.

The best bookbinders who have established reputations "sign" their bindings by placing the firm name in gilt lettering on the inside edge of a cover.

Occasionally enthusiasts for bindings even insert jewels or wonderful miniature paintings as added decorations to the book. Recently there was sold in New York the library of the late Mrs. Phoebe Doyle, of Brooklyn, which contained sumptuous jeweled bindings and inserted miniatures on ivory. With respect to ornamentation these books constituted a collection the rival of any royal collection. However, the prices did not rival by any manner of means those paid, for example, for the original manuscripts of the late Joseph Conrad. The book-buyers of today are far more interested in content than in the accident of dress.

In olden times books were far more costly than they are today. In consequence, it was customary to add chains to the books which may account in some measure for the further use of metal protection pieces. Such chained books are found today as curiosities in many old libraries of Europe.

The oldest books were the rolls used by the ancient Hebrews and by the Romans. The protection for such rolls was a cylindrical container with a tight-fitting cover. Caesar and Cicero undoubtedly carried several such pails of books with them on their journeys.

Today books are no longer chained. The binding in quantity production has attained such a degree of perfection that for 10 cents one may find a classic by Tennyson or by Browning or by Longfellow bound in leather. Never in the history of the world were books easier to obtain and while possibly not prized so highly yet never were books so widely enjoyed, and so great a blessing to mankind.

The legal work of Justinian, 1578. Bound for Queen Elizabeth.

A manuscript Bible upon which the Coronation Oaths were taken from the time of Henry I to Henry VIII.

An embroidered cover with coat of arms—a copy of Petrarch, printed at Venice in 1544. This cover is said to have been the work of Queen Catherine Parr, one of the numerous wives of King Henry VIII.

Vladimir de Pachmann, Passing of Eccentric Genius

By EUGENE LEUCHTMANN

THE king of color and nuance, master of tone-painting, is passing. Vladimir de Pachmann, on a last tour through the United States, is leaving behind him memories of richly colored recitals, and of one of the most eccentric and vigorous personalities in the world of music. He says farewell to America to spend the rest of his days at his home in Rome.

Never a virtuoso in the fashion of the thunderers, De Pachmann possesses facile technique, marvelous dexterity, and plays with an unparalleled beauty of tone. When De Pachmann plays he weaves enchantment about his audiences with the doleful music of Chopin. In the work of other composers, however, the shortcomings of his method are apparent—they prevent him from playing in the fiery, passionate manner of the poets of the piano. He cannot even give the proper value to his own Chopin's "Military" Polonaise; because of his lack of fire he plays it in the manner of a schoolgirl, albeit with faultless technique.

His audiences usually are huge, many being attracted more by the man's reputation for eccentricity than by the artist's marvelous tone and digital fleetness. But De Pachmann is not a showman, he is first of all a musician with the musician's thorough understanding and sympathy with the music of the man he idolizes. Hardly more than five feet tall, barrel-chested, De Pachmann makes an extraordinary to-do about the heignt of his piano stool, gazes about upon his audience, and twists his wrinkled, gnome-like face into smiles as he makes sallies against his enemies and against his own playing. But he never keeps an audience waiting, and his concerts are noted for the purity of the music that he plays.

An assiduous student his whole life long, De Pachmann thoroughly exploits the value of the music of his choice, long before he presents it in his concertizing. When it is below the standard he has set (and that standard is really high) he refuses it place on his programs. Sometimes he refuses to play in public music which he considers beyond the comprehension of concert audiences. The compositions of Leopold Godowsky, whom he considers the greatest of all modern composers, are placed in this class. No doubt the public would greatly enjoy these works from the piano of De Pachmann, for his insight and artistic evaluation of musical values would place to best advantage a music, the difficulties of which are polyphonic rather than technical. When his music has more than one voice, De Pachmann plays all with smoothness and suavity; in his playing of Chopin's Sixth Prelude, Opus 28 (B Minor), the bass sings with the sweetness of a cello, and the treble with an equal purity and grace.

"I shall play Godowsky's music when I return to Rome," said De Pachmann; "America and the rest of the world are not ready for it yet. It is too difficult to comprehend, and in Rome I shall play Godowsky for the critics, who are the best in the world. Here they say that I am boasting, that only my ego is making me say that I am the greatest. I have no ego. I am an old man now, seventy-six years old, and it is only in the last seven years that I have been an artist. For sixty-nine years I merely played the piano. When I invented my system I became the greatest."

De Pachmann's system dispenses with all lateral movement of the wrists. He plays with a stiff wrist, and his fingers are the secret of his wonderful tone, his marvelous music painting. He is incapable of the fire and dash that Liszt requires. At a recent recital, it was an emasculated Liszt he gave us, a Liszt without the fiery passion that flares and crackles in his music.

"Perhaps you believe that I alone think I am the greatest of all pianists," De Pachmann told the writer after the recital. "Let me tell you a little story. Just forty years ago I gave a recital in Budapest. Liszt was in the audience, and with him was one of his numerous countesses, this time a famous beauty. I played none of his music, but when I had finished he walked up on the podium and embraced me.

VLADIMIR DE PACHMANN.

"'You are the greatest pianist in all the world, my son,' Papa Liszt told me.

"'I am not so great as Liszt, master,' I said, because I knew that I was not, but time has shown that I am, and in the last few years only have I realized that I am no more a mere pianist, but the greatest artist."

As he plays, De Pachmann mumbles to himself, sometimes addressing the listeners in his audience. Before he starts his program he softly runs his fingers over the keys, stopping here and there at a note which he sounds three or four times, depressing the pedal to make it ring. He listens intensely to the sound, waves a long forefinger in the air in time with the reverberation of the note. He smiles approvingly at the audience.

De Pachmann plays true to the Chopin tradition. His art is that of the sickly and delicate Chopin, and the world has never heard, since the death of the Polish genius, an interpreter who has so closely attained to the Chopin ideal. At seventy-six, De Pachmann is still a virtuoso, with the digital fleetness of Moritz Rosenthal or the late Ferruccio Busoni, but with touch and tone that neither of them was capable of developing, and outranking them all in a poetic temperament that has the lyric, sequestered Chopin quality.

Who can say that when De Pachmann plays Chopin he is not the greatest pianist in all the world? He tells himself that, and believes it with all the naïveté and sincerity of a man who no longer deludes himself with self-esteem. When he plays a beautiful scale, a run, an arpeggio, with a touch of velvet and crystal clarity, he says, "Bravo, Pachmann! Angelic, superb!" But he would also say it if another played it with the same beauty and tone. He praises not De Pachmann, but the wondrous music which De Pachmann alone can make.

Aged, chastened, De Pachmann yet retains the undiplomatic dogma of telling what he thinks to the world, even in the concert hall. His asides are no longer stinging and cruel. They are introspective now, and expository of the music he makes. The De Pachmann who cursed Huneker, his host, because there was no cognac to finish up a dinner the incomparable critic had planned with great trouble—the pianist who refused, because he was not to have his "petit verre" after dining, to play Huneker's piano because he "had no contract to play that make of piano," and who was appeased with a thimbleful of the liquor (he is a most temperate man) after Huneker had searched the neighborhood for it—the De Pachmann of long ago is mellowed, balanced.

He is more tolerant, though he still hates pose and hypocrisy. He knows he is great, but it is with the knowledge of a man who is able to stand away from himself and hear his own music with unbiased mind.

Sir James Barrie's "Reminiscences" of Great Men

Sir James Barrie seldom makes a speech. His address on "Courage" when he became Lord Rector of Edinburgh University was, it is said, his second offense in a long lifetime. Given at the ninety-seventh annual dinner for the Printers' Pension Fund in November; as whimsical as Peter Pan—one of his brain children—his address was a "take-off" on the modern style in reminiscences. Of course, his references to Robert Louis Stevenson and Napoleon are sheer fooling. But his cracks about modern literature, and his delicious closing sentence, are of the quintessence of Barrieism.

SIR JAMES BARRIE, who was received with loud cheers, said:—Major Astor, your Royal Highness, gentlemen—especially Mr. Churchill (laughter),—What worries me is those two suspicious objects that have been put upon the table in front of me. (Laughter.) [Two microphones had been placed on the table to broadcast the speeches.] I do not know what they are, but I presume that one of them represents Literature, and the other the Press. (Laughter.) I think we should all feel very beholden to an eminent politician for coming here and talking to us so delightfully about literature and the Press, especially at a moment when the country is on the eve of a General Election (laughter)—I mean to vote this time. (Laughter.) But, though Mr. Churchill has been very nice about it, I know the real reason why I have been asked to reply for this toast. It is because I am the oldest person present. (Laughter.) Many years ago I saw, in an American "Whitaker," my name in a list, headed "Interesting octogenarians" (loud laughter), and I think therefore that the best thing I can do is to give you some literary recollections of far past days. (Laughter and cheers.) I dare say I may sometimes get a little muddled between past and present, between father and son, but then I notice that you have done that also tonight. (Laughter.) You have been congratulating Mr. Churchill on being Chancellor of the Exchequer. Of course, it was his father who was that. (Laughter.) I will tell you a secret—I know quite well what has been happening to Mr. Churchill, and I think that he is only wearing the laurels that he has so splendidly earned. (Cheers.) But let us couple with him tonight the father (cheers), who must be proud of his boy. (Hear, hear.)

Those of you who are at present writing your reminiscences, and that must mean the greater number of you (laughter), I warn you that there is not much use having reminiscences nowadays unless you can remember Robert Louis Stevenson. (Laughter.) The only time I met Stevenson was in Edinburgh, and I had no idea who he was. It was in the winter of '79. I well remember the wind was "blawin' snell" when I set off that afternoon with my notebooks to the Humanities class of the University of Edinburgh. As I was crossing Princess street—a blasty corner—I ran against another wayfarer. Looking up, I saw that he was a young man of an exceeding tenuity of body, his eyes, his hair, already beginning to go black (laughter), and that he was wearing a velvet jacket. He passed on, but he had bumped against me, and I stood in the middle of the street, regardless of the traffic, and glared contemptuously after him. (Laughter.)

He must have grown conscious of this, because he turned around and looked at me. I continued to glare. He went on a little bit, and turned round again. I was still glaring, and he came back and said to me quite nicely: "After all, God made me." (Loud laughter.) I said: "He is getting careless." (Renewed laughter, and cheers.) He lifted his cane, and then, instead, he said: "Do I know you?" He said it with such extraordinary charm that I replied, wistfully: "No, but I wish you did." (Laughter.) He said: "Let's pretend I do," and we went off to a tavern at the foot of Leith street, where we drank what he said was the favorite wine of the Three Musketeers. (Laughter.) Each of us wanted to pay (laughter), but it did not much matter, as neither of us had any money. (Laughter.)

We had to leave that tavern without the velvet coat and without my class books. When we got out it was snowing hard, and we quarrelled—something about Mary Queen of Scots. (Laughter). I remember how he chased me for hours that snowy night through the streets of Edinburgh, calling for my blood. (Laughter.) That is my only reminiscence of R. L. S., and I daresay that even that will get me into trouble. (Laughter.)

A NAPOLEON REMINISCENCE.

It may interest Major Astor to know that I was the man who bought the first copy of *The Times* containing the news of the victory of Waterloo. (Laughter.) I happened to be passing Printing House square at the time, and I vividly remember the Editor leaning far out of his window to watch the sales (laughter), and I heard him exclaim exultantly, "There goes one copy, at any rate!" (Laughter.) Waterloo! I never knew Napoleon in his great days (laughter), but I chanced to be lodging in the same house that he came to, as you remember, as a stripling, just for a week, when he was trying to get a clerkship in the East India Company. (Laughter.) The old connection between France and Scotland brought us together. I remember well taking him one evening to Cremorne Gardens, then at the height of its popularity, and introducing him to a stout friend of mine, whom some of you may remember, Jos Sedley. What fun we had in the fog driving Jos home in his coach to Russell square! Napoleon was singing gaily, and Jos was bulging out of both windows of the coach at once. (Loud laughter.) This is perhaps only interesting as being the first encounter between these two figures, who were afterwards to meet on the tented field. (Laughter.) Napoleon, as is now generally known, did not take up that clerkship in the East India Company. (Laughter.) I dissuaded him against it. (Loud laughter.) Looking back, I consider that this was one of my mistakes. (Laughter.)

Gentlemen, the unenviable shades of the great, who have to live on here after they have shed this mortal tenement! Not for them the dignity of dying and being forgotten, which is surely the right of proud man! Who knows that where they are fame is looked upon as a rather sordid achievement? The freer spirits may look upon those immortals with pity, because they have to go on dragging a chain here on earth. It may be that the Elysian Fields are not a place of honor, but of banishment!

"Literature and the Press!" It is a noble toast, and never can it be drunk more fittingly than in the honor of the best friend that literature and the Press ever had—the printer. (Cheers.) All seems well with the Press. We are gathered tonight round a chairman not unconnected with a journal of which we can perhaps say, without vainglory, that it is a possession which all the nations envy us. (Loud cheers.) The Press nowadays, as Mr. Churchill has said, takes all the world in its span. I cannot look at Mr. Churchill, because I have been told to look at these two things [the microphones] (laughter), but one who was very lately a Lord Chancellor, and now another, a Chancellor of the Exchequer, have both—I do not know whether Mr. Churchill is beginning to look a little nervous about what I am going to say next (laughter)—all I am going to say is in glorification of the Press—when it is garbed in its Sunday best (laughter)—they are the two brightest jewels on its proud bosom.

Literature, when it can be heard at all above the syrens—Mr. Churchill has had a good deal to say about literature and the Press, and has found that they are very much the same thing. He used an expression about there being no arbitrary dividing line between literature and the Press. I should like to give a definition of what I think is the arbitrary dividing line (laughter) just in half a dozen words. It is this—Literature used to be a quiet bird. All, I think, is very well with literature, especially with the young authors. From its looms comes much brave literature, devised by cunning hands, women's equally with men's. There is no question whether a woman is worthy of a place in our Cabinet. Those young authors! All hail to them! Happy they! Multitudinous seas incarnadine boil in their veins. They hear the thousand nightingales which we once thought we heard. They have a short way with the old hands, but in our pride in them we forgive them for that. (Laughter and cheers.) Perhaps they sometimes go a little to excess, treating even God as if He were, shall we say, the greatest of the Victorians. (Laughter and cheers.) I thank you for listening to me so patiently. (Loud cheers.)

About Boston's Old Red Brick State House

Cheery, Jaunty, Old Building Where Pages of History Have Been Written

By MAY B. WHITING

THERE is something cheery and jaunty about Boston's Old State House that the new one, with scarcely a century and a quarter passed over its head, can never attain. Instead of severe marble and classic Bulfinch front, the old red brick is warm and mellow, the myriad little windowpanes blink knowingly in the sunlight, and on either side of the peaked gable the gilded lion and the unicorn rise up bright and perky.

And then there is the jolly little balcony overlooking Washington street, yet just a few steps withdrawn, an ideal place for wraiths of former days to watch the passing show. Here must come, I think, the eleven royal governors who have presided on that spot, Endicott in his somber robes, Andros, soldier of fortune, a little pale with premonition of his fall, and Shirley in his velvets and laces. With them is another group, the Mathers, John Hancock, the pink of fashion, with his friend, Sam Adams, and in that august company the malevolent countenance of one Captain Kidd.

The first Town House was built in 1657 on the site of the Market Place, and only a few steps away from the home of its donor, Robert Keayne, merchant tailor and first Captain of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery. Captain Keayne seems to have been a prototype of the popular "leading citizen." He made a great deal of money in business, so much that he was arrested and closely questioned; he was exceedingly pious in his daily life, and, at his death, made numerous public bequests. In fact, his will is the longest ever recorded in the county, covering fifty-four closely written pages.

Captain Keayne said definitely just what rooms the new building was to contain, a place for the artillery, a walk for merchants and shipmasters, a library, and rooms for the courts, but, prudent soul that he was, he did not leave a legacy large enough to furnish them all, so subscription papers were circulated. One of these documents is today in the possession of the Bostonian Society, and it shows how the citizens gave of what they had, money, labor, straw, food, or "lighterage," a word whose meaning is unknown, for its building.

In 1658 the Town House was completed, an imposing edifice to greet the visitor as he approached the village from Long Wharf. Unfortunately there has not yet been found an authentic drawing of it, but John Josselyn who was in Boston in 1663 gives a good description. He says that it was set upon twenty-one pillars, ten feet high, and that it projected three feet beyond them, that the roof sloped on all four sides and was surmounted by two cupolas or turrets, and that there was a belfry and sundial. Just across the street was First Church, with its thatched roof, and, nearby, on Crooked Lane, now Devonshire street, lived the first pastor, John Wilson.

Endicott was the first governor to preside at the council table, and nine governors followed him in the old Town House, including Bradstreet, the last under the Colonial Charter, and Andros, faithful servant of James II, hated in his day but adding a vivid, picturesque note to Colonial history. Then came the Provincial Charter and, under that, Phips, Stoughton, Bellomont, and Dudley.

During these years the records of Boston are full of references to the Town House, and no part seems to have been more generally used than the "Library and Gallere for Devines and Schollers to meete in." Captain Keayne had asked that the pastor and teacher of First Church select from his own collection such volumes as were suitable for public use, making special note of his "3 great writing bookes which are intended as an Exposition or Interpretation of the whole Bible, as also a 4th great writing booke which is an Exposition of the Prophecy of Daniel," all of these books being "written with my own hand as farr as they be writt."

In 1702 John Barnord was ordered by the town to make a catalog, and, for his trouble, he was to choose two volumes. When flames swept the building the citizens eagerly strove to save the library, and with some success, it seems, for two years later the Selectment printed an "Advertizment" ordering all persons who still had in their possession the town's books to restore the same promptly.

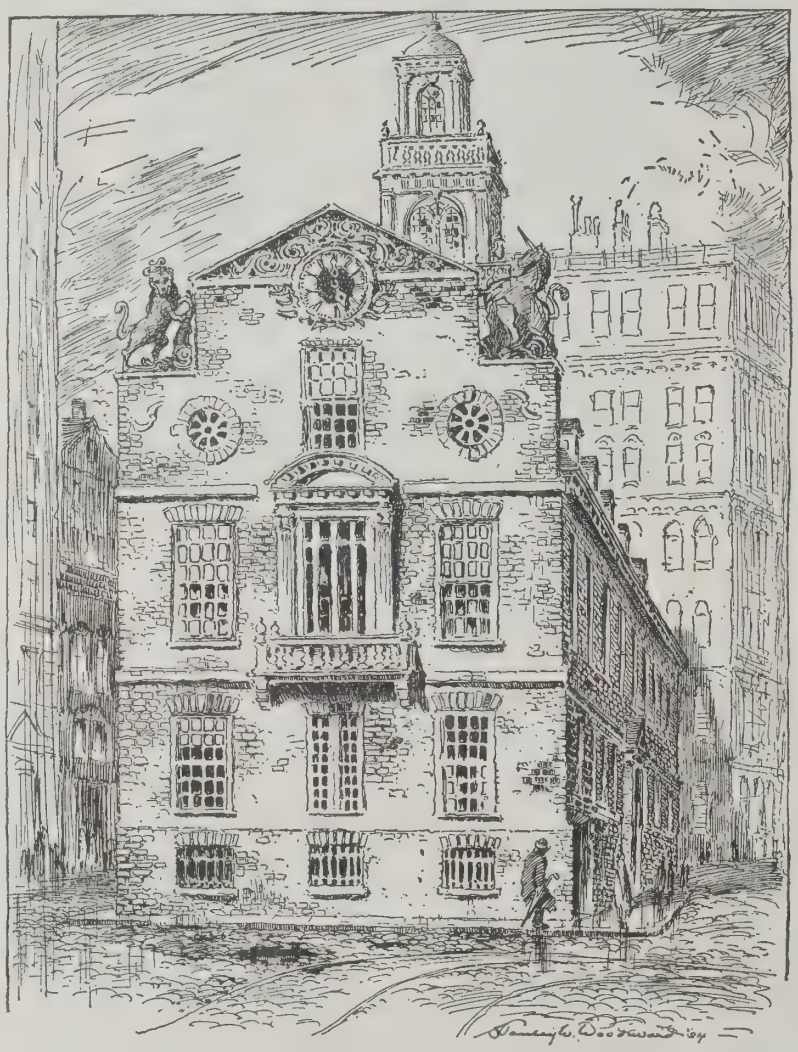
In 1686 Governor Andros landed in Boston and, in "scarlet coat laced," was conducted with considerable pomp to the Town House. Then began a struggle, the intensity of which we can only glimpse. Andros was determined to establish the Anglican worship in Boston and demanded the use of one of the churches. To his amazement a committee of five refused point-blank, because "it did entrench upon their conscience."

He was finally given the "east room" and, in those narrow quarters, with "movable pulpit and twelve forms," his friend Ratcliffe read of "the Blessed Martyrdom of Charles I" to such as desired his ministry. Just twenty-eight months after his arrival Andros stood in the Town House, a prisoner, and his downfall was proclaimed by "sound of trumpet and beat of drums."

In 1699 Captain Kidd came to Boston and, with his wife and a servant, put up at the best inn in the town. For years he had been a notorious pirate, and then was commissioned to put an end to piracy. But the temptation of his trade was too great, and Governor Bellomont, whose relations with the buccaneer had not been of the clearest, was forced to demand an explanation. He was tried in the Town House, and in spite of suave denials and failure to find the treasure which he was reported to have hidden, he was found guilty and sent to England for sentence.

In 1711 the Great Fire completely destroyed the Town House. The conflagration was a terrible blow and the public conscience was thoroughly stirred. Increase Mather preached a sermon, "Burnings Bewailed," famous in its day, in which he blames the town for its own misfortune, calling it a judgment of God against the desecration of the Sabbath.

Two weeks after the destruction of the Town House the citizens began planning a new one. Work was started almost immediately and in 1713 the building was ready for occupancy. Sewall writes in his diary of telling the Council that there was too little prayer in their midst, and threatening to absent himself unless more heed were given to divine petition. A few days later he writes, "Dr. Mather prays Excellently in the Council."



This building, with minor modifications, is the one we see today. At least, the outer walls remain the same, for fire again devastated the interior. Captain Francis Goelet who visited Boston in 1750 thus describes it:

"They have also a Town House, built of Brick, situated in King's Street. It's a very Grand Building, Arch'd all Round, and Two Stories High, Sash'd above; its Lower Part is always Open, design'd as a Change, tho' the Merchants in Fair Weather make their Change in the open Street at the Eastermost End. In the upper Story are the Council and Assembly Chambers &c. It has a neat Capulo, sash'd all round, and which on rejoycing days is Elluminated."

The new building, like the old, immediately became the center of the town's activities. Only two months after its completion the funeral of Fitz-John Winthrop was held there, and Sewall writes of the crowded streets and the rings and scarfs of the mourners. In its Council Chamber the expedition was planned against Louisburg, and here the hero, Sir William Pepperell, was fêted on his return.

To celebrate a victory of the French Revolution, a picturesque procession passed its doors and halted just beyond. An ox, roasted whole and with gilded horns, was carried on a cart twenty feet high, followed by another cart with two hogsheads of wine, and a third with bread. Tables were set in the street and the feast began. By evening the crowd became hilarious, and the onlookers from neighboring balconies were liable to be favored with a greasy joint or a crust of bread. No doubt the shades of former royal governors, if they so early made their rendezvous here, retired in disgust.

The balcony was in fairly frequent use in those days. From it was read the passing of George II, and, with loud huzzaing, the accession of George III. In the same spot, not many years later, the Declaration of Independence was read before a hushed and thoughtful crowd.

Long before that event the Old State House must have felt the Revolution coming and the royal wraiths of the balcony have moved uneasily in the moonlight. Thirty years prior to the Battle of Lexington, when Captain Knowles impressed Boston seamen to fill the places of deserting Britishers, a crowd gathered in the street in front of the State House, where the council was deliberating, and, as the long delay seemed to argue no redress, brickbats were thrown against the council chamber windows. Thus urged, Governor Shirley appeared on the balcony and promised that the men should be released.

The Boston Massacre took place almost in front of the State House doors, and, although the temper of the people was sorely tried, Captain Preston, who was in charge, was given a fair trial before the court.

In Old South Meeting House, a town meeting convened to voice its indignation, and from it Samuel Adams went to treat with Governor Hutchinson in the council chamber and to demand the withdrawal of the troops. The Governor hesitated, quailed before the determined manner of the American, and finally agreed that a part should go. "Both regiments or none," was the patriot's response, and "Sam Adams' regiments," as Lord North afterward called them, no longer had the freedom of Boston streets.

General Gage was the last royal official to preside in the Old State House. When the British left Boston and Hutchinson sought refuge in England, the building became the headquarters of the new state government. In 1789, a reception was given to Washington, who, from the balcony, greeted the throng that could not enter. The French fleet on its way home was likewise honored, and some years later, when Lafayette made his triumphal visit, a banner was hung across the street with this legend,

"We bow not the neck and we bend not the knee,
But our hearts, Lafayette, we surrender to thee."

There came a sad day in the existence of the Old State House. By 1798 Massachusetts had built herself a larger and more suitable building and, one wintry day in January, the state officials marched in picturesque procession up Beacon Hill to their new quarters. The courts had already been removed to the Court House, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery had gone, and the glory of the historic building became only a memory.

Then followed almost a century of makeshifts. The City Fathers, intent only on collecting rents, divided the interior into shops. For many years the Masons leased the upper story, for a while it housed the post office, but in general its condition went from bad to worse. Chicago offered to buy it. And yet it had its high lights now and then to relieve the monotony of dreary days.

In 1835 the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society advertised a meeting at which Garrison was to be chief speaker. Only eighteen of the ladies were permitted to enter the hall, and the crowd outside was so menacing that they urged Garrison to withdraw. This he prudently did, but only as far as the "Liberator" office a few steps away. There the mob found him and dragged him to Washington street, where a few individuals, determined to see fair play, formed a bodyguard and hustled him into the Old State House for safety.

At the time of the fugitive slave agitation public opinion had greatly changed. When a judge decreed that one such unfortunate must be returned, all business along Washington street was stopped as he was escorted with muffled drums to the wharves. Across the street, near the Old State House, a coffin was suspended, with a motto above it, "The funeral of liberty." But the edifice had fallen into such evil days by that time that I doubt if the aristocratic shades of the past would consent to grace the balcony, even to enjoy the display.

But better days were in store for the Old State House. Every once in a while a voice had been raised in its behalf throughout its lean years. Harrison Grey Otis pleaded with the flowery eloquence of his generation for its protection, and for a decade his words prevailed. In 1881, largely through the influence of the antiquarian, William Whitmore, the city council voted to restore the building as far as possible to its former condition, and it was then leased to the Antiquarian Club, newly incorporated as the Bostonian Society.

But even with such a tenant it has not been wholly safe, for before long the subway appropriated a small part for a station. Legislation has since been enacted to prevent further depredations, so it seems as if the Old State House might long remain as it is today, the home of a notable society, and a museum filled with relics of the early life of the town.

If there are sermons in stones it is equally true that they are to be found in bricks, and the United States can never afford to allow any more of its historic structures to disappear before the vandal. Such relics are too precious to be lightly cast aside. They are chapters which can never be replaced.

Mr. Ford's Page

WHATEVER may be the cause—a different rate of vital vibration, a different degree of energy, or what not—it is reasonably certain that men's difference in ambition and self-respect springs from the ideas they live by. There are those who desire to "do," and there are those who desire to be "done by"; the difference spreads very far.

The stronghold of this difference is in *the idea.* Train a child to expect that things will drop easily into his lap upon his slightest whine; train the mind to regard life as a benevolent system of providence that makes weakness weaker by serving it; train a boy to look for favors from others, instead of looking to his own powers to create or command what he needs, and already the seeds of dependence are sown, the mind and will are warped, life is crippled. And all by a mental attitude, by an idea.

Emphasis is laid on this particular phase of weakness because it is so common. Unintentionally a rather soft teaching concerning the providence of the world has fostered it. Doubtless there is a providence which, from an invisible plane, fulfills what is lacking in men's most sincere efforts. Human experience seems to indicate that. Men's efforts seem at times to start up corresponding currents of power which manifest themselves at critical moments, to complete a process or to give a favorable turn to seemingly unfavorable circumstance. The experience of men in all generations seems too clear on this point to leave much doubt about it.

But, this providence—to give it that name—is not the servant of the weak, but of those who have put forth their utmost strength. They may be weak at the moment, but they are not weak by reason of being naturally weak, but by reason of being strong and of having given all their strength to a cause or a task. This catching up, then, of the last threads, or supplying the last touch, this providence, as men call it, comes to the help of the strong who being unsparing of their strength have drained it for the moment. This is simply to say, in another way, what is already held in the old saying: "God helps those who help themselves."

The story is told of a Persian poet who one day found a raven's nest full of young, and the mother bird dead upon the ground. He was thinking upon the doleful chance of those young birds when suddenly an eagle swooped downward, his talons holding food, and fed the famished nestlings. "Ah," said the poet, "here is a lesson for me: Providence cares for every hungry mouth." So he began to live after that idea. He ceased to work—he was waiting for his eagle. Then, in the extremity of his want he had a dream, and in the dream he was admonished thus: "You saw the eagle and you deduced therefrom the doctrine of providence, and rightly so. But what part of that scene was meant for man's imitation? Should he play the helpless weakling in the nest, or the helpful strength?"

There it is in a nutshell; it is more man's honor to play providence, to work, to make things come to pass, to be himself a source of help to others, than weakly to wait for help to come to him. If there is a providence, what then?—wait for it? No, imitate it, duplicate it, aspire to be the helper rather than the helpless. This very idea of the strong and active side of the thought of providence will have a corrective effect upon those who have been weakened by the softer side.

The books that boys once read were all based on the happy accident of the hero meeting a lord or a rich man who took a notion to him and without rhyme or reason lifted him to riches and power and married him to the princess. It was the old idea of expecting someone to come along and do something for you. Fortunately, life is so arranged that boys do meet people—good and bad—and if the boy has good intentions he finds useful friends. But, in these days the emphasis is more wholesome and more creative of self-respect: a man's destiny is in himself, he is not dependent on others, the very obstacles he encounters are mostly nicely adjusted tests to raise his energy, courage, initiative and resourcefulness one notch higher in encountering and overcoming them.

Now, all this is American in its best sense. It should be said that the boys' books just now referred to were not American in their inspiration: they were mostly European—the kind lord and the Lady Bountiful sort of stuff, all enforcing the idea that if you keep your hand out like a beggar, someone will be sure to drop something into it. That was not to be found in American boys' books of the last generation. The dime novels, against which so much has been said, were at least wholesome in that they held up energy, independence, action, courage, resourcefulness as virtues that counted heavily in life. The boy heroes of those tales depended on themselves to conquer adverse circumstances. They had no one else to depend upon. And the "happy ending" of the stories was that courage and energy and intelligence could put a dent in any combination of circumstances that might be allied against one.

The alien, the other-than-American, idea, namely, that man's main business is to wait until someone else does something for him, has gained ground in our country. Individual weaknesses, like individual strengths, when widely enough diffused, soon make themselves apparent in national programs. And sometimes the programs of weakness resemble so much the programs of strength that they are mistaken for them. There is no question that American strength and initiative have resulted in programs of national mass action. The urge to do big useful things, which is a mark of the American mind, has formed bigger projects than individuals can accomplish singly, so there has been a suggestion of pooling national strength for national achievement.

Now, weakness has counterfeited that method. Mass weakness has assumed the appearance of mass strength from the mere fact that it is massed. Its program, simmered down to principles, is this: "We can force the country *to do things for us.*" The whole list of programs which assume that the "government" is an inexhaustible source of privilege and favor, the whole list of proposals that the country do this for this class and that for that class, is the expression of the hand-out type of mind. Mass weakness looks like strength, but it is not. It does not propose itself to do the thing it suggests, it proposes that the "doers" do for it. This type of mind never proposes to serve the country, but to make the country serve it.

It is true that the strong ought to serve the weak, but not to confirm them in their weakness. Service to the weak is disservice unless it has the effect of bringing the weak to strength and independence. Fostering the hand-out attitude of mind is extreme unkindness. That is why our customary charity is such a contemptible thing. It weakens those who are willing to give because it weakens those who are willing to receive. Real helpfulness costs; it costs thought and effort by those who give it, and it costs thought and effort by those who receive it. And neither part likes to make the effort. Charity is an evasion of effort. Charity is the easiest way for both, and consequently it establishes the very conditions it ought to abolish.

Thus in individual cases and in national movements we see men's entire attitude toward life warped by false ideas. The beginning of correction is with the individual. Life is a freer thing, opportunity is a wider field, than ever before.

THE hand-out type of mind is the result of a false idea of life. Weakness waits for Providence, but Providence is reserved for those who are weak because they have spent great strength in a task. Providence does not confirm man's weakness; it completes his strength. Doing things for people is harmful misdoing unless it increases their independence, energy and initiative. The American idea is that people should do things for themselves, and American life gives opportunity for this. Our forefathers with a single opportunity and courageous initiative accomplished more than this generation with a thousand opportunities but with the pernicious doctrine that the "government" or "society" should do it. Charity is contemptibly easy both to give and receive, but helpfulness costs even to receive. Guard strictly against the weakness of the hand-out type of mind.

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The President Is at Work

HIS critics say that it is for party reasons that he does it silently, but that President Coolidge is steadily cleaning out the weak spots in government is a fact which they cannot deny. He could do it with great noise and advertisement if he wished and perhaps bring about his head a halo of saffron glory from the yellow press, but as he has never worked that way there would seem to be no fair reason to accuse his silence of being a method to prevent the public from knowing just how bad the Republican officeholding crowd was found by him to be. That the President is working silently is a fact, but that he is working is a greater fact. Almost every day, two or three lines in the papers notify the public that an officeholder here and there has been dropped. That is all. But behind some of these announcements there is a story, and there are now sufficient of them to indicate that the President is diligently pursuing a clean-up program which will eliminate the unfit and fill their places with servants of a more dependable type. It may be respect for the late President Harding that predisposes to silence; it may be a desire to cleanse the government without additional aspersions upon the party; but more likely it is the businesslike attitude of other important concerns which act upon the principle that the thing to do is the thing to be done, and get it over with. We have been educated of late in the notion that the chief business of a government is to raise a row. The true mission of government is to do the nation's business honestly and efficiently. This seems to be President Coolidge's view of the matter.

Florida Kills Taxes

THE people of Florida, voting six to one, have amended their State constitution to provide that the legislature may not levy a State income or inheritance tax. By making this amendment a part of the fundamental law, Florida takes a stand against the tendency toward confiscation which has appeared in this country. Florida knows that a State can grow only upon development, and that excessive taxation discourages development and eventually taxes the tax sources out of the State or out of existence.

Already Florida is the winter home of thousands of well-to-do people from all parts of the country; but the State wants them to make their permanent home there. Her treasury does not need their income or inheritance taxes, but the State itself needs capital for the building of roads, homes, schools, hotels, and apartment houses. In the belief that increased developments and building operations will draw workers from other States, and thus add to the population, and that the resulting increase of activity will produce a larger tax revenue than income and inheritance taxes combined, Florida voluntarily relinquishes revenue which she might easily obtain by levying these taxes.

Most of our States collect income and inheritance taxes, although the people of Oregon recently repealed their income tax law, and the voters of Michigan rejected a similar proposal. Most States are continually devising ways and means to take all they can get from their citizens in the form of taxes. The era of extravagance which followed the war caused many States to raise to confiscatory proportions these two kinds of taxes. Florida's progressive example is expected to produce a wholesome reaction in States that have gone to the opposite extreme, and to bring to the attention of the voters in these States the necessity for economy in State government.

The only flaw in the Florida amendment, it would seem, is that at some future time Florida may wish to levy an income tax to tide her over an emergency. In that case, the amendment just passed would be an insuperable obstacle.

Pistols by Mail No More—Perhaps

THE Lower House of Congress has passed a bill restricting the use of the United States mails for the transportation of firearms that can be concealed upon the person. Thus comes nearly to an end the long disparity between local and Federal laws. Local police have been doing their utmost to curb the traffic in pistols, but any crook could order his pistols sent by mail and have them delivered into his hands by Uncle Sam. If the law covered the transportation of publications advertising small arms, the situation would be more fully met, as far as law can meet it. The strongest argument against the wholly admirable campaign to reduce the supply of pistols is that law-abiding people will certainly obey the law, but will the crooks? Will it come to pass that the only classes that need protection will be unprotected, while the criminal class goes fully armed? The question only emphasizes the fact that laws are not the cure for anything; at best they are but indications of the direction in which decent minds move.

The Devastating Rat

FEW people realize that the greatest enemy within the borders of the United States today is the brown rat. There are as many rats in this country as there are people and the total yearly damage they cause amounts to $200,000,000. It would take the labor of 200,000 men to produce the material eaten and destroyed by these rats. It would require about 5,000,000 acres to produce the grain they destroy.

Bad as these things are, there is still worse. Through the parasitic insects that infests them, rats are almost wholly responsible for the perpetuation and transmission of bubonic plague. An authority states: "Septic pneumonia and epidemic jaundice in man have been traced to the rodent, and it is known to perpetuate trichinae in the pig. It is suspected of being the carrier of infantile paralysis, and it undoubtedly carries many kinds of infectious germs from its haunts of filth, leaving them upon human food."

The lion is called "the king of beasts," but a single rat does more harm in a year than a lion. The rapacious rodent also leaves tigers, wolves and other wild animals far behind in its destruction of life and property. The Chief of the Bureau of Biological Survey says: "House rats are of more universal concern to the people of the United States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, than any other wild animal pest. They have long been recognized by experienced observers as the most destructive species of animal in the world, and as one of the most dangerous from the standpoint of the transmission of communicable diseases."

One cause of the increase of the rat is undoubtedly the indiscriminate killing off of their natural enemies, such as owls, hawks, and herons. Skunks, weasels, and snakes are also among the enemies of the rat that have been nearly exterminated through prejudice and ignorance. All the hawks, owls, and weasels in the country combined do not destroy one-sixth as much poultry or game as the common brown rat, and many of them are efficient enemies of both rats and mice.

Systematic poisoning and trapping are remedial measures suggested by the Bureau of Biological Survey, but on the principle that "prevention is better than cure," it is pointed out that to combat the rat successfully is largely a building problem. Buildings should be so constructed as to exclude the animals from shelter and food. It is claimed that if half the money now spent in feeding and fighting rats could be expended in wisely planned and well-executed cooperative efforts for rat repression, it would be possible within a few years nearly to rid the country of its worst animal pest, to reduce losses by its depredations at least 90 per cent, and to free the land completely from the fear of bubonic plague.

A Rat Week, one of the greatest "safety first" campaigns, has been tried in Britain and elsewhere with success.

A Disgraceful Squabble

IT APPEARS that the recent flare-up between—not Great Britain and the United States, but between a British and an American statesman—concerning French payments on the war debt, really grew out of nothing. It was a nasty interlude nonetheless. And it is left hanging in the air because, apparently, neither nation thinks it necessary to explain to its people what it is all about.

There was, it seems, some talk between Americans and the French about the repayment of the French debt to America. Whereupon Britain made it known that she would expect France to pay her British debt in the same proportion as the payments to America. The manner in which this was done could not have been better calculated to wound both French and American susceptibilities. It looked for the moment as if Winston Churchill was wistful of some of the praise then being bestowed on the Foreign Office for "firmness" in Egypt. Winston was going to be "firm" with France and the United States. There's enough Anglo-Saxon blood in the United States to resent that, and in a test of "firmness" Winston may be found to lack starch.

Anyway, it appears that France, for the first time in many a long day, has an opportunity to call both Britain and the United States to account. There has been no proposal to pay the United States. The whole tempest was in a teacup. The *Temps* makes a statement that appeals to proper instincts everywhere, when it says:

"The Anglo-American controversy on the subject has a tone very disagreeable to us . . . . What is especially striking is that neither the one side nor the other pays the slightest attention to the circumstances in which these debts were contracted, nor to the moral engagements taken at that time. Never has it been better shown that if for many people the war has been forgotten, debts have not.

"For our part we do not forget the aid our Allies gave us in the most tragic hours of our history nor the bravery with which they fought at our side. However, if our cause became their cause, it was because a German victory would have constituted a terrible menace to their independent existence, their political position and their material prosperity. It must not be forgotten that for four years France served as the battle ground of the nations and that the honor of being the last defense of civilization and liberty cost her the ruin of her richest departments.

"That is the consideration we are obliged to recall since our creditors across the Channel and across the Atlantic seem to wish to forget it when they demand to be paid by us before the debts of those we fought together have been acquitted . . . . Is it logical, is it admissible, that they try to place the settlement of interallied debts ahead of the payment of reparations?"

There is no evading the fact that the whole position is that of trying to force France to pay for the war, instead of Germany. Germany is recuperating at a rapid rate. Just what is the reason for officials of the United States precipitating the controversy in this form at this time? We can understand Britain's anxiety, because British citizens are paying nearly half their earnings in taxes, and in France too the tax burden is breaking the backs of the people. But why does the United States become insistent now? Why is all the pressure exerted upon France and all the assistance extended to Germany?

Plain people will feel, next to the disgracefulness of the squabble, that there is something here about which statesmen are not quite frank.

Paper Profits Provoke Pleasure

FINANCE AND INDUSTRY, of Cleveland, cackles like a happy hen over the profits derived by Fourth Reserve District industries through the boom caused by the election. It estimates the rise in industrial stock values in the open market at $250,000,000 since election day.

It may be cruel to prick the bubble, but it is best. The rise of stock in the market has no effect on the industry issuing it. High or low, the dividends declared will be exactly the same, based on the face of the certificate, and the gain or loss is that of the owner, not the company. In the operations of a corporation, however, the gyrations of the market make no difference. It would be well if financial journals would give the people the benefit of that fact. It would be journalistically more honest, as well as socially more serviceable, to educate the public in the difference between gambling or speculation and business, than it is to hold up the stock market and its tricks as an adjunct of business. It is not. The stock market is the clinical thermometer marking the rise and fall of the speculative fever; it is not the barometer of sound business prosperity.

Cranberry Bogs of Cape Cod—Their Workers

Festival Berry Grown by Men From Cape Verde, Who Came to the New World as Members of Whaling Crews

By ALBERT ERNEST JENKS

Professor of Anthropology, University of Minnesota.

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(*Second Article*)

Photo by Jenks.
American-born Cape Verders.

Whalers' Monument at New Bedford, inscribed: "A Dead Whale or a Stove Boat."

THE coast of New England has always been a whaling coast. In 1605 there was written a description of the Indian method of harpooning whales from their canoes. The Pilgrims in the *Mayflower* found the abundance of whales around their ship one of the chief reasons for settling inside Cape Cod. Whale fishing slowly developed along the New England coast, centering and reaching its early highest development in the Island of Nantucket. In 1712 a Nantucket whaler was blown out to sea but returned with a sperm whale—the first sperm whale known to have been taken by American whalers. Sperm oil being more valuable than other whale oil, the Nantucket whalers changed their methods and rapidly became deep-sea whalers. This necessitated increasing the size of their vessels. By 1730 "try-works" were built on shipboard, so the vessels could stay long at sea and there complete the task of getting the oil from the whales captured. This fact encouraged building larger vessels, until by 1820 it was a profitable venture to make them of 300 tons' capacity.

New Bedford, which in time was to take the place of Nantucket as the queen city of whalers, was early at this profitable and romantic venture. It is well authenticated that as early as 1765, perhaps 1755, Joseph Russell, the founder of New Bedford, was whaling. Increase in size of vessels was the chief cause of the shifting of the whaling center from Nantucket to New Bedford. A bar across Nantucket harbor prevented arrival of heavily laden ships, but a great dry-dock barge, called the *Camel,* was built which floated vessels across the bar, but larger and larger vessels at last "broke the camel's back." In 1843 Nantucket had eighty-eight whaling vessels—her largest number. Three years later, when Nantucket possessed only sixteen vessels, her neighbor, New Bedford, had sixty-nine. Nantucket's last whaler went out in 1869. As early as the year 1857 New Bedford had 329 whaling vessels which beat their adventurous courses over all the seas, and brought back as whale fishermen many strange ocean peoples—as well as familiar Europeans, whose shores were ocean washed. In 1858 Daniel Ricketson presented a brief picture of New Bedford's "Midway" in his book, "The History of New Bedford," where he says:

"A part of New Bedford at the South End of Water Street is now known as Fayal, from the large number of Portuguese from that and other ports in the Portuguese dominions. In fact, our city is a microcosm. Not only the Portuguese and Spaniard, but Dutch, Swedish, Norwegian, German, French, English, Scotch, Irish, and other natives of Europe, as well as of Asia and Africa, the Sandwich Islanders, New Zealanders, and so on, are to be found among our seamen, and more or less of them in port the greater part of the time."

The New Bedford Museum of the Dartmouth Historical Society, where a most complete visual story of American whaling is told, has valuable ethnological collections brought back by whalers from the many "strange islands of the sea." Rare feather-work robes from old Hawaiian royalty, regal carved maces from Melanesia, tattooed human heads from New Zealand, armor and lacquer from Japan, porcelains and silk mandarin coats from China—in fact, rare specimens of distinctive culture which can no longer be duplicated, from almost every port in the East and the oceans were brought home by whaling vessels. Representatives of most of the strange Island peoples who produced these wonders and who came to New Bedford with the early whalers have now disappeared from her streets. However, "Fayal" is still there as the Portuguese part of the city whose inhabitants are mostly Portuguese from the Western Islands; while the area from South Water Street to the water front is still the seat of the Cape Verde Islanders.

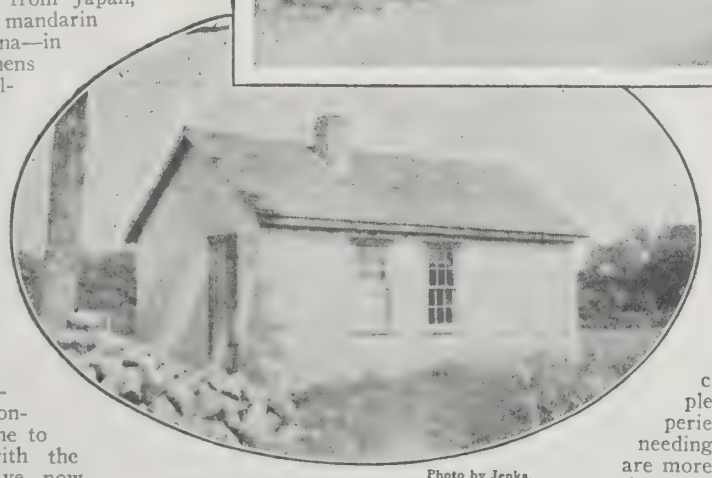


Photo by Jenks.
Cape Verder's "Farm." The level land is his cranberry bog.

Mr. Forbes in his now rare pamphlet, "Whale Fishing of New England," tells us that "Whalers would rarely cruise past the Azores without stopping at Fayal where they were most hospitably received by the American Consul." Since the Cape Verde Islands as well as the Azores were Portuguese possessions, and were not far distant, and since Cape Verders—especially those of Brava—were famous seamen, American whalers acquired the habit of going to Brava for a part of their crews. Brava was really a godsend to the New Bedford whale captains, because it became more and more difficult to recruit whaling crews in New Bedford. The voyages were often four and five years long, and a look at the seamen's quarters below deck—sometimes called "The Black Hole of Calcutta"—battened down tight in bad weather, where one's berth was so narrow that a man "had to get out in order to turn over," was enough to discourage all except hardened seamen. In fact, it is said that captains, in an attempt to prevent desertion, were accustomed to anchor their ships well outside the harbor before taking on the final crew. Seaman Ben's tale in Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "The Story of a Bad Boy" will recall that idle seamen on shore were sometimes "drugged in liquor" and found themselves next morning out at sea signed for a long-time whaling voyage.

The Cape Verder is a natural seaman. The barren lands of the Archipelago, the safe seas surrounding it, frequent inter-island communication, and the abundance of food fish in the sea, all led the Cape Verders to familiarity with ocean life. When the American whaling vessels came to the islands with a sort of crew-hunger, the circle of events was complete—Cape Verders as experienced seamen and whalers needing willing man-power; "they are more interested in a good catch than any other crew and they are especially sharp in locating a whale," said an old New Bedford captain. The inevitable result was a new type of immigrant coming to the United States, since when the vessels returned to New Bedford they often brought their Cape Verde crew with them. Later on, Cape Verders shipped on whalers as their best or only means of migrating to America.

The exact date of the arrival of the first Cape Verder to the United States is not known. The famine of 1832, so an elderly native told me, brought to the Islands a shipload of food and provisions from Philadelphia, whose merchants were traders with the islands. This event, he believes, first turned the minds of the Islanders toward America. Names and dates in my possession, given by credible elderly witnesses, place the time of definite early and permanent immigration as far back as in the fifties of the last century. One known family was here some years before our Civil War and returned to Brava when war broke out. They returned to New Bedford "just before the assassination of Lincoln," and with them came about a dozen other Brava families. Among that number was a young married woman who is now 76 years old and who is most gracious and intelligent. I had an interview with her at her home and found her knowledge of early Brava days, both in the island and in New Bedford, very interesting. Cape Verders continued to come with whaling vessels until recent years. Though whaling in New England declined, due largely to the introduction of kerosene following the discovery and ever larger use of petroleum products, yet whaling vessels have continued to go out from New Bedford. In 1875 she sent out 116 vessels; in 1886 there were 77; she still sent 24 in 1906 and 20 in 1913. Since the decline of whaling the Cape Verders have gone eagerly to the merchant vessels. They are stewards, cooks, firemen, crew men on a large part of the New England coastwise vessels, tugs, lighthouse tenders, and tramp merchant ships. Since the Russo-Japanese War they have largely taken the places of the Japanese on New England vessels, and many captains say they prefer them.

Photo by Jenks.
Sandwich road community of Cape Verders.

They also do a good deal of business on the ocean these last years on their own account. Three or four men pool their funds, buy up old Essex-built "Glouster Fishermen" ranging from 125 tons to 300 tons, load them from "chock-to-block with everything from frying pans to pillows," and venture on trading and passenger trips to and from the Cape Verdes. Last autumn thirteen such vessels went to the Islands from New Bedford. Especially during the past twenty-five years of near-drought the claim of New Bedford Cape Verders that their friends back in the Islands now live in very large part off American-produced resources is reasonably true. Last autumn the little barks and packets carried corn, beans, beef and lard, all of which the Islands formerly produced in abundance, as well as petroleum, stoves, dishes, bedding, chairs and every sort of common household furniture. Most of these vessels carry twenty to fifty passengers, besides their crew, both ways on their trips. Cape Verders think little of that ocean voyage of thirty-odd days, as they are natural travelers by water, and those in America make frequent trips to their homeland.

Because of the many different classifications of Cape Verders and because so many sailors, enlisted as immigrants, have entered America from small vessels, there are no reliable official figures as to the exact number of Cape Verders in America. The estimate is about 25,000 now in the southeastern corner of New England. A few go annually to California, so there may be 500 others outside this eastern area. Their habitat in the East may roughly be said to be the coastal area from Hartford to Boston.

As the number of Cape Verders in America increased it was inevitable that employment should be sought in diverse fields. Most of the men were already familiar with the life of the seaman, the small farmer, and the fisherman. All of these activities have claimed a considerable number in America, and as seamen and small farmers they are gaining ground.

An entirely new type of employment was in the industrial plant where the necessarily socialized contacts have frequently not been to their advantage.

New Bedford is at present noted for turning out the highest grade of cotton textiles made in New England.

(*Concluded on page 14*)

A City's Successful Financial Experiment

Non-Interest-Bearing Scrip Versus Interest-Bearing Bonds

By WILLIAM BRADFORD DU BOIS

IN 1878 the city of St. Joseph, Missouri, was in a very bad way financially. The bonded debt with accumulated interest amounted to $2,000,000. In these days of billions this may seem like a trifling sum, but it was very large considering that at that time the total assessed valuation of the taxable property in the city was only $7,000,000, and the interest charges necessarily made the taxes very heavy. In addition to this, there was a heavy floating debt represented by interest-bearing warrants on the city treasury. This was steadily on the increase, because the expenditures of the city exceeded the receipts.

How did the city get into such a financial morass? It is the old story of debt and interest, more debt and more interest. St. Joseph, especially its merchant and banking classes, had for a score of years prospered greatly, owing in part to the large amount of money which found its way into circulation during the early days of the gold excitement, and also to its banking facilities which were unequaled by any city west of Chicago or St. Louis. Money, however, as was the case with western towns generally, commanded high interest rates, and this, in the end, worked to the disadvantage of the people as a whole. There was little or no foreign capital in the city, and the property of the city, whether in real estate, merchandise or money, was held mostly by its own citizens. Ten per cent was the usual discount rate charged by the banks to first-class customers. The bankers were prosperous at all events.

How St. Joseph Found Relief

THE provisions of the first city charter were good—too good to suit the people, because the council was restrained from creating an indebtedness exceeding $1,000. So, in 1853 and 1855, descents were made upon the legislature and amendments secured authorizing the city to "subscribe for the capital stock of railroads and for erecting wharves and protecting the banks of the Missouri" against the encroachments of that changeful stream This was well enough for a year or two, and thousands of dollars were voted by the people for these purposes. But as the western country was settled and developed, new schemes for investing city funds were devised, and a call upon the legislature in 1857 secured the passage of another bill authorizing the mayor and councilmen "to subscribe to the capital stock of any railroad terminating at or near said city, or for the stock of any other improvement tending to promote the general welfare and prosperity of the city."

Bonds were voted with a free hand, and the interest was almost invariably fixed at from 8 to 10 per cent. Some of these bonds went for railroads that were never built. Others for a road that was built and afterward abandoned, others for the bridge, for river improvements, for building macadamized roads and for other schemes supposed to benefit the city. The people apparently voted "yes" on almost every proposition submitted to them, for the records of the defeat of measures of this kind are few and far between. They evidently reasoned that the only great city in the West must give a certificate to that effect in the shape of an indebtedness of a million or two. They also probably argue (Oh, that old fallacious and insidious argument!) that future generations would pay these debts so contracted. "Why should we do anything for posterity?" exclaimed Sir Boyle Roche in the course of a debate in the Irish Parliament. "What has posterity ever done for us?" To be sure. What *can* posterity do for us?

Of course, halts were called now and then by thinking men, but usually they were of short duration, and the issuing of bonds went merrily on until the state constitution of 1870 put a limit to city indebtedness, prohibiting its exceeding 5 per cent of the city's assessed valuation. Further amendments to the charter, later on, prohibited the expenditure of money beyond the receipts of the city. It was thought for a time that this provision would at least prevent the incurring of further indebtedness, but this was a false hope; and soon a scheme was devised that circumvented the law. The council simply estimated the receipts at the beginning of the year and went on appropriating from this estimate, totally regardless of whether it was collected or not. As a consequence, city warrants were soon below par although bearing interest at 6 per cent. The city hall, begun in 1873 and occupied in July, 1874, was built by issuing these warrants, or certificates, the sum of $50,000 being subscribed by interested property owners. If they had not borne interest this would have been following quite closely the Guernsey Market plan of financing, an account of which has appeared in the pages of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, because the certificates were made receivable for city taxes at the rate of one-fifth the tax a year. In other words, if a certificate holder owed $100 taxes, he could pay $20 of it with certificates.

But something had to be done to save the city from default, if not actual bankruptcy, and it was in 1878, under Mayor Joseph A. Piner, that relief was brought by issuing warrants on the city treasury in the denomination and shape of one and two dollar bills, non-interest bearing, and receivable for licenses and for a portion of the city taxes. The interest in the city tax budget had to be paid in "money of the realm" as the bonds of the city were principally held by non-residents, who, of course, demanded payment in something that they could use, as the "ones" and "twos" had little or no circulation outside the city limits.

These warrants which eventually came to be known as "city scrip" were issued to the extent of $100,000, all in "ones" and "twos," and strikingly similar in appearance to national bank notes, after which they were evidently modeled.

People Took the Warrants

FOR several years they were received by the city in payment of certain taxes and licenses and again paid out for salaries, and so forth, and were thus kept in constant circulation.

Being printed on a comparatively poor quality of paper, they speedily became badly mutilated and filthy to a deplorable degree.

The first outcry by the public against them was for this reason and this reason only. The outcry ceased immediately upon the redemption of the old warrants with crisp new ones which the city provided.

Right here it may not be out of place to state that the reason for their renewal, as above stated, was also the reason for their eventual retirement. The banks, of course, were opposed to their issue from the start, but, as long as the warrants were in good condition, there was no complaint against them except by business men who were occasionally put to the inconvenience of hunting up exchange for them to do business through the banks, as the latter could not accept them on deposit as money.

Notwithstanding that there was some question as to the legality of the city's action in the premises, the people took the warrants at their face value without question, and they were kept in active circulation—too active to keep them clean and fresh looking. The laboring man was paid for his labor with them almost exclusively. The laborer paid the butcher, baker and grocer; they paid the local jobber; the jobber paid it to his laborers, clerks, and so forth, and thus they were kept constantly going the rounds.

Carried the City Through

BUT the constant circulation soon reduced the scrip to a dilapidated condition, necessitating the renewal of a large portion of it under Mayor Posegate in 1882. An attempt to replace it again in 1885 was frustrated by General James Craig, the controller, who refused to certify to the ordinance carrying an appropriation of $800 for that purpose, on the ground that the whole transaction was illegal.

The legal inability of the city to appropriate money for a renewal of the warrants hastened the end, and the year 1885 saw $25,000 worth redeemed and destroyed by burning; the following year a similar amount, and in a few years thereafter, practically the last warrant was redeemed.

The experiment made by the city of St. Joseph was a successful one. The scrip did what it was designed to do—it carried the city through. In fact, paradoxically as it may seem, it was the very success of the experiment which led to its final abandonment. It had pulled the city out of a bad financial hole and saved to the taxpayers between $6,000 and $75,000 in interest, which under the old bond-issuing plan, they would have been obliged to pay. The experiment would have been even more successful if the city officials had established a municipal clearing house as a place of deposit for the scrip, giving the depositors the privilege of checking it out again as wanted. In the case of the famous Guernsey experiment, it was the market house itself that performed the functions of a clearing house and contributed greatly toward the success of the experiment.

AUTHOR'S NOTE—For much of the information contained in this article, I am indebted to Purd B. Wright, former city clerk of St. Joseph, and now librarian of the Free Public Library at Kansas City, Missouri. I also wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to "The Daily News History of Buchanan County and St. Joseph, Missouri."

Congress to Tackle the War Debts Problem

By BURT M. M'CONNELL

THERE is every indication that the question of foreign war debts will come up early in the short session of Congress. For one thing, the life of our Debt Funding Commission, of which Secretary Mellon is chairman, will automatically expire February 1, unless Congress, which created the body, prolongs its existence. And while Congress undoubtedly will extend the life of the commission, which is the only body authorized to negotiate with our foreign debtors, our national legislators will hardly be expected to accomplish this without considerable discussion. Secretary Mellon may even be asked rather bluntly just why France and Italy, our largest debtors, have made no move whatever toward meeting the United States halfway in the matter of debts.

There are other straws in the wind. The new British Government holds strong views about the necessity of beginning to collect its own debts, which amount to more than $9,000,000,000. When the allied finance ministers meet, therefore, it is expected that they will point out to France and Italy that it is six years since the Armistice was signed and that something on account would be appreciated. It is also expected that France will request a reduction of its war debts to Great Britain and the United States, but our representatives at the conference will not be permitted to discuss such a reduction.

One of the most hopeful signs, as far as this country is concerned, is that France's leading bankers are advising their government to come to a definite understanding as soon as possible with England and the United States regarding the nation's war debts. The attitude of the French Government, however, is that since Great Britain funded her debt to this country at approximately 33 cents on the dollar, a similar reduction should be accorded France when it comes to funding her debt. France also maintains that Germany's reparation obligations have been cut down some 66 per cent, and that French debts should, therefore, be reduced in the same proportions as French war claims. The assumption of Premier Herriot that the Dawes Plan cut Germany's reparations total by 66 per cent is difficult to understand, however, since there was no attempt by the Dawes commission to fix a reparations total. As far as the world knows, Germany's reparation debt is still $33,000,000,000.

The grounds on which Premier Herriot plans to settle France's war debt to this country at 33 cents on the dollar are these:

The low rate of interest and amortization agreed upon in the funding of the British war debt makes the total debt in the long run, if figured in the ordinary way, with compound interest since the beginning, approximately 33 per cent of the original total. France figures, therefore, that England has settled at 33 cents on the dollar. Furthermore, maintain the French, if the Dawes Plan is carried out, Germany also will settle on the same terms. Thus the French Government considers itself justified in asking for a similar reduction.

For years Great Britain, France, Italy, and other foreign debtors hoped their debts to this country would be canceled, at least in part. Great Britain, in particular, played politics with her debt until she finally realized the force of public opinion against cancellation. The British Government thereupon made a funding arrangement with our Debt Commission, and her example has been followed by Hungary, Lithuania, Finland, and Poland. France, on the other hand, has always endeavored to join the problem of her war debts with German reparations. Her contention is that if she collects less than she hopes to obtain from her late enemy, then her creditors should consent to a scaling down of the amounts due them. And Italy, Belgium, and our smaller debtors are doubtless waiting to see what terms France will make with this country, to obtain similar favors.

So far, foreign governments have paid back $300,000,000 of principal and $850,000,000 in the form of interest. At present, payments of one sort and another are being made on approximately $5,000,000,000. This leaves a total of some $6,000,000,000 yet to be paid. With unpaid interest, the amount would be still larger. Of these war debts, the French is almost $4,000,000,000 and the Italian almost $2,000,000,000.

Now that the problem of German reparations is in a fair way to settlement, the general recovery of Europe may be said to have begun. Congress and the Debt Funding Commission undoubtedly will welcome any move toward payment of their war debts which our European debtors may make. For the entire country is being taxed to pay the interest and principal on the Liberty Loans that went to help the Allies.

Fur Trappers Are Skinned While Skinning

How Prices Received for Pelts Multiply Under Middlemen's Manipulation

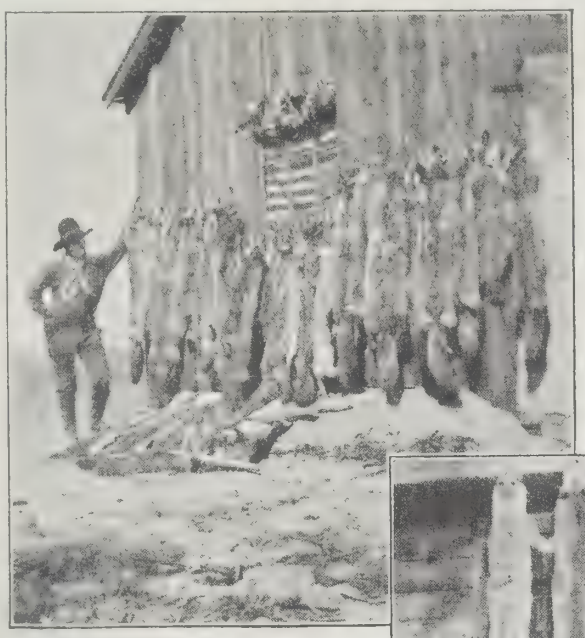
By L. C. BRANSON

THE old trapper said he liked trapping because he wished to dwell in the wilds away from the cold-blooded cruelties of humanity—that he preferred the association of coyotes to that of his unscrupulous fellow men.

But even in the supposed freedom of the wilds he never got away from the shackles which men welded onto his hands and feet. For, if there is any one business in the United States that is totally and absolutely under Jewish control it is the purchase and resale of raw furs.

By the same token, the raw fur resources of North America are being depleted at airplane velocity.

If there are in the United States 1,000 raw fur buyers, divided between the cities of St. Louis, New York, Chicago, Minneapolis, Omaha, Denver, San Francisco and Kansas City in about the order named, with hosts of others in such smaller places as Oshkosh, Fort Wayne, Salt Lake City, Columbus, Ohio; Lincoln, Nebraska and Las Vegas, New Mexico, it will be found that about 900 of them are Jews. Many, to be sure, use American names, some carry the names of Americans who founded the business, but as surely as the numerous trappers are skinning the animals, fur buyers are skinning the trappers, and using every wile to replenish and multiply the supply of victims.



One month's catch of a Nevada trapper, who made small wages thereby, but not more than half of the value of the raw furs.

To accomplish this, Uncle Samuel, otherwise the United States, is made the unwitting accomplice. The Post Office Department is the vehicle.

In general here is the way it is worked: Early each autumn trappers and others residing in fur-bearing regions are circularized with gaudily printed and extravagantly worded literature, predicting high fur prices for the winter. Advice for all hands to get busy and make money rapidly in a most fascinating occupation is freely given. Usually there is inclosed a souvenir pamphlet in many colors, telling of "Fifty Years in Business" with constant satisfaction to "our shippers," when in many cases the houses have changed hands numerous times and been run by Jews for at least the past ten years.

One's letterheads carry the words, "The Guarantee That Guarantees Protection Against Dissatisfaction." On the reverse side is a form letter in imitation typewriter type, setting forth in substance that the writer is sorry to learn of dissatisfaction with price remitted for shipment, and while the price was the "very highest" possible to offer, rather than lose the shipper's friendship, in this particular instance a re-examination of the furs had been made by "both Mr. S——— and the writer" (Mr. S——— being the name of the man who sold out ten years ago) and kindly to let them know the least "you will accept"—meanwhile hanging onto the furs and preventing their owner from selling them elsewhere. Following the reply comes another letter, not a form letter this time, saying the price asked was too high, but for the sake of retaining the shipper's friendship and because "your furs are here," the house would make an exception this one time and split the difference—meanwhile still holding the furs and preventing their sale. This process is carried on until the so-called "market" is announced to have gone to pieces with the season about gone and the furs must be sacrificed for what they will bring.

Another trick is to mail postal cards each month to fur shippers, offering so much apiece "flat" for certain kinds of furs. *Because the coyote is used for all manner of made-up fur imitations from seal to black fox, and is sometimes sold as "wolf" and "gray fox,"* it is the best known raw fur and in big demand. A buyer sends out cards in December offering "$10 apiece flat for coyotes," the amount in huge black-face type. In January he raises the ante to "$11 flat," February, $12 and March, $13. A mass of fine print on the card relates that the house has a very big order to fill and must have these coyotes, but that the offer is only to one person or selected persons in a given area. But at the bottom is a little notation that *the card must be returned* with the shipment, *"Because it is a special offer to you"* to avoid confusion, and so on. As a matter of fact, the notation *gets the card out of the shipper's hands* and prevents him from turning it over to the postal authorities. The house so advertising may remit the quoted price, and there may also be purple pigs and a green cheese moon in the sky, but generally the remittance is from half to two-thirds the amount, together with a letter declaring these particular furs to be "small," "damaged," "rubbed" or otherwise inferior. If the shipper demands their return, he is told it is too late, they have been passed into stock, that they "were sent without instructions" and many other perfectly tricky things.

During the past season a St. Louis house was asked for its quotation sheet and a list was received with numerous headings purporting to define the classifications and the prices guaranteed for same. Taking the section referring to coyotes, here is the way these columns and the quotations read: "No. 1 Large Fine, $17 to $15"; "No. 1 Medium Fine, $12.50 to $11"; "No. 2 Large, $10 to $7.50."

From a shipment sent in response to these quotations here are the returns that came and with the other are now in the hands of the Post Office Department: "No. 1 Large Fine, $8"; "No. 1 Medium Fine, $4.75"; "No. 2, Large, $4." The house refused to return them, claiming the skins had been resold at a profit of $6 for the lot, worth, under its own quotations, $118.50. It paid a total of $65.

A North Idaho prospector, who trapped marten in the high mountains as a side line to provide a grubstake, sent a few skins to a Minneapolis house operating under an American name and front. He received $3.50 apiece for them. Being from Nova Scotia, he laid a plan to go into the matter further. From among his fellows he bought 100 marten skins and set out for Minneapolis. Entering the house which had received his previous lot he pretended to want to buy marten skins. He was fenced and stalled for an hour and a half and could not pin them down to talk business. Finally demanding to see their skins he was shown a few pale ones, not equal to the ones he had shipped, and insistently demanding a quotation he was finally told $18. Then the Nova Scotian turned on them and rehearsed the $3.50 transaction, relating that he had 100 more and asking for an offer, but was refused. He sold them for around $10 apiece to fur manufacturers at that city, who said they were glad to get them.

These schemes of the fur buyers are having the distressing effect of exterminating harmless and highly valuable animals. They quote extravagant prices, induce many people to undertake killing, and then pay half and less the amounts quoted. Mink, which were previously plentiful in every state and which ten years ago brought the trapper about $3 average, are today quoted at $10, $12 and even $15. But when 10 mink are killed and the shipment made, the trick is turned. The fur house will send back an invoice reading about this way: "One mink, No. 1, extra large, $15—Nine mink, small, pale, at $1.50; $13.50—Total, $28.50."

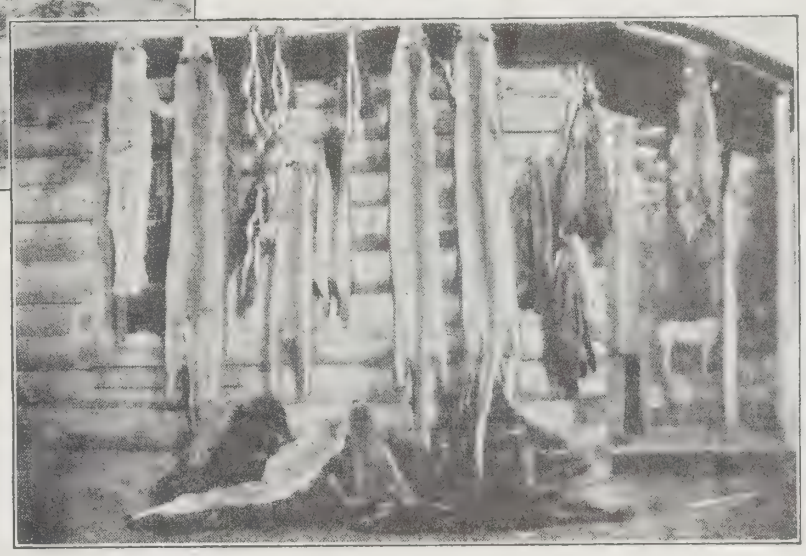
Muskrats, which formerly brought 50 cents as a top price, are quoted at $3, or thereabouts, yet when shipped the whole lot brings $3 and the returns are so figured as to make the lot average little if any more than the former price of 50 cents each.

Coyotes the past winter were recklessly quoted at from $25 down to $10, but actually brought from $5 to $8.

Fraud is plentiful in the raw fur business as it is handled today, yet 99 per cent of that business is transacted through the mails. Every trick known to the art of deception is practiced and carried on unblushingly and unhindered by the inspectors who are supposed to apprehend those who use the mails to defraud.

By putting in motion the detection machinery of the Post Office Department, a useful purpose would be served, besides enforcing honorable dealings with a hard-worked class of men—the rapidly vanishing fur bearing animals, an invaluable asset to man, would be saved from perishing from a fraudulently stimulated trapping activity.

The clearing up of this matter would have a far-reaching effect on the prices paid for furs and on the fur trade generally.



Three mountain lions, two lynx cats, two bears and other furs secured by Idaho hunters.

Farm Business Improving

THE wheat and oat crops of 1924 showed a material increase over the corresponding crops of 1923. Coupled with this is an even greater proportional increase in price. In the case of wheat this is due largely to foreign crop failures. The world crop is short by 570,000,000 bushels; Canada's 1924 crop is 200,000,000 below that of 1923, a decrease of more than one-third. In wheat the change in average price from 1923 to 1924 approximates 25 per cent and upward; the American crop increase is from 786,000,000 to 857,000,000 bushels. The two factors of quantity and price indicate a total increase in crop value of more than one-third in both wheat and oats.

The cotton crop of 1924 was reported in the yearly estimate made on November 14 by the United States Department of Agriculture as 12,992,000 bales. The amount ginned up to November 14 was given as 11,148,000 bales which was exceptionally large due to the fine autumn weather. The price of cotton fell but the sale value of the total crop remained about the same as that of the banner year of 1923 when cotton went above 35 cents. All in all more general prosperity was attained by the cotton around 22 cents with the larger crop than at 35 cents which was a prohibitive price for many industries and for consumers.

No two crops account for general prosperity, the country over, more than wheat and cotton. The corn crop of America totals more in value than wheat but a larger proportion remains on the farm and the value for the farmer is largely a matter of bookkeeping and of pork. In 1924 the decrease in production of corn was offset by the increase in price.

The potato crop is approximately the same as 1923 but the price has fallen a quarter. The tobacco crop was materially less, falling from 1,491 million of pounds to 1,182 million, with the price about the same. Cattle and hogs returned to the farmer more cash during 1924 than during 1923.

On the whole the farmer had more money to spend during 1924 than during 1923 and, further, other commodities fell slightly giving greater purchasing power to the farmer's dollar.

The larger prosperity of the country depends upon a few crops only. A slight increase in price to the consumer frequently accounts for the difference between hard times and good times. When cotton falls to eight cents, as it did in 1914, or when wheat falls violently in price, this spells disaster and bankruptcy for hundreds of farmers. The effect upon other industries in the United States is almost immediate. The purchaser of flour and cotton, which means all of us, must remember that fair prices account for the continuance of many jobs which are kept going by the northern farmer with his wheat and the southern farmer with his cotton.

An Official Feminine Ambassador

THE Russian Government has recently appointed as ambassador at the Court of Norway, Mme. Alexandra Kollontai. This constitutes a promotion for Madame Kollontai who has acted for two years as chargée d'affaires at Christiania. This creates a feminine ambassador, the first on record.

Madame Kollontai, daughter of one Russian general and widow of another, is a revolutionist of long standing. In spite of her Bolshevik connection the furs and the jewelry which the lady ambassador wears to official functions and at social gatherings do full justice to the high office held.

The recognition of the Bolshevik government by Norway and the successful negotiation of a credit in Norway for the purchase of herring are both attributed to successful feminine diplomacy, long known only domestically.

Elsie Singmaster, Interpreter of the Native Pennsylvania Types

By JOHN DAVIS ANDERSON

ELSIE SINGMASTER.

"MARY BOWMAN"

"She has seen beauty change to desolation, trees shattered, fields trampled, walls broken, all her dear, familiar world turned to chaos; she has seen desolation grow again to beauty. These hills and streams were always lovely, now a nation has determined to keep them forever in the same loveliness. Here was a rocky, wooded field, destined by its owner to cultivation; it has been decreed that its rough picturesqueness shall endure forever. Here is a lowly farmhouse; upon it no hand of change shall be laid while the nation continues. Preserved, consecrated, hallowed are the words and the lanes in which Mary Bowman walked with the lover of her youth."—*Elsie Singmaster.*

RURAL communities must ever attract a certain proportion of authors capable of writing forcefully and with distinction. Generally speaking, however, the field remains a neglected one. There is today entirely too much of the city and the big town in our fiction, and not enough of the little town, the village and the countryside. No American writer has yet done for our thinly populated sections what Thomas Hardy has done for Dorset, Devon, Berks and Wilts—the "Wessex" of the south of England, nor what James M. Barrie did for Scottish village life in the early days of

Typical farmhouse and buildings of the better type in the Elsie Singmaster country.

his writing, nor yet what several of the French authors have done exceedingly well.

There are hundreds and even thousands of localities in the United States, and in older countries, where outstanding characters may still be found. These are fields which await cultivation—communities which are inhabited by elemental types, people—as some one has described them—"with the bark still on."

These after all are the sort of human beings who have furnished the material for stories which contain lasting, enduring character-painting and who have been sought out and pictured by the greatest of fiction writers.

Just as Hardy has kept his readers to a small section of England—that part of England of his birth, of his maturity and of his old age—so has Elsie Singmaster chosen a background as rich in all ways, although perhaps not so physically picturesque as the Hardy country. Her region is formed by four or five Southern Pennsylvania counties originally settled chiefly by Germans and Swiss—that same land traversed in part by the Confederate Army when it made its northward dash in the summer of 1863. With this section, fertile and beautiful, she is thoroughly acquainted and she has wisely confined herself to it. Here we find not only the heroic soil of the Battle of Gettysburg, but equally interesting localities occupied by some of the quaintest people to be found in the whole United States—the Dunkers, Seventh-Day Baptists, Mennonites, Moravians and Amish, along with many smaller sects. Miss Singmaster has never been far separated from this region save during her college days.

It is a long way in point of distance from the Haworth of the Brontes or Jane Austen's Hampshire vicarage, to the Lutheran parsonage at Schuylkill Haven in the Blue Ridge Mountains where Elsie Singmaster was born. However, the quiet daily routine, the atmosphere of books, and the wise and friendly interest in fellow human beings characterize the best of country parsonages in this land as well as in England.

Her father, the Rev. Dr. John Alden Singmaster, still active and vigorous, is of Dutch and Pennsylvania German descent. Her mother, who comes of an English family long established in Pennsylvania and Maryland, heard the guns during the three days' Gettysburg conflict.

From the high school at Allentown in her native state, in which town a part of Miss Singmaster's childhood was passed, she went to Cornell, where she entered with the class of 1902. It was about this period that she developed a fondness for writing.

After her second year at Cornell, Miss Singmaster went with her family to Gettysburg where her father had been called to the presidency of the Lutheran Theological Seminary, now Gettysburg College. The end of her first college days did not mark any lapse in literary endeavor. Her work at Ithaca had rather been a stimulation. A part of every day she spent in writing and when she again took up college work—this time at Radcliffe—it was with a clearer knowledge of the direction in which her talents lay.

In 1912 Miss Singmaster was married to Harold Lewars, a musician of Harrisburg. Three years after her marriage he died and she returned to her old home at Gettysburg.

Her work now enters a new phase. All around her lay the vast battlefield with its fresh and hitherto unappreciated material. She found that this likewise was promptly welcomed by magazine editors. In 1913 nine stories, "July the First," "The Home-Coming," "Victory," "The Battle-Ground," "Gunner Criswell," "The Substitute," "The Retreat," "The Great Day," and "Mary Bowman," were gathered into a volume under the title, "Gettysburg: Stories of the Red Harvest and the Aftermath." The book has had a constant sale, and the stories are classics of their kind. The characterization of "Mary Bowman" especially stands out clear and strong.

All these stories are told from a new point of view—that of the town people who participated in the excitement of battle or who recollect the events which Miss Singmaster has related with just enough of the novelist's art to make them more readable. In "Emmeline" and "John Baring's House," two of her five books for the young, she has used the same heroic background.

"Katy Gaumer," which appeared nine years ago, was, with the exception of Miss Singmaster's earlier work and short stories, contained in "Gettysburg," the first getting away from story writing for young folks. In it she justified the expectations which her short stories had aroused, and it has been described as a beautiful love story and possessed of the flavor which has made "Little Women" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" what they are.

Her reputation as a novelist rests on four books: "Basil Everman," which appeared in 1920; "Ellen Levis," published a year later; "Bennett Malin," her book for 1922, and "The Hidden Road," the last to appear. It is impossible to say which of these stories is the best, for the critics who have praised them all are not agreed.

Miss Singmaster has not written a story with a more original theme than "Basil Everman." The scenes are laid in the small college town of Waltonville "a little north of the Mason and Dixon's line." It is one of those peaceful, pleasant places, well out of touch with the commercial world; a bit more quiet perhaps in the days to which it relates thirty years or so ago than at the present time. Basil Everman had run away from the college town and from the life of mediocrity to which he was destined. His death occurred suddenly in Baltimore before he had more than reached maturity. Before he passed away he wrote two marvelous stories and it is around this heritage that most of the book centers. His sister had married Dr. Lister, president of the college and the successor of Basil's father. This sister's love for her brother was of the most intense character. His estrangement from his family is her abiding dread, especially as she has found some of his unpublished manuscripts. Lest these be discovered, printed, and the incidents of his life made more fully known, she tries to destroy them. *The stories are worldly and the family would be quite undone by their publication.*

But her brother's misdeeds are by no means the sole cause of her fears. Her son Richard seems not unlikely to fall into the Poe-like life of his Uncle Basil. He has resolved to be a musician, but Mrs. Lister's intent is to make a clergyman of him. Mother-like she is quite unable to see that her dear Richard is being treated quite as was her brother and with the same inevitable results.

The village innkeeper's daughter, Margie, made her exit from Waltonville coincident with the time when Basil disappeared. A Mrs. Bent—the same person—has, after a lapse of years, returned to Waltonville with a beautiful daughter with whom Richard Lister promptly falls in love, quite unaware that she may be his first cousin.

Throughout the narrative even the minor characters are painted in such a way as to make them lastingly remembered: Thomasina Bent, the music teacher who indicates to Richard that there are ways of being quite respectable without being a clergyman, and Dr. Green, who clears up the mystery of Eleanor Bent's paternity.

Basil Everman, despite the fact that he has been dead many years when the story opens, dominates its incidents, and there are no superfluous characters. In this book she has produced the best type of fiction, and one that has widened the horizon of human sympathies.

"Ellen Levis" is another of her outstanding novels.

(*Concluded on page 13*)

Small town house built of limestone in the region about which Elsie Singmaster has written her novels and stories.

"Babe" Ruth's Rise as a Star Among Stars

Baseball's Brightest Lights Reached Their Position Through Accident

By PAUL MACDONALD

IT IS a peculiar contradiction of what is generally known as the "dope," that some of baseball's greatest stars were elevated to the front rank by accident rather than through a combination of natural circumstances.

For several years George Herman Ruth, affectionately known as "The Babe" among the followers of the game, has been the greatest individual attraction in sport. Ruth, himself, brings more people into the ball parks of the American League than any single player ever lured through the turnstiles. He is a powerful attraction because he is the greatest slugger of all time. He can hit a ball farther than any other player ever did. The public likes the punch in sport, the wallop, the kick. Ruth supplies the public with what the public most likes to see.

But Ruth gained his present position through sheer accident. He was a member of the Boston Americans. He came to them from the Providence team as a pitcher. When Ruth joined the Boston pitching staff it was one of the best in American League history. And Ruth soon became a star among stars. He developed into one of the best left-handed pitchers in the game, a pitcher with a dazzling fast ball and excellent control.

"Babe" Practiced Batting

BOSTON was the best team in the American League. It reigned its circle but reigns in baseball are comparatively short and there came the day when the Boston team started backward. The club was sold and then several players were sold by the new owner. Ruth stayed. He continued pitching. But some of his illustrious mates of the pennant-winning days were missing from the lineup and Boston, once a proud leader, became a losing team.

All hope of Boston returning to supremacy vanished. Boston was out of the pennant-winning class. There was no hope of Boston becoming even a contender, so Boston had opportunity to experiment and teams that are hopelessly outclassed can afford to experiment; those that are contenders can never experiment.

It was then that Boston experimented with Ruth. He was an excellent left-handed pitcher but he could also hit. He had always been able to hit as a pitcher. Boston saw an opportunity of making Ruth more valuable to the team by giving him a chance to develop batting ability. Boston needed batting strength with Tris Speaker and some of her other sluggers of championship days gone from the lineup.

Ruth was given his chance. He was told to practice batting. Ruth did. Always able to drive a ball a long way he now worked on his swing and got even more lift and carry to his drives. He was soon on his way to making home run records. His slugging caught the public fancy. He became a drawing card. He had a big season. New York, scenting the possibilities of Ruth as a gate attraction, bought him for $125,000, a sum that the Boston owner absolutely had to have as part payment on a note that was due. New York played Ruth in the outfield, gave him a chance to take his regular turn at bat and Ruth delivered. What Ruth has done since joining the New York team is known to every follower of baseball.

Given the same opportunities other players could probably be developed into home run hitters. Ruth would find several strong rivals in the lineups of his league today if the situation made experiments practical. Players on teams that have a chance to finish at the top, or near there, cannot experiment on long distance hitting. They are sent to bat to hit the ball into safe territory. Their task is to get hits, not home runs. If they can get four-base hits so much the better but they cannot go to bat with the sole purpose of hitting for distance; they must hit for safety.

Had Ruth been on a winning ball club; had the Boston team continued as a winning combination, or had he been on a team that needed his pitching most of all, Ruth probably never would have become known as the "Home Run King." He would never have developed into baseball's greatest drawing card at a salary of $52,000 a season. He would have gone into history as one of the best left-handed pitchers of all time, but nothing more. A losing team gave Ruth his opportunity, a winning team prevents other men from getting the same chance.

Harry Heilmann, of the Detroit team, a right-handed batter who has twice led his league in hitting, could probably rival Ruth's home run record. Heilmann, according to many ball players, hits a ball as hard as Ruth. It was suggested to Heilmann one day that he change his swing and go after Ruth's mark and his answer is illuminating:

"I'm out there to get hits. I get all I can. I don't try for distance. All I try to do is to drive the ball to safe territory. I might get a lot of home runs. I probably could but I would have to change my style at bat. I would have to hit the ball higher to get more carry to my drives. If I did that I would not get as many hits. The team demands hits. And, anyway, there is just one ball player in the world that is being paid for hitting home runs. That is his specialty. Maybe you could hit as many as he does but, what of it? He has established himself as the one home run hitter and he'll continue as that one."

There are several players who have come near the Ruth record. Rogers Hornsby led the National League. And the two Williams—Cy in the National and Kenneth in the American League. But none of these sluggers has taken the glory of Ruth in the eyes of the crowds although they make the going close in the batting records. Ruth still manages to occupy the position of the leading headliner of the sport.

Among infielders Eddie Collins holds a queer position. Collins is the best second baseman in years. Napoleon Lajoie, who also played the position in the American League, is regarded by some as the greatest second baseman of all time. Still others believe that Collins is better than Lajoie was. Suffice to say that few men have ever been in the class to which Collins belongs.

The Marvelous Collins

NOW Collins, physically, is just about everything that a good infielder should not be. He is slight of build, one of the smallest and lightest men in baseball. His hands are refined, almost delicate. He lacks grace and form. He has none of the essentials that are so desirable in infielders. Physically he compares with none of the leaders of the position who stand out of the past. Even Johnny Evers, considered extremely light for the position, was a much bigger man than Collins. And still this man Collins has been for years the outstanding man at second base, probably the most important position on a team, surely the most important outside the battery positions.

Collins is one of the best batsmen, one of the best base-runners, one of the best fielders and, best of all, one of the most intelligent players of all time. None can deny these qualities in him. He is not a player who flashed in one year or two, but for years he has been so consistently the leader of his profession. One of the veterans of the game, he is playing as well now, apparently, as he ever played. He is one of the most interesting studies in sports, a phenomenon.

Few good second-base recruits have come up in the big leagues in recent years. Collins is said to be responsible for this. Collins is the leader at the position and major league scouts, sent into the minors and college fields to discover material, keep Collins in mind as their model. They tried to find another second baseman, or other second basemen, like Collins and they failed. There does not happen to be another like him and there probably never will be another just like Collins. In him there is a rare combination of qualities. In him are gathered apparently so few but in reality so many of the essentials needed in great ball players. His hands are small, almost delicate, but where in baseball can you find surer hands than those of Collins? He is awkward, utterly lacking in grace. He shuffles along with a peculiar walk, seemingly dragging his feet. But where is there a second baseman that can cover the ground he covers? Where is there an infielder that can run bases better than Collins? Or an outfielder for that matter? He has speed and he has the proper stride, and judgment. He knows how to get the jump, how to run and how to slide.

Compare Lajoie and Collins! Lajoie was big and powerful, a wonderful specimen of manhood. He was strong. He was a great slugger and he should have been, for he had all the physical qualities. In fielding Lajoie was the poetry of motion. There was grace in every movement. His form was the nearest to perfection that any infielder ever exhibited. But Collins is probably even a better fielder than Lajoie was.

Collins is really one of the freaks of sport.. It is doubtful if the game will ever produce his like. At least the scouts that have been searching for years for another like Collins have failed to find anyone that resembles him.

Ty Cobb Not an Accident

TY COBB was considered a freak when he began creating his remarkable record. Cobb was of slight build and light. He lacked power. He was not strong. But Cobb was young and weight came with the years. When he reached the pinnacle he carried the ideal build.

Cobb was neither an accident nor a freak. He has a remarkable mind and it is in intellect where he outdistances the field. Cobb's physical performances were the result of deep study and hard work. He practiced constantly, the kind of practice that is dull, monotonous, wearisome and often torturous. Cobb often relates how he practiced sliding until his uniform was soaked in blood. He has played games where he was covered with gauze and adhesive tape at the hips and thighs to protect wounds made by "hitting the dirt." It was a long and steady grind that developed Cobb.

As a boy Cobb wanted to be a runner. He secured several books on the subject, the works of leading track coaches. He followed out their instructions. Cobb ran from two to three miles every morning before breakfast. He developed wind and stride, important in baseball, particularly the stride. So, when he entered baseball, he had a fairly sound foundation. The other accomplishments came as the result of hard and consistent effort, as related. Briefly, the reason Cobb went to the top was because he thought so much faster and better than other players.

Mordecai Brown, better known as "Three Fingered" Brown, was one of the best pitchers of all time. He ranked close behind Mathewson when that super-pitcher was at his best. Brown's chief asset was a curve ball and this was the sharpest breaking curve that baseball has ever seen. But the curve was the result of an accident. The forefinger of Brown's pitching hand was amputated. Only the stub of the finger remained and it was this stub that gave the curve ball its remarkable break. The stub enabled him to keep a firm grip on the ball until the last moment before it left the hand, putting the extra sharp twist on it without taking away any of the speed. So, the finest curve ever pitched came out of a crippled hand.

Tris Speaker is the best throwing outfielder of all time. Opinion on this point is unanimous. Speaker has repeatedly thrown out runners trying to score from second with throws from deep centerfield. Speaker's throws nearly always are direct, coming to the catcher on a line.

When Donie Bush was at the height of his career as a shortstop, he tried to score one day on a long single to center by Cobb. Bush was a fast man and an expert base runner. He had a big lead off second and he went at top speed all the way. When he reached the plate the ball was there ahead of him and Bush was tagged out. "Speaker threw a perfect strike over the plate from centerfield fence and nailed me," said Bush. But Speaker nearly always threw strikes in pegging for baserunners. The catcher rarely moved out of his tracks to take the ball.

The peculiar part about Speaker's throws is that he curves the ball. Any time he throws from a natural centerfield position the ball curves from twenty to twenty-five feet. Thus, while Speaker is the greatest thrower of all time he is also the freakiest in history. No other outfielder ever curved a ball like that in throwing. The curve is not intentional with Speaker; it is simply the result of his style of getting the ball away. He himself cannot explain why the ball curves as it does but it certainly curves. When Speaker throws to the plate one, if he happens to stand or sit back of the catcher, imagines it will cross the base line between third and home, but it always curves to the catcher's mitt. Speaker can curve a ball ten times as wide as any pitcher and control his twenty-five-foot curve as well as the pitcher controls his twenty-four or thirty-inch curve.

Nature, fate, accidents, and circumstances have played their part in developing some of the greatest of diamond performers, as these few instances show.

Elsie Singmaster, Interpreter of the Native Pennsylvania Types

Concluded from page 12

It contains some of the very best work which Miss Singmaster has done. It is written in elastic style, yet solidly woven, and is told in the old-fashioned manner to a greater extent than in any of her other works. For her material she went to one of those villages of the Pennsylvania Germans who still held to primitive religious beliefs.

In "The Hidden Road" we have Miss Singmaster's more mature work. In it there is a clear gain in power and in breadth. It is better finished and more subtly conceived than any of its predecessors.

Miss Singmaster has found time to write a biography of Martin Luther, which appeared in 1917, upon the four-hundredth anniversary of his nailing his thesis on the church door at Wittenberg. The book forms a concise and accurate account of the life of the great reformer. She has also made much progress as a short-story writer, using the Pennsylvania of her novels as the scenes of their action.

Miss Singmaster is methodical in her literary habits. By eight o'clock each morning she is at her desk in her study, working until noon. Before her is a fine view of much of the battle ground with the prospect ending at Big and Little Round Top, with two or three miles of intervening space dotted with monuments marking many of the events on our most memorable field of conflict.

She never starts to write a story until introduction, incidents and conclusion have taken form in her mind. Miss Singmaster commends this method to young writers. As to her methods of correction and revision she has this to say: "The long cultivated habit of careful planning obviates the necessity for extensive revision. I write out a chapter of a book or a short story on my typewriter, usually devoting a single page to each paragraph, so that it may be shifted with a minimum of trouble, if necessary, and then lay the manuscript aside for a day at least. Then I make corrections, reading aloud often more than once. The ear frequently detects errors which escape the eye. Sometimes I call upon a member of my family or a friend to act as auditor. The mind of another person, whether or not it expresses itself in criticism, is an exceedingly valuable mirror."

In a good many of Miss Singmaster's stories we find the theme of education and she told me that she believed this was due to the fact that she has always lived in an atmosphere where scholastic endeavor played an important part.

It is doubtful if Miss Singmaster would have achieved success in writing of the Pennsylvania Germans without a knowledge of their language. Such knowledge she regards as necessary to an understanding of their lives.

Miss Singmaster tells her own stories in her own way. "I have never," she said, "had any advice from editors or publishers."

Cranberry Bogs of Cape Cod—Their Workers

Concluded from page 9

Cape Verders are employed in the cotton mills probably at all times. However, at present because the cotton industry is slack, they are employed only on night work, "since it is now possible to fill all day positions with white workers." These are mostly English, French Canadians, and Azorean Portuguese. Similarly, the cotton mills of Fall River and other towns make use of Cape Verders, but racial competition is frequently against them.

About seventy men and twenty women are constantly employed by the New Bedford Cordage Company where they do as good a grade of work as any race and where they receive the same wages.

They also eagerly seek employment in the iron and machine plants—as in Providence, Hartford, and Bridgeport. In Boston they seem to do a more general type of work than in the other cities; there they carry the hod, work on wharves, and do any kind of day labor.

A scant hundred of them follow the profession of the fisherman. Half a dozen families are so employed in most of the coastal cities of Rhode Island and Massachusetts. They are gradually being crowded out of the fishing business.

The domestic cranberry, as well as the wind-driven toy, is a Cape Cod product. About 1820 it began to be domesticated at North Dennis, Massachusetts. Only from about 1850 was it an assured and real success. Today a total of about 30,000 acres of cranberries are annually harvested in the United States. Massachusetts, in her Cape Cod area, has from 14,000 to 18,000 acres of this total—the acreage varying annually. Cape Verders have been working in cranberry bogs for about thirty-five years, and today they harvest nine-tenths of the Cape Cod crop. Consequently, if at a holiday dinner we think of any one group of people as having contributed most of the cranberry part of our repast, the Cape Verder is the man to have in mind. Over and over again, and without contradiction, owners and overseers of cranberry bogs pronounce the Cape Verder, whether he picks by hand, scoops, or snaps, the very best harvester of cranberries and spreader of sand with the wheelbarrow, on the Cape Cod bogs. Because he is superior at these, the intensive parts of the cranberry industry, he has entirely taken the place of the hired old-line American, and all but entirely that of the Finn, the Pole, the "white Portuguese" and the Italian who still now and then takes a hand at the harvesting. We may note, in passing, that it is rather fitting that the Indian who gave our Pilgrim ancestors the idea of turkey and cranberries should still be associated with the harvest. Within ten miles of Plymouth, on the bogs of Mrs. Carleton, a few Indians come down annually from Maine and harvest her crop side by side with Cape Verders.

Finns, because of their greater initiative, are preferred as builders of the bogs, that is, as clearers of the land of trees, stumps, and brush, and as movers of turf and makers of ditches and dikes. However, several of the largest bog corporations on Cape Cod employ 50 or 60 "Bravas" the entire year who, under expert direction, do all the work connected with the cranberry industry, such as building bogs, planting, draining, flooding, weeding, sanding, fertilizing, harvesting, grading, sorting, packing, storing, and shipping, as well as preparation of layers or plants for establishing new bogs. At least one Cape Verder is a professional and successful builder of bogs. The usual work in connection with cranberries is seasonal and lasts for about six weeks on most bogs, beginning early in September. Some owners with both early and late varieties have pickers for longer periods. Today about 25 per cent of the seasonal harvesters are women.

Cape Verders have brought to America the passion for land that they possessed in Fogo and Brava, and many of them own small bogs. Dr. H. J. Franklin of East Wareham, superintendent of Massachusetts State Cranberry Substation, believes they do not own more than 100 acres all told, but they have made a start in the direction of ownership.

Irving C. Hammond, a bog owner of Onsett, estimates there are 20,000 Cape Verders in Plymouth and Barnstable counties. Half of those are in rural sections with separate houses on small farms, or in groups of 50 to 100 persons in a small community of separate houses. Such typical communities are the one in Bassett's Lane between Harwich and Brewster, and the one on the Sandwich road between Falmouth and Sandwich. The women care for the home gardens and the men work in mills when possible—always, however, a majority of them come back to the bogs each season, considering cranberry picking their vocation.

Cape Verde men are rated as particularly fit and strong during their prime—which, however, some employers say is of short duration for many. The women marry young and many are mothers long before they are out of their teens.

Employers, educators, social and religious workers, in whose hands quite directly most of the New England Cape Verders are, as a group appear consistently to distinguish them as follows:

They are industrious, are always working or seeking work, and no one accuses them of being lazy.

They are decidedly thrifty, beginning to save as soon as they earn money. Their bank savings are the subject of frequent favorable comment by those who know them. A goodly per cent of their savings goes back to their friends in the Islands, of whom they are particularly thoughtful. Most consistently a per cent of their savings goes to buy land for "farms." Sacrifice for ownership of a "farm" is perfectly natural to a "Brava."

They are law-abiding, having long been so trained. Old accounts in the Islands state that murders and thefts are extremely rare there. Practically the only cause of dispute is over land boundaries between the small and highly prized pieces of arable lands. In New Bedford their police records are good—much better than those of some other foreign groups. Every handler of gangs of foreign labor will understand and appreciate the manager's words who told me "the Bravas are easy to boss." They are obedient to commands and instructions. Unfortunately those who have been in America for some time cannot always be so well characterized. In employment their rate of turnover is low.

They have a very consistent reputation for honesty, and their credit is good. A promise to come to work at a definite future time may be depended on; and a promise to pay is equally good. I sat for two hours in a store whose business is largely a credit business with Cape Verders. The happy good-nature of debtors who came to pay their debts was a genuine surprise. It was as a social event between intimate friends.

In common with many other foreign groups in America their children are usually taken from the public schools as soon as they have fulfilled the requirement of the school-attendance law. Some, however, have attended high schools, and a few have had advanced professional education. They have produced two Congregational preachers among their own people. They have at least three lawyers, two physicians, and two dentists. One man, now 40 years old, organized their successful Benefit Association which owns its own building in New Bedford, and has most of the time a membership of about 1,000. It serves the social, educational, and recreational needs of the Cape Verders, and provides sickness and death insurance. One of the things of which its organizer and manager is most proud is that since 1908 it has, except for one year, won its annual game of cricket against the team of Englishmen of the city. In the World War there were one captain and one sergeant who were brothers. In the old whaling days there were at least four captains of whaling vessels. One Cape Verder, who for twenty years was manager of extensive Cape Cod cranberry bogs, was especially described as constantly exhibiting unusual ability and qualities of initiative and constructive leadership.

How Old Is the Cross-Word Puzzle?

Concluded from page 2

To come back now to our original question, What is the meaning of the craze which has apparently swept us off our feet? We Americans are notorious for our fads. From a psychological standpoint, as I have already hinted, a national fad is merely a vent; it is a certain measure of relief from humdrum. As far back as I can remember we had the roller skating fad. This left some remains, and there are still roller skating rinks. This was succeeded by the bicycle fad, when the rubber compressed-air tire was invented. I can recall quite vividly, every morning on Riverside Drive, New York, in 1893, a long succession of distinguished citizens on wheels, cycling to their offices. In those days the man who paid $125 for his wheel was considered something of an aristocrat. The ping-pong craze came later. I once sprang a dark horse ping-pong expert on a flock of New Jersey ping-pongers. He won by a close score at midnight, and the reverberations of that enormous contest echoed and re-echoed for months thereafter. A recent attempt to revive ping-pong has met with small success. This shows plainly that what one generation likes is not for the next one. Sam Lloyd, first and second, who were both puzzle geniuses, produced puzzles which had a wide vogue, the Fifteen and the Pigs in Clover, if I mistake not, yet the difficulty with these for lasting purposes was that once having solved them, they could not be perpetuated.

The recent attempt to make Mah Jongg into a fad had all the elements of success, but the emotionalism it created was a false emotionalism. It was defective not just because it was complicated but because it was complicated in the wrong manner. People will learn to do anything, no matter how complicated, if the learning is interesting and progressive. Games that continue from one generation to another are thus subject to certain mind-laws. Poker with its variations is always poker, but it has small appeal outside the gambling element; it is this element which leads players to become experts at bluffing. Bridge, which is also a gambling game, yet has certain other qualities, changes all the time, that its interest may progress. Thus new plays are constantly introduced, as doubling a no-trump, or taking your partner out under certain conditions which a few years ago were not considered as a possibility for signaling.

The cross-word puzzle differs from all these fads I have mentioned, outside of games, in important particulars. That faculty which, in our youth at least, we all possess, namely the inventive faculty, has, on a very broad scale, undoubtedly become latent in us as a large group of human beings. Labor-saving devices have been carried to such a point that we scarcely do anything for ourselves any more. In a short time, doubtless, we shall, by taking a few steps, be transported through the air from home to office; already we have at our fingers' ends all the means for communicating without effort. We may say of the cross-word puzzle, therefore, that it becomes prominent among us at a moment in our history when we experience a feeling of revulsion over the various paternalistic influences to which we submit. In short, we want to break loose and practice a little thinking for ourselves, even if it does not seem to lead anywhere. It is undoubtedly good practice. To be able to use our brains once more, when there was every indication that brains were becoming obsolete—no wonder we are excited about such an innovation! Furthermore, it must be allowed that the faculty for imitation never had a better incentive. The power of suggestion steps in and everybody does it because somebody started to do it.

As to whether it will last, the reply to this may be put in the words of the old Persian king, who, when one of his courtiers came to him with a hard-luck tale of his troubles, and the burden he was obliged to sustain, shook his head and remarked sententiously, "Everything passes."

It only remains now to define the malady:

The cross-word puzzle is an intensively rectangular but essentially heterogeneous concatenation of dissimilar verbal synonymic similitudes, replete with internal inhibitions, yet promulgating extensive ratiocination and meticulously designed to promote fulminative vituperation, dispel hebetudenosity and develop speculative, contemplative, introspective, deliberative and cogitative faculties.

Here is a sample of the cross-word puzzle, as it ran in *St. Nicholas*, week after week. This example is taken from *St. Nicholas* of December, 1879.

EASY CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in pencil, but not in slate.
My second is in post, but not in gate.
My third is in sun and also in sunder.
My fourth is in silent and also in thunder.
My fifth is in John, but not in Frank.
My sixth is in office, but not in bank.
My seventh is in friend and also in foe.
My eighth is in high, but not in low.
My ninth is in cane, but not in staff.
My tenth is in wheat, but not in chaff.
My whole is a very useful thing.
It serves the poor man and it serves the king.
'Tis sought by all, girl, boy and man.
Now guess this riddle; that is—if you can!

MAMIE L. W.

The answers always followed in the next number. The answer to this is "Post Office."

"I Read in the Papers—"

I READ IN THE PAPERS that Mr. Hoover (with picture) is going to do this and that (with picture) and I have fallen into the habit of making a list of the things which Mr. Hoover (with picture) is going to do, in the hope that some day I may be able to parallel it with an equal or partial list of the things which Mr. Hoover (with picture) has really done. The second list still yawns vacantly. I wonder how long Mr. Hoover thinks he can get away with it? And who takes so much pains, especially with the picture? Is it true, then, that H. H. has his eye on 1928? Let him take it off. That way lies bitter disappointment for him.

I READ IN THE PAPERS that President Coolidge wishes us to keep cool on the question of national defense. We probably shall—unless—the superheated ones have facts enough to fire the nation. I asked one authority if it is true that our Navy is below par. He replied, "It never was up to par." For the time, the President's counsel is wise—we should avoid uninformed fear on the one hand, and the wiles of militarist propaganda on the other, but we should stand steadfastly for an adequate national defense. The best reason Mr. Coolidge gives us for keeping cool is that he is going to study the question personally in the light of all the facts both from home and abroad. Very well: that will content us. Mr. Coolidge evidently knows that a dose of facts is the most appreciated remedy in the whole political pharmacopoeia. If he deals with us always on the basis of facts, we shall get along.

I READ IN THE PAPERS the report of a sermon by a clerical friend of mine, and immediately I knew what magazine he read. It was the *New Republic*. Clergymen can't make the rounds as other men do, so they have a vice which they indulge in secret—they read the *New Republic* or the *Nation*. That is one reason why people don't attend the churches of clergymen who live off the magazines. Why do clergymen, especially, read these two magazines? Because it gives them a point of view. Many people, especially those who cannot think for themselves and yet are under the professional necessity of speaking for others, imagine that a *point of view* is the *scene* itself. It isn't. Many of this same class think that because an idea is an *Idea* that it is true. They are famished for *ideas*. Any idea not positively disreputable seems a godsend to them. But an idea may be stimulating, beautiful, good, even helpful, and still not true. And fifty ideas, all different, all on the same subject, may be just as stimulating, beautiful, good and helpful, and still just as far off from the fact. Untruth is usually much more fitted for pulpit use than is truth—for truth has Biblical sternness, Biblical brusqueness, Biblical unpleasantness of candor, don't you know, which may account in some degree for the widespread disappearance of the Bible from the pulpit. But you can spot a *New Republic* or *Nation* preacher as soon as he speaks.

Bridging the Gap Between College and Job

Right Man in the Right Industry and Occupation for the Undergraduate

By HARRY H. DUNN

Upper left—Robert Sibley, executive manager of the California Alumni Association. Upper right—Miss Esther Parsons, manager of the Bureau of Occupations of the California Alumni Association. Center—The Henry Morse Stephens Memorial Building, on the campus of the University of California. Oval—Airplane photograph of the University of California.

THE greatest problem which confronts the manufacturer, the distributor, the builder, the engineer, and the exporter of today is the finding of trained men and women competent to carry on the details of his industry. The greatest problem confronting the college or university-trained man or woman today is the finding of the job into which he or she will fit with the least possible delay, the smallest amount of friction, and the greatest efficiency because of the character of the education each has received.

In an effort to solve this problem, in an attempt to bridge the gap between the sheepskin and the job, the largest organization of graduates of any one university in the world has banded itself together, divided its state into districts, and is raising a fund of $50,000 within itself to bring the captain of industry and the private of education together, so that the world's army of producers may be increased to the greatest degree with the least loss of time and the quickest winning of practical results. This rather large contract is being undertaken by the California Alumni Association, composed of more than 12,000 of the 40,000 who have graduated from the University of California with and since the class of 1873, the first to pass through this institution after the old College of California was converted into the state university which now has 14,061 students, the greatest number enrolled in any university in the world, Columbia being second with 10,308, and Illinois third, with 9,285.

Owing to the fact that 85 per cent of all the men and women who have graduated from the University of California have remained to reside permanently in that state, the alumni association is larger, and yet more compact, and capable of closer and quicker mobilization and action than any other similar organization. Of the remaining 15 per cent of the graduates of this university, 12½ per cent are in other states of the Union, and 2½ per cent in foreign countries. The California Alumni Association, of which Clinton E. Miller is president, and Robert Sibley executive manager, established, in 1918, a bureau of occupations, intended at that time to assist men not accepted for active military service to get into war activities. The work proved so successful that, after the period of necessity for it was over, the bureau was permanently established as a definite department of the association, with offices in the Stephens Memorial Building of the Associated Students, on the campus of the university.

This bureau of occupations has been functioning since that time with the well-defined object of connecting the college graduate, and the undergraduate, with the position which he or she is best fitted to fill. So great has been its success that, during the collegiate year of 1922-23, the bureau placed 3,025 undergraduate men students, and 216 undergraduate women students, in part-time positions, the remuneration from which enabled these 3,241 boys and girls to carry on their educational training. In the same period, it found full-time positions out in the world of work and production for 151 graduates of the university. The placing of undergraduate women in employment during their school life is handled largely by the office of the Dean of Women at the University of California, but the bureau of occupations also aided in this. These figures mean that approximately 23½ per cent of all the more than 14,000 students enrolled in this largest university in the world were helped into employment by the returns from which they were enabled to continue their studies. The bureau of occupations reports that in both the matter of employment for undergraduates and permanent positions for graduates, there are more places than there are men and women seeking work. The service of the bureau falls into three departments, all under the direction of Miss Esther Parsons, manager of the bureau. These divisions are: First, the placement in positions of graduates of the university; second, selection and recommendation to all departments of the university of graduates and undergraduates for clerical and stenographic positions; and, third, the placing of undergraduate students in part-time employment which shall not conflict with their schedules of study and classes.

The objectives of the bureau, which, combined, form in reality the main objective of the California Alumni Association, are to aid the alumni to find positions for which they are fitted by temperament and training, in other words, to "fit the man or woman to the job"; to place undergraduates in work sufficiently remunerative and adaptable so that they do not "flunk out" for financial reasons; to assist employers to get in touch with university men and women of training suitable to satisfy the needs of such employers through a centralized office; to assist students in bridging the gap between graduation and employment; to prove by deeds that the alumni association is back of all its members; and to create new interest in the university as a source of *practical* training for life's work. To these there is to be added soon a sixth line of work, the placing in jobs of those students who fail to complete their college educations because of lack of financial backing, troubles in their homes, or any one of several honorable reasons which annually compel a considerable percentage of students to leave our colleges and universities.

Strange as it may seem to the casual observer, there is a great and growing demand from many employers, especially those in industrial lines, for men and women who have had one or two years of college training. Those young men and women who fail to complete their college courses usually leave their schools with a feeling of depression, and often with the idea that they have made an irreparable failure of their lives. It is to reassure these students, encourage them, and place them in work to which they are adapted by such training as they have received in their stay in the university, that the alumni plans the new effort, one which has not before been attempted by any alumni or other association in this country. It is interesting to note, in this connection, that the number of students who, in college parlance, "flunked out," at the University of California, in December, 1921, was 385, or 4.47 per cent of the undergraduate registration. In December, 1922, this number increased to 463, or 5.48 per cent of the registration, due to the definite and considerable increase in standards and requirements for scholarship, rather than to any marked decrease in the quality of scholarship of the students so leaving the university. Among these disqualified students 364 were men, and 99 women, representing 7.445 per cent of the men students enrolled, and 2.779 per cent of the women. This does not, however, indicate, as might be thought at first glance, that the men represent a lower scholastic standing than the women, but is explained by the fact that in the technical colleges, where almost no women are enrolled, the percentage of disqualifications was highest.

An effort is made in all instances—and usually the effort is successful—to place the undergraduate in his part-time work at employment which at least has some connection with the course of studies he is pursuing. Students in the engineering college are put in drafting jobs, helping around engineering firms' offices, doing the cleaning up work in the engineering buildings on the campus and in similar places. Those from the college of letters and sciences are given work in libraries, in bookstores, in the offices of the university, and so on. Students in the medical colleges usually find work plentiful in the caring for these buildings, in keeping the biological departments in order, and even in the zoölogical buildings. The girl who is getting a "general education," with an idea to marriage and the management of her own home, finds abundant opportunity for remunerative work in the homes of the members of the faculty, and in those of other residents close to the campus. The students at the agricultural college, both at Davis and on the campus in Berkeley, usually have more work offered them than they can do in the hours not needed for study, rest, or recreation.

The same line of thought is followed outside, in the placing of graduates, and men who have had general training without specific education are put in positions in which they may learn more concerning the professions they have chosen for their life work. One bond house in San Francisco employs thirty-five graduates of the University of California, some of whom graduated from the College of Commerce, but the majority of whom came from the College of Letters and Sciences. One large public utility corporation has been supplied with fifty graduates of the university, of whom forty-eight are still in its employ.

With the undergraduate work the operations of the bureau have resulted in the increasing of opportunities for the men who wish to support themselves, and, what is equally important, marked improvement in the type of work available for university students. Whereas, in years prior to the establishment of the bureau, students were largely limited to dishwashing, waiting on table, gardening, and similar jobs, today, through cooperation with heads of companies, chambers of commerce, and other industrial and commercial forces, the opportunities for part-time work embrace manufacturing plants, express companies, oil and service stations, automobile repair shops and the driving of automobiles, drafting, clerical work, salesmanship, and a number of other branches, experience in which improves the abilities of the student, in addition to increasing his income.

UNIV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL

BRIEFLY TOLD

A Kansas City judge has threatened to make wife-beaters stand on prominent downtown street corners, under police guard, bearing placards advertising their offense. This is an idea borrowed from China where the practice is centuries old.

More than one and a half million patents are registered every year in the United States.

A Baltimore man has erected a monument to the memory of Adam of the Garden of Eden.

In India there flourishes a species of tree which produces sugary flowers that are used as candies. The petals of the flowers drop from the tree in the early morning and are picked up by the women and children who spread them in the sun to dry. A single tree is said to provide three hundred pounds of flowers annually.

Born as an upright swimmer, a thin, perch-like minnow, the flounder's body soon begins to list either to this side or that and presently the fish is flat. He swims flat and his eye that is directed downward gradually clambers over his skull until it is paired with the other on top of the fish.

When a sewer pipe in Canton, Missouri, became clogged, a snapping turtle was sent through the pipe with a light rope attached to his body. A heavier rope was then put through and the pipe cleaned out.

By a vote of six to one, Florida recently adopted a constitutional amendment forever prohibiting the levying of inheritance or income taxes.

Irrigation canals supposed to have been built by the Uratians in the seventh century before Christ have been found near Erivan in Armenia by archeologists.

The United States Government proposes that the $110,000 to be paid by the Persian Government, for the expense of sending the American battleship to Persia to bring home the body of Consul Imbrie, who was murdered by the Persian mob, be utilized for the education of Persian students at institutions of higher learning in the United States.

There are, on an average, 209 accidental deaths in the United States daily. In a year this amounts to the entire population of such cities as Savannah, Georgia, or Evansville, Indiana.

Two million golf clubs are made in the United States annually.

A small piece of butter left on the plate at the conclusion of each meal contains, say, a quarter of an ounce. If only 40,000,000 out of our population of approximately 112,000,000 waste that much, it is 10,000,000 ounces of butter. This is about 600,000 pounds daily.

Nearly three-fourths of all the mint oil produced in the United States and practically half of the entire world's output is produced in about a score of counties in Northern Indiana and Southern Michigan.

California prohibits the use of the roller towel by law.

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. This set includes: "The International Jew," Vol. 1, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

Among the ancient Peruvians the emerald was regarded as sacred.

An 1804 silver dollar recently sold for $3,600.

Thirteen years ago two Oklahoma youths were arrested in Washington for attempting to climb a statue in front of the Union Station where they hoped to obtain a better view of the capitol. Today one of the boys, Wayne C. Bayless, is winner in the Congressional race and will this time make a very dignified entry into the city.

A rare Caxton book, "The Chronicles of England" (1480), bound with "A Description of Britain," also printed by Caxton, was sold for $15,500 recently.

Confectionery valued at more than $1,000,000 a day and ice cream at more than $700,000 daily were manufactured in 1923. This is at the rate of $1,000 worth every minute.

Giovanni Papini, writer of the "Life of Christ," declares that he has found positive proof of the divinity of Christ. He states that he will publish his proof in the near future and that it will convince unbelievers completely.

Oa, in Scotland, is said to be the town with the shortest name.

Plans are being made to remove the garret in Heathfield Hall, Handsworth, in which James Watt conducted the experiments which led to the development of the steam engine, to London where it will be perpetuated in the South Kensington Museum. After his death this room was locked and remained untouched for many years, and his tools, benches and leather apron are still there.

The first colored judge in the United States is Albert Bailey, newly elected to the Municipal Court in Chicago. Mr. Bailey, who is a Republican, has been a practicing attorney for twenty-six years, and won his place by a vote of approximately 65,000 over his nearest opponent.

A first edition of Swift's "Gulliver's Travels," dated 1726, sold recently at $3,625 and a first edition of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" brought $1,925.

A magazine written and edited by lunatics has been started in England. Inmates of the City Mental Hospital at Humberstone, Leicester, put out the magazine which contains both prose and poetry which is never edited or censored by saner outsiders.

The nutmeg of commerce is the kernel of a fruit growing in tropical countries. The fruit is succulent and opens like a capsule by two valves. The tree grows to a height of about twenty-five feet and bears a fruit resembling a pear in size and appearance, and is golden yellow when ripe. The fleshy part of the fruit resembles candied fruit and is often used as a sweetmeat.

A minute and inconspicuous black spider was found living on Mount Everest, higher than any other creature on earth. This spider lived more than 17,000 feet above sea level.

On an R. F. D. route at Meredith, New Hampshire, there is an ingenious traveling mail box that runs on wires, through the woods, the trees having been trimmed to allow its progress from the highway to the farmhouse. When the carrier places the mail in the box he gives the wire a jerk, and a member of the household perched on a stationary bicycle three-quarters of a mile away, pedals the machine and draws the box to its destination.

A special class of officers is to be formed at Lakehurst, New Jersey, by the Navy Department to train commanders for aircraft of the Zeppelin type. The *Shenandoah* and the *Los Angeles* are to be used as instruction ships.

The people of Iceland will not use ash for fuel because they believe that those who sit around such a fire will become enemies.

A primitive tribe in Korea marries by merely shaking hands, according to a Japanese authority. This tribe lives in thatched huts of the most primitive construction and eats only rye, millet and potatoes.

Hamilton Grange, once the home of Alexander Hamilton, is to be preserved as one of New York City's famous landmarks.

France has a Luther Burbank in the person of Professor Lucien Daniel, of the University of Rennes, who has grafted cabbages, lettuce, beans, potatoes and various flowers with the result that new species have been created, the life of the plants prolonged and the perfume of the flowers intensified.

The lowly muskrat, familiar to every farm boy, has been one of the chief factors in maintaining a high total value for our annual fur production and, in commercial importance, it now heads the list of fur bearers of the United States. Beavers, otter, and martens have disappeared from their former range, and minks, raccoons, and skunks are rapidly diminishing.

The famous castle of the Alhambra in Spain was originally a fortress, so huge that it was capable of holding 40,000 men. It was begun in 1248 and completed in 1314.

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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Woman Finds Petrified Forest

Why the "Road" Ceased to Be

Speed's Great Aerial Pathway

Where Are the Plainsmen?

Old World's Literary Treasures

St. George's Kirk, Old Edinburgh

NEXT WEEK

When Presidents Are Inaugurated

By THOMAS L. MASSON

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Debits Against the World's Biggest Creditor

Taking a Peep Into Uncle Sam's Big Ledger; Is Owed Billions, But Owes More Billions

By HUSTON THOMPSON
CHAIRMAN, FEDERAL TRADE COMMISSION

Did You Know—

That of the money we pay, supposedly for the upkeep of the Government, 40 per cent goes for the upkeep of the public debt?

That though the world owes us ten billions of dollars, we ourselves owe thirty-two billions of dollars?

That the City of New York alone owes over one billion dollars?

That interest to the extent of $620,000,000 was paid on tax-exempt securities in 1922?

But—suppose the Government had collected twice as much taxes, would the burden on any average taxpayer be less?

Would the benefits of Government be greater?

FOREIGN nations today are in debt to the United States to the amount of some ten billion dollars. Ever since the World War it has been generally known that most of the world owed Uncle Sam money and that most of the money in the world was in the hands of this same Uncle Sam. Recent reports of the Federal Trade Commission on taxation and tax-exempt securities, however, bring out another side of this picture and indicate that in the process of "making the world safe for democracy" and fixing things up at home Uncle Sam and family have run up a sizeable personal debt of some thirty-two billion dollars.

In face of this undoubtedly startling aggregate of Federal, state and city debts it is a little hard to disport ourselves as jauntily as heretofore or to go about our business with the light-heartedness of the Jolly Miller who could sing, "I owe nobody, no not I, and nobody owes to me!"

For, although there are debtors at our front door who owe us some ten billion dollars, *there are creditors at our back door with a bill for thirty-two billion.*

Higher Cost of Governing

THE debtors are not overly inclined to pay up either, and the creditors are getting the equivalent of very high interest from us in the form of tax-exemption on the income from the government bonds they hold.

Is it not high time that we hold a great assize upon ourselves, take a national inventory of our own debts and strike at some national balance which will dissolve the specter of continuing debt and increasing taxation?

Almost a century and a half ago the shibboleth of "No taxation without representation" aroused our ancestors to a pitch of fervent righteousness that drove them to war. Today there are many who have reversed that shibboleth and are crying, "No representation without taxation." Those who have invented this modern phrase assert that the national debt of thirty-two billion dollars, or one-tenth of our total wealth, has gone into "hiding" in the form of untaxable bonds, leaving the rest of our capital which is invested in industry to bear the burden of this "slacker" money. A great proportion of these bonds, they declare, are in the hands of a few who prefer to play a safe game with a sure interest, while the other fellow pays the taxes.

Without attempting to pass here upon the economic justice of tax-exempt securities, it is undoubtedly true that the Federal Trade Commission's figures reveal an advancing cost of governing ourselves, which moves citizens to ask the question:

Are the benefits derived from government commensurate with the burden?

The Aftermath of War

THESE figures indicate, also, a gigantic mortgage upon the Nation's present and future for that which has been spent in the immediate past. The advocates of a "pay-as-you-go" system point to this indebtedness as a shocking example of what may result from a "pay-in-future" policy. They further assert that the present system of taxation and tax-exempt bonds will and does produce idle dollars and idle citizens at the expense of busy dollars and busy citizens.

The principal count made against Uncle Sam and family by those who are accusing him of financial profligacy is that a great part of the almost unthinkable expenditures represented by this thirty-two billion dollar debt has gone into a business that was not a productive enterprise. Nearly twenty-two billion dollars of that sum was spent by the Federal Government for war purposes. The logical answer, though, is a plea of confession and avoidance. If this money did not go into productive enterprise, it at least went for the purpose of protecting a productive enterprise. No one today regrets that we won the war. Incidentally, too, although the expenditure of this money went far beyond the cold calculation of commerce, one of the greatest reasons for its expenditure was to protect our right to carry our commerce on the high seas. It not only did this but it helped other nations to protect their right to carry on commerce with us.

How Debts Increase

THE charge of public extravagance has more weight when it is applied to our state and municipal expenditures, which have now resulted in a total debt of about eight and one-half billion dollars. Yet a large proportion of this sum has been spent for such items as road building, reclamation projects, harbor building, and other improvements, all of which add to the profit of the present and future. Moreover, during such periods as the year 1921, when business was stagnant and extremely subnormal, these public improvements kept millions of men at work who would otherwise have been idle.

The road building alone which was made possible by the expenditure of this money has prepared new avenues of transportation and mended and improved old ones. When market places have again become active through the restoration of competition and the resultant lowering of prices and greater buying, these new or improved highways will greatly facilitate transportation and distribution. Investment in road building and in work of like character, in improvement of public health and in education—these add to the material and spiritual wealth of the nation and may be justified on this score against even the most meticulous of critics.

It is necessary, however, to draw *a distinction between the uses* to which the money represented by the present tax-exempt public debt issues has been put *and the method by which this money was acquired* or is still being acquired. Granted that most of it was well or necessarily spent, it is still an open question *whether it could not have been raised without the staggering mortgage upon the Nation's future which public indebtedness represents today.*

The Commission's report shows that from 1912 to 1922 the aggregate net debt of the Federal, state, and local governments increased more than sixfold. The Federal debt (including the war debt) increased from about one billion dollars to more than twenty-two billion, while the debt of state and local governments increased from less than four billion to nearly ten billion. The bonded debts of cities are estimated to have increased 32 per cent in the period from 1917 to 1922. The City of New York, for example, has today a public debt of more than $1,000,000,000, or about $188 per capita, and there are no indications that this debt will be decreased in the future.

But these expenditures, it will be said, represent not only *pro*-vision but also *pre*-vision. They are made for tomorrow's needs as well as for those of today. The objects for which the debts were contracted will, it is true, be of benefit to future generations as well as to the present generation which contracted them. But if future generations, on the same theory, themselves contract correspondingly larger debts, there is no end in sight but eventual bankruptcy. *Not the debt itself so much as the rate of increase in it is the policy to be condemned.* It is a policy which contradicts the very precepts and principles of thrift, solvency, and cash payment.

Enormous Sums in Interest

WHEN is a debtor not a debtor? When the debtor is a Federal, state or local government! It is a paradox of public finance that when a government borrows money from its citizens through bond issues its method of repaying the debt is to secure more money from its citizens in the shape of increased taxes. As a corollary to, and, in large measure resulting from, the increases in public indebtedness in the past ten years, the Commission's report shows an increase of 127 per cent in the aggregate tax burden for national, state and local purposes from about three and one-half billion in 1917 to more than seven and three-fourths billion in 1922.

Those who believe in decentralization and local administration of government will be interested in the fact that only one-eighth of the total tax burden in 1917 and one-ninth in 1922 was for state purposes. Nearly three-fifths of all taxes collected in 1917 and slightly more than two-fifths in 1922 were for local purposes.

Federal taxes, which were about one billion dollars in 1917, or less than one-third of the whole burden, were over $3,600,000,000 in 1922, or three and one-half times as great, constituting nearly one-half the total tax burden of the country.

Who Are the Tax-Dodgers?

A PUBLIC debt is like a seven-passenger touring car. It must not only be paid for but its upkeep, in the form of interest and sinking funds, must be maintained out of current income. The increases in taxation described above and the heavy burden which they impose upon the industry and prosperity of the nation *represent only in part the requirements for the necessary current costs of government. In almost equal part they represent the cost of the upkeep of the public debt.* Of the total income from taxation in 1923, as the Commission's report indicates, $1,458,000,000 was spent for interest and retirement charges on the public debt. This means that nearly 40 per cent of the total ordinary governmental expenditures in that year were for the upkeep of the debt, as against a little more than 3 per cent in 1916. If the national income be roughly estimated at sixty billion dollars, the annual cost of the public debt alone in 1923 was nearly 2½ per cent of this income.

The sins of the rich are said to be many. They have been vociferously accused recently of putting all their money into tax-exempt government bonds, thus depriving industry of capital for investment and government of their just proportion of taxes. The report of the Federal Trade Commission shows, on the basis of estimates which I consider sound, that of the thirty-two billion dollars of tax-free securities, Federal, state and local, nearly twelve billion were in the hands of business corporations in 1922 and nearly five billion in the hands of individuals with taxable incomes of more than $10,000 a year. This means that nearly one-half the tax-exempt securities were in the possession of individuals with incomes of less than $10,000 a year.

Of the total of thirty-two billion of tax-exempt securities issued and outstanding on December 31, 1922, nearly twelve billion were wholly tax-free while more than twenty billion were free of the ordinary income tax but subject to the surtax on the larger incomes. Of the wholly tax-free obligations $2,294,000,000 was issued by the Federal Government and $8,797,000,000 by state and local governments.

The interest on tax-exempt securities received during 1922 by individuals whose taxable incomes exceeded $10,000 a year each is estimated at nearly $176,000,000, of which more than $97,000,000 was wholly tax-free and more than $78,000,000 was conditionally subject to surtax. All of the interest received from tax-exempt securities in 1922 by business corporations, estimated at $448,000,000, was wholly tax-free under the existing law. Banks and trust companies held nearly $5,600,000,000 of the securities and received $236,000,000 of the interest. Insurance companies owned more than $2,200,000,000 and received nearly $92,000,000 of the tax-free interest, but obtained practically no benefit from the exemption since they were, by law, already exempt.

One of the arguments least used against tax-exemption is the cost in lost taxes. The total maximum addition to Federal income tax returns in 1922 that would have gone into Uncle Sam's pocket, if securities then exempt had been taxed, would have been about $100,000,000. It is asserted that this loss to the Federal Government is offset, however, by the comparatively low rates of interest which it has to pay by reason of the exemption of these securities from taxation.

"Pay-as-you-go" Principle

SO MUCH has been said for and against the issue of tax-exempt securities that the public, approaching the exhausted stage, probably desires it to be consigned to limbo. Nevertheless, the data shown by the Federal Trade Commission in its report is so vital that it necessarily compels discussion. Aside from the Federal debt the greatest significance of the report lies in the story of enormous and growing municipal and county debts. For the combined state debts of only a little more than a billion there need be no great criticism. But for the staggering total of some nine billions of dollars of county and municipal debts what ample justification is there? It is prodigality run mad, and if, as is claimed, it comes of the comparative ease with which these minor divisions may borrow money through issue of their tax-exempt securities, a powerful argument indeed has been found against such exemption.

It all comes back to the "pay-as-you-go" principle. There may be emergencies or extraordinary benefits which justify governments in mortgaging the future with expansive bond issues. But these should be the rare exception and not the rule. It is so easy to spend and sometimes to spend foolishly and intemperately, when payment is to be made at some other time or by some other person. The safeguard of the taxpayer against public extravagance depends upon whether he insists upon shouldering each ordinary public expense as it is incurred or whether he will permit himself to be drugged with a public bond issue which postpones the pain but aggravates it eventually or visits it upon the children of the third and fourth generation.

The Petrified Forest Giants of California

How a Woman Went Into the Wilds and Unearthed a World Wonder

By ALLAN L. BENSON

WHICH is the more remarkable, a petrified forest or an amazing, resourceful woman who went into mountain wilds, made her home there among wild cats and dug up the forest?

We will begin with the lady, anyway, because if it had not been for her there would be nothing to write about. Her name is Ollie Bockee. Like Lillian Russell, she was born in Clinton, Iowa. Like Lillian Russell, too, she got out of the town. She was living in Omaha when the great quake rocked San Francisco 18 years ago. That quake fascinated her. She wondered what a town looked like that had been shaken to pieces and burned to a crisp. Two years passed before she was able to make the grade to the coast. San Francisco, in the meantime, had built up a good deal. She moved on. She had come to see something wild. San Francisco no longer looked wild. What was the next best bet? She did not know. She began to cruise about in a car.

One day she found herself in historic country. She was in the mountains. A little to the north was Mount St. Helena, where Robert Louis Stevenson wrote "The Silverado Squatters." A little to the south was "The Valley of the Moon," in which Jack London lived and loved and died and took a drink or two besides. What she wanted was land, and that was all around her. Land and trees, mountains, sunshine and sky—nothing else. No homes. No people except those who rode in the daily stage from Calistoga to Santa Rosa. Oh, there were houses some miles away, but not where she happened to stop her car.

Ollie Bockee stopped her car in front of a petrified forest, but did not know it. She had been fascinated by the combination of green mountain sides, sky lines and sunshine, an abandoned vineyard and an old shack. She got out and looked around. The place improved upon acquaintance. Not forty women in the United States would have made their home there on a bet, but it just suited Ollie Bockee. It was beautiful and it was wild!

Ollie Bockee backed her car to a place where she could turn around in the narrow road and started back to Calistoga in search of a realtor. She wanted to know the facts, particulars, qualifications and strong points of the place she had seen, including the price. She found a realtor but he did not know much more about the place than she did. He knew who owned it and he thought it comprised three or four or five hundred acres (acres don't mean anything in that wild country) but he wasn't sure. He also thought the price was $1,500, but Ollie was soon to learn that he was a very inaccurate thinker.

The price was $16,000, as she learned when she found the owner. Why? "Lady alive"—the owner went on—"don't you know there are petrified trees on that land?" She almost jumped out of her silk stockings. Lead her to them, she told the gentleman.

Ah, but that was a different matter. The trees were under fifteen or twenty feet of earth. A foot or two of the tops of a few stuck out, but that was all.

These tops got Ollie. Where there were tops she knew there must be bottoms, middles, sides and everything else. A big electric sign flared up in her brain: "OLLIE BOCKEE, OWNER OF THE ONLY PETRIFIED FOREST IN CALIFORNIA."

She closed with the gentleman at his own price and paid him $4,000 down. In a week, she was settled in the shack.

Oh, the years that followed! Hard years, bitter years, struggling years—happy years. Her only chance of making a living, paying the interest on her $12,000 mortgage and the principal as it became due lay in unearthing a petrified forest for people to see. What was above ground when she bought the place amounted to little. Not many persons would pay 50 cents to see a few chunks of rock that looked like wood.

So Ollie went to work with her own mitts, as the ladies who serve Persian melons in San Francisco restaurants say. Having little money, it was the only thing to do. She dropped her needle and thread to take up a shovel and a pickax. It was not exactly the kind of work to which she had been accustomed, but the shovel and the pickax did not know it.

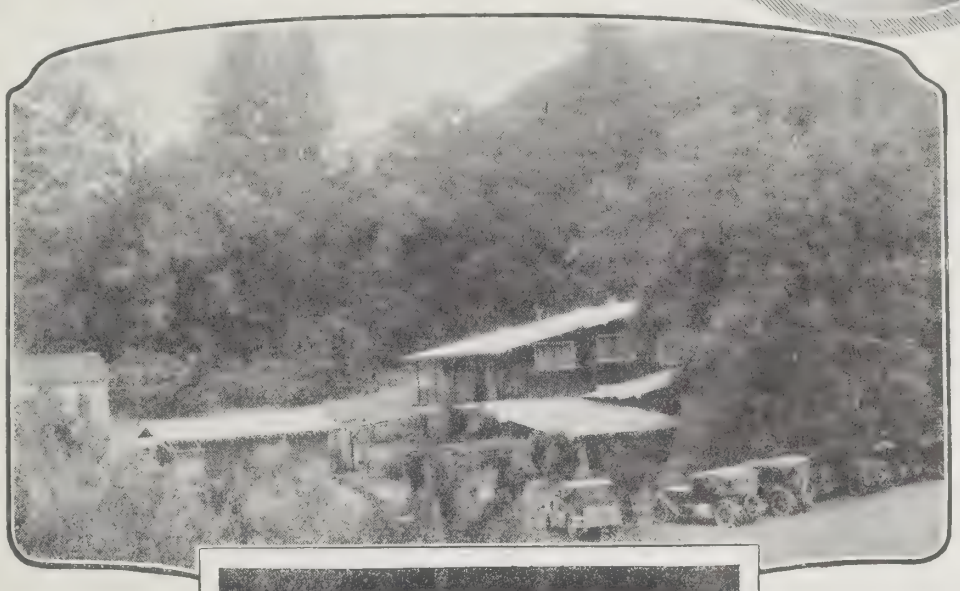
And at the end of her labors what she named the "Queen of the Forest" lay before her. A petrified tree 80 feet long and 12 feet in diameter! A giant redwood that had gone down in a fury of flame, fire and ashes perhaps three million years ago. Gone down in its youth, one might say, because a redwood tree 12 feet in diameter is only about 3,000 years old and, therefore, not tall enough to look over the heads of its grandparents and flirt with the fleecy clouds that hang motionless over the horizon.

That tree brought Ollie good luck and bad luck. A man who had read about it came to see it. He threw down a $5 bill. Ollie hadn't a cent of change and the California law provides that if the keeper of an amusement place cannot make change he must admit the prospective spectator for nothing. The gentleman, therefore, came in, one might say, as free as the air. Ollie hasn't been out of change since.

Things braced up a bit after that. More persons took the stage from Santa Rosa or Calistoga to go over to the petrified forest. Ollie Bockee, therefore, proceeded to prepare a budget. Half of the proceeds should be devoted to food and raiment; half to excavation.

That made more dirt fly. As more trees came out of the ground, more visitors came to see them. The treasury did not become fat but it swelled quite a bit. Ollie built a house and installed an oil-burning engine to make electricity with which to light the place. Somebody told her she should have bits of the petrified wood polished up and made into souvenir rings and pins. She thought this was a good idea, ordered six rings made, forgot what they cost her and sold them for less than she paid for them. Ollie has learned a lot about business since then and now has a large souvenir room that always souves at a profit.

After she built her house and thereby showed signs of prosperity, highwaymen that strolled through the mountains began to take notice of her. The first one merely entered the place at night and grabbed off $600 worth of diamonds that she had brought from Iowa. The next one was not so moderate. He took all he could conveniently pick up and then stole her automobile in



Circle—OLLIE BOCKEE. Above—Entrance to the California petrified forest, Ollie Bockee's home. Below—The "Queen of the Forest," petrified tree eighty feet long, twelve feet in diameter.

which to carry away the loot. Ollie complained to the sheriff and he is still investigating, but unless the crook got out of gas he is probably far away.

Such is the life Ollie Bockee has led and is still leading. Alone in the mountains, in the beginning, with wild cats prancing around the front porch at night. No telephone then—or now. Highwaymen braving the wild cats to get in and steal. Not a neighboring house in sight or within miles. But two or three women and a young man who is related to her are now in the house at night.

But Ollie Bockee likes the life and, now that she doesn't have to dig, has studied geology until she talked a California legislative committee off its feet last winter. The California legislature wants to buy the petrified forest. Ollie is willing to sell but wants to make a killing. The legislature, also, wants to make a killing. Both Ollie and the legislature are still alive. Nothing doing. Cannot agree on a price.

Now this is the story of the great petrified trees that one sees sprawling about in this forest, as Luther Burbank told it to me: A very long time ago—hundreds of thousands and perhaps millions of years ago—a tremendous earthquake shook the country where Ollie Bockee now lives. The earthquake was so violent that it hurled down the giant redwoods. Think what a shake it must have been to hurl down trees twelve feet in diameter! The surface of the earth must have twitched in something the manner that a dog twitches its skin to scare off a fly, because all of the trees were thrown to the south. Not one points east or west.

After the earth shook, Mount St. Helena burst into eruption. Fire, ashes, molten lava—everything that the old volcano had—came out and coursed down the valley in which now lies the petrified forest. The ashes covered the fallen redwoods many feet deep. Wherever the end of a tree was not covered, it was burned by the lava. To this day, one can see the charred wood, now turned to black stone.

Then the volcano became quiet and the rains began—the heavy California rains that start in the autumn and, with short intervals of fair weather, last until spring. The rain rotted the buried redwoods. As the redwoods rotted, the rains washed down silica to take the place of the wood. The silica, having been cast as it were in the pattern of a tree, came to look like a tree. There is your petrified forest; silica poured into great casting molds in which trees had been used as patterns.

Nowhere in America is there another such petrified forest as this. The petrified wood of Arizona is more beautifully colored, owing to the copper deposits, but there are no trees in the Arizona forest—only small broken parts of trees. In the Sonoma County forest that Ollie Bockee has brought to the surface one sees entire giant redwoods as they fell when the earth shook and Mount St. Helena entombed them. A tree that is known as "The Monarch" is 126 feet long.

One would think these trees were of wood instead of stone. Every part of the texture and fiber has been perfectly reproduced. Wherever a worm bored into the bark, millions of years ago, a hole appears in the stone.

The forest was discovered in 1871 by Charles Evans who is now known to fame as "Petrified Charley." He had no luck with the place and sold it to a preacher and a lawyer. They got into a row because the preacher was a prohibitionist and did not want to make into wine the grapes that grew in the vineyard. The place changed hands several times after that, but nobody ever did anything with it until Ollie Bockee stopped her car in front of it.

A queer sort of people visit the forest. They are the same sort of people one sees everywhere else. Most persons become queer when they get to a place like this. The younger ones become seized with a desire to pass on their names to posterity and leave their signatures, scrawled in pencil, on the rocks. With the list of names that soon accumulated Ollie could have started a mail order house, but instead she had a man take a brush and a pot of paint and paint them out. It did no good. More names came on like magic. More paint. More names.

Then she hit upon what she thought was a brilliant idea. She built a little house, called it the "Autograph Gallery," left the door open and even provided pins with which cards might be fastened to the wall. In a few months, the house was so full of cards that she had to take them all down to make room for more. But visitors still write their names on the rocks.

Another habit of which visitors apparently cannot cure themselves is stealing. Bits of petrified wood are the chief attraction, but they take even the bark off the trees. As they enter the grounds a sign asks them not to take petrified wood from the forest and informs them that free samples will be given to them at the office. On some of the petrified trees are signs threatening souvenir hunters with arrest. All of these signs might as well have been written in Chinese. Nobody pays any attention to them.

The country around the petrified forest is wonderfully interesting historically, geologically, and from the point of view of sheer beauty. Within an hour one can get to Stevenson's old place on the side of Mount St.

(Concluded on page 4)

Why the "Road" Has Ceased to Exist

Theatrical Swindles Wore Out the Patience of Country Patrons; Refused to Tolerate Degenerate Plays and Scenic Hodgepodge

By PETER SCHUYLER

THE American theater is at present submerged in a depression which is steadily growing worse and is causing great concern to those who depend upon it for a living. The list of plays which have opened—and closed almost immediately since this season started—is so large that it has caused violent contraction of the pocketbooks of producing managers. The long-plundered public has remained apathetic to the disasters which have overtaken the producers but hungry playwrights, thousands of unemployed actors and actresses, and wailing "angels" from Wall Street and vicinity are commencing to be interested in the cause of conditions. All realize that if something does not check the increasing arteriosclerosis in the body theatrical there will be nothing left to do about the case except give the corpse a decent burial. Attempts have been made by experts in the treatment of sick business to find out what ails the theater. One diagnostician announces that the depression is a natural phase of the industry and will pass in time. Another descants on the need of a tonic in the form of large doses of American dollars. Others assign reasons which are as diverse—and quite as foolish—as the ones already given. The real reasons are neither hard to find nor difficult to state, and they lead from one to the other. The best means of analysis is to be found in a consideration of the big baseball leagues.

Baseball and the Theater

THE National and American League baseball enterprises are as viciously commercial as the native theater, yet they prosper. The expressions of baseball magnates who prate publicly of the all-essential detail of "sport" in their business are just as rank as those of producing managers who burble about "art." Baseball barons and theatrical magnates plunder the paying public on any, all, and every occasion. But the baseball gentry do make an effort to keep their graft going at top speed by the constant infusion of young blood and fresh talent.

They have an elaborate and costly system for discovering where the blood is to be located and how the talent can be secured for their customers' entertainment. The producing managers of baseball would go out of business in short order if there were not what is described by sports writers as "the tall grass," "the bushes," and "the sticks." All these are synonyms for the minor leagues which are spread all over the country and which serve as training grounds for the recruits for the National and American leagues. Through "the tall grass" and "the sticks" there stalks a horde of highly paid representatives of the big leagues relentlessly searching for young players who can play baseball so well that they will prove to be drawing cards at the turnstiles of the parks in the big cities. The rivalry among these "scouts" or "ivory hunters" is as keen as that between the clubs they represent, and it is safe to say that no actual or potential prospect can remain undiscovered and unsigned for any length of time. When a "find" is located he is looked over not by one but by many experts before he is finally bought or drafted for appearance on the baseball stage. Not so with the theater.

No Theatrical Bush Leagues

NO ATTEMPT is made by producing managers to find actors and actresses whose talents will warrant their removal from the constricted field of the provinces to the theaters of Manhattan which is the theatrical center of the country. What the minor leagues are to baseball the "Road" is to the theater. And there is no longer a "road" in existence. Outside of less than six cities in the United States the theater—as distinguished from the motion picture places—is either dead or in the last stages of dissolution. The "Road" which in times past was a field where thousands of players found employment and experience, the lovers of the play secured entertainment, and producers made money, has disappeared forever. If it were not for sporadic appearances of companies breaking the trip from Manhattan to the West or from Chicago to the East vast sections of the United States would scarcely know there was any other form of dramatic entertainment except the "movies." The destruction of the training ground for the actor has had the inevitable result of a consequent and noticeable declination in good acting even in the productions which are made in the surviving four or five theatrical centers of the land. It is true that the managerial mania for types instead of finished actors who can assume the characters drawn by the playwright is partly responsible for the disappearance of the art of acting in America. There was a period in the history of the theater when the ability to "play the part" was the all-important consideration to be met by the actor and insisted upon by the producer. Now the one requisite to be furnished by the actor and demanded by the producer is the ability to "look the part." The vicious circle of the stage world, which means the same group of managers hiring only the same group of players season after season, has also been a cause of loss of patronage. But the outstanding reason for the decay of the theater is the cynical scorn which the producing managers have for any actor or actress who has not a metropolitan reputation. No matter how evident the talent and how great the promise shown by the player in "the sticks" it is powerless to attract the notice of the big league magnates of the theater world. They have, it is true, a corps of "scouts" and "ivory hunters" but their operations are confined to "digging up live ones" in Wall Street to finance a play into which the producer would not put a nickel of his own. That is why actors of real ability and genuine talent seldom reach The Great Shine Way. To their credit it must be said that they try. But they cannot withstand weeks and years of waiting discouragement and contempt which is their inevitable portion whenever they try to enter the broader field for their artistic gifts. Scattered throughout the stock companies of "the tall grass," there are the wrecks of fine careers caused by the indifference or the contemptuous neglect of the men who control the playhouse.

Why the "Road" Has Disappeared

IF YOU ask the producer of stage pieces why the "Road" has disappeared his instant and profane answer will be "Motion pictures." He is right but does not know in the way he means. Manhattan has a contempt for everything and everyone that is not confined within the boundaries of Manhattan. The Manhattanese looks upon all other residents of the United States as "rubes" or "hicks." The Manhattan theatrical producer has another designation for those who are not within commuting distance of The Great Shine Way playhouses. He knows such contemptibles only by the all-embracing term of "suckers." To him they were not patrons who should receive fair and honest treatment. They were merely the possessors of so much money which it is his right to take away from them by hook or crook. And by crook is the preferred method. Long ago he realized that the fact a play had been shown successfully in Manhattan gave it prestige and drawing power in the eyes of the country outside and began to trade on that realization. At a period, now so remote that it is impossible to be fixed, when he sent out a Manhattan success he saw to it that the sentence "Original New York cast and production" was literally true. That is the way in which "suckers" are raised.

Professional gamblers know that the surest way to get all a victim's money is to let him win a little when he begins to play and Manhattan producers belong to the gambler species. So it happened that for a short time the "original New York cast and production" was really sent on tour. But the temptation to get "the sucker's" money was too great to be long resisted and the trap was baited accordingly. Let us say that in 1920 a play was staged with great success in Manhattan. The news was so industriously circulated by press agents that the uttermost parts of the country became aware of the all-important item that at the 18th Street Theater, in New York, "Why People Get Married" was the greatest domestic comedy the world had ever seen. From Sitka to Matamoras the glad tidings spread. At the expiration of its 1920 Manhattan run "Why People Get Married" was sent on the "Road" with the original New York cast and production. The "Road," impressed by the New York run, flocked to see "Why People Get Married" and found it all that had been represented. At the expiration of the 1921 tour of the provinces, "Why People Get Married" once more fared forth into the wilds labeled "The original New York cast and production." The "Road," having seen the play on its former appearance at the local opera house, flocked to renew its pleasure. The prices of admission were the same but that was all. The actors appearing in the play were the poorest obtainable and the "original New York production" proved to be some dirty, dilapidated, scenic hodgepodge made up from the refuse heap of the producers' storehouse. The "Road" was angry at the deception practiced upon it but the owner of "Why People Get Married" had cleaned up a handsome profit by the tour of the cheat. What the "Road" thought did not concern him. The "sucker" almost always forgets and comes back for more. The next year the same producer with a show of another name perpetrated the same swindle and profited handsomely by it. There was apparently no limit to what the "Road" would stand.

The "Road" Rebels

YEAR after year, producer after producer systematically plundered the country. Always the infallible come-on, the "original New York cast and production," was used. Suddenly there came a change. The "Road," in the language of the manager, "went bad." The goose which had laid the golden eggs stopped work. Instead it took to making decadent hen fruit with which the "Road" pelted out of town the "original New York cast and production." The "sucker" had evolved into "a wise guy" and the good old days of profitable swindling passed away for all time. But the producing manager never thought to blame himself for what happened. Forced into giving an alibi he picked out the "movies." If you listened to him long enough you learned that the artistic sense of the country had become so blunted that it could no longer appreciate the value of the spoken drama given by the "original New York company" and with the "original New York production." If something was not done immediately it would be only a question of time when the film would replace the stage, he said. But it never occurred to him to do something himself by trying to win back the faith of the people whose money he had obtained under false pretenses. The professional swindler had one rule of conduct: "Never give a sucker an even break" and the producing manager would rather let the "Road" die than violate the code of his class.

The reason the movies drew the attendance of the former patron of traveling shows was not as the perpetrator of the "original New York cast and production" bunko game asserted because the "Road" has grown cheap and unappreciative. It has not. The enormous sums it spends annually for reputable concert artists and for the occasional first-class theatrical attraction it can see proves that it is willing to pay its money for something really worth while. But it is unwilling to present its dollars to Manhattan highbinders and have its intelligence insulted into the bargain. If it must be cheated it prefers to have the process cost as little as possible. There has been beaten into the "Road" the mathematical difference between paying $2.50 for a tawdry "original New York cast and production" fake and a 50-cent motion picture horror. In addition to saving money it is conserving its energies. It goes to a theatrical presentation expecting something, does not get it and becomes angry. It attends the local movie palace expecting trash, gets just what it expected and cherishes no resentment. The "Road" has not grown penurious. It has awakened even if the Manhattan producing managers have not.

The "Road" Will Not Tolerate Dirt

FINALLY balked in his cheating of the natives of the hinterland of Manhattan with bad acting and worse productions the bandits of the dramatic and musical comedy theater have tried to recoup their losses—and possibly revive the dead goose—by passing on to the "Road" the nastinesses which made money for them in Manhattan. The filth that is such an attraction on The Great Shine Way has been tried on the outlanders. But just as they failed properly to estimate the limit to the gullibility of the "Road" in the matter of fifth-rate productions at first-rate prices so have the men who operate the theatrical business guessed wrong on the point of what the "Road" will stand. To their amazement they have learned that the great body of amusement seekers—outside Manhattan—will not tolerate, much less patronize, dirty dramatic and musical New York successes. In this one particular, at least, the country at large will not be ruled by the taste and standards of "the greatest city in the world." It may look to Manhattan for its styles in coats and suits. But it manifests a strange independence when it comes to what is clean and what is unclean. It will even bear with unblushing equanimity the derisive characterizations of its mentality hurled from the Battery, the Bronx, and Brooklyn.

Nor will it accept as true examples of American brilliancy the flip "native comedies" which Manhattan audiences find so attractive. It stubbornly prefers humor to Tenderloin freshness, and genuine wit to "wise cracks." In other words, the "Road" insists on remaining clean, homely, intelligent, and American, the jeers and the disgust of theatrical swindlers notwithstanding.

The Petrified Forest of California

Concluded from page 3

Helena, and I was told that the house is still standing. An hour's drive to the south takes one through the "Valley of the Moon," to the late home of Jack London on the hills of Glen Ellen. London chose for his residence a very wild and picturesque locality, but it is not so beautiful, it seems to me, as Rincon Valley, which one skirts in driving from the petrified forest to Glen Ellen.

The first time I saw Rincon Valley I nearly lost my breath. We were driving up in the mountains, turned a sharp corner and there it was! A thousand feet or more below, the valley lay in blissful silence, walled in by a semicircular range of distant mountains. Like squares upon a checkerboard were the various fields of grass and grain, made small by the distance from which they were observed. Here and there were orchards of figs, plums, and oranges growing beside great vineyards. An occasional house completed the picture. And it was more like a picture than anything else. Viewed from this mountain height, everything below seemed so quiet, so perfect, so utterly charming. There is nothing like a little distance to iron out the rough spots in a landscape or a human being.

In Calistoga, which is five miles from the petrified forest, geysers hurl water into the air at various intervals, ranging from a minute and a half to half an hour. The water is boiling. Several acres of land in their vicinity is so hot that nothing will grow upon it. The whole strip of land from Calistoga, through the petrified forest to the California steam wells and Mount St. Helena is tricky. One shot of dynamite set off by a roadbuilding gang destroyed all of the springs that supplied Ollie Bockee's place with water. The springs were not near together but they were apparently all connected with one single subterranean water source which the blast of dynamite drained.

In other words, the fires that millions of years ago, blew off the head of Mount St. Helena and were the means of petrifying a forest are not out yet. They are still heating the water that boils in many springs near the trees that have turned to stone.

Traveling at Speed of 294,375 Miles a Second

Scientist Believes Etherons Provide Pathway for Light and Radio Waves

By CAPT. T. J. J. SEE, U. S. N.
Director of the Naval Observatory at Mare Island

Everything which has motion, as we humans conceive of motion, has a medium in which to move. Sound travels on waves of air, but how do light, radio, magnetism, and the forces of gravity travel at speeds so vastly greater than sound? Through what medium does the attraction of gravity pass from the sun to the earth, from the earth to the moon, or between the other stars and planets in sidereal space?

Captain T. J. J. See, U.S.N., director of the Naval Observatory at Mare Island, California, one of the first scientists to upset the Einstein Theory of Relativity, believes he has discovered the medium, the superfine gas which fills all space, and through which light, radio waves, and gravitational forces travel. Here is his own story of his discovery and what it means, told for the first time outside of scientific documents.

A MEDIUM known as the ether, superfine and associated with the stars and with the light of day—as in the gleaming brightness of the sky over Mount Olympus—has been recognized quite universally since the time of Homer. During the past three centuries the greatest geometers and natural philosophers, from Huyghens, Newton, and Euler to Maxwell, Kelvin, and Poincaré, have admitted that this ether is the only known medium for the action of physical forces across the tremendous distances of space.

Interstellar space—that is to say, the space outside of and beyond the comparatively thin shell of air which surrounds and moves with the earth—I have found to be filled with this medium, a gas so rarefied that its *etherons,* or corpuscles, move with a velocity of 294,375 miles a second, as compared with the 186,000 miles a second which light moves, or 1.57 times the velocity of light, and 23.5 times faster than the *electron* moves. The etheron, too, is the smallest of all existing things, its radius being only about 1/3600 that of a molecule of hydrogen.

It is in this medium, through this medium, or by this medium that light travels from star to star, as from the sun to the earth, and, more important than this, the ether is the medium by which the planets are held to their suns, and the suns themselves in their places, through the action of the force of gravity, the power of gravitation, whose medium of travel and operation is the ether. It was established by Huyghens in 1673 and confirmed later by Newton, that without a medium capable of exerting tremendous stress across the celestial spaces, the planets could not be made to curve their paths at all points of their orbits about the sun. But, the planets and the double stars do actually describe curved paths. We know, therefore, that these celestial bodies are acted upon by tremendous central forces. My new theory of the ether, which I am here outlining, explains these forces, and illustrates the process for generating tensions pulling in straight lines between the bodies—in other words, the power which holds the earth in its orbit around the sun, and the moon in its path around the earth.

Challenges Einstein Theory

THIS new theory of the ether challenges the Theory of Relativity, as advanced by Einstein, to its very foundations. In fact, the whole doctrine of relativity is worthless and misleading, because science had not yet developed for the ether a valid kinetic theory, as it has in the cases of the other known gases. This lack of such a kinetic theory led to the vague suggestion, in some quarters, of doing away with the ether, thus completely ignoring the law of centrifugal force established by Huyghens and confirmed by Newton.

Without a medium through which the power of gravitation could act, how could the sun pull the earth to curve its path into an ellipse about a focus in the center of the sun? How could the earth hold the moon in her orbit? Action equivalent to the breaking strength of many millions of immense cables of the strongest steel *cannot be conveyed across a void,* without a medium of transportation counteracting centrifugal force by central attraction, thereby governing the motions of the planets. It was held by Newton that the power of gravitation arises from the impulses of a subtle ethereal medium that is diffused over the universe, penetrating all things, passing through stars and planets and suns and worlds with virtually the same freedom and speed with which it moves from star to star in interstellar space. Newton says, in a letter to Mr. Boyle, February 28, 1679:

"And, first, I suppose that there is diffused through all places an etherial substance capable of contraction or dilatation, strongly elastic; and, in a word, much like air in all respects, but far more elastic.

"I suppose that this ether pervades all gross bodies, but yet so as to stand rarer in their pores than in free spaces."

True Cause of Gravitation

WHAT Newton calls "impulses," we now call "waves." In accordance with this idea, I have developed the kinetic theory of ether, two centuries after it was first outlined by Newton, the discoverer of the theory of gravitation. This new theory leads to the wave-theory of gravitation, and its confirmation by several independent processes of experiment, observation and calculation, so that at last *the true cause of gravitation appears to be clearly established.* In Newton's time, however, the kinetic theory of gases was not yet developed. It was begun slightly by Daniel Bernouilli in 1738, and completed by Joule, Watterston, Clausius, Maxwell, Boltzmann and others in the past 75 years. In this kinetic theory of gases, a gas is made up of corpuscles constantly flying in every direction, with high velocity and great rapidity of collision. Mathematical formulas have been worked out—chiefly by Maxwell and Boltzmann—for calculating the mean free path between collisions of these minute particles. The theory has been tested by a variety of ingenious experiments to show that it conforms to the realities of nature:

1. For example, the pressure which a gas exerts on a containing vessel is due to the summation of the product of each molecule by the mean of the square of the velocity of translation between collisions.

2. Experiments by Lockschmidt, O. E. Meyer, and others, about 1868, on the diffusion of gases through orifices in delicate tubes, have enabled investigators to fix the velocity of the mean motion of the molecules. There is, therefore, an *observed velocity,* denoted by a Greek character, which has led to the tabulation of the velocities of these gases as a result of half a century of research by many eminent experimenters and mathematicians.

From these two facts, we learn that hydrogen has a mean molecular velocity of 185,900 centimeters a second, or roughly, 6,200 feet. We learn, too, that the mean free path of the hydrogen molecule—that is, the distance along which it can move—is only .0000116 centimeters, or, again roughly, .0000039 of an inch. More than this, we learn that the number of collisions among the hydrogen molecules is 14,743,000,000 a second, while radius of each molecule is 1.00000034 of a centimeter. For those who wish to carry these calculations further, it may be said that a centimeter is 0.3937 inches. Other gases are similarly known.

The greatest impression gathered from this accumulated knowledge is the enormous number of collisions in all the gases, the vast number of rebounds a second, and the short space between the average collisions. In this respect, the table so evolved is almost beyond human comprehension. But, bearing in mind the figures just given for hydrogen, which is the best known of the world's elementary gases, let us look for a moment at the figures obtained for ether. We find that the mean velocity of the molecule of ether is 47,123,900,000 centimeters a second, as compared with 185,900 for hydrogen, the next most active gas molecularly speaking. The mean free path of the molecule of ether is 57,295,900,000 centimeters, as compared with 1/100000 centimeter for hydrogen, and a trifle more for helium. Yet the collisions of the molecules of the ether are only 0.82 a second, as compared with 14,743,000 for hydrogen a second. We further find that the radius of the ether molecule is 1/3620 that of the hydrogen molecule.

The Finest of All Gas

THESE things will become somewhat easier to grasp, and the theory of the ether will become more comprehensible if we recall a law discovered by Maxwell some 60 years ago, that, under similar conditions, the kinetic energies of the molecules of any two gases, whatever their relative masses, are equal. Thus, if an oxygen molecule have sixteen times the mass of a hydrogen molecule, the mean velocity of the oxygen molecule will be only one-fourth as great as that of the hydrogen molecule. Accordingly, the point to which we are aiming is that the fine and very light gases have very high molecular velocities, while the sluggishly moving molecules of heavy gases, such as oxygen, carbon monoxide, carbon dioxide, and chlorine, have relatively small velocities, because their large mass, with small velocity, gives these molecules equal kinetic energy to that of hydrogen, which has the lightest and most rapidly moving molecule among the terrestrial gases.

With these facts before us, we need not be surprised at the tremendous molecular velocity calculated for the etheron, or particle of ether. The ether is the finest of all gas, *the medium which underlies the universe!* The mean velocity of the etheron—the minute particle of this gas which fills all sidereal space—is 471,239 kilometers, or 294,375 miles a second, while that of the hydrogen molecule is 1.859 kilometers, or about 1.16 miles, and that of the oxygen molecule 0.46 kilometers, or approximately 29/100 mile a second. The length of the mean free path of the etheron is *5,730 million million* times greater than that of the hydrogen molecule. This contrast is enormous, almost infinite; it is like comparing a distance 46 per cent greater than the moon's distance from the earth with 1/100000 centimeter, and a centimeter is only a little more than one-third of an inch. One of these distances is great beyond comprehension, the other almost too small for ordinary appreciation.

From these facts we learn that the etherons fly about in every direction, with a mean velocity of 471,000 kilometers a second, and that the mean free path is so long that only 82/100 of a collision occurs every second. Accordingly, the ether is infinitely freer, easier, and less bound than any terrestrial gas in all its motions. *It is perfectly adapted to penetrating into the densest matter, and enters it almost without resistance.* Thus, it is not surprising to learn that it penetrates to the very centers of the sun and the planets, almost as if these dense masses were of the merest gossamer structure.

Waves in the ether, however, *do not escape very sensible resistance as they move through the earth, the sun, and the planets.* In fact, many remarkable results are deducible from study of the waves in radio. It is possible to show that near the earth radio waves travel more slowly than light waves—at the rate of only about 165,000 miles a second, as compared with 186,000 miles a second, the known speed of light. The ether enters into no known combinations, but underlies the whole physical universe, and is a monatomic gas.

Now, we have shown that etherons move with 1.57 times the speed of light. Until my discovery of this new kinetic theory of the ether, scientists could not explain the very rapid propagation of light, with a velocity of 186,000 miles a second, which velocity has been known since Roemer discovered it in 1675. The electron, with a mass 1/1700 that of the hydrogen molecule, would have a mean velocity of only 1/3000 that of light, or about 99 kilometers a second. Hence, the velocity of light could not be explained by the electron theory. In fact, the electron theory has been greatly overrated, and of late years has begun to break down. It cannot possibly serve as a basis for a physical theory of the universe. The ether alone offers the possibility of a really valid theory, because this gas is the finest of all media, with etherons weighing only 13/1000000 of a millionth of a hydrogen molecule. Thus, the etheron scarcely is more than 1/50000000 of the electron in mass. It is no wonder that the electron can travel only with the mean velocity of 99 kilometers a second, or 1/3000 of the velocity of light, while the etheron, with a mass nearly fifty million times smaller, travels with a velocity 1.57 times that of light. Thus the fact becomes apparent that light, whose incredible velocity is so great as to carry a disturbance more than seven times around the earth in one second, travels in this medium.

Now as to the medium which enables the power of gravitation to bind the earth on its curved course around the sun:

Newton's Impressions Proved

IT IS remarkable that, as early as 1678, Newton regarded the ether as less dense within and near the heavenly bodies than in the wider surrounding regions of free space. In my researches, I have been able to verify Newton's intuition by the following processes:

1. By proving that electrodynamic action, magnetism, and gravitation, *are all wave phenomena,* and, therefore, the amplitude or width of agitation of the waves is less as we go outward in free space.

2. This makes it possible for the etherons to crowd closer together far away from a body than in close proximity to it. Thus, the density of the ether is less near a body and grows greater as we recede from that body. Near a body, the large wave amplitudes cause the medium to be so violently churned up that the density varies, and it is found to increase outwardly directly as the radius.

These proofs verify Newton's impressions of two centuries ago. To place the demonstrations on a secure foundation we had to show, first, that the amplitude of wave action expanding in free space varies inversely as the distance from the center, and hence, that the resulting density of the ether may increase outwardly directly as the radius; and, second, that waves corresponding to the known phenomena of magnetism and universal gravitation actually come to us from the sun. The observational proof of the existence of these long waves from the sun first became available to me in 1921. It since has been confirmed by several independent processes.

The shortest waves known to science are the ultra-violet or chemical rays; then come the light rays of the visible spectrum, and next the heat rays, which extend to the infra-red or beyond. Beyond all these, however, are the waves of magnetism and universal gravitation, which are the longest of all, and thus may go through the heavenly bodies without loss of much of their power. Light and heat waves are so short that they penetrate bodies only slightly, for when heat waves are conducted into a solid mass, they take a long time to penetrate inward, or outward, and hence the cooling of the earth and other heavenly bodies is a very slow secular process, involving for some effects millions, and even billions, of years.

The Earth's Magnetic Envelope

THE earth, however, is surrounded by a magnetic wave-field, which gives direction to the mariner's compass, and thus aids navigation, as was first learned by the Chinese, about 1100 B. C. When the compass was introduced into Europe, about A. D. 1185, it increased the power for guiding ships at sea, and was used by Columbus in 1492, and by Magellan, in the three-year voyage in which he made the first circumnavigation of the globe, 1519-1522. Now, if it were not for the new theory of the ether, we still should not understand why the magnetic needle points to the north. This invaluable discovery of the Chinese has been in use about thirty centuries—since the days of Homer!—yet it has been only recently made known that *the needle itself emits a field of parallel waves,* in conformity with those generated by magnetism in the earth. The wave-field of the needle, furthermore, agrees to and conforms with the wave-field of the earth. Thus, the needle lays itself quietly in the hollow of the wave-field about our globe, and hence we see at once why the needle points so steadily to the Pole, and why this simple instrument may be used so safely in directing navigation.

We have seen that the magnetic and the gravitational waves are long waves. Just how long, we do not know, but some of them must be thousands of meters in length. There is observational proof of this, which will be best

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Where Are They, the Plainsmen?

Lure of Gold Which Led Them Along Devious Trails; Custer, the Indians, and Little Big Horn Battle

By F. J. CLIFFORD

THE men who resolutely pushed into the lands of the western Indian, hunted the buffalo and panned the yellow gold from gulch and gravelly bar—where are they? Are they all gone to the great beyond, or are some of them still living, and if so—where are they? What are they doing? How are they spending the evening of their eventful lives?

There is at least one of them alive, a spry old fellow in spite of his threescore and ten years. He lives well to the north end of Kootenay Lake, British Columbia, only a short walk along the beach from the sleepy town of Kaslo. There he has a little snowshoe factory, of which he is owner, general manager, and crew. But his product is known all over the north country, from the boundary line to the Arctic and from Labrador to Alaska.

It is a long, long trek from New London, Connecticut, through Kansas, Montana, the Dakotas, New Mexico, Utah, Arizona, California, Washington, and up the long length of the Kootenay lakes into the very heart of the Selkirk Mountains, yet this is the trek that Ralph N. Kenyon made when he ceased to be a Connecticut sailor and began to be western plainsman.

The land tilts steeply from the very back eaves of his cabin, up, up, up, thousands of feet, until it loses itself in mountains that stretch away, a tumbled snow-capped heap, into the great virgin hinterland of the North, unseen as yet by the white man.

In the seventies when Kenyon left the sea for the frontier, Kansas and Missouri were fairly well west, but not far enough for Kenyon. So he headed northward and in the autumn of '75 arrived in the Black Hills country of the Dakotas.

The year before his arrival, lively times had been seen there. General Custer had been sent in with a company of men to report on the Black Hills, which was a part of the Sioux Indian Reservation.

Ever on the lookout for gold, the soldiers under Custer's orders had sunk "prospect" holes here and there, one of them on French Creek. Four feet down they struck tigrit-gravel and water. H. N. Ross, who accompanied the troops as prospector, scooped up a pan of gravel and started that rotating, rocking movement that throws off the gravel and sand but holds back the gold. The soldiers heeded little until a muttered exclamation brought them crowding round. There in the bend of the pan were the tiny specks of gold. Not very much, but it was gold and ran from four to eighteen cents to the pan.

Prospectors' "Sinking Hole."

General Custer broke camp, crossing back to Rapid Creek, and on to Pierre where, on August 8, he reported the discovery to headquarters.

But news of the find leaked out and quickly a hundred men outfitted at Pierre, South Dakota, and rushed for the Black Hill country. They were turned back by United States troops, who confiscated their equipment.

Following this, two men named, respectively, Wicker and Gordon, had slipped in and built a stockade, inclosing seven buildings, a mile and a half below where the gold had been found. Here with a number of others they spent the winter.

Acting on Custer's report, the government sent Professor Jenny with Ross as guide, to report on the value of the gold discovery. They started out in the spring of '75, traveled up Crazy Woman Fork and over the head of Slate Creek, to Castle and down Little Rapid to where Rockford is now. Three miles below they found some rich "diggings."

Jenny, leaving Ross behind, went up Irish Gulch, over to Box Alder and then out to Bismark. The report he sent out from Bismark was the cause of the great gold rush to the Black Hills.

In October, the government sent General Crook with troops to expel the stampeders from the hills, as it was a part of the Sioux Reservation and, of course, no "white skins" had any right there.

It was about this time that Ralph Kenyon arrived. The action of the government, he told me, caused a big rumpus at the "diggings." One of the men, a Doctor Phlick, had nearly finished building a log hut, when the order came for them to vamose. He was seated on a log talking with Kenyon and a number of other excited miners when a man dressed in soldier's uniform, a bit soiled and worn, joined them.

"I tell you what," the doctor shouted, directing the major part of his heated remarks at the army man, "I'd like to see old General Crook face to face. It would be a pleasure for me to tell him what I think of us being kicked out of here."

"But you shouldn't blame General Crook," the army man remarked. "He is only carrying out the orders of his superior officers."

At this moment, an army officer, Captain Bentien, spick and span in clean uniform, rode up and addressed the other as General Crook. The crowd cooled down when they realized that the man they had been ragging was the old general himself. The doctor was so flustered that he fully expected to be court-martialed, but nothing came of it.

But all the "stampeders" had to get out. Their effects were seized and stored inside the Wicker and Gordon stockade. Six men were selected to guard it. They were Al Gay, Sam Shankling, Dival Trask, Dr. Phlick, Ralph Kenyon and Jud Wood.

Dr. Phlick was the only man possessed of sufficient courage to call down the "buckskin poet," a dreamy-eyed, long-haired person who had drifted in during the late winter. He was decked out in buckskin clothing from head to foot. Now buckskin clothing, Kenyon remarked, is the poorest thing in the world to wear. It isn't cool in summer and is far from warm in winter and is always slick and greasy when wet. A group of buckskin-clad men appears to be permanently kneesprung, the baggy knees of their buckskin breeches giving that impression.

It soon became apparent that the gold-seekers could not be kept out of the Hills, even though the principal mountain passes were guarded by United States troops, and Captain Polleck vacated the Doctor Phlick house, which had served as his headquarters. The "buckskin poet," Jack Crawford, immediately moved in. When Dr. Phlick arrived on the scene the few possessions of Crawford went out unceremoniously.

The "buckskin poet" caught sight of his precious belongings being catapulted from door and window. Slamming open a door, he strode in with flashing eye, and he demanded of the busy doctor by what right he had entered the dwelling. Yankee-like, the doctor replied:

"By what right are you here?"

"By right of possession and occupation," Crawford shouted.

"Well—" Dr. Phlick retorted, "I consider my right of possession stronger and intend my occupation to be longer than yours—so git."

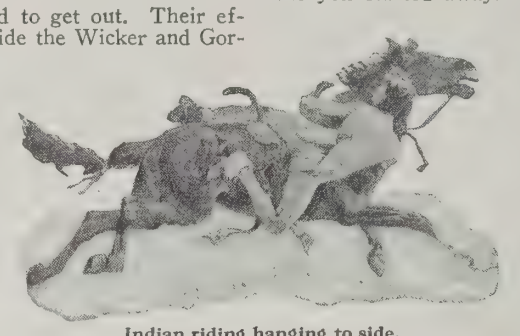
Unbelievable as it may seem, there were during the month of March, 1876, two thousand persons where the present city of Custer is located, but by the following May, this population had dwindled to less than twenty persons. Such was the ebb and flow of the gold-seekers.

Wheeler brothers discovered Deadwood Gulch, a rich "diggings." Jesse Keopler located Rockerville where he

From the painting, "Custer's Last Ride," by W. Montague Cary.

Making thongs for snowshoes by cutting a strip of leather three-eighths of an inch wide from the center of the hide and following round and round.

cleaned up several thousand dollars. Later on he located a store at Camp Cook, now called Pactola. Kenyon was at this place one evening. Half-sick with digestive troubles, due to a long-continued diet of pork and beans and sour-dough bread, he became interested in an eastern immigrant outfit camped nearby that had a cow or two with them. Thinking that the milk might benefit him, he asked the owner for a small pailful. The man poured him out a little more than a quart. Thanking him, Kenyon started away.



Indian riding hanging to side.

"Seems to me," the man remarked in a querulous tone, "that that milk ought to be worth something more than just thanks."

"Name your price," said Kenyon, looking at the man in mild astonishment.

"Well—" that individual replied somewhat hesitatingly, "seems to me it ought to be worth seventy-five cents."

"Come up to the store and we'll weigh out the dust," the sick man replied.

Arriving there, Kenyon laid his poke on the counter instructing Keopler to weigh out seventy-five cents and pay it to the man.

"What's it for?" the storekeeper demanded, questioning the use of so small a sum.

"This milk here," he was told.

"What!" Keopler shouted, "charging you for that little pail of milk?" and he whipped a pair of forty-fives from under the counter and shoved them into the face of the astonished immigrant.

"Git," he yelled, "Git out of here. Pack up your outfit and hit the trail and don't stop till you think you can deal with your fellow men without always weighing it out in dust."

Following the fleeing man down to the camp, he saw that his instructions were obeyed. There he went into a paroxysm of rage when he saw the milk being fed to some hounds the outfit had with them. It was a miracle that the immigrant was not shot, for Jesse Keopler was a hard man and had several killings to his credit. Many of the brutal murders of frontier days were over things of no more importance than that just related.

About this time, numerous reports filtered into the National Capitol of wholesale robbery of the plains Indians. This resulted in the formation of the Star Route Investigation. General Custer, who claimed to be in possession of valuable information, was given the opportunity to tell it to President Grant. The story of this interview came back West in this form, that General Custer's statement was so generally irrelevant that it stirred up the wrath of the President who gave Custer a severe tongue-lashing.

Had it not been for the influence of General Sherman, so the story runs, Custer would not have been allowed his command with Terry, who in the meantime was taking his troops up the Missouri River by boat. Shortly before he got into the country, the Sioux, over on the Rosebud, had administered a whipping to the troops under Crook.

Custer, smarting under the reprimand from President Grant, took the second command and proceeded to do things his own way, although he had instructions to keep in touch with the truculent Sioux and the main command only.

According to the testimony of his own men, Custer's intention seemed to be to instill into the minds of the display-loving red men an admiration as well as a fear of the United States troopers. This is illustrated in the words of Old Whit, one of the 7th Cavalry supply-train packers:

"There was always a brass band with the 7th, as long as 'Old Iron Bottom' (the name the soldiers applied to Custer on account of his penchant for long and hard riding) commanded it. In the early part of the campaign, a steady demand was placed on the services of the musicians. At last they mutinied by throwing away or hiding the mouthpieces of their cornets while the drummer caved in the head of his noise instrument with the camp ax.

"This threw the General into a rage. He dismounted every one of the mutinous men and ordered them to walk until

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Mr. Ford's Page

NO GOVERNMENT rises higher than its administration. The form of government may be low, but if its administration is high, it is a good government; much better than a high type of governmental form with a low grade of administration. Forms of government tend constantly to improve, because forms of government are usually determined by the people. But administration tends usually to degenerate, because governments are administered by themselves.

This difference between government and administration becomes acutely apparent from time to time. The people erect a system of government which is designed to do one thing, and they awake one day to find it doing the opposite. They devise a system that will insure their rights, and they find that system used to curtail their rights. They commission a servant and they see it turn into a master. They set up the seat of impartial justice and they see it become the dispensary of partial favor. They create positions of trust and see them turned into places of dishonor.

Not only is this true in those instances of scandal which break into the newspapers, but in routine administrative and in legislative shrewdness. There are "favors" done under cover. It is often an understood arrangement that political support is to be paid for by friendly favors. These are not necessarily of a criminal sort, but they are the entering wedge of the dangerous practice of "using" the government, and the more dangerous practice on the part of the government of letting itself be used.

So general has this become that a man of affairs, in supporting a candidate of his choice, is open to question as to his motives; and such a man should be most rigorous in asking nothing and accepting nothing at the hands of the official whose candidacy he favored. It is not a pretty sight to see "friends" being cared for first—or at all. It is a question whether true friends would consent to have their friendship thus liquidated. When a government goes into office it has no friends; it is the national servant, and it must look to the national interest jealously and with a single mind, as becomes a trustworthy servant.

Legislation seems capable, in whatever form it may be cast, of working oppositely from the intention which commanded the best support for it. The tariff began in a laudable effort to protect jobs of workingmen and render the country self-dependent; it ended in the disgraceful spectacle of non-competitive trusts against which the people had no remedy. From a fence to keep out harm, the tariff became a stockade which kept out the benefits of fair competition. The principle had elements which commended it to honest intelligence; but the administration of it became an oppression.

One could compile a book on the legislation which has passed because of its good promise, but which once passed has been manipulated for private advantage against the public rights.

The wide gap which exists between a good government system and its faulty administration is due to the difference in the motives and the conditions under which the fathers of constitutions and their successor administrators work. The makers of a constitution have to please the people who are to accept it, and the people are best pleased with that form which acknowledges and safeguards their rights, and which gives promise of continuous caution in these respects. They are not, as a rule, office seekers or officeholders, and their chief interest is the idea rather than personal reward from the system they are creating. This will be found to be generally true of the great builders of government.

But with administrators the situation is somewhat different. They are not often intrusted with a creative task, their work is more or less routine, modern politics makes little or no demand on its favorites for preparatory ability in the office they seek, and re-election is always hovering in the near future. The desire for re-election is, of course, natural; it means continuity in a career; it means vindication of character; it may mean any number of blameless things. But it also lends itself to questionable expedients. There are influences which claim, truthfully or not, that they can deliver or withhold certain large blocks of votes. These influences nearly always desire administrative favors. They want to name appointees. They want to dictate policies which have to do with the expenditure of public money. The path of the officeholder whose eye is not single to his duty is strewn with temptations to deviate from the public interest, not criminally perhaps, but sufficiently to break down his own self-respect and in a large degree that proper respect which he ought to have for his office, and which he ought to compel others to have.

Another difference between makers of government systems and administrators of them is this: the former must submit his work to the people for acceptance: the latter is elected and commissioned to go ahead. He is not compelled to submit his administrative work to anybody for approval: he has only to submit his general record at the next election. The work of one must be accepted before it is *done;* the work of the other is *done* before it can be accepted or rejected.

Various proposals have been made to remedy this condition. A large body of opinion proposes that the people themselves pay more attention to the administrative part of government. Just how this is to be done, is not clear. Government administration is a business in itself, and our people have their own business to attend. It is only in places where the people have little else to do that politics becomes their main interest. Our form of government was devised to relieve the people of the care of government, to delegate to others the business of government, and to gain public freedom to attend to the real business of life without which government would be neither necessary nor possible.

It seems a weak counsel that the people should be called upon to do again the business of government which they have appointed others to do. They have instituted the system, given it sanction and authority, carefully marked out the duties to be performed, and have chosen the persons who are to perform them. The rest of their time is taken up with the proper business of life—which certainly is not politics, but which gives politics its standing.

The proper point of attack would seem to be the administrative overseers. We have a form of government which is not only responsible to the people, but the under-administrators of which are responsible to the administrative overseers. Thus, a city government is not elected in all its parts; authority is given the mayor to appoint important heads of departments. The state government follows the same plan. Nationally, we do not elect any of the heads of departments. The President appoints them. He appoints the judges of the Supreme Court. He appoints the Secretary of State. He appoints the heads of the Treasury, the Post Office Department, of Agriculture, of Army and Navy, of national interior concerns—all of these being administrative positions of the first importance. The President is chief administrator and the government chiefs which he calls make up the Administration.

We have preserved the essentials of monarchy in administration in that we have appointed supreme heads of this department and that, and the demand that we should make upon them is that they "be king." Mayors and governors and presidents should be bosses in the highest sense, they should command service and efficiency to the public interest. And where these qualities are not manifest, there should be decisive housecleaning. That will solve the great divergence between our good form of government and our less good administration of it.

THE world admits that we have a good system of government, but we ourselves insist that it is badly managed. An engine may be ever so good, but a bad driver will bring it down to his own level. It is operation, administration, that determines the matter every time. Good doctors help people whatever may be the system of medicine they use; and a good administration is a help no matter how crude the form of government may be. The difference between a good government system and its poor administration is easily explained: the chief administrators are not Bosses in the best sense. The old political "bosses" had that to their credit—they were boss. The limited monarchy is an essential in every job of responsibility. Democracy may be observed to the limit in making plans and reaching decisions, but performance calls for a monarch, a boss. The Committee System is the best for getting nothing done.

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The Revolt of the Payers

WELL, it has come—the revolt of the income tax payers. But it is in England, and its form is that of an Income Taxpayers' Society. The British income tax payer bears the heaviest tax burden in the world today, almost four times as much as that of Germany, and more than that of France and the United States put together. Indeed, there are indications now that Britain is taxed so heavily as to discourage and dry up the source of taxation, for of the 4,700,000 persons assessed, about 2,500,000 actually pay. This leads to a movement to increase the surtaxes, it leads to talk about the "capital levy" (which is a mild form of confiscation as practiced in revolutions) and these in turn lead to the revolt of the income tax payers who are now organizing for the fray.

Their contention seems reasonable. Recognizing that government costs money and must be paid for, they insist that those who "pay the piper" have the right to "call the tune." People who pay the tax have a right to know why the tax is necessary and how the money is spent. They have a right to insist on economy and efficiency in government, two qualities which everyone knows are less to be found in government than anywhere else.

Britain is in a far worse case than the United States because, high as her taxes are, they are becoming insufficient, and the talk is of higher taxes still. In the United States we are already on the way to lower taxes per capita, though in 1924 the taxes actually collected through internal revenue and income tax represented a 16 per cent total increase over 1923. The income tax total collection alone represented a 9 per cent increase. It cost us about 34½ millions of dollars to collect about 4 billions 500 millions in taxes, or about 1.4 per cent. These figures are made possible by increased efficiency in handling this business, and the reduction of taxes is made possible by greater economy in government.

The feeling is that Britain is not working as hard at this matter as Americans have worked. And even now the British business idea of *collecting* instead of *creating* is largely responsible for the situation in which the United Kingdom finds itself.

The Great Unseen Power

PROFESSOR FREDERICK SODDY, of Oxford University, has this to say: "There is a great unseen power which can make war and peace and render a nation stagnant or prosperous—the power of finance. It is the invisible devil at work producing periodic outbursts of national fury. In overthrowing autocracy democracy has absolutely forgotten all about money, and that the secret of power is the control of currency."

It was not for nothing that some bygone philosopher called money the sinews of war. The Crusaders had to borrow money from the Jews to enable them to lay siege to Jerusalem, Frederick the Great had to do likewise before he could carry on his great campaigns; Napoleon had to finance himself in the same manner before he could set Europe in a blaze, and there has not been a monarch or a petty princeling who has stirred up trouble within the past few centuries but has had to borrow money at usurious rates before a horse could gallop, a man could march, or a gun could be fired.

It has been said that "Jingoism" springs from the feeling that a nation is financially in a position to buy all the munitions of war necessary to smash up somebody or something. The old song says:

> We don't want to fight,
> But, by Jingo if we do;
> We've got the men, we've got the ships;
> *We've got the money too.*

It is the last item that counts, for without the money there could be no ships nor men to man them.

It has been evident for a long time that those who stand to enrich themselves by lending money for war purposes are to be found behind the causes which lead up to international strife.

Professor Soddy thinks that the League of Nations ought to concentrate on the financial factor in war on the assumption that all other war questions would then settle themselves. He thinks that the League should take charge of part of the surplus gold of the world and see to it that it is not misused.

He is of the opinion that if money were issued by a public authority for use for exchanging the products of industry, for facilitating barter, for enabling people to purchase instead of being issued for usury; if it were used to keep pace with the progress of science, instead of being held by the bankers, internal disorders, poverty, and class hatred would disappear.

Men have to be paid for, or supported in, fighting just as in other things. Moreover they have to be clothed and fed and transported. Their implements and tools of warfare are costly and unproductive. They are indeed wholly destructive. Money provides the sinews of war. "It is the great unseen power which can make war or peace." Should not its misuse by international manipulators be made an international crime?

Cannot Assimilate

THE President Emeritus of Harvard, Dr. Charles W. Eliot, is reported to have addressed a gathering of young Jews recently, and seems to have got away with some pretty stiff statements by giving them in a manner favorable to the Jewish notion of exclusiveness. He advised the Jews against trying to become assimilated with Americans—and thus far he was treading in the path of the rabbis and exclusionists and all supporters of the theory of Jewish racial superiority.

But then he went on to say that it was no use trying, because it couldn't be done. The statement was not quite so blunt as that, but that is the sense of it. He even went so far as to say that in his long experience and observation he had never known marriages between non-kindred races to turn out well.

So then he recognizes Jews as a race, which is danger point No. 1; and as an unassimilable race, which is danger point No. 2. But he is right on both points. The worst of it is that the majority of so-called Jews in the United States are not racially Jewish; they are of a race inferior to the pure Semite, and they are indoctrinated with ideas and principles inferior to the great principles of Israel. The pure racial Jews themselves will have to recognize this one day; they secretly recognize it now; and when they acknowledge it, many dark points will be cleared up.

The key to nearly every difficulty in the world today is race. And it is only from races that cause the difficulty that objection to the race idea comes. There are, however, arising here and there authorities who, quite aside from prejudice, are putting the facts of race upon a scientific basis. Such facts as Dr. Eliot has observed are facts, but there are other facts which Dr. Eliot would perhaps be afraid to face, certainly which he would shrink from stating. However, his little address stands almost alone as one which told some truth without causing a bitter comeback.

May Women Smoke?

ONE of the better known clubs of the Middle West has up the question of permitting wives and women friends of members to smoke within its precincts. While the club authorities do not bind themselves to act according to the plebiscite which is being taken, they will find in it an indication of the opinion of those, at least, who vote. One of the curious results thus far is the attitude of a socially prominent non-smoking woman who pleads for the liberty to smoke because, as she says, "the habit is quite general among women today."

Is it? A vote of the readers of this or any other respectable magazine would show that the smoking woman is still a curiosity, to be pointed out in public places and to be spoken of in whispers elsewhere. There are probably hundreds of towns in the United States where no respectable women smoke, and hundreds of thousands of homes in the larger cities where the suggestion would be received as an affront. It would seem to depend on what circles one frequents, whether one regards smoking women as numerous or exceptional. In some circles—the idle, ridiculously provincial "high" circles, and the pathetically sordid or vicious "low" circles—it is doubtless nothing unusual for women to smoke. But it would be pretty safe to say that one-hundredth of one per cent of the female population would be an exaggerated allowance for their numbers.

Not that there is any right which men have which women may not also have. If men may smoke, certainly women may. They may chew tobacco, too, and spit, if they wish. No law will prevent them. They may drink and carouse, as a few doubtless do. If there is no inhibition within the woman herself, she will find no inhibition within the little circle which fancies that this sort of thing is the very farthest frontier of womanly "advancement." But at the same time, the woman smoker whose acquaintance extends beyond a very limited coterie will confess that beyond that coterie she feels the restraint of the general womanliness of the average woman. She doesn't whip out her cigarette case and start smoking anywhere. She probably knows more places where she would not dare smoke than where she would. And the people among whom she would not dare smoke are not less desirable than the others.

There is a danger, of course, in treating the question too seriously. Social decay appears only at the "top" and at the "bottom"—both are essentially the same except in financial means. When it hasn't been smoking, it has been something else—usually much worse. But the earth is not to be judged by the North Pole or the South Pole, there are the temperate regions between, where the people really live. In the temperate region of society is to be found the norm. And it makes the number of smoking women appear few in numbers and weak in leadership.

Walking Into the Same Old Trap

THE bootleg game is repeating in detail the abuses which called down the public wrath upon the saloon, and this may prove the deciding factor in prohibition enforcement. The abuse which did more than any one thing to set the public upon the saloon was its greed for the trade of children. It is part of the liquor history of this country (and within recent months in England) that the liquor interest fought with every conceivable weapon the proposal to keep children out of saloons. It was in meeting the saloon resistance to this proposal of plain decency that the public got in training for the bigger fight.

The bootleg business is repeating the game of annexing youth as a customer. The vicinity of high schools everywhere is infested with gentlemen who peddle the illicit stuff. Mere kids, with too much money for their own good, know in increasing numbers where to get the booze. In a number of cities special investigations have been made along these lines with appalling disclosures.

Now, what will occur sooner or later is this: parents who complacently read in the papers that the bootleggers are busy, and who naturally assume that it only means that the old-time boozers are getting their liquor (as a matter of fact, few people strenuously object to that) are going to catapult out of their easy chairs and explode a yell of wrath that will shake Washington when they learn that it is not the old-time boozers, but their young sons and daughters that are getting the liquor. And when that starts, the bootleggers can kiss their graft goodby. It will all be over.

The complacence of America means that it has not yet caught on to this ancient indecency of the liquor business—the corruption of youth. When the American people learn what is going on, prohibition will be no longer a joke, and prohibition enforcement will become a cruel steel trap.

Preserving the Written Record

The Greatest Libraries of the Old World

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

OF MAKING many books there is yet no end, in spite of the fact that since the invention of printing some fourteen million books have been printed with approximately fourteen billion copies. Fortunately some of these countless millions find their way back to the paper mill to begin life with a clean page. However, from the days of the early Babylonians down to the present much time and money have been expended in the effort to preserve the learning of the past. This ability to use the achievements of others, to profit by experience and to make record of that profit, distinguishes man from animal and unconsciously recognition has been given to this vital fact by the great thinkers of all ages. Recently Count Alfred Korzybski gave a new definition of man as the "time-binder" and this man is largely by virtue of written records. One generation of man begins where another leaves off, in large measure, whereas each generation of dogs must begin anew. You may not be able to teach an old dog new tricks but you must teach the new dog all over again the old tricks.

The Kings of Babylon found books weighty affairs, being tablets of clay baked in an oven. A love letter of this type if improperly received might make quite an impression on one's head as well as on the heart. Quite recently a whole library of Babylonian documents was found at Nippur in the Valley of the Tigris and Euphrates, now in the University of Pennsylvania Library. Here are found catalogs of the books in the library, and systematic arrangement of the tablets on shelves of slate under headings of history, law, science, magic, and the like. A librarian was in charge. Most surprising is the fact that even five thousand years ago the "best sellers" received particular attention, with a written list of the books most in demand.

In Egypt and in Greece the papyrus plant yielded material upon which the records of the race were preserved. The papyrus stalk, much like a cornstalk, was split into thin sections and these were placed together in long strips in double layers, horizontally and vertically across, the sap acting as a mucilage. In the Egyptian climate the papyrus records were practically indestructible, but in our variable climate such papyrus records rapidly deteriorate and crumble to dust unless preserved with great care from atmospheric changes. Incidentally from "papyrus" we have the word "paper."

The papyrus records were in the form of rolls and such rolls were preserved in great collections both in Egypt and in Greece. The most famous library center of the Ancient World was at Alexandria in Egypt, under the Greek rule. Here were gathered, in two large libraries, the Serapaeum and the Brucheum, more than half a million rolls. To each roll was attached a little tab as this was the method taken to "keep tabs" on the books.

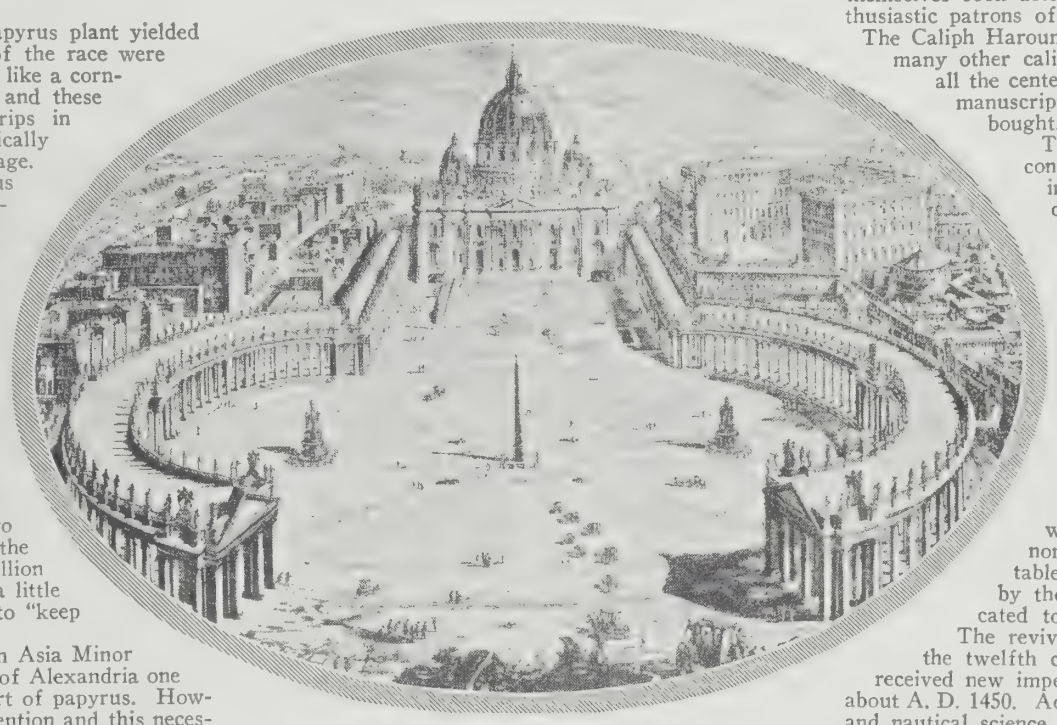
When the rulers of Pergamon in Asia Minor began a public library to rival that of Alexandria one of the Ptolemies forbade the export of papyrus. However, necessity is the mother of invention and this necessity for writing material led to the use of "pergament" or parchment, and even today the college "sheepskin" or diploma is supposedly made of animal skin made smooth on both sides. About the beginning of the Christian Era, Europeans began to make written records on vellum or parchment.

A public library was projected by Julius Caesar with the advice of one of the most prolific Roman writers, Terentius Varro, the library being completed shortly after Caesar's death. A well-known Roman writer, Aulus Gellius, reports the way a controversy was settled in ancient days by reference to the temple library. Just outside the temple of Hercules a party of men, evidently scholars from the form of their dissipation, were on a hot day drinking water made from melted snow when one remarked that many physicians advised against drinking this cold water. Another remarked that Aristotle disapproved also, but about this a dispute arose. There may even have been betting on the side, but, in any event, they hustled into the library for a copy of Aristotle. Taking the roll outside the dispute was settled by the roll.

In California not long ago in some saloon (an extinct institution) a party of men engaged in some similar but less academic discussion flashed different kinds of rolls but left the decision to President Wheeler of the University of California whom they aroused at midnight by long distance phone to settle the bet.

In the time of Augustus Caesar there were more than twenty public libraries in Rome. Here the books were arranged according to subject in presses or cupboards, and also on shelves with pigeonhole arrangements to accommodate all the rolls belonging to one another. Around the room were busts of prominent writers or portraits of authors and other decorations not unlike the interior of a modern library. Private libraries became the fashion among the wealthy, and it was commonly reported that many of the owners were more familiar with the outside of the rolls than with the inside, "deriving their greatest pleasure from the beautifully inlaid bookcases and from the tabs."

In that long period of European history when education was centered in the church, in the cloisters and monasteries, books became in the monasteries an absolutely essential element in the maintenance of high standards of living. In large part libraries were concentrated in the church institutions with provision for use largely



St. Peter's, Rome, and Vatican at right.

by those connected with the church. It is interesting to read that the librarian was enjoined "frequently to dust the books carefully," that readers were strictly cautioned not to make any corrections or other marks in the books, and to be extremely cautious in turning the leaves. The custom of borrowing books and neglecting to return them seems to be exceedingly ancient as at the end of many a manuscript is written, "May whoever steals this manuscript be anathema." Certain it is that these numerous church and convent libraries saved many manuscripts from destruction. Even today in almost every European country important collections of early

Fifteenth Century Library, reproduction from an old manuscript prepared for Henry the Seventh of England.

manuscripts and books are frequently found in the little libraries which trace directly back to the institutions of the Middle Ages.

The Arabs are commonly charged with the burning of the Alexandrian library. However, it is now well established that Christian emperors accomplished this destruction rather than the Mohammedans. The Arabs themselves soon after A. D. 700 became the most enthusiastic patrons of learning and also book collectors. The Caliph Haroun al Raschid had his agents, as did many other caliphs both before and after him, in all the centers where books were found, buying manuscripts and copying such as could not be bought.

The library at Cordova is said to have contained 600,000 books with a catalog in forty-four volumes. The Arabs diligently studied the astronomy and mathematics of the Greeks and many Greek works are preserved today only in Arabic translation. The Arab introduced the short story into Europe and the Arabian Nights' tales set up a new type of literature which continues even today in our weeklies and which can be obtained for a nickel.

The Arabic passion for learning participated in some measure to make possible the discovery of America. Algebra, itself an Arabic word, and arithmetic, with trigonometry and astronomy and their tables, and navigation were all cultivated by the Arabs and were later communicated to Europeans in Latin translations. The revival of learning in Europe began in the twelfth century with such translations and received new impetus with the invention of printing about A. D. 1450. Advance in geographical, astronomical and nautical science was made possible by the achievements of the Arabs, and numerous of the earliest printed books touch these fields.

The printed book inaugurated a new era in libraries, making possible the wider and more rapid dissemination of knowledge. In no small measure the printed book and the public library contributed to the cause of democracy as indeed the libraries do today.

Among libraries of the world first place in importance for those who speak English must be accorded to the British Museum.

The early English kings were not given to extensive book collecting. However "many a mickle makes a muckle" and so the contributions of the numerous hold-

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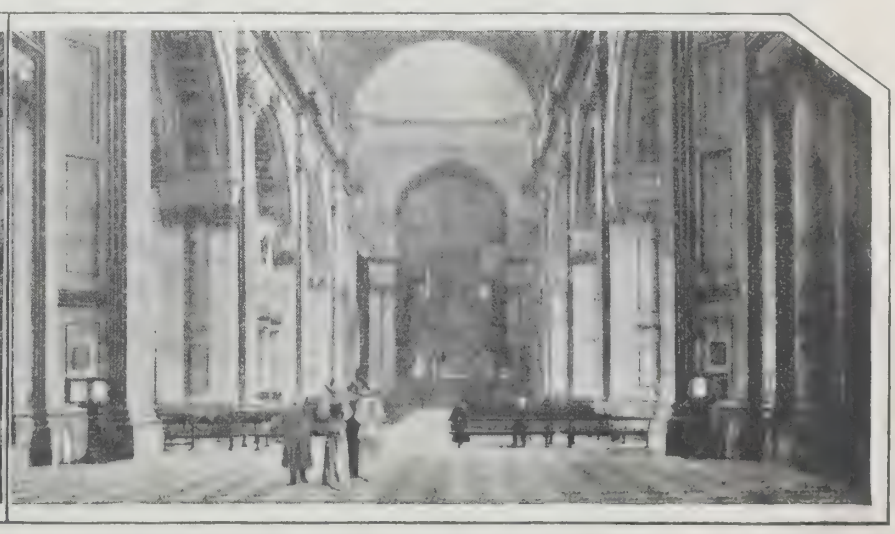
Bibliotheque Nationale. Interior of the largest library in the world.



The British Museum. Probably the most important library in the world.

Mr. Murphy Becomes a King

"Potato Day" in the San Joaquin Valley, California

King Potato—the largest "murphy" grown in the San Joaquin Valley in California, supported by his chief lady-in-waiting, Mrs. Alton Healey, who thus shows her affection for the ruler of the valley for one day.

By HARRY H. DUNN

MOST productions of the earth in America have had their day of domination. Rose tournaments, flower festivals, cotton carnivals, peach pageants, even rhubarb revels, have been held to celebrate the value of American agricultural and horticultural products. But it has remained for a county in California to bring from the soil the lowly growing potato, to make it a king for a day, with a governor, the man who developed the most valuable of all potatoes, state, county, and city officials, and hundreds of beautiful women and girls paying tribute to Monarch Murphy.

The Irish came into their own by proxy at this *fiesta,* when Stockton, one of the chief cities of the San Joaquin Valley, decided to establish and maintain a yearly carnival to be known as "Potato Day," and held the first such celebration on October 18, 1924. The idea originated in the mind of J. V. Mendenhall and resulted in the presence, by representation at least, of 27,000 of the 52,000 acres of "murphies" in California this year. What at first appeared to be merely a small local celebration, with possibly a boatload or two of people coming up the San Joaquin River from other cities to take part, became a permanent festival, comparable with the Georgia Peach Pageant, the Memphis Cotton Carnival, or the Fresno Raisin Day celebration. In fact, the potato is to the upper San Joaquin Valley what the raisin is to the lower valley, down Fresno way. It is a permanent crop, worth around five million dollars last year in this section, and more than ten million to the entire state, so that the birth of a pageant commemorating the history and value of a product of American soil leaps at once from local to national interest.

Friend William Richardson, governor of California, thought so much of the celebration that he traveled from Sacramento to Stockton to see "Mr. Murphy" crowned. Luther Burbank, the beloved plant magician of Santa Rosa, was there to dig up the first hill of Burbank potatoes in the record tract which produced nearly 500 bushels to the acre. Helen Wills, California's tennis wonder and herself a record-breaker, watched the murphies break some records themselves. Half a score of towns and small cities sent their most beautiful girls to be princesses in the train of Alice Knudsen, queen of Potato Day. Henry Hansen was crowned king, since King Murphy has only eyes and no ears with which to hear or hands with which to hold a scepter. Anita Ohm was the beautiful Princess Stockton, and, as the Irish were not represented in the court of the Potato, Mrs. Alton Healey was appointed to the place of special maid to the monarch of the tubers.

They had a long parade, with floats, a program of sports on the river, a prize of six sacks of "spuds" for the largest family present, and, finally, King Potato and Queen Delta were crowned and inaugurated to reign until next Potato Day in Stockton. This was the greatest festival in honor of an agricultural product ever held in California, exceeding in number the attendance at the Blossom Fête, when the Santa Clara Valley orchards burst into bloom, and surpassing in economic importance the Tournament of Roses at Pasadena.

To Luther Burbank was presented a potato made of solid gold, in commemoration of his development of the Burbank potato, which made a record production of 56,240 pounds to the acre on a four-acre test-tract. The gold potato was made in the form of a watch charm and bears the words:

"Presented to Luther Burbank, originator of the Burbank potato, by the people of Stockton, California, Potato Day, October 18, 1924."

Potatoes were produced which were grown in 1902, twenty-two years ago, and preserved by petrification. The difference in size between the potato of 1902 and the same variety today was a remarkable demonstration of the development of an agricultural product. Next to the Burbank potato, which made the record production, came the Netted Gem, with 47,478 pounds to the acre; Pride of Multnomah, with 47,238 pounds; Wisconsin Pride, 45,672 pounds, and Earliest of All, 37,387 pounds. A record of 481 sacks of potatoes to the acre is held in the San Joaquin Valley. These yields were made on fertilized lands, but in ordinary commercial production, similar to that going on in the entire 27,000 acres planted to potatoes in the valley.

And that at least a day a year should be devoted to recognition of the Monarch Murphy, seems reasonable when it is considered that the people of the United States, in 1923, ate more than 410,000,000 bushels of potatoes, or about 3.75 bushels per capita. These figures, of course, do not take into consideration the thousands of small potato "patches," whose production is consumed without record in the home of the grower. Many dwellers in rural sections of the country also buy their potatoes from what are known as "non-commercial sources," that is, from their neighbors, and direct from the farmers of their districts, so that no record is kept of this consumption. Dealers in potatoes believe that the consumption of this vegetable in the United States is well above four bushels per capita every year, meaning that something like half a billion bushels of potatoes are eaten in this country every twelve months.

California alone, in 1923, produced on 52,000 acres of land a commercial crop of 7,800,000 bushels of potatoes, valued at $10,140,000. This means an average yield of 150 bushels to the acre, valued at approximately $1.30 a bushel, or $195 an acre, according to *The Mercantile Trust Review of the Pacific,* which recently made an exhaustive survey of the "Murphy" family in this country. A bushel of potatoes weighs 60 pounds, which is to say that 24,600,000,000 pounds of potatoes went down the throats of Americans last year. With the non-commercial production added, it is probable that the figure is more nearly 30,000,000,000 pounds.

Further figures obtained from the same source on the 1923 potato crop for the entire United States show that 412,392,000 bushels were grown on 3,816,000 acres of land. This crop gave an average yield of 108.1 bushels an acre, and its average value was 82.3 cents a bushel. This price gave the crop an acre value of $89—as compared with $144.83 in 1919. The total value of the 1923 crop of potatoes in the United States is placed at $339,322,000, an economic factor in the nation's life which should give "Mr. Murphy" a clear title to at least one day of celebration every 365 days. The figures on production and value of potatoes in California, as just collected, are of interest for comparison with those above mentioned for the entire nation. As has been said, the potato-growers of California harvested a crop of 7,800,000 bushels from 52,000 acres in 1923, giving an average yield of 150 bushels an acre, as compared with a national average yield of 108.1 bushels. The average price received for the potatoes grown in California was $1.30 a bushel, which compares with 82.3 cents a bushel as the average for the entire United States. The value of crop an acre in California was $195, or more than twice the national average of $89, while the total value of the California crop of $10,140,000, or about three dollars for every inhabitant of the state.

In spite of this large crop, California is compelled to import great quantities of potatoes from Washington, Oregon, Idaho, and Nevada. While exact figures are not available, potato dealers estimate that the Golden State, with a production of 7,800.000 bushels, and an unknown consumption from "non-commercial" sources, actually imported nearly 5,000,000 bushels of potatoes in 1923. The crop from the 27,000 acres, which recently celebrated Potato Day at Stockton, will total more than 4,000,000 bushels, according to present indications, or more than half the entire crop of the state in 1923. This industry offers a clear object lesson of the success of modern industrial and business methods applied to agriculture, not only in California, but throughout the United States, insofar as production is concerned.

Merchandising of the potato crop, since it has fallen into the hands of the Sapiro co-operatives in many sections of this country, has not been so successful, as witness the fact that the crop from 3,952,000 acres sold in 1919—before they came into the industry—for $571,368,000, while crop from 3,816,000 acres, sold in 1923, after Aaron Sapiro and S. G. Rubinow had obtained a grip on it, for $339,322,000. That is to say, with a *reduction* of 136,000 acres in production, the return to the farmers of America fell off more than $232,000,000. That, however, is merely one chapter in the history of "Mr. Murphy" on his way to the throne on which he was placed at Stockton.

The farmer who produces potatoes seems to have

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A plot of San Joaquin Valley ground which produced 298 sacks of potatoes to the acre. The potato acreage in the valley is approximately 27,000 as compared with 50,000 acres in the entire State of California.

Loading some of the huge potato crop of the San Joaquin Valley on a barge for shipment down the San Joaquin River to market at San Francisco.

The modern machine digger produces potatoes out of the ground faster than a score of men with forks could turn them up, and the gasoline engine is the power that pries the murphies loose from the earth. Scene in the San Joaquin Valley, near Stockton.

St. George's U. F. Church, Edinburgh.

St. George's, Old Edinburgh

Presbyterian Stronghold in the Modern Athens

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER

ST. GEORGE'S FREE CHURCH, of Edinburgh, looms like a lighthouse in the religious history of Scotland. St. George's is set down in the midst of beautiful Edinburgh's downtown section, where the throngs of humanity, like great tidal waves, ebb and flow.

One characteristic of Free St. George's is that its ample auditorium is always crowded with people. I was told by men who have known the church from its earliest history, that this church, which can seat nearly two thousand, is always overflowing with those who attend its services.

Another characteristic is the long service of its pastors. This is quite general in Scottish churches, but more particularly true of Free St. George's.

Located at one end of the main thoroughfare of Edinburgh, Princess street, its beautiful steeple can be seen all over the city. Across from it is the famous castle, one of the most interesting historic piles in Europe, its marvelous gray architecture crowning a great hill. Within sight of Free St. George's Church is the beautiful monument to Sir Walter Scott and not far off is St. Giles' Cathedral, the preaching place of the immortal John Knox.

Monument to Sir Walter Scott, Edinburgh, Scotland.

St. George's Free Church was born of the famous separation from the State church of Scotland, which was led by that valiant apostle of ecclesiastical democracy, Dr. Thomas Chalmers. Three hundred members of this disruption united to form St. George's United Free Church.

Dr. R. S. Candlish, a name famous in Free Church history in Scotland, was the first pastor of the new free kirk. Born in 1806, dying in 1873, he served Free St. George's all of his active ministry.

Dr. Alexander Whyte, famous throughout Protestant circles, was an assistant to Dr. Candlish for several years and upon the death of the founder was called to this pulpit. He, in turn, served for forty-four years, preaching during the entire period to vast throngs.

A tradition, firmly established in this church, is that the assistant pastor shall succeed the pastor when he is called elsewhere or when he dies. The plan is to get the best man it is possible to find as an assistant—and not to seek an inferior man. "A man who is worthy of being an assistant in this city church is worthy of being its minister. We select our assistant as carefully as we select our minister. Thus we always have two great preachers on our staff," said an official of the vestry.

Under Dr. Alexander Whyte the church grew from a membership of 500 to a membership of 1,800. There are 1,400 of what the Scottish call "let seats," meaning seats that are rented and paid for by members and friends. In addition to these "let seats" there are 400 seats for the general public. At the Sunday services, the "let seats" are kept for pew-holders up to within five minutes of the services, and then they are thrown open to the general public.

This system, which is generally prevalent in England and Scotland, makes it necessary for visitors and all who are not pew-holders, to "cue up," or stand in line as Americans do for a popular theater or a baseball game. It is not exactly to an American's liking, and I doubt if American people would long continue to put up with the system. However, it is an interesting sight to see a thousand persons standing in line to get into a church service. The Sunday I was there, at least 500 persons were turned away.

St. George's has sent two of its ministers to churches in the United States—Dr. Hugh Black, who is now at Union Theological Seminary, New York; and Dr. John Kelman who succeeded J. H. Jowett at Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, and later became minister of a church at Frognalls, London.

To this day, they will tell you in Edinburgh that Dr. Kelman has made only one great blunder in his remarkable career as a world-famous preacher. When you ask them what that mistake was, they will tell you that his great strategic blunder was leaving Edinburgh after a ministry of only twelve years. That was too short.

The present minister of Free St. George's is Dr. James Black, but recently made a Doctor, as they point out to you, with a grim sense of propriety, adding, "You Americans call every preacher a doctor. We only call him a doctor when he gets his degree; and it must be an *earned*, and not a *conferred* degree." Dr. James Black is the brother of Hugh Black and the church is still crowded with worshipers every Sunday. The present Dr. Black came to St. George's following Dr. Kelman in 1921.

The finances of this church are handled in an unusual manner. No mention of money is ever made from the pulpit. The pew-renters are supposed to pay set amounts for their favorite seats, and there are boxes at the doors for those who wish to contribute. The minister's salary, which is a matter of public knowledge in the United States, is not so in Scotland. When I asked what salary was paid to the ministers of Free St. George's, the Scotch official who was giving me the interview, looked as if I had tried to steal his purse. He gave me to understand, in rather direct fashion, that such matters were not discussed publicly in Scotland.

"Do not even the people who pay the preacher's salary know what it is?" I asked.

"Naw mon!" was the answer.

When I told him that a congregation in the United States would be unwilling to pay salaries and bills about which they knew nothing, he looked as if he had his doubts about their spiritual consecration. However, it is known that American salaries are at least 50 per cent higher than they are in English and Scottish Protestant churches. They are not called "salaries" but "stipends." When John H. Jowett came to Fifth Avenue Church he refused to take more than $10,000 of the salary offered him—adhering to the principle that living expenses were all that a minister could receive. He soon found out how inadequate that sum was even for him.

Free St. George's has no elaborate, carved pulpit such as Westminster Chapel; no great white pulpit, such as the City Temple; no marble pulpit such as Christ Church, London. Its pulpit is very ordinary, small, ancient-looking, with no elegance. It is a church in which common people would feel at home. There are no dim religious lights; few stained-glass windows, and those not famous. Its single gallery is commodious but inelegant. The floors look as if they had been badly trampled. The interior, by American standards, even by London standards, is shabby-looking. It is more like a great hall than a church.

But two things redeem its shabby appearance. First its beautiful exterior. The other redeeming thing is the memory of the great souls who have preached from its pulpit.

Story of Croesus

By HERODOTUS

SOLON, the Athenian lawgiver and patriot, when asked by Croesus who was the most happy he had seen, replied:

"Tellus the Athenian. Tellus lived in a well-governed commonwealth; had sons who were virtuous and good and he saw children born to them all, and all surviving: in the next place, when he had lived as happily as the condition of human affairs will permit, he ended his life in a most glorious manner; for, coming to the assistance of the Athenians in a battle with their neighbors of Eleusis, he put the enemy to flight, and died nobly. The Athenians buried him at the public charge in the place where he fell, and honored him greatly."

Croesus, being enraged, said: "My Athenian friend, is my happiness, then, so slighted by you as nothing worth, that you do not think me of so much value as private men?"

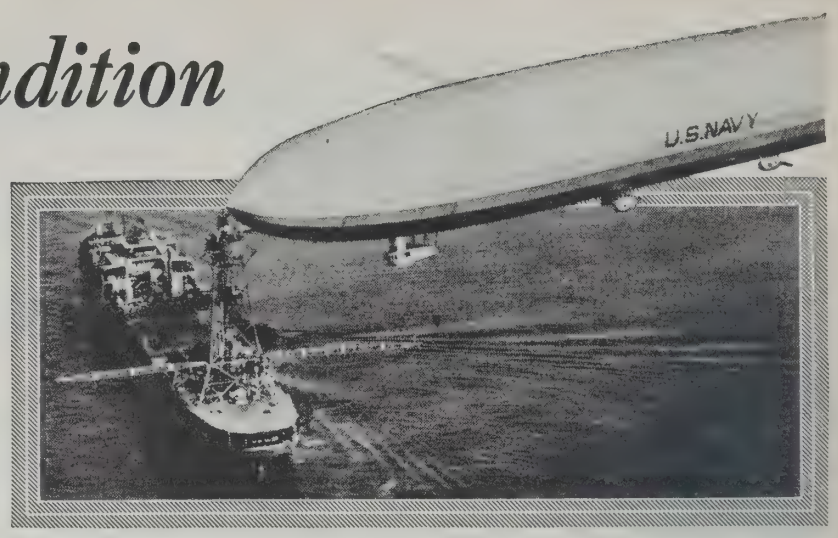
Solon answered: "Croesus, you appear to me to be master of immense treasures, and king of many nations; but as relates to what you inquire of me, I cannot say till I hear you have ended your life happily. For the richest of men is not more happy than he that has a sufficiency for a day, unless good fortune attend him to the grave, so that he ends his life in happiness. Many men who abound in wealth are unhappy; and many who have only a moderate competency, are fortunate. He that abounds in wealth, and is yet unhappy, surpasses the other only in two things; but the other surpasses the wealthy and the miserable in many things. The former, indeed, is better able to gratify desire, and to bear the blow of adversity. But the latter surpasses him in this: he is not, indeed, equally able to bear misfortune or satisfy desire, but his good fortune wards off these things from him; and he enjoys the full use of his limbs, he is free from disease and misfortune, he is blessed with good children and a fine form, and if, in addition to all these things, he shall end his life well, he is the man you seek, and may justly be called happy: but before one dies we ought to suspend our judgment, and not pronounce him happy, but fortunate. Now it is impossible for any one man to comprehend all these advantages; as no one country suffices to produce everything for itself, but affords some and wants others, and that which affords the most is the best; so no human being is in all respects self-sufficient, but possesses one advantage, and is in need of another: he, therefore, who has constantly enjoyed the most of these, and then ends his life tranquilly, this man, in my judgment, O King, deserves the name of happy. We ought therefore to consider the end of everything, in what way it will terminate; for the Deity having shown a glimpse of happiness to many, has afterward utterly overthrown them."

When he spoke thus to Croesus, Croesus did not confer any favor on him, and holding him in no account, dismissed him; since he considered him a very ignorant man, because he overlooked present prosperity, and bade men look to the end of everything.

What Is the Present Condition of Our Navy?

Have the "Old Fogies" or Our Statesmen and Politicians Allowed Our Naval Power to Run Down?

By STEPHEN POOLE



The *Shenandoah* moored to the U. S. S. *Wright*, aircraft carrier.

WHY did American naval officers tow the uncompleted battleship *Washington* out to sea and sink her with bombing and target practice?.

Is the United States sinking American battleships while other nations who engaged in the 5-5-3 Treaty are ignoring the terms of the Treaty and destroying only blue prints? Or are other signatories to the Treaty faithfully complying with its terms?

What is the condition of the American Navy today? Has it been allowed to run down, and are we below our allowance under the Treaty terms?

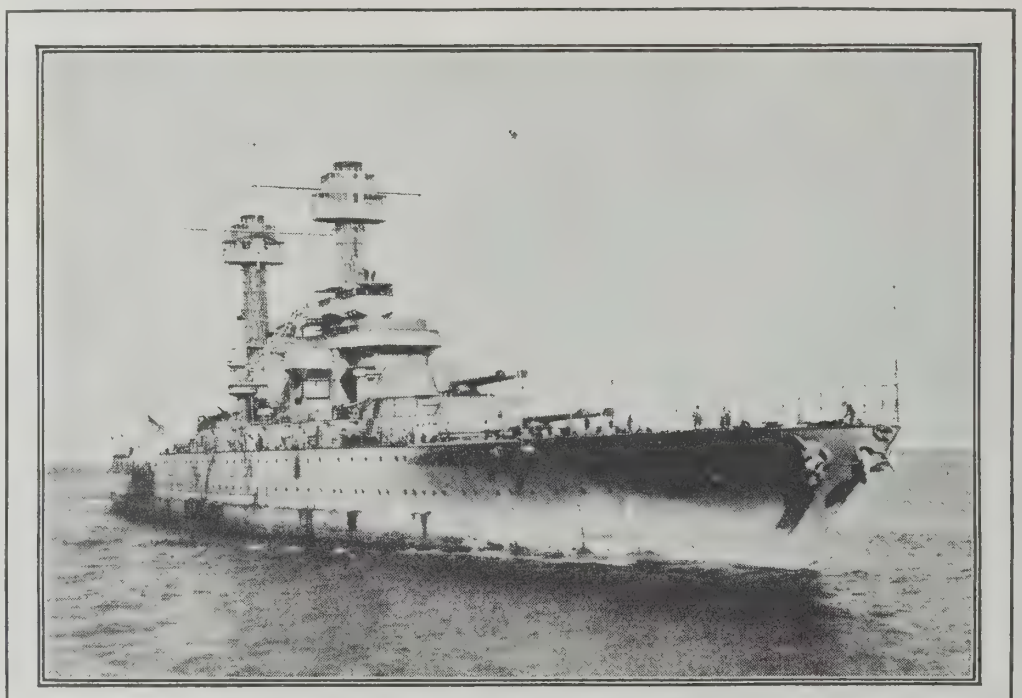
What about the battleship and aircraft controversy? Is the former obsolete and has the advent of aircraft swept it from the seas?

These and similar questions have passed through the minds of American citizens during the past few weeks. There has been a sudden stir of public interest in the condition of our navy. *What is the truth about it?*

One thing can be said for our Army and Navy officers: When you approach them seeking proper information, you usually get it. This cannot be said for all government servants in Washington. An Army or Navy officer will give you his answer straight from the shoulder—if the information is permissible you get it; if not, you are told so.

Only a few days ago I interviewed one of our best-known admirals and put a question to him that involved a criticism of the Arms Conference Treaty. Like a flash he responded: "Sir, naval officers are not responsible for treaties. It is not for us to criticize or commend them. That is a question for the Executive and the Senate. They give us our orders and it is up to us to obey them."

So much for our alleged danger of militarism. Our officers completely recognize the authority of the civilian servants of the people. Military? Yes. Militaristic? No!



The pride of our navy U. S. S. *West Virginia*.

The question of the present fitness of our navy involves, in the first place, our obligations under the Arms Conference Treaty. There is a sharp division of opinion as to whether a great national mistake was made in the framing of the Treaty. However that may be, it should be definitely understood that naval officers did not frame the Treaty. They were requested to compile certain data; they doubtless made recommendations, but it is a safe assumption that their recommendations were largely ignored.

The nations entering the Treaty limiting naval armament agreed to regulate their naval strength principally in what is known as capital ships, to wit, battleships. (Sometimes battle cruisers are so listed.) The Treaty itself sets forth the names of the ships to be scrapped and those to be retained. Provision is made for replacement of the capital ships retained at the expiration of twenty years, as it is estimated their usefulness would have ceased within that time. It was agreed that the following capital ships could be retained:

UNITED STATES

Name	Tonnage	Name	Tonnage
Maryland	32,600	*New York*	27,000
California	32,300	*Texas*	27,000
Tennessee	32,300	*Arkansas*	26,000
Idaho	32,000	*Wyoming*	26,000
New Mexico	32,000	*Florida*	21,825
Mississippi	32,000	*Utah*	21,825
Arizona	31,400	*North Dakota*	20,000
Pennsylvania	31,400	*Delaware*	20,000
Oklahoma	27,500		
Nevada	27,500	Total tonnage	500,650

BRITISH EMPIRE

Name	Tonnage	Name	Tonnage
Royal Sovereign	25,750	*Iron Duke*	25,000
Royal Oak	25,750	*Marlborough*	25,000
Revenge	25,750	*Hood*	41,200
Resolution	25,750	*Renown*	26,500
Ramillies	25,750	*Repulse*	26,500
Malaya	27,500	*Tiger*	28,500
Valiant	27,500	*Thunderer*	22,500
Barham	27,500	*King George V*	23,000
Queen Elizabeth	27,500	*Ajax*	23,000
Warspite	27,500	*Centurion*	23,000
Benbow	25,000		
Emperor of India	25,000	Total tonnage	580,450

JAPANESE EMPIRE

Name	Tonnage	Name	Tonnage
Mutsu	33,800	*Kirishima*	27,500
Nagato	33,800	*Haruna*	27,500
Hiuga	31,260	*Hiyei*	27,500
Ise	31,260	*Kongo*	27,500
Yamashiro	30,600		
Fu-So	30,600	Total tonnage	301,320

Under the terms of the Treaty, the United States was allowed the completion of two ships of the *West Virginia* class, after which we were obligated to scrap the *North Dakota* and the famous old *Delaware*. This has been done. With these ships scrapped the total tonnage to be retained by the United States was fixed at 525,850 tons.

The British Empire is allowed the construction of two new ships that will probably be complete in 1926. Upon their completion the four old ships, *Thunderer, King George V, Ajax* and *Centurion,* are to be destroyed. The two new ships under construction are not to exceed 35,000 tons each. After the scrapping of the four old ships mentioned the total tonnage of the British Empire will be 558,950 tons.

No capital ship is allowed to carry a gun with a caliber in excess of 16 inches.

Aircraft carriers are allowed as follows: British Empire, 135,000 tons; United States, 135,000 tons; Japanese Empire, 81,000 tons.

It will be recalled that this is a Five-Power Treaty, but since the navy power of France and Italy is comparatively small the figures relating to them need not be given here.

The terms of the Treaty provided that "A vessel to be scrapped must be placed in such condition that it cannot be put to combatant use." It is necessary either to break the vessel up, or convert it to target use exclusively.

What about this Treaty? Are the signatory Powers living up to it? Secretary of the Navy Wilbur, on December 8, 1924, said: "Each signatory power has carried out with scrupulous exactness the Treaty provisions."

It is not likely that a responsible official would give such assurance to the American people unless he had most convincing information that it was true.

The United States could not publicly send a representative of our government abroad to check up on what the other powers are doing. Imagine the indignation that would sweep this country were England or Japan to send an envoy here to take an inventory of our fleet. Nations still maintain some appearance of national honor and when they give their word for these matters they expect it to be taken. However, we may safely assume that no country is depending absolutely upon what the other says. They have their own avenues of information, which are usually accurate and extensive. So, when our Secretary of the Navy makes the statement

Destroyers.

that other nations are carrying out the Treaty provisions "with scrupulous exactness" we may have some confidence in the statement.

Thus it follows that the battleship *Washington*, being listed in the Treaty as one of the ships to be scrapped, the time limit for its scrapping expiring February 17, 1925, no blame attaches to our naval officers for her sinking. Had they waited until the last day they would have had to open her pet cocks, let her fill with water and sink to the bottom, they would have thrown away an opportunity to increase their technical knowledge as to the value of these post-Jutland ships in resisting attack.

When I discussed the sinking of the *Washington* with a high naval officer, who in his time had sent some of our old ships to the bottom, he said: "Do you suppose that naval officers took any pride in sinking the *Washington?* Some of them had tears in their eyes. I know that I had when I sent some of our old ones down. You must remember that naval officers take great pride in the construction of these ships. It is heartbreaking to destroy one of them. But, there is our Treaty and the navy must not be responsible for its violation. We did not frame the Treaty, but we must obey orders and carry out its provisions when so directed."

There were, it is said, valuable lessons learned in the sinking of the *Washington*. Naturally, our officers do not publicly state what those lessons were. Some things, however, can be told. The first news reports that the *Texas* had been firing on the *Washington* for three or four days were inaccurate. The first few days were given over to bomb experimentation. The *Washington* was a post-Jutland type of ship, that is, she was constructed after the battle of Jutland, participated in all the lessons learned in that great naval engagement, and, therefore, had a great many modern improvements. This vessel embodied the latest ideas of naval architects. Were those ideas good ones? The tests made in sinking the *Washington* answered these questions.

In these tests bombs were placed at vulnerable points and touched off, and the effect noted. For instance, there would be placed near a vulnerable point of the ship, below the water line, a bomb of the same pressure and contact as a torpedo striking the ship at that point. Then bombs were placed at various points on the deck, to note the effect of aircraft bombing; bombs of given sizes, corresponding to some naval problem, were touched off in the water at various distances from the ship. Then the air fleet was allowed to make its attack, and this was followed by the guns of the *Texas*. In this way the greatest ship ever constructed was sent to the bottom of the sea. It would be foolish to say that valuable facts were not learned. Of course, our naval officers would have preferred to keep the ship, but, again, we must remember the terms of the Treaty. If criticism is justified, then it should be directed against our *statesmen* who formulated the terms of the Treaty.

There is no question that our Treaty obligations demand that our naval position shall not exceed a 5-5-3 ratio. We must keep our naval strength down to that. BUT—is there not also the obligation on our part *to maintain our ratio?* Is it not a duty to keep our naval strength up to our ratio?

What about our condition in this respect? Are we up to our allotment, or have we fallen below it? The Treaty gave us the right to modernize some of our older battleships. We shall avail ourselves of this by giving some of our older ships increased deck protection against aircraft, and also by giving them under-water blisters—a "blister" being another hull built over the old one—as protection against torpedoes. These are our privileges and our plans, but they are not yet actualized.

Secretary Wilbur states that "We have not yet availed ourselves of the opportunity to modernize our ships permitted under the Treaty and thereby preserve the ratio contemplated."

He also says: "To postpone the modernization of those ships is to gamble upon the chances of war during the next ten years and to increase the possibility of such war by that degree of unpreparedness."

A bill, introduced last session of Congress, passed, and held up on a motion to reconsider until this session, providing for the necessary modern alterations of six of these ships, has recently been passed by the Senate and sent to the President. It is one important step in the right direction. There is also the question of "blisters" for under-water protection for seven other ships. New legislation is proposed to take care of this matter, and when the work is authorized and completed, we shall then be in our proper ratio as to capital ships, excepting in the matter of gun elevation.

The bill just passed by Congress also provides for the construction of eight scout cruisers and six river gunboats.

The table given on this page shows the figures as October 1, 1924, which indicate the comparative situation with regard to capital ships.

The figures for the British Empire include the four ships which are to be scrapped in 1926 and the two ships now building to be added to the fleet.

On aircraft carriers, the figures, as of same date, are as follows:

The United States has one ship of 12,700 tons already built, and is building two ships of an aggregate tonnage of 66,000. This will give us three of these ships with a total tonnage of 78,700. Under the Treaty we are allowed 135,000 tons in this kind of ships, and no ship in excess of 35,000 tons can be built. We need, therefore, to build two more ships of an aggregate of 56,300 tons, to reach our allowance.

The British Empire is in a somewhat better condition with reference to this kind of ships. It has 3 ships of 48,190 tons already built and is building 3 ships of an aggregate of 56,300 tons. This will give her 6 ships with a total tonnage of 104,490. She is allowed 135,000 tons under the Treaty and can, therefore, build one more ship of 30,510 tons.

The Japanese Empire has one such ship of 9,500 tons already built, is building 2 more of an aggregate of 53,900 tons; is allowed under the Treaty 81,000 tons and can, therefore, build one more of 17,600 tons.

The Arms Conference Treaty consigned to the scrap heap some of the greatest ships ever planned, a few of which were actually under construction and others authorized. The United States has scrapped 11 new ships, the latest one being the *Washington*. With the ships that were building, our navy would have been beyond question the greatest in the world, and other world powers would have had to acknowledge our superiority. The Treaty prevented our reaching naval superiority. We are certainly in second place today, and measured as an efficient fighting force we may even be third.

One thing is felt to be of such vital importance that many serious men feel we must do it, and that is, pass legislation authorizing the elevation of the guns on our capital ships. There has been strong intimation that the British Empire would object on Treaty grounds, but such an objection on such grounds would probably be hard to sustain. If the Treaty can shackle this nation in such a matter, we have indeed got ourselves into a mix-up. As a matter of fact, France has already elevated her guns and no question has been raised. We have the same right.

Summing up, we find that on such ships as are limited by the Treaty we must put new boilers in some; we must provide anti-air-attack deck protection for others; and for some we must provide protection against submarine attack, and on a great many of our ships *we must elevate our guns!* In other words, we need—in the way of alterations and repairs allowable under the Treaty—virtually to build over about half of such ships as constitute the backbone of our fleet! Some of these battleships, in event of protracted war, would not be able to maneuver with the fleet, because their boilers are in such condition that they would not stand sufficient steam-pressure to make the speed. A ship that cannot keep up with the fleet is practically worthless. It is true we have made temporary repairs on some of the boilers, but there should be nothing temporary about them. They might stand the strain of a navy drill tomorrow and then break down under the strenuous tests of a sea battle.

Next, we need to complete the two aircraft carriers we are now constructing, and build the other two allowed us under the Treaty. This would give us a little advantage over the British Empire, although they can still build one more.

We must get along with our worked-over battleships until 1931 when we start gradually replacing them with new ships.

Now, how do we stand with reference to other ships that are not limited under the Treaty?

The United States has 9 light cruisers of a total tonnage of 67,500, and has one building of 7,500 tons. The bill recently passed authorizes the construction of 8 more.

The British Empire has 47 light cruisers of a total tonnage of 223,530, is building 10 more of a tonnage of 94,850.

The Japanese Empire has 18 light cruisers of a total tonnage of 91,440, and is building 10 more of a total tonnage of 79,565.

Thus the United States is comparatively deficient in light cruisers.

The United States leads in destroyers, with 288 of a total tonnage of 342,086, including 14 light mine layers of the destroyer type. None of these are "leaders," that is, a destroyer in excess of 1,500 tons. Most of these boats were laid down during the World War in an emergency program to combat German submarines, and many of them are of hasty construction. The greater number of them are tied up in navy yards without crews. There are only 109 of these ships in commission.

Our ratio in destroyers stands: United States, 9.77; British Empire, 6.95; Japanese Empire, 3.00.

In fleet submarines—submarines capable of fighting with a fleet—we have 3 of a total tonnage of 3,318; they are, however, all out of commission due to engine failures. We have 4 building of 6,375 total tonnage. Another, of the mine-laying type, not yet laid down, is not described, probably for official reasons.

The British Empire has 8 fleet submarines built of 16,460 total tonnage and one building of 1,480 tons.

The Japanese Empire has 1 of 1,400 tons and 22 building of 34,310 tons.

Japan is far in the lead with fleet submarines, the United States holding a poor third.

The story is somewhat different in first-line submarines, which might properly be called "coast defense submarines."

The United States has 44 built of a total tonnage of 38,386, and is building 6 more of 5,436 total tonnage.

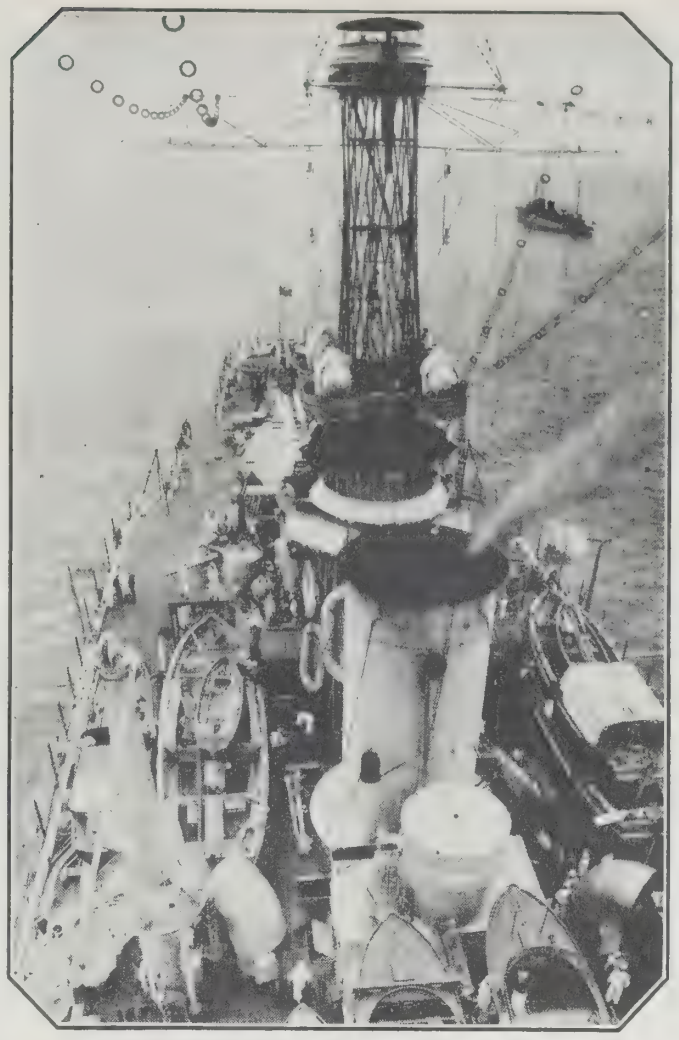
The British Empire has 32 built of a total tonnage of 31,030 and 2 more building of a total tonnage of 1,780.

The Japanese Empire has 36 built of 29,764 total tons and 7 building of 6,994 total tons.

We lead slightly in this type.

It will be observed that in numbers and tonnage not limited by the Treaty we compare favorably with the other powers, with the exception of fleet submarines and light cruisers. It must be borne in mind, however, that a great many of the vessels, particularly destroyers and fleet submarines, which are listed as part of our strength, *are not in commission* and *the construction of a great many of them is not of the best.*

(Concluded on page 15)

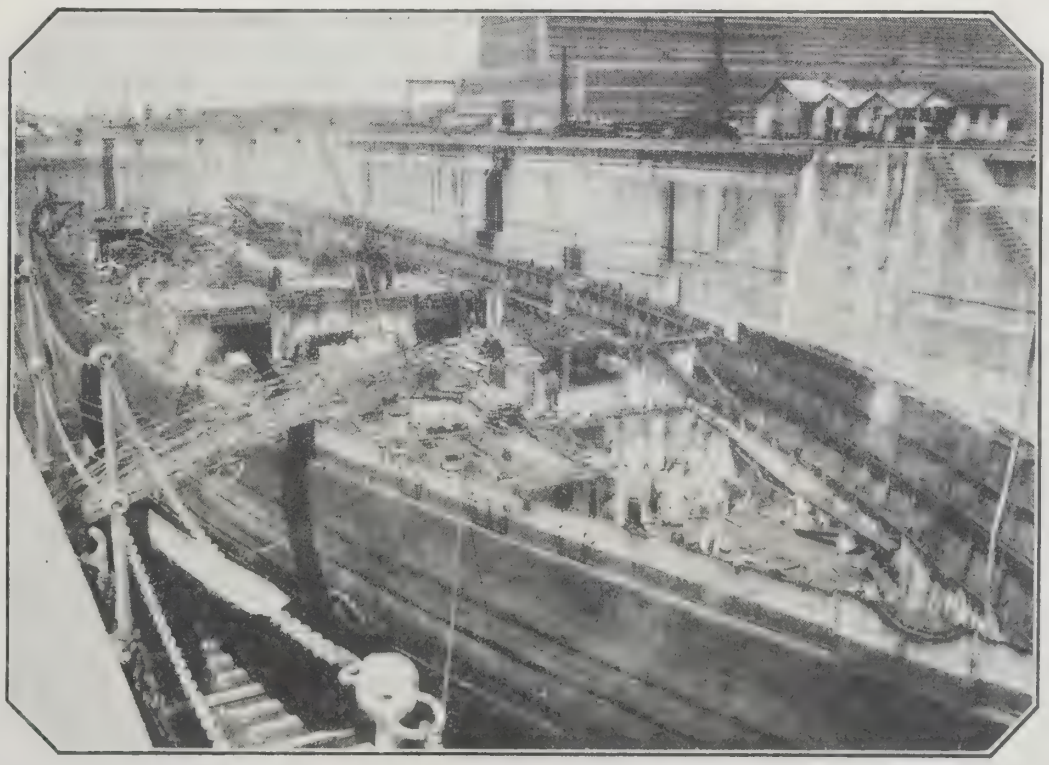


"Neat as a pin," is the Navy's slogan.

SCRAPPED UNDER TREATY TERMS

Power	Old Ships		New Ships		Total	
	No.	Tons	No.	Tons	No.	Tons
United States	17	267,740	11	465,800	28	733,540
British Empire	24	500,000	None		24	500,000
Japanese Empire	10	163,312	2	80,979	12	244,291

Power	Retained		Tonnage to be arrived at in 1941	True Ratio
	No.	Tons		
United States	18	525,850	525,000	5.00
British Empire	20	558,950	525,000	5.00
Japanese Empire	10	301,320	315.000	3.00



U. S. S. *Minnesota* being scrapped, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, July 1, 1924.

Preserving the Written Record

Concluded from page 9

ers of the royal office formed ultimately a notable collection which in 1757 was given by George II to the nation and became a part of the present British Museum collection. Included in the Royal Library was the famous Biblical Codex Alexandrinus, one of the earliest whole Bibles extant, presented to King James I, in 1624, by Cyril Lucar, Patriarch of Alexandria.

The Cotton, Harleian and Sloane collections of the great English Library bear witness to the collecting activities of three English families. Sir Robert Cotton (1571-1631) made a specialty of collecting historical manuscripts and his son and his grandson continued in the same type of activity and presented the library to the nation in 1700. The Earl of Oxford, Robert Harley, 1661-1724, accumulated more than 6,000 manuscripts, 14,000 charters and 500 "rolls" which were greatly increased by his successor, the second Earl of Oxford (1689-1741). The manuscripts were acquired by the museum in 1753 for ten thousand pounds and it is safe to say that that amount could be obtained today for any one of a dozen of the original eight thousand manuscripts. Again in 1753 the Sir Hans Sloane collection of books and manuscripts was made available for

Children's room, New York City Public Library.

twenty thousand pounds and the three collections with the Royal Library became part of the British Museum, formally opened in 1759. The Royal Library received, beginning in 1662, a copy of every work published in the English possessions, and this right passed over to the British Museum. One Scotch, one Welsh, and one Irish library enjoy this free gift as does also University Library, Cambridge; however, only the British Museum has the space to take all publications issued in Great Britain.

A lottery scheme secured the considerable amount for expenses of the library and for the purchase of the Sloane and Harley collections mentioned above. Harvard College took also this dubious method of raising money for education in a lottery of 1753.

The British Museum possesses now more than three million books, reposing on some fifty-odd miles of shelves. When one enters the realm of millions ordinary counting offers difficulties. In a library shall prints and separate maps be counted? and music? and a hundred other questions arise to make an accurate count out of the question.

Among the many other notable English libraries the Bodleian ranks first and ranks high among the great libraries of the world. There are easily a score of libraries in England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland which contain manuscript treasures worth a king's ransom. Ireland was early active in the copying of manuscripts and these products are even yet to be found in Irish and Scottish libraries.

On a par with the British Museum stands the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris, possessing approximately three and one-half million volumes.

The French monarchs were more active collectors than the English, although some may question their peculiar methods of collecting. Charles the Eighth conquered Aragon, and, finding himself in Italy, brought home the wonderful library of the King of Aragon. In 1499 under Louis XII who succeeded Charles, the fine library of the Duke of Milan also became by conquest and seizure a part of the French Royal Library. Francis I acquired by confiscation about 1525 the books belonging to the Constable of Bourbon. Henry the Second made some amends, one might almost say, by pillaging the King's Library to satisfy the literary tastes of his favorite Diana of Poitiers. During the French Revolution the National Library was augmented by the books belonging to *emigrés,* by the books from church libraries and suppressed monasteries. The most energetic collector by seizure was Napoleon the Great and although many stolen books were returned yet far more were retained and are found today in the Bibliothèque Nationale.

In both London and Paris there are numerous public or semi-public libraries, including many special libraries along restricted lines, which contribute greatly to make London and Paris the two greatest literary centers of the world.

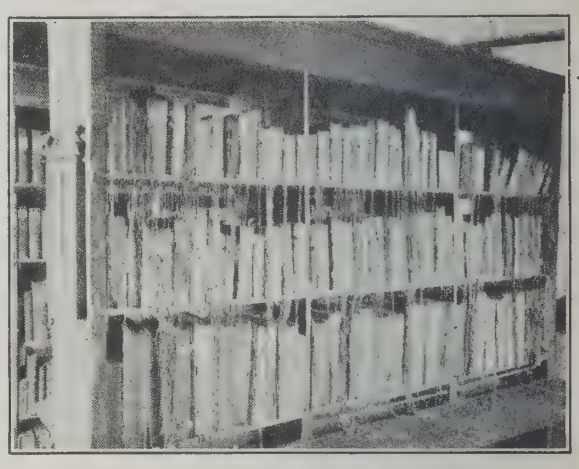
The British Museum and the Bibliothèque Nationale have for years issued many scholarly publications. The catalog of the British Museum in some fifty-two large folio volumes is an indispensable tool in every large library of America and England, and indeed of the world. The scholarly publications of the British and the French National libraries include many of the greatest achievements of modern scholarship. The British Museum in particular makes a practice of publishing at a moderate price volumes of popular interest concerned with treasures of the library. Recently the British Museum acquired the first printed map including the new world (1506) and published a large facsimile in a bound volume at a price of three shillings or 75 cents. Somewhat in contrast is the recent procedure of the Bibliothèque Nationale in allowing a private publisher to issue an earlier manuscript map, which is possibly associated with Columbus, at a price of 500 francs or $25, in a volume of about the same size as that issued by the British Museum at 75 cents.

The oldest of the large libraries is the Vatican Library which was founded by Pope Nicholas V whose term of office extended from 1447 to 1455. The building for the library was constructed under Sixtus the Fourth, elected in 1471, who appointed Bartholommeo Platina in 1475 as librarian. The energetic character of this librarian is indicated by the fact that the Pope was induced to issue a Papal Bull of excommunication against those borrowers from the Papal Library who did not return the books within forty days. History does not record any actual excommunication. Most of us cannot get our books back this way.

In this library the books were placed as in most early libraries flat upon desks or inclined shelves and were not placed vertically upon horizontal shelves. It is for this reason that the metal protection pieces were particularly necessary. Practically all of the larger volumes were chained to the desks where they could be used in place by a student sitting at a bench.

The later history of the Vatican is a story of the able efforts of numerous learned popes to make this library one of the great centers of the world's learning which indeed it is. Among the notable treasures is the fourth-century Codex Vaticanus, the whole Bible in Greek, which is possibly the oldest Bible in the world. Of the same century is the Codex Siniaticus, in Leningrad (and in parts in Leipzig), found by the Russian scholar Tischendorf in the monastery on Mount Sinai.

The Royal Library of Berlin while comparatively modern contains numerous manuscript rarities, including the original manuscript of Martin Luther's translation of the Bible. The Imperial Library at Vienna is famous as the repository of a remarkable collection of Oriental



Chained books, Hereford Cathedral Library.

Manuscripts, including many Egyptian papyri. A fifth-century manuscript of the Book of Genesis found there is wrought in gold and silver on royal purple parchment. Incidentally the fifth decade of Livy is found only in Vienna in a Scottish manuscript. Leningrad and Moscow have many treasures including wonderful special collections but hardly accessible now to scholars of the world. However, the Russian libraries are as yet intact and in some future happier day for Russia will again stimulate Russians to scholarly activities. In Belgium the library of Louvain, founded in 1625 by the historian Beyerlinck, was destroyed by the Germans. Many wonderful manuscript treasures were lost and numerous books of which there are no other copies known. However, a new library is arising, a tribute to the interest of the world and of America, in particular, to the continued spiritual welfare of the Belgians.

Where Are They, the Plainsmen?

Concluded from page 6

they found the missing parts of their instruments, or made new ones out of willow wood.

"A new head was provided for the drum from the skin of an antelope. This was easily done without firing a shot, as Custer always kept a pack of huge staghounds for the sport of running down wolves, antelopes and coyotes. Needless to say, the band was soon in full operation, sending the strains of martial music over the lonely hills of Montana, although the favorite air was 'The Girl I Left Behind Me'—probably due to many of Custer's men being raw recruits, some of whom hardly knew how to ride a horse.

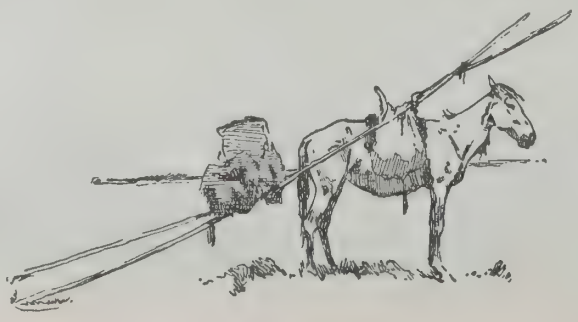
"Some time before the battle of the Little Big Horn," so Whitney told Kenyon, who could not remember just how long the packer said it was, "'Old Iron Bottom' swung onto his big iron-gray horse. The men knew what was coming. It meant hard riding and lots of it. Custer had a little Arab animal that he used on dress-up occasions and when the riding was light. But this time he rode the iron-gray; that meant business.

"On this trip, the General pulled off a deal that none of the troopers could understand: he led them at a fast gallop right through an Indian village. It was a small village—maybe some eight or ten lodges. The boys and men were all away on a hunting trip. The column moving fast, made it impossible for any of us to avoid riding down the women and children that were all about the place.

"Some of the boys had done considerable promiscuous shooting. How many of the Indians were killed or injured I could not tell. If 'Old Iron Bottom' thought he was going to cow them in that way, he surely made a mistake. A deal like that ground the sensitive pride of the Sioux and they were so infernally revengeful, they were sure to remember it and exact payment at the first opportunity.

"This they did on the Little Big Horn.

"We really knew nothing of Custer's part of the fight. From what some of the Indians told, he led his command to a low hill where the men were dismounted. The warriors rode around and around them, hanging onto the side of their ponies and, from this protection, shot the troopers down, one after another, the last few of whom were ridden down by the yelling Indians. One of the troopers, a man with long, dark hair and dark-brown mustache who had been very active in encouraging the new recruits, was seen to lead a few of them in a last desperate attempt to escape. But none got away. The revengeful Sioux collected their toll to the last man for riding down their undefended village a short time before."



Thus ended the battle of the Little Big Horn as told by old Whitney, chief-packer, who was there at the time. It was not a massacre at all, he told Kenyon. The Indians never asked for quarter, and seldom granted it. General Custer started the fight, apparently against orders.

The conclusion of this article will appear next week.

Traveling at Speed of 294,375 Miles a Second

Concluded from page 5

understood by saying that the fluctuations of the moon's mean motion, discovered by Newcomb in 1909, is an inequality in the lunar motion depending on the irregular refraction of the sun's gravitational wave action on the moon, at the time of the lunar eclipses. The sun's gravitational waves are irregularly *bent out of their courses in passing through the solid body of the earth;* the moon, thereby, is somewhat released from the sun's control, and tends to fly a tangent to its orbit, which gives rise to the fluctuations, recurring in periods of 18.02 years, 61.7 years, and 277.59 years, depending on eclipse cycles which have been known since the age of Greek supremacy.

The fact of the moon's fluctuations was suspected by Laplace about 1802, but only established by Newcomb in 1909, after laborious researches extending over more than 40 years. The cause of these fluctuations under this deflection of the sun's gravitational waves in passing through the earth, was discovered by me in 1916. It has also been recently discovered that the radio wave, *propagated in the ether,* near the earth's surface, is held back in its speed owing to the slower motion of the wave and of the ether in the solid earth. This causes the wave to bend about the globe, and renders its velocity only about 165,000 miles a second, in place of the 186,000-mile speed of light in free space.

This newly discovered fact accords with the explanation of the lunar fluctuations, and may prove to be the only discovery of an observed difference of velocity for a wave in the ether since Roemer's original discovery of the velocity of light in 1675. Thus, we find that light, radio waves, and magnetism travel in the all-pervading medium of the ether, and that, in reality, all the heavenly bodies are held to their orbits by cables of almost incomprehensible strength, but cables of the finest monatomic *gas.*

Mr. Murphy Becomes a King

Concluded from page 10

learned better than any other agriculturist the use and value of mechanical equipment in his industry. On virtually all the commercial potato farms, the plowing, sowing, cultivating, and harvesting is done almost entirely by machinery. In this industry also, the farmer has learned that his cultivators, planters, diggers, and, in fact, all his mechanical equipment must be adapted to the soil in his section, if he is to get the best results. Therefore, the making of potato-production machinery has become a localized industry to a very great extent, with the equipment designed and built to meet the conditions peculiar to each potato-growing locality. The potato farmer, too, begins to fight disease before he plants his potatoes, by dipping or fumigating the seed tubers prior to cutting them into pieces for planting. The crop is planted from January to July, according to the variety of potato and the time of ripening desired, with maturity a matter of 90 to 150 days, depending on climate, soil, and kind of tuber planted.

When King Murphy appears on his throne again next year at Stockton, he will be surrounded by a court composed of fair women and potato farmers from every potato-producing district in California, from the Mexican line to the Oregon boundary. Between this first Potato Day and the same celebration in 1925, an effort is to be made to have other potato-growing sections all over the United States hold simultaneous celebrations, so that the potato pageant shall become a national institution, permanently established.

"Lest This Country's Old Traditions Fail"

The Story of Those Who Won the Wilderness and Blazed the Trail

By GEORGE AVERY

WHEN one looks back over early American history, one sees something particularly striking in it. It is the spirit of freedom, that from the very beginning differentiates it from the history of countries settled by peoples with swords over their heads.

The history of America is an interesting story of the development of our institutions, and of incidents that have been stepping-stones in the progress of our people, and although it has developed fast, the past has not been forgotten. Many things and customs that seem shallow and without background reveal a traditional past.

America is rich in tradition, just like the whole is composed of the same material as its parts. Alas, Americans know little enough about their historical background and traditions. Every American should at least be acquainted with the early tales in our history to see how the roots of the present lie deep in the past, and every father should pass on the old traditions to his sons as they sit together by the fireside on the long winter evenings.

One of the first tales of interest in our history is that of the lost colony of Roanoke Island. The island is still to be found in the Roanoke River near its outlet into the sea in North Carolina. The colony was fathered by Sir Walter Raleigh, who first sent out investigating expeditions from England and later, in May, 1587, prepared to plant a permanent colony. The commander was to be John White. When the little group of colonists arrived at Roanoke, the hired ship captain put their effects on shore and sailed away with two of the ships, instead of taking them to their proper destination.

A Sign That Failed

THE island was inaccessible and its soil was poor. The colonists soon became discouraged and urged White to return to England for supplies. He left in the one ship at the disposal of the colony and unfortunately was forced to remain in the country nearly four years. When he returned to Roanoke in 1591 in a hired ship, the island was deserted and the fort was in ruins. The only evidence of the fate of the colonists was the word "Croatoan" carved in the bark of a tree. It was the name of a tribe of Indians not far distant. Before White's departure it was agreed that if the colonists removed, the name of their refuge would be carved on a tree, and if harm had befallen them, that a cross would be added. As no cross appeared, he planned to search for them, but the captain feared storms and would not wait, so they sailed back to England. Later efforts of Raleigh to find them proved futile and they were never seen again by white men. The settlers at Jamestown, planted 20 years later, learned from the Indians that the people went to the Indians but were later massacred through the influence of Powhatan.

Since that first attempted settlement on Roanoke Island, America has been making history, interesting history. Far more interesting and romantic than any novel. It is not a history of kings, but a history of a great people who came to America because they believed in a principle that an autocracy would not tolerate. For this principle they left their comfortable homes in a civilized country and came to a wilderness. True, this great undeveloped wilderness with its uncut forests, its unfished streams, and its generally fertile soil, was more of a good thing than the early settlers thought, because they had hard times, starving times; despite the natural resources that were here for the taking. For the first few winters after the settlement at Jamestown in 1607, the food supply ran short and the ravages of disease thinned the ranks. The newcomers did not realize that the forests had to be cleared away to raise enough food to take care of the colony in time of need.

They were in a daze and thought God would take care of them, which He did, through John Smith, who showed spirit and proved himself a man of force and energy. He went into the wilderness of which he knew nothing, made friends with the Indians and procured food to pull the colony through the winter. John Smith was one of the first men in our history that typified what later became real American character. He set a precedent for those soon to follow and it was their spirit of adventure and fidelity of purpose that gained them a country; the country whose liberty, equality and justice we enjoy today.

The settlement at Jamestown was followed in 1620 by one at Plymouth. It was at that time that nonconformists were being persecuted in England and ministers took their congregations to Holland (the land of exiles even in that day) where they set up churches and found work. But after a few years they found their condition unimproved, and their children were becoming Dutch in speech and ideas. They longed for a home in a country of their own and America seemed to be the promised land. After many delays in making the arrangements, the Pilgrims, 102 in number, finally set sail in a hired ship, the *Mayflower,* for, as they thought, Virginia. Land was sighted three months later at Cape Cod, and they turned south along the coast, but the captain refused to continue his journey southward, alleging the dangers of the sea. After five weeks of exploration, they took the ship to Plymouth, a place marked on Captain John Smith's map. It had a good harbor, good drinking water, and a few old fields where the Indians had cultivated crops years before. It was here that they landed in the middle of a long hard winter. Hunger, cold and illness played their parts relentlessly, and by the arrival of spring scarcely 50 of the colonists were alive. But the spirit of the survivors did not fag. Fish and game were abundant but they had to serve their time on short rations, because they were agriculturalists and had not learned to take them. In Massachusetts, as in Virginia, it took time to develop the keen resourcefulness of the American frontiersman.

An Early Dissenter

LATER came the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Its founders were not separatists from the church as were the Pilgrims, but were Puritans, who wished to remain in the established church, although they sought to reform its doctrines. They founded Boston at the mouth of the Charles River in June, 1630, and like the others, they had their hard times. Something of a different nature was destined to crop out in the Massachusetts settlement. It was the spirit of the dissenter and came to light in one Roger Williams who was the first to openly preach the separation of church and state. This doctrine alarmed the authorities to the extent that Williams was banished. The decree came late in the autumn of 1635 and as winter was approaching he was permitted to remain until spring with the understanding that he did not preach his tenets. When it was known in January that he was not doing as instructed, preparations were made to send him back to England. Learning of this he escaped across the snows to the Narragansett Indians, who received him kindly. It was here outside of Massachussetts that he planted the settlement of Providence, later in Rhode Island, which was destined to be the genuine home of tolerance and was to play a more important part in our history than its size warranted.

Jamestown, Plymouth, Massachusetts Bay and Rhode Island are typical of the early settlements in America. Similar settlements took place until the Atlantic Coast was dotted with them. But those early settlers were eager and ambitious. They had a desire to push into the interior and thus came the westward movement; an inevitable result of the indomitable spirit of our ancestors would not let natural barriers stand in their way. They cut trails through the forest and crossed the mountains into the Wyoming Valley of Pennsylvania; forever pushing on. Between the early period and that of westward expansion, they had learned to understand the language of the rivers and the forest and they longed to be alone with them. This was a good thing for those early peoples because it gave them a chance to think for themselves and thus cultivated into them real Americanism.

It was in this early period that certain customs which we hold as traditional were formed, as the celebration of Thanksgiving Day. In 1623, more than four hundred years ago, drought threatened to destroy the crop, and a day of humiliation and prayer was observed; after which came a copious rain and saved the harvest. In gratitude a day of Thanksgiving was set apart for autumn, and lest the old traditions fail, we still observe that day.

The Revolution and After

THEN came that period in our history leading up to and including the Revolution, when Benjamin Franklin said the colonies would not desire independence if they were fairly treated. But the mother country did not understand, and fair treatment seemed to be enforcement of the Navigation Acts; the placing of a British Army in America; the Stamp Act, and similar outrages that could not be interpreted as favorable by the colonies, so after the "Boston Tea Party," Bunker-hill, and the capture of Fort Ticonderoga "in the name of Jehovah and the Continental Congress"; and the supreme step was taken and independence was declared. The famous declaration, chiefly the work of Jefferson, was formally adopted July 4, 1776, and marks the time when America started on her road. The Revolution was a test whether or not the common struggle to conquer the wilderness had knitted a people together. There were but few who did not prove themselves true to the new colors, and it was at this time that they became real Americans, and men like Washington, Hamilton and Jefferson came to the front, to again set an example for those to follow, as their forefathers had set an example for them. The tales of what they did in the years during and shortly following the Revolution have oft been repeated; Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the Army, later as President, and how in his farewell address he warned the young America against entangling alliances, and other things that might befall her path, just as a father would warn his children; of the financial policy of Hamilton; and the individualism preached by Jefferson.

The period following the war was a hard one for America. She had always been dependent on someone else, but it was up to her to form a government of her own with all of its necessarily complicated functions. The first attempt was the "Articles of Confederation," which lasted only a few years because they gave the power to the states and thus provided for only a loose confederation. It was soon seen by thinking men that they were inadequate, but there were those who had to be convinced. It was not many years, however, before the country in general was for stronger union. The Constitution was drafted in answer to this, and was adopted in 1789.

So it was that early America started. She was continually confronted with new problems, always solving them in what turned out to be the best way. Where her pride was at stake and her privileges as a nation were being abused, as was the case early in the nineteenth century, she took the extreme step. It was the War of 1812, which, although costly in national humiliation, taught the American people to take seriously its function of national defense, and thus made the tie of a strong central government more binding.

Thus it is through the storms of time that America has been handed down to us. It is ours, it belongs to every one of us. We should be a very grateful people for the many things that God has blessed us with for they are the result of what those sturdy pioneers strove for, yet hardly dared to hope for. Their ever-present vim, vigor, vitality and foresight made America what it now is, a nation among nations.

In our common glory as Americans, let us keep our background in mind that we may be grateful, hopeful, and helpful, both to our government and to one another. Let us each cherish the ideals, beliefs, and spirit of our fathers, build with reverent hands to a greater republic, lest the old traditions fail.

What Is the Condition of Our Navy?

(Concluded from page 13)

We are behind in our ratio as to personnel. The standing by percentage is as follows:

	U. S.	Brit. Emp.	Jap. Emp.
Officers, regular	3.38	3.60	3.00
Enlisted men, regular	3.94	4.28	3.00

This shows that Japan has her full quota, the British Empire is considerably behind its quota, and the United States is still further behind its quota.

What about aircraft? Are the "old fogies" in the navy preventing the development of aircraft? Is the battleship really obsolete?

Make no mistake, the navy has—and always has had—an aircraft program and policy. Indefinite charges about the "old fogies" in the navy have been greatly overworked.

When the Wright brothers made their first flight at Fort Myer, Virginia, two naval officers—who have since risen to high rank—stood watching, and when the Wrights made that short but successful little flight, one officer turned to the other and said: "The navy must get busy on this thing." The navy has been busy ever since, and in a much more intelligent manner than has Congress. Curiously enough, one of the naval officers, just referred to, is one who is frequently characterized as an "old fogey"!

Remember this, since 1914 the Navy Board has been asking of Congress every penny for aviation that it was thought it could get, and usually it has asked for much more than Congress saw fit to appropriate.

Remember this also, since 1908 these "old fogies" have been teaching flying at Annapolis. It is but fair to say that these "old fogies" seem to have been awake long before most of our 110,000,000 Americans. That's their business.

The position aircraft takes in the navy would require too much space to explain, but, briefly, *aircraft is not considered the most important unit in the navy.* Naval officers are not the only ones who contend that the battleship is the backbone of the fleet. The Arms Conference recognized that fact and the Treaty was framed along those lines.

The position of the naval officer is: until something is proved to be of more value and importance, do not discard the battleship.

Major General Patrick, chief of the Army Air Service, recently testified before the House Aircraft Investigating Committee that *the attacks on the battleship Washington demonstrated that our present type of bombing planes would not destroy a battleship, and that our attack planes are still in the experimental stage,* and that they will have to be developed to carry more powerful bombs. This should be a sufficient answer to those who claim the airship has replaced the battleship. Our navy must deal in facts, not in speculative theory.

Naval officers have accurate data and information as to what all known types of aircraft will do. They consider aircraft as an important unit of the fleet, just as is the submarine and the destroyer, but only an auxiliary. The navy recognizes the fact that we need scouting, fighting, bombing, and observation planes, and that a preponderance of such auxiliaries might turn the tide of battle.

But, bear this in mind: a lighter-than-air ship, *twice the size of the Shenandoah*—and such a one has not yet been built—*could carry only 25 short tons of weight.* The cruising radius of aircraft is not sufficient at present to carry any great amount of ammunition and be a fighting factor any distance at sea.

It is true that at present our navy is below our Treaty allowance. Navy officers are not to blame for that, but those who govern and control appropriations. However, it is also true that the Arms Conference has made it impossible for us to reach a really 5-5-3 basis until we commence—about a decade hence—to replace some of our old ships with new, as provided in the Treaty. For ten years or more we must be below par, navally speaking.

If we are fortunate enough to avoid war in the meantime, well and good.

BRIEFLY TOLD

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. The set includes: "The International Jew," Vol. I, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

Ginseng is supposed by the Chinese to possess peculiar curative qualities, but reputable physicians of this country do not consider it of much value. Consequently the entire output of ginseng in this country is exported to China.

It is said that Boston passed an ordinance which forbade bathing unless by the order of a physician, and that this law was actually in the code from 1845 to 1862.

Japanese hyacinths which now infest the Laguna de Bay and other waterways in the Philippines constitute a menace to navigation, and within a few years, unless they are exterminated, navigation in the Bay and the Pasig River will be impossible.

Archeologists are excavating the ancient Roman city of Leptis Magna, buried beneath the sands of the Libyan Desert in Northern Africa. No other buried city so far discovered has been found so intact, with the exception of Pompeii; and Pompeii, while yielding magnificent statuary, cannot boast of such architectural splendor as found at Leptis Magna.

The Cornish of Great Britain are a race apart from others. They are formed of a union of the primitive tribes and the Brythonic race, which gave its name to Britain. They still speak of "going to England," as if it were a foreign country.

The Palaungs are a people dwelling in Burma. The Palaung child is taught never to go under a ladder, because the influence of the person upon the ladder—or that of the last person who climbed it—may descend upon the person underneath.

In the church at Mullion Town, Cornwall, a thoughtful medieval ecclesiastic provided a devil's door near the font, through which the devil may escape when the sponsors renounce him and all his works.

Wild geese cast their feathers in summer, losing almost all the feathers from their wings simultaneously. During this season they are helpless and the natives of Northern Russia take advantage of their condition and net them by the thousands. These are buried in the mud of the swamps and left to rot. Later they are dug up and fed to the half-wild dogs and are even eaten by the undiscriminating native.

The original of the glass known as a "tumbler" was a drinking vessel with a bottom so constructed that it would not stand upon a table. The "tumbler" was a product of the old days and was designed to make a man "take off his liquor" without setting the "tumbler" aside.

The tax collector never visits the Scilly Isles, off the southwest coast of England near Land's End.

From the good you will learn good; if you mix with the bad you will lose what sense you have. When you undertake great affairs, confide in but few.—Maxims of Theognis, the Greek poet of the sixth century B. C.

Ten American states have among them more telephones than all foreign countries combined.

Makers of violin bows are becoming anxious over the growing scarcity of white horses, from the tails of which are taken the hairs for the bowstrings. The best supplies come from Siberia and East Russia.

Closeness of weave rather than thickness controls blanket warmth.

"Speak! Speak! Thou fearful guest—" A skeleton in ancient Spanish armor was found under a rock 18 miles south of La Junta, Colorado, recently by several boys. Historians believe it to be a member of a band that traversed that part of the country under the leadership of the Don Vasquez Coronado. The armor plate is covered with ivory. On it are figures believed to be Roman numerals. Parts of a copper gun stock and an ancient flintlock blunderbus were also found nearby.

Each Lord Mayor spends something like $75,000 out of his own money for the honor of being London's chief magistrate.

Hunting for mammoth ivory in the northernmost parts of Siberia is a regular business and in the past century the yield has been estimated at from twenty to thirty tons.

In India alone more than ten million people have perished by bubonic plague since 1896.

"The teacher's greatest field of usefulness is in making children think. Make them think rather than make them good. Once they learn to think they are naturally good. Children must be taught to do right because they want to, not because they have to. The second greatest mistake parents and teachers make is preparing the path of life for the child instead of preparing the child for the path of life."—*Judge Ben Lindsey.*

The first issue of postage stamps in the United States was in 1849, the year of the great rush to the California goldfields.

Wiggs are flat, round buns, eaten on St. Catherine's Day in those districts of Buckinghamshire where wood turnery is carried on. The wigg represents the wheel on which St. Catherine was martyred.

The saying, "Let loose the dogs of war," once had a meaning. In the Middle Ages dogs were sent out toward the cavalry of the enemy with kettles of burning resin on their backs, the odor, smoke and flame of which naturally excited the horses. A stout jacket of leather underneath the kettle protected the dogs in case the hot resin was spilled.

Chop suey can be obtained in every modern city of the world save Canton and other purely Chinese cities.

Gertrude Atherton, author, is a great-grandniece of Benjamin Franklin.

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"I Read in the Papers—"

I READ IN THE PAPERS several obituaries of Samuel Gompers, but not one that told me that he was born a Jew. Newspapers seem to be skittish of such facts. Yet one newspaper, that "skipped" this biographical item, printed on the same day a list of Jews who had distinguished themselves in 1924, among the names being Benny Leonard, Aaron Sapiro, most of the motion picture owners, and Ben Hecht. A newspaper can do this, it seems, when a Jewish source asks or permits. But if the same newspaper were to say (I quote from the list) that Samuel Shipman, playwright, was a Jew; that Leo S. Rowe, Director General of the Pan-American Union, was a Jew; that Eugene Meyer, Jr., head of the United States War Finance Corporation, was a Jew; that Franklin P. Adams, famous columnist, was a Jew—that newspaper would be accused of "anti-Semitism." It is, however, a big "if"—the newspaper simply wouldn't do it. And it knows why. To that extent it does not give "all the news that's fit to print."

I READ IN THE PAPERS that Ban Johnson has been "shorn of his power"—that is the way the thing is described. It is not surprising. Big Ban has been too hot after the grafters. He has been too jealous for the honor of baseball. He has regarded the game as a sport rather than as a commercial proposition. It was ostensibly to plaster on some respectability that Judge Landis was appointed to be Czar of Baseball, but our opinion is that Ban Johnson was the greater source of respectability. What is now apparent is this: Ban Johnson did not please the owners of Baseball; Judge Landis did. A different tale would be told if it came to report on which of these men pleases the fans. However, all these things must come to pass before a wrong course ceases. Silencing the prophets who expose corruption and demand judgment is one of the surest signs of decadence.

I READ IN THE PAPERS months ago whole pages about an investigation into the lease of Teapot Dome, and at last I read—some time ago—that the case was being tried in California. What happened out there? Apparently the newspapers do not know, or are not interested, or believe their readers are not interested. This is one of the typical practices of American newspapers—they chase fires and suicides and divorces and leave the important news hanging in the air. Thereby they belie themselves and perhaps belie the character of the American public. They belie themselves in having told us that the Teapot Dome exposure was the most important matter on which the American mind could concentrate—and then they drop it. They belie the American public by working it up almost to a lynching fever upon *ex parte* statements, and then assume that the American public does not want the sober truth, soberly sought and determined. Now the question is, Does this procedure represent the American mind or the Newspaper mind? Probably not the American mind, for in these matters it is showing a decided tendency to diverge from the Newspaper mind. Why cannot the newspapers have a daily department of "Unfinished Business" in which to give brief details of the present status of matters to which they have commanded our attention?

I READ IN THE PAPERS, and elsewhere, enough to justify the conclusion that modern cleverness consists in ridiculing other people's sacred things. Marriage, of course, long since was dragged down the steep descent of sacrilege. Cleverness has not yet put it over on Death—it is still afraid of Death, horribly afraid, hysterically covering it up with all sorts of strained jocularities and artificial dramatics. Even Edgar Lee Masters, who sometimes shows flashes of being a poet, winds up a sarcastic sentence with the mock formula—"Let us pray." Huneker's letters, recently published, puts that clever man in the small-boy class whose delight is in scribbled obscenity. The pity is not that these men go through a phase (a phase through which all pass, perhaps) but that they are arrested in it, they don't grow out of it. That is the damnation of these men; and it is all the hell that anyone would want—just to be chained to clever nastiness. These are not matters for editorial opinion nor for court action, they are clinical cases, and they call for the specialist in nervous diseases.

I READ IN THE PAPERS that the Pope, with curious ceremony, broke down the Holy Door, an act which is performed once every quarter of a century. But with the usual lapse, the newspapers did not give me the "why" of it. If important enough to print, it is important enough to explain. However, the newspapers may not be entirely to blame in this instance. I spent half an hour with the Catholic Encyclopedia trying to trace the matter, but found not even a reference to it, until consulting *Columbia,* the official organ of the Knights of Columbus, I discovered the true title of "Jubilee," and so arrived at the desired information. The custom appears to be a Christian adaptation of the Mosaic year of Jubilee which occurred every fifty years, when slaves were freed, lands returned to their original families, debts canceled, and society started out with a clean slate again. The popes variously decreed the Christian observance to be held every century, or every half-century, until now the observance is definitely fixed for every 25 years, beginning on Christmas Eve. It is theologically described as a means of return to faith, and special indulgence is given to those who visit and observe certain duties at four designated churches in Rome. Foreigners are required to reside at Rome for ten days in order to avail themselves of the indulgence. The ceremony of breaking down the door is symbolic of a new door of grace being opened up for the faithful.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses Courts and Judges. Though few of us ever have business with one or contact with the other, we are all inevitably affected by them, and it is well occasionally to give them a place in our reflections.

FOR months I have been reading everything that has appeared about the Spanish Directory, as Spain's dictatorship is called, but the clearest view I have ever had, and the most consistent and impartial information, I found in the article on page 13 of this issue. After reading this you will be able to see something new in dictatorships. The Spanish style seems to have been invented to save the throne, not the people, and now the difficulty is in letting go. They fear that, having given a boost to what Spain has never had before, namely, public opinion, the people may demand their innings when the Directory tries to slide into private life again.

THE Jews are a perennial topic of interest and the world gains nothing by hush-hushing it up. Intelligent Jews agree with this and favor frank discussion as a means of dissipating prejudice and getting down to basic facts. From time to time we hear of Anti-Semitism in Germany. Did it really exist? If so, what was its nature? What was its alleged justification? It is part of the business of "an international weekly" to give its readers the facts as fairly and fully as they can be gathered. So on page 2 you will find light on the question.

THIS is a kind of round-the-world issue of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, which is perfectly natural in "an international weekly." Here on page 4 is "Jerusalem in a Snowstorm," by a man who was there when it snowed. Anything about Jerusalem is interesting, but snow is positively sensational. It renders our frosted Christmas cards true to life. Gilbert K. Chesterton told me that the Christmas he was at Bethlehem it snowed, and it made him glad, for then he knew that all the snowy Bethlehem Christmas cards were true.

ON PAGE 12 is a story on Europe in general—an American view of what is wrong. No politics in this article. Mr. Pinci left America where workingmen by millions own motor cars, and traveled through Europe where no workingman owns a car-and by simply following the motor car clue, he arrived at cer, tain discoveries. What ails Europe is the inability of its leaders to see that no country rises higher than the level of its people. Until Europe's workmen are enabled to buy what they make, there will be no healing of the present distress. On page 10 Paul Tyner gives a quick, vivid view of England, her new policies and the new Fascisti—the party of youth. Well worth reading.

THE America that is passing is preserved in two lifelike descriptive articles in this issue: "When the Cold Springs Stage Was Robbed" (page 11) and "Natchez-Under-the-Hill's Lurid History" (page 3). To get the full swing of the first article, turn to last week's issue, page 6, "Where Are They, the Plainsmen?" These are authentic first-hand descriptions of early frontier life by the last of the plainsmen. The Natchez-Under-the-Hill story paints a phase of life once common on the Mississippi, but now happily passing away. Mr. Barnet is just naturally able to capture and communicate the various and subtle atmospheres of the South.

THE white man gets all the blame because he does all the work. Whatever his mistakes in governmental policy, they are usually made in obtaining some benefit for others. The American service to the Philippine people is something to make the American proud, although he sometimes has occasion to question his kindness when he sees how it is misrepresented by its recipients. However, on page 9 there is an article by a man who would rip away all American cant from the Philippines, if there were any to rip—and you can judge for yourself whether America has fulfilled again her destined role of Servant of the World. "The chiefest is the servant of all."

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Anti-Semites in Germany!—Where and Why?

A Straight Display of Facts Concerning Jewish Influence in German Life

By WALTER M. WOLFF

WHEN the one-thirtieth part of a nation of sixty million persons is found to be of Semitic descent, we are inclined to believe that there is little or no occasion for anti-Semitists of that nation to beat the tom-tom and shout in accents wild that a terrible menace of calamity is sweeping over the land, devouring everything through its powerful, devastating influence. But, when we consider that this selfsame one-thirtieth of the German population actually controls and shapes the destiny of the country involved, the situation assumes an entirely different aspect.

The estimated Jewish population of the German Republic at the present time is, in round numbers, *two million.* Twenty-five years ago there were scarcely *one-half million* Jews in a German Reich which was then much larger than it is today. A tremendous influx of Semites from Poland, Galicia, and Russia, during and subsequent to the late war, has given new Germany a Jewish population that is now a far greater influence on the welfare of the German people than is generally supposed or appreciated. The Jews have so well succeeded in securing a hold on the destinies of Germany not only through wholesale immigration but by means of intermarriage and conversion to Christianity as well, that they are now an integral part of the German nation itself. Because of these various forms which Jewry takes, no official or unofficial German census has yet been able accurately to show the exact number of Jewish persons residing in the country. The statement "Once a Jew always a Jew" is borne out by the German-Jewish Professor Gans who says: "Baptism and even intermarriage matter nothing. We shall remain Jews unto the hundredth generation—Jews as we were 3,000 years ago. We shall never lose the smell of our race; no, not even through tenfold intermarriage! *Our race shall dominate until the end of time, do what you will!* The result of marriage—or no marriage—will ever be *young Jews!*"

No Increase of Jewish Workers

IN THE light of recently compiled statistics, we Germans find ourselves face to face with a goodly bit of "eye-opening" information with respect to conditions prevailing on the Central European continent. In postwar Austria, for example, the increase in the number of Jews is little short of appalling. In Vienna alone there are today 600,000 Jews! In 1914 there were but 175,000. Six hundred thousand Jews in the Austrian capital means that *every third person in Vienna is a Jew!* Is it any wonder, then, that in Vienna the direst poverty and the most lavish pomp live side by side, immediate neighbors to each other? In all this vast Semitic horde in "gay" Vienna there are few or no workmen. It has not been the workingman who has made Vienna notorious throughout Europe during recent years as the mecca for profiteers, manipulators, and swindlers of every description. And who will deny that on account of these parasites the Austrian people were forced to pawn their last bit of national property to the Entente nations, and were compelled to surrender their civil rights and sovereignty that Judah might flourish?

There would indeed be no serious grounds for complaint from the German people with regard to the Semitic element if the coming of the Jews into Germany represented a valuable increase of the working class. The Germans might then go so far as to ignore entirely the race problem in the premises. But the Jews are not by any means only a race, a historic people, or the exponents of an ancient religion; they are in addition to each of these what we may well term a class of born professionalists. Wherever we find the Jew, by some manner of means, he is invariably trying for complete *control* of affairs in an incredibly short time; he is, in almost every instance, the profit-taking, rather than the constructive element. The German Jew, like his blood relation the world over, is a professionalist, not a workman. Thus he adds to the burden of Germany; he does not help to lift it.

Startling Comparisons of Jews and Germans

IN A great majority of the trades in Germany the Israelite is found either as the proprietor or the directing influence behind the enterprise. Very few German Jews there are who profess to be plumbers, or carpenters, or shoemakers, and there are very few bakers, butchers, and street car conductors among them. In the heavy industries—that is, as iron workers, foundrymen, machinists, firemen, and the like, the Jew is practically a nonentity. In commercial enterprises, however, the story is a very different one. *Of each 1,000 Germans* to the population *only 28 are to be found engaged strictly in business activities;* out *of every 1,000 German Jews, 245 are actively engaged in some sort of commercial endeavor.* In five of the great German industrial centers we find the following proportions, the figures representing the number of Germans and Jews to the 1,000 of the entire population:

	Engaged in Industry		Engaged in Commerce	
	Germans	Jews	Germans	Jews
Plauen	72	19	16	78
Duisburg	67	22	21	67
Bochum	71	22	15	64
Gelsenkirchen	78	24	11	66
Dortmund	65	23	22	63

Thus nearly 40 per cent of Jews go into commerce, as against less than 9 per cent of Germans, while 10 per cent of Jews enter commerce as against 35 per cent of Germans.

While, therefore, the Germans are to be found in the creative lines of labor, the Jews have taken unto themselves the control of the nation's trade pursuits; and while, on the one hand, the German workman continues to toil for a scanty reward in the great industrial beehives the Jewish alien in his very midst is constantly at work preparing new stock market maneuvers, manipulation of commodity prices, and other tricks of finance whereby profits which run well into the six ciphers are realized.

Statistics in Germany show that the Jew, wherever possible, believes in withdrawing early from the cares and worries of an active life.

There are, for instance, fifty-four Jews in Germany who profess to be their own bosses as against only twenty-eight Germans.

Seven Jews enjoy financial independence to every three Germans!

The Housing Situation Is Affected

THE opulence of the German Jew is also emphasized in the housing accommodations enjoyed by the former.

While there are eight Germans or non-Jews possessing one-room apartments, only three Jews occupy the same amount of space. The large, luxurious living quarters, however, belong almost entirely to the Jew.

Five and seven room apartments are owned by 52 Jews out of every 100, while but 12 non-Jews are in a position to afford accommodations of this size.

In the field of higher education, also, the German Jew is far in advance of the native German. Only 25 Germans out of every 100 of the population are able to send their sons and daughters to higher institutions of learning; but 80 Jews can afford the same advantages to their offspring! In the University of Vienna, for example, the following notable comparison is brought to light. During the years 1913-14, seventy-one Austro-Germans and non-Jews against but thirty Jews were in attendance at the aforementioned school; in 1914-15 the proportion had changed as 55 to 45. But in the year 1918 there were only *eight* non-Jews for every *ninety-two* Jews registered at the Vienna institution of learning—92 per cent Jews against 8 per cent Christian.

The following authoritative statistics may give a clear conception of the actual school attendance in Germany of German and Jewish children:

Out of 100 Children	Germans	Jews
attending the public schools	93	42
attending the high schools	5	26
attending the universities	4	33

This evident mass education among the Jews has resulted in the passing of the arts and sciences entirely into their hands (or heads). The Jews prefer above all among the professions those of doctor of medicine and lawyer. For every 1,000 Germans there is but *one* physician and surgeon in the Fatherland, but there are *eight* Jewish doctors for every 1,000 Jews.

Most of the medical men in foreign countries who style themselves "Germans" are in reality Jews.

As far back as 1912 there were 752 "German" doctors of medicine practicing in the United States, but actually *612* of these were of Jewish descent!

Germany in Grip of Jewish Finance

THERE are 43 Jewish attorneys in Germany for every German lawyer. Small wonder, then, that Germany has particularly severe difficulties untangling her economic and financial affairs since the World Conflict, in view of the overwhelming interference and influence of the perspicacious Jew.

The control of German finances today lies absolutely in the hands of the German Jew. There are *24 Jews* to every native-born German on the boards of directors of German commercial enterprises. With the exception of a few independent, co-operative banking institutions in Germany, *the banking system is dominated absolutely by the Jews.*

We have only to consider the present Reichsbank which was not originally established by the state but is a private enterprise operated under the direction of the Minister of the Treasury because it administers the national funds. The German Reichsbank was founded in 1874 by fifteen persons, *eleven of whom were Jews*—namely, Siegfried Berend, A. Meyer, Bleichroeder, Gelpke, Mendelsohn, Oppenheim, Plaut, Rothschild, Stern, Warschauer and Zwicker. Perhaps it is easier to see now why the native German finds it so hard to obtain credit from the Jewish-controlled banks except at sky-high interest rates, and is forced to seek loans in foreign countries while the Semitic merchant, on the other hand, can obtain all the ready cash he wants.

Under prominent German Jews in the realm of Teuton finances are to be found such names as the following: Salomon von Oppenheim, Loewy, Schlesinger, Jacob Michael, the present "King of the Bourse," Loeb, Guttmann, Guldschinsky, Warburg, Ballin, Wertheim, Tietz, Salomonsohn, and so forth. Last, but by no means least, we must not forget to mention Rothschild whose enormous wealth makes the accumulations of venerable old German families such as the Krupps appear like the contents of a child's savings bank in comparison.

Among the banks which are to take over the shares of the new Bank for German Industrial Bonds, established under the Dawes Plan as an institution which shall guarantee the security behind the German gold loan, we find such names as S. Bleichroeder, Delbrueck, Schickler & Company, J. Dreyfus & Company, H. Mendelsohn & Company, E. Heimann, Gebrueder Arnhold, Bank-Verein Hinsberg, Simon Hirschland, Menny Oppenheimer, Lazard-Speyer-Ellissen, M. M. Warburg & Company, Straus & Company, A. Levy, Salomon Oppenheim, Jr. & Cie, and so on down the long list. Many German banking institutions do not have personal names such as the foregoing but employ names similar to our banking bodies: as for example, Deutsche Girozentrale, Reichs-Kredit-Gesellschaft, and so on. How many Jews are affiliated with the latter class of organizations is not known, but we may safely say that the Semitic element is predominant here as elsewhere, particularly where, as we have just observed, the name betrays the race and the individual.

There are *ten* Jewish journalists and authors in the Reich for each German engaged in these professions. Also the majority of the prominent German publishing houses are under Jewish jurisdiction, as are most of the advertising concerns throughout Germany. The Jews themselves assert that they are but one per cent of the entire population in Germany, but they make no mention of the fact that they exercise a *38-fold potentiality* upon the intellectual pursuits of the people under (or over) whom they dwell as an alien race. German poets and literary workers are forced aside to make room for the callow Jewish youths whose literary trash is being forced more and more to the front in German schools and on the German stage.

We can now better understand that after disclosures such as the foregoing, enlightened Germans are throwing up their arms in dismay at the encroachment of not only an alien race but of a serious menace to all German institutions as well.

The Profiteering and Housing Problems

WE MIGHT go on indefinitely citing statistics and evidences to show the extent of the Jewish grip on Germany and the German people. We find that in the art of profiteering, swindling, and other forms of illegal manipulation, the German Jew excels all records for keen activity. During the recent years of the inflation period there were *seventeen* times as many Jews found guilty of profiteering as Germans!

At the present time there is, of course, no outward anti-Semitic feeling such as was manifested during the days of the food shortage and currency inflation two years ago. At that time there were frequent demonstrations and near-pogroms against Jewish shopkeepers in Berlin and also against the wealthy Jews who occupy almost all of the lavish six and eight room apartments on Berlin's famous "Kurfuerstendamm." Today, however, the average German is content if he has but sufficient to eat and, in addition, a stable currency something near to that which he enjoyed before the war. Although he scarcely realizes that he is being led about like a chained beast by the aliens in his midst, he does feel that the Semites are in control of the affairs of his country in more ways than one. *But* he also knows that he is powerless to prevent what is going on, and he lets it go at that. Meanwhile the German press at large is careful to see that little anti-Semitic propaganda gets to the surface, which is hardly to be wondered at in view of the fact that the Jews run the press, as we have already observed.

Rational, far-sighted Germans are not for solving the Jewish problem by means of inimical moves motivated by envy and jealousy. Far from anything akin to this. However, they fully appreciate the great task which lies before. They believe that in going after the problem in a sane, businesslike manner they can best accomplish their chief aim which is simply that of keeping Germany for Germans. The hypothesis is that to maintain a thoroughbred German nation, a foreign body or influence—and such is the Jew; who will deny it?—must be treated as such and accorded the rights and privileges of an alien element within the republic. In other words, the Jew should be subject to the same identical laws and regulations as any other foreigner.

Who Are the Victims—Germans or Jews?

IN BAVARIA an investigation has long been under way to determine the actual number of Jews in public service throughout the state. The Bavarians are also preparing a law which will prevent a Jew from changing his family name as has been his custom in the past in many instances, thus preventing altogether an accurate check on the activities of the Jew in Germany.

In conclusion, then, we may say that the German in no way begrudges the Jew his God-given right to expansion and development, be it intellectually, financially, or otherwise. However, the German does see a very real and serious menace to the ideals and freedom of his native land if the Jew is not placed where he belongs. As one influential German with true prophetic acumen so wisely declares:

"The Jewish problem is the gateway through which we shall of sheer necessity have to pass sooner or later, because right and left of us yawns the abyss over the brink of which will otherwise slowly but surely disappear all that was once wont to call itself German."

Whether or not the world knows it or believes it, the people of Germany are merely the pawns on the vast chessboard of the Jewish money game. And whether the world wishes to believe it or no, this vast Jewish chessboard extends to the nethermost parts of the civilized world. There is a mighty host of "pawns" wherever there are Jews.

Natchez-Under-the-Hill's Lurid History

Mississippi Devouring Town Where of Old Hectic Scenes Were Staged

By HARRY E. BARNET

HOW are the venerable landmarks of the South coming on? Quite poorly, some of them. Quite poorly. Natchez-Under-the-Hill, for instance. In the days of its age, it's the cowering remnant of a place that once extended 2,500 feet from the base of romantic bluffs into the Mississippi River.

But its soil was soft. No rocks in it. Fit subject for a sermon. And an easy morsel for the gluttonous river. Here it picked a piece out of the place; there, a piece. The river did this through a hundred years, until it wore the locality down to a narrow strip of land, upholding the huddle of buildings.

That's the present fix of Natchez-Under-the-Hill!

Now the Mississippi River wants to gobble the remnant. Dikes deflect the current from it. Otherwise, the remnant soon would be washed away. But the big stream isn't easily balked when it really wants a thing. In the face of determined resistance, it has reached in and pulled down many a town—and it still has power to indulge its tigerish instincts. Consequently, Natchez-Under-the-Hill, as it is today, appears to cling to the feet of the bluffs in the attitude of a despairing sinner, who, belated in repentance, clutches the foundations of the Rock of Ages, while the Devil in person tugs to break the hold.

Thought of the remnant as a despairing sinner is justified. Bit by bit, the greater part of Natchez-Under-the-Hill was annihilated at a time when it was in full pursuit of the ways of the wicked. For the place was of unsavory fame. For more than a century it was known to the world as a star among hell-raising places. In England, and Spain, especially. Decade following decade, it was a loblolly of luridness like that of the wildest western gold mining camps, mixed with ribaldry and raw vice from the worst of creation's seaports, and the picturesque scurvy of halcyon flatboat and steamboat days upon the Mississippi River.

Mainly, because Natchez-Under-the-Hill was the river port of a rich country. Men made money there, hand over fist. The process was like a succession of gold strikes in one place. Cotton produced the gold. Men spent their wealth. They lived at the top of the pot. Thus, they established a big market—particularly for up-river products.

These products were floated downstream upon flatboats. In its palmy days, there was often a spread of flatboats fourteen deep, and two miles long, tied to the bank at Natchez-Under-the-Hill. Flatboatmen were wild fellows. Those who intended to float on to New Orleans stopped at Natchez-Under-the-Hill for the amusements it furnished. Ships brought luxuries and necessities from foreign places. Gamblers came from all parts of the world to game at Natchez-Under-the-Hill. When the steamboat era arrived, it introduced new elements of impurity . . . .

Genesis is usually bare of details. Particularly so in this case. Except that it probably began before the Revolutionary War, you can find but little about the origin and early career of the wildness of Natchez-Under-the-Hill until after it reached the point, along about 1830, when the counterpart of the vigilantes of the West was necessarily formed. They toned things down a bit. You get a slant at the result from this narrative:

"I next strolled through the lane which composes the town, and is occupied by a low class of barrooms, dancing shops, and faro banks, or roulette tables. They were each in full operation, although it wasn't yet 2 o'clock in the afternoon," wrote Tyrone Powers, the English actor in 1833.

"These doors all stood open to the street, and the interiors of the places were more obscene in their appointments than the lowest of itinerant hells found at our English fairs. Upon the tables, however, lay piles of silver, and behind them the ready croupiers administered. I observed wretched devils playing there, whose whole standard kit wouldn't have brought a picaroon at vendue. Numbers of half-dressed, faded young girls lounged before the barrooms, or at the doors, with here and there a group of the same style gen'mun to be met with about the silver hells of London; having, however, a bolder and more swashbuckler-like air than that of their petty-larceny European brotherhood.

"From no party, however, did our company meet with the slightest observation, although a very few years back for strangers to have strolled about here without other purpose than spying into the nakedness of the land might have proved, to say the least of it, a perilous adventure, as it is somewhat probable that they would have been followed by a long shot, likely enough to bring a book of travels to an abrupt conclusion, but even at Natchez-Under-the-Hill, manners, if not morals, are improving.

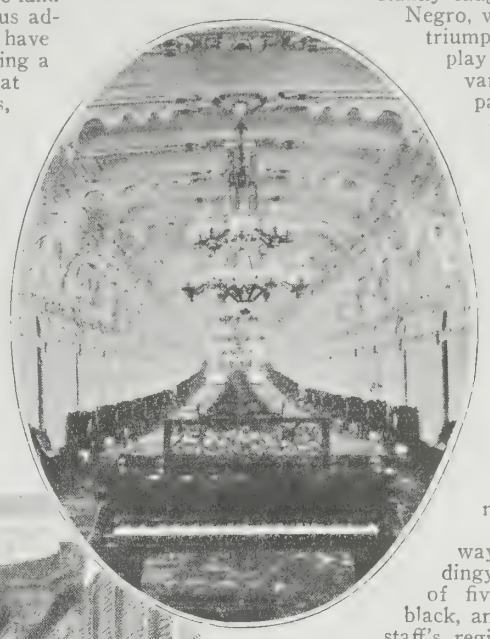
"Murder isn't nigh so common here as it was a few seasons back; although now and then one of an extraordinary nature does take place. A few months back, for instance, an up-river boat came here, and as is usual, several of her passengers were landed. Just as she was leaving the wharf, the crack of a rifle was heard, and one of the passengers, who had just gained the upper deck after his shore visit of an hour or so, fell dead, shot through the head. The wheels of the boat were backed, the corpse laid on the nearest wharf by the captain, with an account of the manner of his death, and this done, off went the steamer.

"The inquest returned a verdict of murder against some person unknown, which was duly reported in the journal, together with the unfortunate man's name, and an inventory of such things as were found upon him. It was presumed, as he was a stranger from the West, that in a play dispute he had excited a spirit of revenge among some of these desperadoes, which was thus promptly gratified."

And from the narrative of another traveler, you get a clear view of Natchez-Under-the-Hill, as it was about 1835, together with a slant at the lay of the place.

"The steamboat landed at the foot of the bluffs," runs the narrative. "But this is not Natchez. The city proper is built upon the summit level of a pile of gray and white cliffs.

"Tumult when we landed was varied, and increased by the incessant jabbering, hauling, pulling, kicking, and thumping of some score or two of ebony-cheeked men and urchins, who were tumbling over each other's heads to get the first trunk. A Negro stooped to take one of the handles of my trunk. The other handle was instantly grappled by a rival, and, both giving a simultaneous tug, the subject of the contest flew violently from their hands and was instantly caught up by a third Negro, who bore it off in triumph. This little by-play was enacted with variations in every part of the cabin of the steamboat.



"Landing, there was another trial.

"'Carriage, massa—mighty bad hill to walk up!' was vociferated on all sides.

"'No, no, no,' was no argument with them for cessation of the attack. Denial only made them more obstinate.

"Forcing my way through the dingy crowd—four out of five of them were black, and ragged as Falstaff's regiment of shirtless memory—I followed my athletic pioneer, who, with my heavy baggage poised accurately upon his head, moved rapidly and carelessly along the thronged levee.

"The general appearance of this place is far from agreeable. Strangers passing up and down the river, who have had the opportunity of seeing only this place, have, without dreaming of the beautiful city of Natchez on the bluffs over their heads, gone on their way with impressions very inaccurate and unfavorable. These impressions, derived only, but justly, from this repulsive spot, have had a tendency to depreciate Natchez, and fasten upon it a bad name, which it is very far from meriting. Like the celebrated 'Five Points,' in New York, 'Natchez-Under-the-Hill' has extended its fame throughout the United States in wretched rhyme, and viler story. For many years, it has been the nucleus of vice upon the Mississippi.

"The principal street, which terminates at the ascent of the hill, runs parallel with the river, and is lined on either side with a row of old wooden houses, which are alternately gambling houses, brothels, and barrooms. We gained this street with difficulty, picking our way through a filthy alley. The low, broken, half-sunk sidewalks were blocked with fashionably dressed young men, smoking or lounging, tawdrily dressed, highly rouged females, sailors, Kentucky boatmen, Negroes, Negresses, Mulattoes, pigs, dogs and dirty children. Sounds of Bacchanalian revels assailed our ears as we passed hastily along through an atmosphere of bad odors. Presently, we emerged into purer air, and in front of a very neat hotel. From near this place, extending along the levee to the north, commences the mercantile part of the 'landing,' lined with stores and extensive warehouses, in which is transacted a very heavy business.

"The whole of this town is built upon a reclaimed flat, bounded upon one side by the river, and on the other by the cliff, or bluffs upon which the city of Natchez stands. It rises abruptly to the height of 160 feet. This bluff extends along the river, more or less varied and broken, for several miles, though at no point so abrupt and bold as here, where it bears the peculiar characteristics of 'Dover cliffs.'

"The face of the cliff is not a uniform precipice. It is broken by an oblique shelf or platform, gradually inclining from the summit to the base. A fine road has been constructed along this way, with an inclination sufficiently gentle to enable the heaviest teams to ascend

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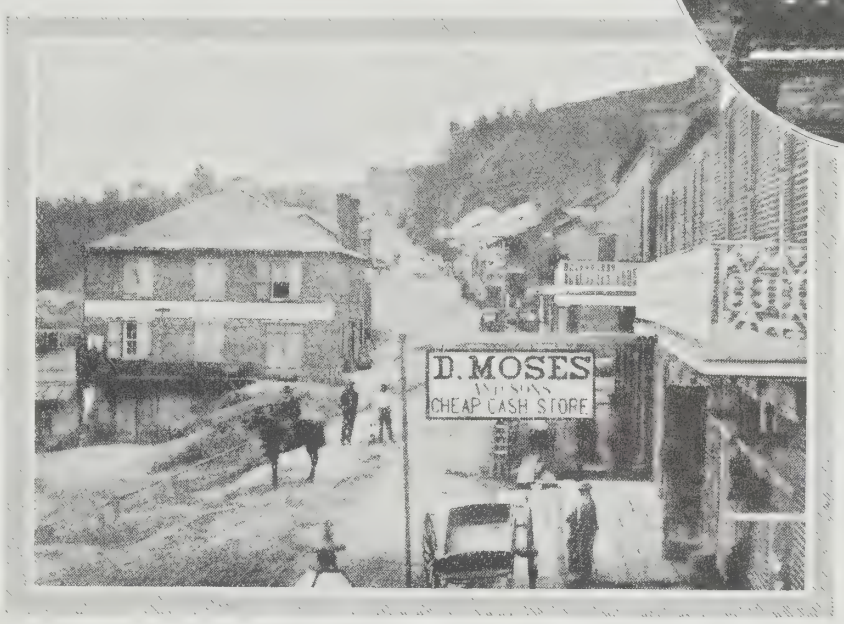


Oval—Cabin of one of the magnificent steamboats prominent during the heyday of Natchez-Under-the-Hill. Note the cluster of coal oil lamps in the chandelier. Below—Natchez-Under-the-Hill when it still had traces of its heyday looks; and showing the road to the summit of the bluffs.

Buildings that could tell tales of Natchez-Under-the-Hill.

Only thoroughfare left, looking from ferry landing.

Two citizens caught at their conversation.

Jerusalem in a Snowstorm: No Milk or Honey

Bananas Grow in Jericho and Anemones in Samaria When Blizzard Comes

By WILLIAM H. WORRELL

IT IS nearly impossible to see anything in the Holy Land as it really is. There is a haze of romance which obscures the fact. Of course, we go to Palestine to enjoy this atmosphere rather than to ascertain facts; hence the books about Palestine deal with atmosphere. Even the guidebooks tell us how to travel about in search of atmosphere. I doubt whether anyone would read an unsentimental book about the Holy Land. It is the land of sentiment, religious sentiment. Judaism, Christianity and Islam successively wove about it the fabric of religious tradition. It is a symbol and an abstraction. If you go to see it you will enjoy it only as such. There will always be a feeling that disagreeable reality is going to press itself upon your notice. When that happens you will be sick for a few days. Then you will put reality out of your mind, and keep realism out of your diary and your conversation.

Nevertheless Palestine is an actual place, in a cold, real world of stocks and stones, labor and recreation, politics and plunder, and natural and human things generally. It is full of the countless curiosities of life that interest us the world over. So, the first thing to learn about it is that it is not in heaven—as a certain woman supposed—and that it is, in fact, very, very unlike our ideas of that place.

Palestine is a land of climatic extremes: wet winters, dry summers, warm days, cold nights. The denudation of the land has tended to emphasize these contrasts.

A great cosmic change, which is not at present understood or even fully recognized, has crept over the entire Near East. It has dried out. Great cities like Palmyra and Petra, whose imposing ruins attest a large and luxurious population, now lie far out in the parched desert, without a drop of water, or a blade of grass, or an inhabitant. We do not know when the drying-up process began nor when it will end, whether it is permanent or periodic. There are no records of it save the monuments of nature and of man.

In 1913 Professor Hobbs visited the oasis of Khargeh in Upper Egypt, and there, in the midst of the Lybian Desert, found impressions of oak leaves in tufa rock. The oasis is now only about one per cent actual vegetation; and the oak is nowhere found in Egypt, for it requires a damp climate. But here at one time there had been a river, and oak trees upon its banks. If you will look upon the map of Jerash, the ancient Gerasa (Mark v, 1; Luke viii, 26), you will note the ruins of three baths, four mills run by water power, two natural springs, an aqueduct, a waterfall, and a grand basin for naval sham battles. There was plenty of water here in the first three centuries A. D. The place was deserted in the thirteenth. The great change that has occurred in the climate of Palestine since antiquity renders the biblical writers guiltless of exaggeration when they describe the Holy Land as "flowing with milk and honey."

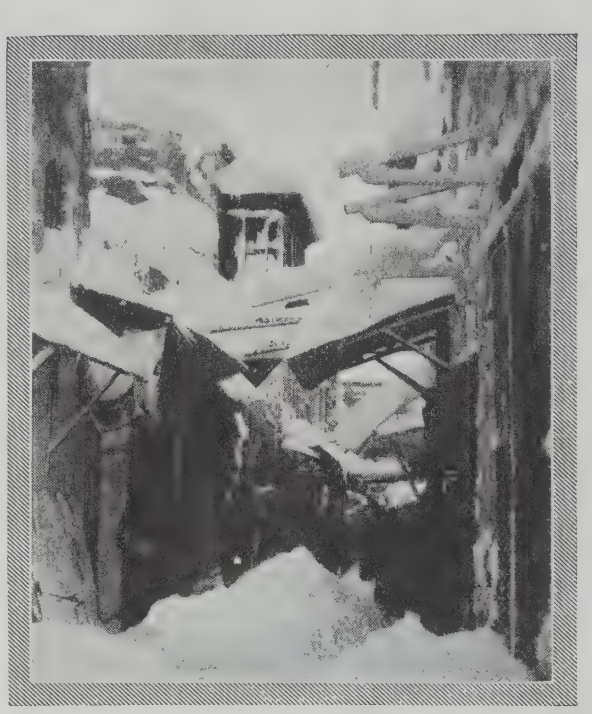
There are only two allusions to snow in the Old Testament, as falling in Palestine. I Macc. xiii, 22 tells of "a very great snow" which prevented a military attack; and II Sam. xxiii, 20 recalls the memorable "Day of the Snow" when Benaiah "slew the lion in the pit." The animal had strayed into the uplands and had been overtaken by a snowstorm, falling into an open cistern in his bewilderment.

No snowfall is mentioned in the New Testament, nor anywhere else that I know of, until A. D. 1494, when an Arab writer, Mujeer ed-Deen of Jerusalem, writes that more than seven feet of snow fell and lasted many days.

Quite as remarkable a storm occurred in February, 1920. We had been having fine weather. Down in Jericho the bananas were growing. Up in Samaria the hills were covered with the scarlet anemones and other brilliant flowers for which the Holy Land is famous. On the night of February 8, a fine rain set in, mixed with scattering flakes of snow, which soon fell in sufficient quantity to maintain themselves. On Monday, the eighth, Jerusalem awakened to a landscape white with snow: an unaccustomed sight to the Egyptian and Hindu troops, and a surprise to us who had seen the thermometer at 128 degrees F. in the October sun. The natives had never seen snow more than a foot deep, and that perhaps but once in their lives. They said this would not last. No one had ever heard of waist-high drifts in David street, or of complete interruption of railway and telegraph communications. Something had gone wrong: an Armenian winter had strayed south to the borders of Egypt. Travelers reported the Sinai Desert white with snow. Snow even fell in Cairo where it hardly even rains, in the Jordan Valley, all over Palestine. The thermometer dropped to 28 degrees, and the snowfall continued. Next day the skies were thicker and the flakes smaller, completely filling the air.

In the damp, unheated stone houses the stocks of food began to be exhausted and servants ventured forth to buy. But most of the shops and stalls were closed and barred, for the merchants feared the snow, and knew that need would presently bring high prices. There were no loungers to carry fuel for you if you found any. Barefooted women floundered in the drifts, crying with fright and pain. At the hotel well-groomed officers looked through lacy panes at the deserted streets below. The people were at home, biding in leaky chambers, without a coal or a candle or prospect of a supper.

And still it snowed. The fourth day found three feet of snow on the ground and the people sitting in resigned Oriental misery over a brazier of sickly coals. We were now entirely cut off from the world. The post office was deserted. The wires were down. People prowled about with knapsacks hunting something to eat or burn. Signboards, zinc roofs and balconies collapsed. The Jerusalem Cinema and the Y. M. C. A. fell in heaps, followed by the only steam carpenter shop in Palestine. Houses were vacated. The Hindus lay in their camp under snow and canvas awaiting the Judgment Day. Trees bent and broke.



David street, Jerusalem, on the fourth day of the storm. The shops are closed. Balconies and roofs have fallen in. Citizens are prowling in search of food and fuel.

On the fifth day came the end of the storm, and after that a gradual recovery. Such were no doubt the "very great snow" and the "Day of the Snow." This also would pass into history.

Though small in area—about the size of Wales—Palestine is badly broken up and incredibly littered with stones. It would take vast capital to build broad, smooth roads, fit for modern traffic, and standard-gauge railroads with new rolling stock; and every bit of fuel would have to be imported. The land produces nothing that would pay for such outlay and maintenance, and it is hard to see how it ever will. You do not discover how many hundreds of things you personally need until you go to a place where they cannot be had. Do you need a monkey wrench, or a G-string, or a typewriter ribbon, or a nut sundae? You will probably seek them all in vain. It takes years to set up the machinery of our modern life. There is no fuel but kerosene of a bad quality, or the last remnants of olive root dug out of the ground after the exhaustion of every other resource. There is no water but what you have stored in your cistern from the summer rains; and this is not improved by the film of crude oil placed there by the Health Department for the frustration of the mosquito. The new water supply of the administration remains a theory and an aspiration. Without fuel and without water power—there may be some hope of the latter—electric light and power are unobtainable. They are the very things needed to grease the wheels of life in so hard a land. Most of all one misses sanitation. There is only one sewer in Jerusalem, and that is maintained, I believe, by the cauliflower gardeners, who are professionally interested. To the Oriental congestion is the rule. The Orient is dirty and always has been, except in Greek and Roman times; and then it was more Western than Eastern. Early Christianity fled from Roman games and Roman baths as being things of the flesh. Early saints were very imperfect ablutioners; and their disciples more easily imitated this little peculiarity than their other and more important qualities.

As if the eye were not enough offended by the poverty and disorder of the East, there has now arrived the Western Curse of the Can. Everything comes in cans—or bottles—kerosene, gasoline, milk, butter, cereals, tobacco; and the discarded ex-containers litter sequestered spots when they do not serve the nobler purpose of flower pots and roofing. All that is needed now by a cook in Palestine is a can-opener and a corkscrew—preferably on one handle. The cast-off rubbish of ancient cities, on which they rose by their own indolence, contains mostly broken pottery by whose pattern and workmanship the different layers of the mound are dated. Future archeologists, in digging downward through the rubbish now accumulating, will know at once when they have arrived at the level of this memorable age of ours. They will call it the Old Can Age. How scientists will puzzle over the cultural connections between Jerusalem and Chicago! Why did these people get their food from the opposite side of the earth? Was ancient Hebrew civilization derived from that of New York? Did the Law go forth from the Bronx? Perhaps our own conclusions about remote antiquity are no better.

No city of Palestine is of any great interest or importance to the world except Jerusalem; and Jerusalem is only sentimentally important. You should picture it to yourself as a mass of gray stone ruins, dating mostly from the time of the Crusaders, within which dwell about sixty thousand persons, in a state bordering upon poverty, without sanitation, or any of the pleasant things of life. The city has spread out now, especially to the north, where conditions are a little better. Within the walls there is nowhere an open square, or a street where vehicles may pass: nothing but roofed-over passageways or gloomy, crooked alleyways, ill-paved and slippery, leading up and down, turning and twisting, with nowhere a pleasant view. These so-called streets were never laid out, of course: they just occurred. The walls of the houses fronting on the street are blank save for heavily grated windows, small and high up: eloquent of the lack of public spirit in their owners, and of the uncertainty of public safety in this City of Peace. Through these alleyways of moldering masonry we pass to observe the crowd.

Oh, what odors of Araby! Not pleasant, but pungent and original: donkey, fried fish, spices, dust, dog, coffee, freshly gathered grapes, the smoke of the heavy Persian tobacco, and well—things that after rotting once have started in to decay all over again.

It is unfortunate that the photographs which we see of the Orient do not give us any hint of this local atmosphere. It is important and characteristic and unforgettable. How tired and starved the people look! There is not one beautiful human being among them. One person in every three has lost the sight of one or both eyes. Their arms and legs are unsightly. Not even the laborers seem to have any muscles. The old-fashioned Jews, wan and waxy, look as though they had passed their nights since infancy poring over the Talmud on an empty stomach. They are supported by alms from Europe and America, as their fathers and grandfathers have been for many generations. Their contribution to society is their learning and sanctity. It is considered by people elsewhere a great privilege to support such a person in Jerusalem since one cannot one's self live there and study Talmud. What do the rest of these tired, sickly people live on? Probably half of them are similarly nourished by alms or contributions from abroad. Many of them are engaged in useful activities of an educational or charitable nature. Others cater in some manner to travelers and pilgrims, of whom there are a great number every year. There is little business in any Western sense except what is connected with the present restoration of the land; nor is it easy to see how there ever will be more. What does Palestine produce, what can it conceivably produce, that will pay for what it needs?

Unusual aspect of the Temple Area and the Mosque of Omar after the blizzard of February, 1920.

Then, too, the social obstacles to industry are almost insuperable. The only sign of brotherly love in Jerusalem is the borrowing of one another's holidays. The Christian shops close on Sunday, of course, and the

(Concluded on page 14)

Upper left—Street in the City of Jerusalem.
Upper right—Site of Praetorium.
Above—Damascus Gate.
Oval—The River Jordan.
Below—Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives.

Dreadnoughts of the Air

Shall They Take the Place of Battleships?

By J. J. DEWEY

THE game of trying to sell the world new fashions in naval defense, warranted to do away with the giant battleship, is rather old.

In the seventeenth century it was the fire ship that was going to render the ship of line useless, but when the test came it was the fire ship that faded out and the big costly ship of line remained. Then the French allowed the gunboat bug to bite them and the fire ships' successor was going to prove the undoing of Britain. But when the clouds cleared away, the gunboats were nowhere to be seen; and the English still proudly rode the seas.

The idea bobbed up again with the advent of the torpedo and the steel age in the War Fleets. The torpedo boat was to sweep the battleship off the sea. Instead it gave us the torpedo-boat destroyer.

Undaunted by previous failures the "Enthusiasts" hailed with delight the invention of the submarine and at last the battleship was doomed. In this year of our Lord 1925 the battleship is still with us.

It is still doomed, however, this time by the airplane. From the day little David swung a pebble against the ponderous Goliath, up to the time Jack Dempsey flattened out the bulky Willard, and since then, mankind has been tickled with the idea of giant-killers. It is not surprising to find this: "Airplane supplants the battleship idea," being taken seriously in some quarters. It is astonishing, however, to see such headlines as: "President Believes Warships Doomed, Convinced World Flight Has Indicated Next War Will Be Fought in the Air." "Wilbur Speeding Across Continent to Decide Fate of Navy." The ignorant public was astounded to learn that the Navy's fate needed deciding. What is it all about? The old drama of the centuries is about to be enacted again, the battleship is to be pushed off the sea.

Some Bombing Targets

IN JULY, 1921, the Army and Navy conducted joint bombing tests off the Virginia Capes. The old *Alabama* and the ex-German vessels awarded to us after the war served as targets. Both Army and Navy participated and in all 75 planes were used. The tests were finally made on clear days with a smooth sea and no wind. It took exactly 9 hours and 37 minutes to drop 78 bombs to sink one little cruiser. The aviators sailed back and forth at a comparatively low elevation and dropped their explosives when they thought they were in the most advantageous position. The target ships were all anchored. Despite the limited scope of these tests, the army air chiefs came forward with a sweeping statement to the effect that the battleship was rendered obsolete!

In 1923 tests were conducted on a more elaborate scale. The *Virginia* and the *New Jersey*, two of our old pre-dreadnoughts, were used. These tests showed that great strides had been made in the art of attack; there was a notable improvement in the percentage of hits. But—to take a battleship out to sea and allow planes to drop bombs on it whether moving or anchored is not to simulate actual conditions of battle. Any attacking agent of sufficient size and power could do the same thing, and accomplish the same results. Destroyers could sink the whole United States Fleet with torpedoes if they were allowed to take point-blank shots, like the airplanes in the recent tests. Likewise a single superdreadnought could probably sink our entire fleet under the same conditions. A single German submarine sank four British cruisers at the beginning of the war, but subs made no impression at all upon the English Grand Fleet. Submarines and destroyers were present at the battle of Jutland and yet they did not account for a single capital ship. There is no doubt at all about the ability of an airplane armed with heavy bombs to put the capital ship, as it has been constructed, out of action, if it gets a good range. The navy men contend that, as with the destroyer and submarine, a proper defense would make it impossible for the airplane to get near enough to a ship to put in its deadly attack.

A Three-Plane Navy

THE tests made upon the *Virginia* and *New Jersey* developed a more efficient form of approach. First two or three fast machines flew over the vessels and dropped smoke and screen bombs. This would make it possible for the bombers to sweep down to the low altitude of 500 feet, drop their explosive and fly away. And then, if you believe the "air enthusiasts," it only remains to call in the junk man and sell him our entire fleet.

To all this the navy men reply that the airplane in its present state of development forms a valuable adjunct to the fighting fleet, and thus brings about the necessity of a three-plane navy, on the surface, above, and beneath. But because it is still in the stages of development, it cannot at present be looked upon as any more than an auxiliary to the Fighting Fleet. No well-protected fleet would at present be at the mercy of an air attack. The heavy bombers, which alone could do real damage, cannot be launched from plane carriers and must be operated from shore. This would limit their range of action to within 500 miles of shore. Besides, once the plane has dropped its bomb it is useless as it must return to its base for more ammunition. The modern battle fleet is protected by a screen of scouts that extends from 30 to 50 miles. The addition of the airplane has made it possible to extend this scouting system to 100 and 150 miles. It would be next to impossible, for a large fleet of planes, such as would be necessary seriously to injure or destroy a hostile fleet, to approach undiscovered. In addition, the United States Navy is in possession of one of the most valuable scouts in existence, the helium-filled ZR-1. It was the Zeppelin scout that informed Admiral Scheer of the approach of the British main fleet in the Jutland fight. Four or five helium-filled ZR's each with two or three small planes operating from them would make our fleet practically immune to a surprise air attack. The smoke screen, which the army flyers say they can create to hide their movements, can likewise be created by the surface ships to hide them from above. The greatest drawback of the airplane is its limited range of action, and the impossibility of using it in all kinds of weather. Von Scheer's aircraft failed to locate Jellicoe's fleet in Jutland for eight days and caused many an ambitious plan to be abandoned because this type of craft cannot be operated successfully in stormy and foggy weather.

General Pershing in his last annual report states that: "War-time experience and peace-time tests thus far made do not altogether warrant conclusions that either seacoast defense or battleship protection can be dispensed with." Of the bombing test against capital ships and the bombing results in the World War, General Pershing said: "Of course, some damage was done by aircraft bombing, and it would doubtless be somewhat greater in another war, but until it becomes vastly more probable than at present demonstrated, then it cannot be said that we are in a position to abandon past experiences in warfare."

The Navy Department has been extremely reticent over the results of the tests made in the sinking of the *Washington* off Cape Henry, and rightly so, for information of inestimable value was obtained. But the naval officers concerned have not been able to conceal the satisfaction they feel in regard to the showing of the *Washington* against all forms of attack, but especially against aircraft attack. Their previous conclusions seem all to have been verified in the Cape Henry test.

From one era to another," says Admiral Gleaves, "there must be a transition period of tryouts and experimentation. We do not abandon a perfect weapon and replace it by an undeveloped invention; the radio has not yet replaced the telegraph and the telephone; and fifty-odd years intervened between the fight of wooden ships at Hampton Roads and the battle of the super-dreadnoughts at Jutland. It may be we are at the threshold of a new era and the airplane model of 1980 may be an armored battleplane of 100 tons, 12,000 horsepower and 200 knots speed carrying 50-ton bombs, but in the meantime we must prepare to win wars with the weapons in hand."

Aircraft Limitations

A BATTLE fleet must be prepared to operate at all times and under all weather conditions. Airplanes cannot do this at present. The recent world flight though a great triumph for the army pilots engaged only served to emphasize the helplessness of aircraft in certain kinds of weather. Day after day flights were postponed because of unfavorable weather reports. The total number of hours of actual flying should be considered along with the months of time used between Seattle and Seattle.

The battleship is a floating gun platform that can be moved many thousands of miles from its base, can be operated in all kinds of weather, is protected from attack, a weapon of offense that can be used again and again as long as the ammunition holds out, a weapon with a defense that is not easily disposed of.

The airplane is a carrier of explosive which depends on its own motion for the sighting of the target and firing of the projectile. It carries a power plant which must both sustain it and give it forward motion. It has no defense against the high explosive except its speed and it cannot be used at any great distance from its base. By far the greatest objection against it, is the necessity of favorable weather for its successful use. In addition, once it has discharged its cargo of bombs it must return all the way to its base before it again becomes a military weapon. Until it can replace the surface ship at all times and under all conditions it can not be seriously considered as the major military weapon of the sea.

The Washington Conference agreement, though it failed to limit aircraft, laid a restraining hand upon their use at sea by limiting aircraft carriers. The big bombers, as was stated above, cannot be used with the carriers because it is impossible to launch them. How would they prove of any use in a fight thousands of miles from shore, when the battle would be beyond their flying range? The Conference on the other hand seriously restricted the development of battleship defense, by limiting the size of future ships during the duration of the treaty to 35,000 tons.

Improvement in the fighting ship has been brought about only by an accompanying increase of size. In the past 15 years we have gone from the *Delaware* of 20,000 tons to the *Massachusetts* of nearly 42,000 tons. *To limit defensive construction* to 35,000 tons for ten years when it had already greatly exceeded that amount, *while the offensive construction is allowed to develop at will*, is to place the capital ship under a great handicap indeed.

The day may come when the dreadnought of the air will replace the dreadnought of the sea. Air vessels of 100 or even 1,000 tons may be armed not only with bombs but even with guns just as our surface ships are armed today. Until that day comes the American public will not demand that the Army and Navy Department give up a system which is known to be efficient.

Great Inventions

The Sewing Machine

By FRANK D. HOPLEY

THE invention of the sewing machine, which probably has proved the greatest boon to women of any invention of modern time, might be termed the result of a chance conversation.

In 1840, a young mechanic in Boston, by the name of Elias Howe, overheard a conversation between his employer and another man who chanced to call at his place of business.

The man said very emphatically that a great fortune was awaiting any one who would invent a machine that would sew as well as if not better than a woman with a needle.

That night Howe went home determined to invent such a machine. For many evenings thereafter he sat and closely watched his wife sewing with her needle, trying to evolve a plan whereby a machine could be made to do the work.

He at once began to experiment. For many months he worked, using all his spare money to buy material and to have some of the parts which he could not make himself worked up. In fact, he spent so much money on his models, that he was at last forced to abandon his experiments for lack of funds.

The Struggles of Howe

THEN a friend by the name of Fisher came to his assistance. He offered to board Howe and his family at his own home free of charge; gave Howe the use of the attic for his workshop, and also supplied him with materials and tools, so great was his faith that the machine would be a success. Howe promised in return for his kindness to give him half the profits on his machine.

Howe devoted himself to his task with great ardor, until at last he had completed a machine that would sew a seam. As proof of what the machine could do, he sewed on it all the seams of two suits of clothes, one for himself and the other for Fisher.

The machine had a curved needle with an eye near the point, and the action of the needle was something like that of a pickax.

In 1841 Howe patented his invention and then set out to put it on the market. Here he met with failure. People laughed at it and scoffed at the idea that a machine could be made to sew, in a practical way. Many were curious, but the money to finance the making of the machines was not forthcoming.

Then Howe issued a challenge. He asserted that his machine could do the work of five sewers, and in less time.

In a spirit of fun his challenge was accepted by five of the most expert needlewomen in the city. Ten garments were cut out, each one being exactly alike. Five of these were given to the sewers, and Howe took the other five to work on his machine.

At a signal the race began. Before the sewers had half their garments made, the five which Howe had sewed on the machine were completed. This stopped any further discussion as to the merits of the machine. But now another cloud arose in Howe's sky.

When the story of the wonderful achievement of Howe's machine was spread abroad, the tailors rose in anger and protested against it. They said it would take the bread out of their mouths, and Howe was roundly berated for his attempt, as they said, to make capital out of the workingman's loss.

Finally convinced that he could do nothing in this country, Howe persuaded his brother Amasa to take the machine to England to see what he could do with it there. Amasa was successful in getting William Thomas, a corset manufacturer, interested in the machine. He offered Howe £250 for the English rights, provided Howe himself would come over and superintend the machines, which Howe did at a weekly salary, and his family joined him.

Howe Defeats the Pirates

IT WAS not long, however, before Thomas and Howe quarreled, regarding repairs to the machine, and Howe was dismissed. Not being able to find any work in England, after a short time Howe found himself in such financial difficulties that he had to pawn his American patent rights to get money enough to bring himself and family back home.

When Howe reached America again, he found that his patent had been pirated by a company of wealthy men, and that machines were being rapidly turned out and put on the market, where they found a ready sale.

But Howe was not to be downed. With admirable spirit, he asserted his rights and claimed that his patent covered all those machines. Being at this time able to obtain financial backing, he brought suit for infringement. After long litigation the case was finally decided by a court order directing the makers of the machines to pay Howe a royalty on each one they had sold, and would sell. In time these sums reached a huge amount, and during the life of his patent, Howe acquired a fortune of more than $2,000,000. Great honors were now showered on him from every side, and he was lauded as a benefactor of mankind, or, more properly, womankind. The French Government took cognizance of his invention and bestowed on him the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

The machine invented by Howe worked what is known as the "lock stitch," but since Howe's invention, numerous improvements and modifications have been introduced by other inventors.

Mr. Ford's Page

IF ONE were to say which single element, aside from the natural love of liberty, is the essential, most characteristic and most preservative institution in government, one would say the Courts. Comparatively few people have anything directly to do with them, but everyone is affected by them, and the degree of confidence or lack of confidence which the people have in them is the index of political health.

Absolute justice is not possible to any Court because it is not possible to human nature; our knowledge is not broad enough, our sense of principle is not deep enough to enable us to see or to do exact justice. But in our Courts we have established the General Conscience, as it were, by reference to which in detached calm and on a basis of accepted principle we hope to arrive at a workable degree of justice. If in all our human efforts we fail of the absolute justice, we are at least successful in reducing the degree of injustice—and this result, though negative, is not to be scorned.

It should be well understood that Courts do not give us our rights; it is our sense of rights that gives us Courts. Our rights go very far back. They go back of the common law, for that law became common because certain rights were made common. In our American documents we call them "certain inalienable rights," that is, rights that may not be taken away without violence to the law of our nature and our national compact. But their being inalienable now does not argue that they were always possessed and enjoyed. For the most part they had to be fought for and bartered for. Usually they began as "special privileges" of the powerful, and, being desirable, the people fought for or bought them. That is the one hopeful thing about "special privilege" when it does not mean an evil advantage; it points to the general privilege which is coming to all. Many of our rights were born that way. The strongest and most progressive took them for themselves first. Then they were extended to all men.

The common law was based upon common conviction and practice as to common rights, although in its earlier forms it recognized many things as rights which we should regard as oppressions now. But it provided a standard to which men could appeal, and the interpreters of that standard were what we know as Courts.

The multitude of laws which confront us today—a wilderness of statutes and ordinances—does not by any means indicate an increase in men's rights and liberties. There has been a great increase to be sure, and it is difficult to see where more can come by purely political decree. Doubtless mankind's liberties will be greatly expanded by growth of character and by recognition of the need for economic liberty (not freedom from economic law, but liberty within economic life). But this wilderness of laws means something else: it means that whatever rights we may possess, we are not careful of others' rights, as we ought to be.

Our basic Constitution defines our rights, and we are coming to see that it ought never to be tampered with except to enlarge the statement of our rights, but our *laws* mostly define the limits of encroachment upon human rights. You have only to examine the ordinances of city councils, the enactments of state legislatures and the Acts of Congress to see this. From all sides have come invasions of people's rights. In a multitude of forms, selfish interest has trespassed upon social good. And law after law is formed to say, "You shall not do this, or that, or the other thing."

Sometimes these restrictions are themselves encroachments upon very definite rights, and when this is the case we are made aware that anybody can make a statute, but it takes a wise man to make one that roots in basic rights. When a statute hinders progress because progress itself will cause some readjustment (and people are naturally averse to readjustment even for progress) then it is a rule which is not lawful in the deepest sense—it does not root in the law of life.

It is this possibility which makes it necessary to have in the public service men who know what the law is and who are competent to say whether ordinances, statutes and acts are fundamentally lawful. The Supreme Court occasionally pronounces a Congressional Act as unconstitutional, by which is meant that it does not harmonize with our fundamental body of rights. It is a service not to be despised, this measuring of legislative action by the deep principles of basic law, or basic rights.

However, people as a rule do not think or care much about these things; they only see the Courts, and they have their own opinion as to whether the Courts are protecting public rights or private privileges. Of course, most of the causes brought before the Courts are private causes. Two parties disagree, there is misunderstanding, bad intent or downright trickery involved, and the Court is appealed to as referee. Sometimes a Court is able to untangle a matter so skillfully that the justice belonging to either side is given it. Sometimes the verdict is so clear-cut as to give the impression that all the rights are on one side and all the depravity on the other, which is very seldom the case. There is usually a measure of right on both sides, and it would render our Courts less like gladiatorial arenas and more estimable as wise dispensers of justice if oftener they could put both parties at a point of a new and amicable beginning for the creation between them of the joint work they had undertaken.

As it is, however, Courts resolve themselves into Judges. A true Judge, a man of wise, balanced learning and experience, a man of unblemished character, a man who is able to divest himself of all prejudice and invest himself with an exalted sense of public responsibility whenever he sits down in Court, or in his chambers to determine a case—such a man is a pillar in the temple of national integrity. It would be difficult to overstate the feeling of satisfaction and security which a just Judge, an able Judge, a fearless Judge can give to the community in which he holds Court.

There is no higher position in the nation than that of Judge, and the pity is that it is so frequently reached by the back-alleys of politics. The high opinion which our people have of the institution of the Courts makes them loath to indulge in criticism, and yet there are undeniable murmurs of amazement when certain elevations to the Bench occur. This is a bad sign. The choice of a Judge should commend itself to the people among whom he will serve, as it always will if the person chosen be a man of ability and character.

To use judgeships as political rewards, when they should be conscriptions of learning and integrity for the public service, is to weaken our country far more than any alien propaganda could do. And there is no treason comparable to the betrayal of public confidence and the spirit of justice when a man whom we call a Judge uses his office as part of the machinery of special financial or political privilege.

The bribery of Judges is not even suspected as once it was, but there has sometimes arisen a question whether the real bribery was not affected when the man was made a Judge. Did the Press, the Financial and Political support given him to favor his appointment constitute a subtle obligation which he was expected to recognize in the future? A true Judge has no obligation except to the law of justice.

Our whole judicial system from Justices of the Peace to Judges of the Supreme Court depends on the confidence which men can have in the individual Justice of the Peace and the individual Justice of the Supreme Court.

THE Courts come directly in contact with a comparatively small proportion of the total population, yet the character of the Courts sustains or injures the general popular confidence in government. No survey of public administration can omit the Courts. They are, in a true sense, the Keepers of the People's Conscience. But, practically, Courts narrow down to Judges. A Judge is given a unique place in the community, is presumably lifted above the drift to injustice, prejudice and dissension. A Judge's place is priestly and the whole meaning of his office is that he shall serve the public good impartially in the temple of justice. Nations rise no higher than their Courts, and Courts can rise no higher than their Judges. Judges should not enter Courts by the back-alley of politics. When they do the Courts decline, and public confidence with them.

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Conferences and Commissions

THERE was once a Royal Commission appointed to decide what was Scotch whisky. It was appointed through pressure made by the distillers of what is known as "pot still," or pure barley malt whisky, who objected to the competition of all kinds of concoctions labeled "Scotch." For three long years the commission sat, examining a multitude of witnesses and often deliberating far into the night. And at the end it issued a report to the effect that *Scotch whisky was whisky made in Scotland.*

The beautiful simplicity of this finding and its incontrovertibility awoke the admiration of the whole civilized world; but in certain quarters it did not give unbounded satisfaction. For example the taxpayers did not feel that they had got value for the huge sum spent in the investigation, and neither were the "pot stillers" pleased, but the commission had "sat" and "reported"—so that was that.

This brilliant inquisitorial fiasco raised the whole question of conferences and judicial commissions, and investigations and probes generally, and there was a feeling on the part of that great body, the "general public," that such conferences and commissions were no good anyway except to pile up expenses and provide copy for the newspapers. At the present moment a commission appointed by the Baldwin government is sitting to find out why food is so dear, and it is most likely that its conclusion will be of no more value than that of the court of inquiry on the liquor. If it reports that "food is dear because it costs so much" it will get about as far as most investigations get. The President of the United States also has his agricultural commission—and may the results of it equal the hopes held for it! An honest and thorough investigation into some of these matters would have the effect of dynamite.

Within the past few years there seems to have arisen what may be almost called a craze for holding conferences of all sorts, which could not better serve to dissipate real purpose or destroy real vision if they were deliberately invented for that purpose. Most conferences are steam-rollers in the hands of not too scrupulous controllers to flatten out any indications of thoroughness in inquiry or impartiality in fixing responsibility. Nothing of importance comes from committees and conferences, unless the misuse of the people's hopes from conferences may be important. The really big things are born and launched by people who are under necessity to get them done, commission or no commission, conference or no conference. In fact the history of commissions and conferences is marked by their inability to understand and their hostility to the doers.

How Long?

HOW long will it be before pacifists see the futility of discussing measures for the promotion of the world's peace while the arch-mischief-makers of Moscow are permitted to stir up violence in every country?

The real rulers of Russia are not the members of the Soviet, but the Jew Zinovieff and his confreres of the Communist internationale. The blight of their influence is seen in the civil strife in China, in the ominous rumblings in the Balkans, in the outrages in Egypt, in the general dry-rot and stagnation which exist all over Europe.

It is a cause for congratulation that the United States Government refused to have any dealings with the Soviet so long as its activities were directed by the Red terrorists of Moscow. The American attitude may help all the nations of the world get at the root of things. Jugglers with the world's peace have unlimited funds for their propaganda. Where do these millions come from? They are not collected from any legal source in any orderly way. They represent the gold of tortured Russia, diabolically consecrated to the overthrow of peace on earth and the destruction of good will among men.

The first duty of the Peace Police of the world should be the apprehension of the universal source of exist all over Europe.

"Black Cap Justice"

IN AN article entitled "Black Cap Justice," which appears in *John Bull,* the writer, the well-known English publicist, A. G. Gardiner, discusses punishment for murder. The genesis of his article is the case of William George Smith, an ex-soldier who was executed for wife murder, despite a popular demonstration of surprising magnitude in favor of the condemned man. Says Mr. Gardiner:

"A criminal sets out on a dangerous adventure in which he may be discovered, and for which he may be severely punished. It will probably make a profound difference to his preparations for the adventure if the Black Cap has to be reckoned with . . . . If he knows that killing means death for himself, he will leave his firearms at home."

This observation is certainly well founded on Britain's comparative immunity from serious crime, which in turn is traced to the swiftness and sureness of British justice.

The vision of the judge assuming the Black Cap before passing the capital sentence makes a would-be murderer pause so far as England is concerned. The fear of death, in the absence of the fear of God, would doubtless have the same effect on the criminals of this country.

Fair Dealing

THE people of the United States have a right to do what they will with their Constitution, but they ought to *know* what they are doing when they do it. A bald proposition to turn the Constitution over to a private group to tinker as they will, would meet with national denunciation. But that is precisely what is done whenever an amendment is adopted on a one-sided hearing. In the matter of the so-called, but misnamed, Child Labor Amendment, this paper has been obliged to call attention to the fact that there is a side of the question which the proponents of the amendment never discuss. It is gratifying that the desire to hear and discuss the other side, and both sides, is becoming general. Women's clubs, especially, should be careful not to think or act upon one-sided propaganda, but should demand of their leaders fair dealing in presenting all the facts. No human right can suffer from an insistence on the whole truth.

No Extremes

"LET'S talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs," by which Shakespeare did not mean that men should seek consolation in the dungeons of despair, but rather that by getting the correct perspective, they might make a fresh start on a straighter course.

There are enough "Dismal Jimmies" in this world, and to spare, telling their tales of woe with a nobody-knows-the-troubles-I-have sort of an air. And there are also enough men of standing who have become chronic calamity howlers, who love to be able to say "I told you so" when the dismal opportunity comes. Such people are a public nuisance. Prophets sometimes are charged with austere or unpleasant methods, but the true prophet is usually distinguished by a strong leaning toward possible avoidance and escape.

There is also, of course, the type of man who goes to the other extreme and poses as a super-optimist. He may be as ignorant of a country's prospects as a man from Mars, yet he is able to induce a number of people to follow his lead into painful disillusionment. Both these types are blind leaders of the blind.

There is a middle course between these two extremes, the course of sanity and a respect for facts, though not imposed upon too much by facts, for facts are only small items in the truth. No extremists are wanted in the government of a country. Cranks may be useful in breaking up ground for what is yet to be, but they are poor managers of what exists.

Bingham, Sapiro vs. Co-operation

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT is grateful to Judge Bingham for his second-hand attack on this paper's efforts to give the facts of a certain one-man system of co-operation in this country. The articles in question were published when the farmers were at work in the fields and are only now being read and studied. Judge Bingham's outburst will further advertise them. The first roar of disapproval, of course, was from the salaried officials. And their disapproval was pathetic. There was one direct and final answer to all that THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has said. They had only to show that the Sapiro system *had worked,* that the hundreds of thousands of farmers held by its contracts *had benefited.* That answer would have been entirely sufficient, but it has not been made. If even a plea in avoidance had been made, on the ground that agricultural conditions were generally bad, and then had it been shown that at the very worst the members of the Sapiro system were better off than independents, that also would have been a sufficient answer. But it has not been made. The reasonable assumption is that neither of these answers can be made, and our most careful search has not revealed any basis on which they could.

Instead, men of Judge Bingham's character, who ought to know better, are engaging in the perfectly futile business of misrepresenting THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT'S attitude on co-operation in general. If Judge Bingham likes his position as Sapiro's spokesman, well and good, but it would seem to be prudent for him at present to keep as near the facts as possible, and even divulge some at present unpublished facts which would perhaps come with better grace through him than through this paper.

The history of this paper's work is perfectly clear; it is in print everywhere. Beginning in February, 1924, this paper published eight articles on co-operation by Huston Thompson, Chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, which showed the successful co-operation of farmers in Europe. That series of articles was the most intelligent boost which the idea of co-operation had ever received in a non-agricultural publication. This office then became flooded with the protests of American farmers who had felt the pinch and burden of the Sapiro system, and an investigation followed. The fact that Aaron Sapiro is a Jew has nothing whatever to do with whether his system is workable or is a failure. THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT would have been very glad to find a Jew who was doing really good work for our agriculturists. It is not a fact to be concealed that the new movement in agriculture is under the direction of Jews who are not and never were farmers. Its significance as a fact may be minor, but its status as a fact cannot be denied.

How a criticism of the workability and success of the Sapiro system can be construed as enmity against co-operation, is a matter that must be explained by the mental processes favored by Judge Bingham. A DEARBORN INDEPENDENT writer intimated that co-operative buying has always been more successful than co-operative selling. Every co-operative authority agrees to that. There is no principle of co-operative selling in this country that has been universally applicable or successful. Both the Secretary of Agriculture and the President of the United States have said that co-operation is not a panacea for the farmer's ills. There are, however, numerous instances where able and honest management of co-operative selling has resulted in great benefit to the members concerned. This paper has given articles describing such instances. But they were not Sapiro instances. Some of them were successes that had been made out of Sapiro failures by throwing out the Sapiro system.

This paper agrees with every co-operative authority that there is as yet no co-operative system universally applicable or successful, and that immense harm has been done by self-seekers and exploiters in the name of co-operation. If an interest in co-operation and an attempt to rid it of exploiters and mountebanks is enmity, then this paper must be denounced as an enemy, for that is just the program it means to follow. It means to give the American farmer facts about his "friends" which he ought to know.

If, on the other hand, ridding co-operation of its failures, its grafters, its fakers, its false guides, is a service to co-operation, then THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT will prove to be one of the best friends co-operation and the American farmer ever had. Our position is entirely without strings, entirely without self-interest or compulsion. Can Judge Bingham say the same?

It is our belief that if men like Sapiro are given freedom to run ten years longer, the very name of co-operation will become a stench in the American farmers' nostrils.

A supply of artesian well water.

The Miracle of Water in the Philippines

America's Most Useful Contribution; Advent of Health and Cleanliness

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER

At the town pump in Mololos.

"WHAT is the most useful thing that the Americans have contributed to the Philippines?" I asked a well-known, college-educated Filipino, as we sat on a big rock facing Manila Bay one beautiful evening. He did not answer for a long time. As he pondered my question I looked out across that beautiful bay. It was a picture of enchantment such as would make the angels sing with joy.

Up yonder to my left was the Southern Cross. It gleams in the early evening skies with its stars like gems eternal. It was my first sight of the Southern Cross. I had never stood under its tropical brilliance before. It thrilled me as I looked up at it, for one had to travel far to see its sacred form. To the north in front of us was the small Dipper. I had often seen it at home. Above our heads back over our shoulders to the northeast gleamed the Great Dipper with its last star pointing to the Pole Star.

In front of us gleamed the lights of the ships at anchor in the great harbor. It formed a beautiful picture. Red and green lights from bow and stern and white lights high up on the masts. There were great passenger ships, and many sailing vessels, with now and then a private yacht gliding through the waters. Far out beyond them all flashed alternately the red and green lights of the breakwater marking the narrow path through which the ships have to sail to enter Manila harbor.

The Monday wash day takes place at the artesian well in the Philippines.

The carabao that pulls this cart spends half of his time in the water.

Suddenly two things happened to bring my friend out of his reverie. One was the flashing of the signal lights from two battleships talking to each other in the darkness. They were using the Morse code. I watched them for a few minutes entranced when suddenly two brilliant stars lost their anchorage in the harbor of the western skies and burned themselves out before us. A few days before a great oil-carrying ship had lost its anchorage in Manila Bay, drifted as far as the lighthouse at the mouth of the Pasig River and there exploded. It, too, burned its life out, with twenty-seven men in its furnace of death down there where bay and river meet.

These two stars made a brilliant path of fire which was reflected in the water at our feet. My Filipino friend jumped as if startled; looked up a minute into the sky as the last flash of the departed glory of two burning stars died away; turned to me and said, as calmly as if the angels had not just given us a sublime spectacle: "Why, the most wonderful thing that the Americans brought to us in the American occupation of our islands was the artesian well. That has saved our babies from death!"

He was deeply thoughtful again for a few minutes. I thought that I would have to call on the angels again to shoot another pair of stars to awaken him from his reverie, when he turned and said, "I lost a baby a year before the Americans came. If she had had pure water to drink it would have been different, the doctor said."

But aside from the personal element in this intelligent Filipino's judgment, I am sure that that is the consensus of opinion of the thoughtful people of the islands: that the Americans have brought no greater gift than that of water in the form of the artesian well.

The Bureau of Health informs me that in a direct ratio they watched the death statistics drop, especially with children, as artesian wells were introduced. First there were a hundred wells put down by the Americans and wherever these wells were drilled the death rate among children dropped 50 per cent.

"It was a thrilling thing to watch," said the man with whom I talked in the Health Bureau. "It was like what you folks in the churches call 'a miracle.' We not only made the 'desert to blossom as the rose,' but we transformed a desert of stagnation in which little children died by thousands through filth and disease into a place of health in which they might play and live without fear of disease.

"Then there were a thousand artesian wells drilled and then two thousand and then three thousand, and now nobody attempts to tell you how many there are any more than he would attempt to tell you how many pigs and dogs and chickens and goats swarm in the yards, kitchens and highways of Luzon. They are without number."

Filipino children need water both inside and out.

Drive along the hot, dirty, dusty highway of any Philippine road with the blistering tropical sun beating down on your head; watch the half-naked natives sitting under the fountain of water that pours from these spouting wells; watch them bathing in its refreshing stream, watch the men, women and children carrying great jugs of water on their heads, watch the constant stream of people, going and coming; for water is life under the burning, blistering, sapping, searing, scorching sun of the tropics; watch the little naked babies playing under its fountains; watch the weary-faced mothers holding their brown breasts under its cool touch; watch the women washing their clothes under its bountiful stream; and you will begin to know what a blessing the artesian wells are to the Philippines.

"I never realized what a blessing water was until I came to this sun-parched country!" said a business man with whom I traveled across Luzon one blistering hot March day.

We had stopped a dozen times to fill the boiling radiator with water from these artesian wells. They simply line the highways. They seem to occur every few hundred yards and wherever they spout their subterranean springs a crowd of little brown, bare-bodied children, and men and women are gathered about the refreshing flow.

"Thank God for water!" said one of the party.

It was a prayer. It was an exclamation of praise. It might have fallen from the lips of a David in sweeter music, but no more sincerely.

"Why do you feel so deeply about it?" I asked him. And then was sorry I had asked him because of the look in his eyes. I had pried into the innermost cloister of his heart.

"I had two babies. One died the first year that we were here because we could not get pure water. She was caught with the dreaded amoebic dysentery and died in a few hours. That was many years ago. Another baby came and for two years we thought we might lose her but this pure artesian water saved her."

He had seen the old days and he had seen the new. He had seen the filthy mud holes, and carabao wallows, and sinkholes of disease and dearth and death from which the natives had drunk their water. He had also seen these artesian wells spring up all over the islands with American occupation.

"Thank God for water!" he said again. "I believe that I have uttered that prayer from the depths of my heart more times than I uttered any prayer in my life. You would know what it meant to us if you had been here from the beginning as some of us have."

"Yes," said another member of the party. "I used to see mothers lean over with their brown babies on their hips, brush away the green scum from stagnant pools along the roads and let their children drink from those pools of disease and death!"

"Didn't they know any better?" I said.

"They *had* no better. It wasn't a matter of knowing any better. See how they use these artesian wells now that they have them."

He didn't need to call that to my attention. It was wonderfully apparent. I stood one entire morning photographing people as they came to these wells up in Mololos. It was one of the most thrilling mornings I ever put in. I saw the miracle of water in action.

The wells are arranged with double spouts and often with triple spouts. Out of these spouts the water flows in great gushing streams. There came a little child with a great jar on her baby head. She put the jar on the ground and let it fill. There was no pumping to be done; no labor. All this child had to do was to smile at me, watch my camera, and let nature fill her water jar for her.

Even before I was through taking a picture of her bare brown feet and her bare legs and breasts her jar was full to overflowing. The sound of that full measure of water was sweet to hear. It poured over the top of her jar and bathed her hot little sun-browned feet.

Then came a woman, and I caught her as she bent

(*Concluded on page 14*)

The old New England "town pump" is the artesian well in these islands. Here is the open form of democracy, the bathhouse, the health resort of the islands.

The English Fascisti and Britain's New Era

Baldwin Victory Makes Change in Outlook: The New Party of Youth

By PAUL TYNER

THE new British Government has started to work and it becomes possible to size up its salient features. The victory of the Conservatives was a tribute to the "business brain" and to the astute political strategy and tactics of Stanley Baldwin. His triumph was due to no flash of genius, nor to any "brilliant stroke" of luck, but to thorough and careful preparation. As a matter of fact, Mr. Baldwin had been devoting himself assiduously, almost from the moment he went out of office, to mending the breaks in the party fences and strengthening the weak places which that election revealed. The Conservatives were really the only party not caught unawares by Mr. MacDonald's snap dissolution. They were fully prepared well in advance and ready for the run.

In selecting his cabinet, Mr. Baldwin has shown himself to be more than a politician without a soul above party aggrandizement.

A Party of Youth

IT is not merely that these selections indicate that Baldwin is big enough to rise above personal or partisan grudge or resentment. The absence of these men from the Government Front Bench in Baldwin's previous short-lived administration, and from the Opposition benches in the last nine months, sadly weakened the debating power of his party. Furthermore, it is apparent that in passing over the Old Guard (especially the "Die-Hards") and selecting the men who fill the twenty-one places in his cabinet, he has been governed in practically every case by the desire to secure a business administration, putting into each job the man best qualified by character, training and experience to fill the job satisfactorily. He has recognized that he owes his immense majority, and the large freedom of action it involves, to national more than to partisan sentiment, and that he need be hampered by no narrow jealousies or antipathies in his own party in framing and carrying out broad national policies. So, although personally a Protectionist, he gave the politicians the surprise of their lives by making Winston Churchill, who is a confirmed Free Trader by both tradition and conviction, Chancellor of the Exchequer; an office to which is attached much more power in framing the fiscal policy of the nation than that attaching to the American Secretaryship of the Treasury.

The new Parliament is distinctly a party of youth. No Parliament in many years has contained so large a percentage of young men. This is all to the good, especially as the new Premier has generously recognized young men of ability and ambition in the appointments of both heads and under-secretaries of the various departments.

Friendliness for France

THE annual Lord Mayor's dinner at the Mansion House in London is usually made the occasion for important announcements of policy by the head of the government. This time the dinner was celebrated on the evening of the sixth anniversary of the signing of the Armistice, which is here called "Remembrance Day." Most of the newspapers rather emphasized the Premier's promise that an endeavor would be made to continue the Empire Exhibition at Wembley next year; but little note was taken of the much more important pronouncements made without rhetorical fireworks for which such an occasion offers a tempting opportunity. The Premier gave special assurance of friendliness for France. He announced that the foreign policy of Britain would be one of continuity and respect for treaties, with some implication of special interest in the carrying out of the Dawes Plan as arranged by his predecessor in the recent London Conference. He had not a word to say about carrying out the "Imperial Preference" tariff proposals, restoring trade emergency duties on imports, or the resumption of the plan for a strong fortified military and naval base at Singapore, for the rejection of which measures his party so hotly criticized the MacDonald administration. This complete abandonment of the protective tariff issue, on which he fought the campaign of a year ago as a remedy for unemployment, accounts obviously for the astonishing surprise of his appointment of a Free Trader to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer in the place of Sir Robert Horne, a strong Protectionist, who held that office in Mr. Baldwin's previous administration, and who was regarded as certain of reappointment.

Mr. Baldwin did not once refer to the League of Nations in his Mansion House speech. During one of his election speeches, he commented somewhat sarcastically on his predecessor's "international mind," declaring that as for himself he "did not know the meaning of the word 'international.'" It is not difficult to draw the conclusion that the new British Cabinet is as shy of the threatened Disarmament Conference, in connection with the Geneva Protocol, as are both France and Belgium. Leading Conservative journals are already hinting broadly that "national and imperial considerations make it questionable whether Britain should ratify the Protocol, at least without definite amendment of the clauses involving the placing of the British Navy at the disposal of any international body."

As always, Britain is particularly sensitive concerning any measure that may affect her sea power. Even so distinguished a Liberal statesman and friend of the League of Nations as Lord Grey, in a recent speech, declared: "I will never be a party to anything which gave to a foreign tribunal power to order the British Navy about."

The new Premier has made an excellent start in appointing a Royal commission to investigate and report on the cause of the abnormally high prices now prevailing for foodstuffs of all sorts. Bread, meat, and vegetables are costing 80 per cent more than they did in 1913, and prices are steadily rising. The commission will doubtless make good use of the excellent report brought in last spring by the Linlithgow commission. This plainly showed that the blame for high prices rests not upon the producers nor upon the ultimate distributors, but upon the middlemen, the wholesalers and jobbers, and upon the transportation companies. Profiteering, in fact, is rampant on all sides in England today. This, taken together with the income tax of about 20 per cent and beginning with incomes of a little more than $500, and the fabulous rents exacted on account of the extreme shortage of housing accommodation everywhere, causes such crushing burdens on the masses that there is a steadily increasing howl of protest going up. It is more than probable that a bill for the control of food prices will be one of the first measures to be brought in.

Decrease in the Jewish Element

THE Cabinet committee investigating the Zinovieff letter—of whose authenticity there is no longer any doubt in the Foreign Office—is being extended into the whole subject of Bolshevist propaganda. A probable outcome of this inquiry will be measures for the wholesale deportation of thousands of such propagandists now at work here. Moreover, Britain seems likely to take a leaf out of America's book in the matter of strict regulation of immigration. The cry is already going up from the workers—even in the trades union ranks—that the flooding of this country with the dregs of Russia, Poland, and Hungary, spreading subversive and revolutionary social theories and lowering the British workman's standard of living by their cutthroat competition, must be stopped. Here, of course, the new government will be likely to give offense to the members of what Winston Churchill once delicately referred to as *"a certain sect"* that made its way to Moscow stealthily in twos and threes from the ghettos of New York, Chicago, London, Warsaw, Paris, and Berlin. It remains to be seen whether British public opinion will prove as strong as did American opinion in pushing through a really effective immigration law.

For one thing, the Jewish element has been reduced to small proportions in the new government, neither Sir Philip Sassoon, Under-Secretary for Air (Lloyd George's whilom Fidus Achates), nor Samuels, the new Postmaster-General, having seats in the cabinet.

In this connection, another reason is suggested for Mr. Baldwin's action in allowing Sir Robert Horne to fall outside the breastworks. During his election campaign at Glasgow, Socialist hecklers cornered Horne in the course of a speech, hotly denouncing the Bolshevists as unworthy of financial credit. They showed that an engineering firm in which Horne was managing director had large contracts with the Soviet government. Horne, by the way, without waiting for the opening of the new Parliament to which he secured election, has started on a long trip to India.

Business Methods

THE new Prime Minister is a long-headed business man and is applying business management not only to the administration of national affairs (for Winston Churchill's appointment means at least a rigid policy of economy), but also in the significant widening of the basis of the Conservative party organization. Under this plan, every constituency will be entitled to an additional representative on the Central Council of the party, and this representative must be a wage-earner or the wife of a wage-earner. As the national executive of the party is chosen by ballot of the members of the council, this change is bound to bring a marked alteration in the personnel of the party's governing body. During the campaign, Mr. Baldwin made special appeal to the workers' vote, and even boasted that his party would poll a larger number of working men and women than that polled by the Labor party! His first activity in the matter of probing food profiteering is also a strong bid for the support of the working-class housewife, as well as that of the middle classes.

The British Fascisti

PERHAPS the most significant straw showing the direction of the political wind in Britain is the rise of the British Fascisti. I was present recently at a Sunday afternoon demonstration by this body in Trafalgar Square. Army officers predominated among the leaders and speakers, and the Fascists, numbering about 10,000, who marched into the Square and clustered around the plinth of the Nelson column guarded by the famous Landseer lions, showed plain evidence of military drill and organization. Besides the men carrying banners and representing local units from every section of the London area, there was a "woman's unit,"—and a particularly enthusiastic unit it was, although none of them figured among the speakers; they were assigned to the less theatrical spade-work of distributing literature and scouting for new members among the crowd which always fills the Square on an occasion of this sort. On leaving Trafalgar Square, following a hearty singing of "God Save the King," the Fascisti marched in military order down Whitehall street carrying with them a great white and purple wreath (the Fascist colors) on which the words: "For King and Country" circled a huge initial "F," which wreath they laid at the base of the cenotaph.

I managed to talk with several of the privates in the ranks and found that many of them were unemployed ex-service men glad of the temporary job of carrying banners and marching in companies, displaying big Fascist badges on their coat lapels. The tenor of the speeches was militant throughout, denouncing the Communists as a serious menace to the Throne, the Church and the Family, and appealing strenuously for recruits to this new organization as the only one capable of meeting force with force.

That the movement has deeper springs than any emotional terror of the "Bolshies" is evident from the fact of its careful and thorough organization. While stridently emphasizing their loyalty to the King and their hatred of "red revolutionaries," it did not seem to occur to any of them that there was any inconsistency in organizing a semi-military body for extra constitutional interference by violence with the political and social evolution of the country nor in this implied distrust of the Royal military and naval forces, as well as of the Parliament constitutionally chosen by the people. Not that the movement is directed against the present government, save as a hint that it must mind its p's and q's and look sharp after the Communists in the matter of stern repression of their activities, especially in the matter of so-called "Communistic Sunday Schools," in which little children are taught to voice hatred generally, much in the style of the Moscow schools.

Standing by the King

BACK of the British Fascisti organization, on the financial side, is the Federation of British Industries, of which Sir Eric Geddes is chairman at a salary of $100,000 a year. There are also the "dyed-in-the-wool" Tories and "Die-Hards," headed by Lord Younger, head of one of the largest brewing companies in the country and a former chairman and organizer of the Conservative party who was largely responsible for the break-up of the Coalition that hurled Lloyd George from power and reinstated Bonar Law. As may be imagined, this extreme "right wing" of the Conservative party is far from being in hearty sympathy with Stanley Baldwin's broad and liberal policies, being, in fact, fiercely anti-Labor, anti-Socialist, anti-Communist and anti-Bolshevist.

This movement represents in Britain a growing tendency toward a dictatorship based on lack of faith in the adequacy of any parliamentary government to tackle the problems of the time, especially in the matter of guarding the country from the peril to which Russia has fallen a victim, from which Mussolini saved Italy, and from which General Primo de Rivera was counted upon to save Spain.

In Britain, however, the appeal would hardly be to a dictator, but to the King. The King is always there and the Throne and the People would naturally be found standing together in an emergency.

When the Cold Springs Stage Was Robbed

More Reminiscences of Ralph Kenyon, One of the Last of the Plainsmen

By F. J. CLIFFORD

IN 1876, Mr. Kenyon, with three others, were developing some "diggings" on Slate Creek, exactly where the B. & M. Railroad now crosses. The names of the men he could not remember as Indian nicknames had been given each of them. Owing to his stocky build, Kenyon was named Squatting Bear. Another was Spotted Tail. Big Bull was the name applied to one huge fellow, while Rockerfoot was given the man who operated the rocker in their placer mining.

One Sunday, they were outside their camp, some busy and some doing nothing at all. Spotted Tail was baking a batch of sour-dough bread in a Dutch oven. Taking the lid off, he raised the oven up and to one side, to put more coals under it. At that instant, three young Indians, all painted up, decked out in little war-bonnets and using inflated bladders attached to thongs with which they pounded the ground with a booming sound, burst from cover, on their ponies, and started stampeding away some thirteen head of horses that belonged to the camp.

"We were taken so completely by surprise," Mr. Kenyon said, "that we didn't realize what they were up to. At the first alarm, our horses galloped toward us, but the little warriors, they were not more than fourteen years old, rode right up to within fifty yards of us before they succeeded in turning the animals back.

"Old Spotted Tail was the first to recover his senses. Whirling about, he dived for the tent but in the excitement put his big bare foot right into the pan of bread. Cursing and howling with pain, he grabbed for his forty-four Winchester with one hand and with the other clawed at the scalding hot dough that clung to his foot.

"By the time he got squared around, the Indians with the horses in front of them were disappearing up a side draw in a cloud of dust. Spotted Tail sent a round of shots after them but only succeeded in killing one of the horses, which happened to be his own. The profanity he indulged in while he dressed his blistered foot made ordinary swearing sound like a minister's benediction.

"The daring Indian boys were joined by some warriors on top of the bluff, who had been waving a buffalo robe at them in some kind of prearranged signal. The young scamps were after 'coues' (credit marks). When they got a certain number, they became full-fledged warriors. We never saw our horses again."

Later on Kenyon was washing gold on Castle Creek. One day a mild-mannered, blue-eyed young fellow, named Cary, came along and asked for work, saying he was broke.

"I can't give you any set wages," Kenyon told him, "but the claim is paying grub and if you want to go fifty-fifty with me, grab a shovel and dig in."

The man turned out to be a good worker. At that time there came one of those "buck-skin-heroes," as the old plainsman called them, who went by the name of Texas Jack. The man was of truculent nature and boasted of so many "killings" that some of the hard-working miners were rather afraid of him.

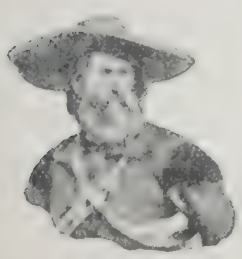
One noonday, as Kenyon and his new partner were finishing their dinner, Texas Jack walked in. He was soon telling them of the number of Mexican greasers he had carved up, as he whetted a long bowie knife on his buckskin-trowsered leg, when Cary turned and, looking the man in the eye, said:

"I don't believe a word of it."

In an instant he found himself looking into the muzzles of Texas Jack's forty-fives. Cary didn't act concerned. He dug reflectively at his teeth with a deer-leg toothpick for a moment as he looked the "bad man" over.

"You're a brave man, now—ain't you?" he remarked at last. "Some brave man you are to pull a pair of guns on a man whose only weapon of defense is an old pewter fork. Put those things back and behave like a human being."

The "buckskin-he—ro" hesitated a moment, then as he slid the artillery back into the leather holsters, he remarked: "I wouldn't lower myself by killing the likes of you. When I pull a gun—I want it to be on one that's not afraid to stand up and fight."



The words were hardly out of the man's mouth before Cary had whipped a gun from somewhere and had it leveled on the breast of the "bad man."

"Get down—!" he barked. "Down on your knees—you white-livered coward—and say your prayers and say 'em fast 'cause you're going to die."

The death knell in the voice and the ominous look from the cold-blue eyes of Charley Cary seemed to knock the very legs from under his erstwhile antagonist, who dropped to his knees. So abjectly did he beg for his life that Cary looked him over a minute then spit out the one word:

"Git." The he—ro got, instantly but not fast enough to escape the heavy miner's boot planted in the seat of his pants by Cary.

"Git out of the country," he shouted after the fleeing bad man. "If I ever see you around here again, I'll fill you so full of holes, you can't make a shadow."

The man pulled right out, not only to escape from Cary, but he knew full well the hazing he would get when the story got around the diggings.

Some two weeks after this, there appeared at the diggings a rather tall, middle-aged man. An odd, strange kind of man, he seemed to possess a subtle influence over Cary. So much so that Cary quit the claim and Kenyon. After dividing their gold dust, Cary and McBride, the name the strange man went by, left that part of the country.

Later on, they killed a buffalo, one of a few strays left in the country. The meat was sold to a butcher in Rapid City. But as buffaloes were hard to get, they butchered a steer that had wandered away from some bull-whacking freight outfit. This was easy money, but too slow. So they started in to horse-stealing. Al Sears joined them, and a little later, Frank Martin.

They rustled horses until May of '77 when they were joined by McLaughlin, who suggested that they hold up the Cold Springs stage that had just started over a new road between Cheyenne and Deadwood. So it was agreed. Cary planned most of the deal.

On the day of the holdup, they rode to the Cold Springs station and, overpowering the keeper, locked him in the barn, with instructions to be quiet and he would stay in good health. The outlaws then went to the house and knocking some chinking from between the logs through which to poke their rifles, all waited there except Cary who took up his position behind a tree a short distance down the trail.

RALPH N. KENYON.

As the stage rolled up, the driver looked for the fresh team that should have been harnessed and waiting. Instead, McBride stepped out and ordered "Hands up." Instead of doing so, the driver, yelling to the horses, cut loose with the long braided four-horse whip. The animals had hardly taken one jump when a rifle barked from the log house and a passenger who had been sitting beside the driver toppled over dead.

As the excited horses gained headway, Cary, from his position at the tree, shot down one of the leaders. This threw the whole outfit into confusion.

The robbers then lined up the driver and three or four passengers and relieved them of what valuables they had. As they were doing this, the two outriders, Scott Davis and Boone May, came galloping up. Seeing what was going on, they immediately opened fire. There was a spirited reply to this by some of the gang who had fled to the log cabin. Boone May put spurs to his horse and fled. But Davis immediately "treed" behind a big bull-pine from which he could control the situation. Cary saw this and checkmated it by placing the biggest one of the passengers between him and Davis. Not wanting to kill an innocent man, Davis agreed to leave if Cary would let him get to his horse. This was done, and Scott Davis backed up to the horse and, keeping an eagle eye on the gang, rode away.

The stage was known as "Old Ironsides," due to some steel sheathing fastened to its sides. A small safe inside was torn from its fastenings and rolled outside, where it was "cracked" by some giant powder. The loot obtained was one brick worth ten thousand dollars, one worth four, some four thousand dollars in dust and the jewelry of "Madam Moustache," a notorious character in the mining camps of Deadwood.

"The next morning after all this occurred," Mr. Kenyon remarked as he sat at his workbench finishing a pair of bear-paws, "there came a knock at our cabin door, where Elik Dow and I were working a claim on Moonshine Gulch. When I yelled to come in, who should it be but Charley Cary."

"'How's chances for something to eat,' he inquired.

"'You can fill up just as soon as my partner can get it ready,' I answered.

"While it was being prepared Cary handed me his Henry rifle with a request to fix the front sight that showed a fresh break. I put in a bone sight from the shin bone of an antelope. After breakfast, he asked for a light team, saying he had some 'dry diggings' (pay dirt that has to be hauled to water) up on the head of Slate Creek that was paying big. I told him that French Henry had a team on his claim a mile and a half below. Down there he went and soon returned, with it, an old rickety wagon and Henry.

"'Have you a pair of gold scales?' he asked.

"When I told him I had he asked me to weigh out two hundred and fifty dollars and give to French Henry as payment for the team, wagon and harness.

"Well, sir—" the old man remarked as he tugged at a rawhide thong, "Cary just pulled a handful of dust from his pants pocket, and poured it into the pan. I knew right then and there that something was wrong. In the first place, men that work for the stuff don't carry their gold dust loose in their pockets. They carry it in poke, a buckskin sack, an inch or two thick and six or seven long.

"Next, his dust was rusty—and coarse—fourteen-dollar stuff from the Deadwood country. Down where we were and where he said his claim was, the gold dust was bright and worth eighteen and a half to nineteen dollars the ounce. Just what he had been up to I did not know and said nothing as I knew nothing of the holdup at that time.

"After the deal was closed, Cary picked up his rifle and trimming the sights a little, he tried it out with a couple shots at a mark.

"He next asked for some wild hay that a man by name of Hawk had cut for bedding. I gave him what he wanted. With it in the wagon he drove into some timber close by. He soon came out again on the trail between Hill City and Caselton. He was alone as far as I could see. He inquired about getting food at Tigerville and Hill City, then drove away. That was the last I saw of him for several years.

"After Cary had disappeared, Hawk and his partner heard a horse whinny over in the timber where Cary had been. They found two stage horses there, one with blood on its wethers, although it was not from the horse.

"We took the horses into Deadwood and turned them over to the stage people. When we got back home, a man on a big gray horse all covered with lather, asked us if we had seen Charley Cary. I said nothing as I had noticed that the men in those days who said the least, usually lived the longest. But my partner said, 'No—what do you want him for?'

"'For robbing the Cold Springs stage and killing a passenger. Two thousand dollars for him—dead or alive,' the man yelled as he spurred his horse away.

"A posse of twenty-one men was organized at Rapid City by a Dr. Somebody—I don't remember who. They located Cary at his camp that night on Battle Creek. Feeling sure that the robbers could not get away, they decided to await till daylight to open up the ball. But when daylight came, the men and horses were gone, leaving the wagon there. Lacking good trackers, they could not follow them.

"In '88," Mr. Kenyon continued, "I was in the Wind River country, but the prospects were no good so I headed back for the Hills. One foggy morning as I followed along the divide between the Cheyenne and Missouri waters, who should I meet but Charley Cary!

"There—in that high lonely country—all the details about the stage holdup Cary told to me, the only person to whom he ever told it all.

"I left Cary in the fog of the divide," the old man said, half to himself as his gaze wandered across the blue waters of Kootenay Lake. "He wanted me to go to the 'Roost' with him, but when I found he was with the Big Nose George gang, I made the excuse of having to be back in the Hills.

"I warned him that he would die with his boots on. He agreed with that but said that no man would lay

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Europe Faces Cheap Transportation Enigma

Government Paternalism in Car Ownership Prevents Post-War Reconstruction

By A. R. PINCI

THERE is nothing that Europe needs so much as cheap transportation. At no time did Europe need this boon as today, with the railroads still showing the scars of war time, with oxen and horses numerically depleted, with the people at large temptingly accustomed to travel.

Nothing so much conduced to war as the lifelong isolation which kept the people of one village from intermingling with the people of the next village.

What few ancient inhabitants remain who pride themselves for never having descended to the valleys if they lived on the mountains, or for never having crossed the river or the bay, or for never having visited the capital of the province, are dying off. Their progeny may err in the opposite habit, they want to be on the go, whether the physical distance to be covered is of few kilometers or across the country. And this new desire to move, to travel, to look about upon the world, is giving concern in high places.

This new tendency has attracted the attention of Europe's leading psychologists and has disturbed not a few sociologists and government officials. It puzzles even those who manifest it; many among these feel as if they are unfaithful to family tradition and paternal example by this touch of wanderlust.

But what it really amounts to, as I see it fresh from another tour of Europe, is a problem of speed, or, rather, of lack of speed.

Two-thirds of the populations of England, France, Italy, Germany and Austria, after fifty months of speed—war speed, intensified and multiplied in every conceivable human and mechanical way—have been forced back into a snail's pace manner of living which induces restlessness and collaterally produces inefficiency.

Yes, *forced back*. By whom and by what? By government officials and by an artificially stimulated drift to restore ante-war living habits. Every government official or similar authority has been proclaiming that post-war Europe is a different Europe than that previous to 1914, and then promptly proceeds to apply all the maxims, all the habits, all the ideas in vogue in pre-war times. Feeble attempts have been made to legislate in consonance with present-day requirements, but the fact is that the best part of productive Europe is being gradually squelched by a mass of laws and political expedients that act as a slow poison on the masses and render them helpless.

It is very true that Europeans like to take their time about doing many things, even in the conduct of their business, but they are not so very far from the serve-self era of urban United States. It is really immaterial how the Europeans wish to divide their twenty-four day and working day, respectively, but there is no denying that they have learned, more or less vaguely, more or less tragically, that a little speed added to each day is the same as lengthening life.

From the summer of 1914 to the autumn of 1918 every government official, every noted private individual, preached, urged, sought speed. Speed was the password; to be speedier than the people at the next frontier was the price of salvation. Nature was met at every turn with the need of making it yield forth its bounties irrespective of either calendar or clock. Under the water or in the air or on the earth, the goal was to increase speed. "Get there and do it" was the order of the day, which, translated into American, means, beat the others to it.

Taxing "Luxuries"

THE war over, the people returned to their homes and affairs with a characteristic that hitherto had been only latent. The habit of speed was something new, but speed is useless without a horizon.

Every new government since the war has been short-lived because it has failed to take into consideration the fact that *the people in general* were overlooked amid fantastic theories of national betterment. Instead of letting the masses work out their own problems on this score, government after government has come along with endless proposals to be annexed to ancient laws, which show that the men responsible for this state of affairs (a few of them survive in Washington, too) have forgotten their kindergarten lesson that one cannot add an orange and a pencil "to equal" a cat.

I questioned prominent government officials, active or retired, and not a few private individuals whom I considered authorities on the subject of speed, transportation speed, which is an important element of Europe's present difficulties. I have also asked the people themselves. From Southampton to London to Dieppe to Lyon to Marseilles to Rome to Milan to Zurich to Leipzig to Bremen, chiefly third class, often broken into small journeys, with constant substitution of passengers who in each of those countries truly represented the solid citizenship—I have talked with great cross-sections of the people themselves.

Europe does not travel by rail as much as it did in 1922. The standing-room-only trains are still to be found, but the vertical-sardine-packing fashion is not in vogue now as it was two years ago. Train equipment has been improved and increased, to be sure, but what has really happened is that by increasing rates and other ways *travel has been discouraged* by the political powers that be. This is an effort to overcome the nomadic tendency growing out of the war.

The result? Merely that the people are kicking and dissatisfied. They want cheap transportation—and they want plenty of it. They want to move about; they resent the force being exerted politically from above which would push them back into their native nooks and glue them there for the rest of their lives.

One need not examine economic conditions in Europe in detail to realize that it will be many decades before Europe's railroad transportation will meet requirements, not forgetting that the people's requirements will increase in the meantime. So the only alternative is the railroad's lieutenant—the motor car. An American has only to think of the railroad situation in the United States, its politics, its government control, against both all the national wealth of the nation and the automobile "spread" here, to realize what the European is facing in the way of a problem.

Not one of the authorities I questioned satisfactorily explained the present stalemate. Some defended the policy responsible for it, but this much is obvious to me, comparing what the people I talked with said they wanted, and what the "higher ups" think is coming to them:

England, France, Italy and Germany are full of inconsistencies and contradictions with respect to the problem of transportation for and by the masses.

The governments say that the people haven't the money to buy automobiles and still less so gasoline. So they discourage the motor industry locally, and place drastic and impossible duties on gasoline imports, not to mention all the other "luxury" taxes that go with the automobile. As one dealer in Stuttgart said, the only thing about automobiles which has not been taxed in Europe is the name "automobile" itself.

"It's about time," he added with heartfelt satire, "that some legislator should tax every book and dictionary containing the word."

Cars for Favored Few

CAN this attitude be explained by Europe's desire to protect its own automobile industry?

In a way, yes, but that protection is not really a major economic problem in the life of any of the nations mentioned. France is experimenting with a small motor car and so is Italy, with England close behind. But a small motor car and an inexpensive motor car are not synonymous—in Europe. From the European standpoint the small motor car has nothing to do with price, because even the little car is supposed to be a vehicle for the very well-to-do.

In other words, *the general political doctrine throughout the Continent is that the middle and next-to-middle classes have no business to own an automobile*—and accordingly if laws, sumptuary laws, can prevent such ownership, the acme of "good statesmanship" has been achieved.

Yet there are thousands, perhaps tens of thousands, of Germans, French, English, Italians, who would be riding in motor cars today, doing it within reason with due regard to national economics and private efficiency, but for the coercive legislation that seals their pocketbooks.

Many of the governing officials of Europe profess both astonishment and marvel because *"so many American wage-earners"* have automobiles. They consider this the eighth wonder of the world. But when it is suggested that they duplicate this wonder on a small scale at home, they play deaf, dumb and blind. I believe that politicians see the European motor car market divided as follows: the nobility, millionaire industrialists and government officials.

My question was this:

"Why not motor cars for the people?"

Their answers were these:

"Because they are a luxury." "Because we haven't the raw materials." "Because our money is depreciated." "Because our country has no petroleum."

So, the answer might as well have been "Just because—" for all the satisfaction any of the others gives.

As a matter of fact, not one answers the question. Each fails, also, as a plea in avoidance.

European nations have failed in solving the cheap transportation problem, whether in theory or in actual practice, but do not wish to admit failure, especially in view of the possibility that Americans could solve it. Not only could, but would.

If tomorrow all restrictive and economic fallacious measures were removed from the European markets, it would be not only possible to deliver cars and tractors in Europe at a figure representing the F.O.B. price or other standard price set by the manufacturer, but it would be possible to sell them, because there is a market for them, politicians notwithstanding.

Just why a duty ought to be imposed upon an article that is not manufactured at home is one of those puzzles that only the *Congressional Record* and its foreign brothers attempt to answer.

An official—I sha'n't reveal his name or nationality for obvious reasons—said that the stiff duty is imposed with the hope that "foreign manufacturers will come here to establish branch plants to be operated by native labor." Theoretically, that intention is understandable; practically, not at all, unless the manufacturer received a guaranty that a multiplicity of laws and taxes would not threaten or bankrupt him at an inopportune moment. Honest American manufacturers who have endeavored to establish factories abroad have met with insuperable difficulties. One great European fear is that American standards of wages and conditions of employment might be introduced, which would upset "the labor market."

It goes without saying that a manufacturer does not have to be urged to establish branch factories abroad, but it also goes without saying that no American manufacturer can look favorably or confidently upon a policy that is intended to urge him to do so without definite guaranties.

Politicians in Europe, a term which is intended to include many governing officials, deplore the lack of a petroleum supply, speaking in this case from the standpoint of the automobile, regret the difficulty of importing an adequate supply, and then apply the highest duties imaginable on a product that ought to enter free. There is no reason at all why adequate supplies should be obstructed by these fiscal barriers.

If oil entered free, or plus a nominal "duty" to satisfy administrative custom-house recording costs, an adequate supply would follow automatically, and there are enough big oil companies to look after such new territories. For example, if ten times as much oil (meaning all the fluids necessary to an automobile) entered Italy annually as is now the case, without duty, the Italian treasury would not lose a cent, and the people would be the gainers.

Yet an Italian official told me that the high duty on foreign automobiles is to discourage the importation of benzine which is a "luxury" item. But if so, why the high duty on benzine?

Gasoline without duty would not be a luxury for Europeans. It is a *necessity*. It is, today, the greatest necessity there, and gasoline at the cost of delivery to the consumer, plus a reasonable profit rated by competitive methods, is something that European fiscal officials ought to provide for, together with a fairer attitude toward the small motor car manufacturer.

From Singen to Leipzig, which means traversing representative industrial Germany, the problem of how to get a cheap motor car seemed to beset several fellow passengers. These included salaried manufacturers' agents who had to be "on the go" a great deal of their time; small business men, including one who manufactured a specialty which he wanted to introduce himself in Southeastern Germany before embarking in a wider campaign elsewhere; and some who had lived in the United States prior to the war and had the automobile habit and could afford to satisfy it in Germany *if* German officialdom were reasonable and did not prohibit small automobiles of the kind to which they were accustomed by oppressive duties or prohibitory statutes.

Another contradiction is revealed in the taxi situation. The cheapness of European taxis has long been a source of discussion by and among returned tourists; and early in December, when a big New York company announced a reduction all along its system, it was advertised that its taxis were now cheaper than in Europe. Europeans are responsible for the taxi as a national institution; prior to the war every one considered the London and Paris taxis a boom to humanity. Compared to what it cost me in 1912, say, to go from the Waldorf-Astoria to Times Square, the run from the Bank of England to Charing Cross, or from l'Opéra to Place de l'Alma, was nothing at all.

My very latest experience with European taxis in the leading cities of five countries does not bear out the contention of European statesmen that the automobile is a luxury. If the automobile is a public necessity and benefaction when called a "taxi," why is an identical automobile owned privately a *luxury*? Maybe some European statesman-economist will see this question—and will answer it.

"What I want above all is a small car," a silk salesman told me, mentioning the name of the car preferred, and I quote him verbatim (name deleted). We were traveling from Stuttgart to Nuremberg, and in the four hours or so I had ample opportunity to put in some questions on a subject which he himself volunteered when he learned I was from the United States. "I want a car that will take me where I have to go and do it quickly and cheaply. But I can't have it. My choice is restricted; either a big car or some second-hand mess that will eat me out of the house in repair bills. I tried to get one the other day, but I didn't succeed. Laws, permits, duties, taxes—oh, a rich man can get what is a poor man's car in the United States, but here I am, prevented from legitimately expanding my business by adding an efficient method to it, because the government says No. And there are hundreds of men in my predicament.

Germany's Need

"AND do you know what our kick here is? That not only there is no little car for us to get, but none is provided. A small car is not on the program of the government, so far as I know. I admit business is not very good and the future still uncertain, but that is no reason why German business men shall be hampered by being deprived of the right to get a machine."

In transportation German efficiency is at low ebb. One need only go through the big cities to observe how ancient is the method of delivering goods, bulky and light. For bulky and heavy material, such as coal, steel and stone, one sees carts and trucks left by the curbside until unloading has taken place, which may be a matter of a day or several days. Meanwhile, the teams have been detached to do service elsewhere, and in due course of time the empty vehicle will be removed—a double hitching and unhitching operation. And this apart, of course, from the obstruction dangers in the streets decorated by these "amputated" delivery services.

A German official told me that increased speed would mean finishing up the work to be done so much sooner—and there is not enough work to be done now! As to that, I believe I prefer the opinion of the business man who says he needs and wants a car, as against the Berlin official who frowns upon it. If German officialdom begins to be so paternal to business men that the latter will not be permitted to exercise their business freedom and judgment in transportation problems, then German reconstruction is indeed far in the future.

Yet Germany gives every evidence that it needs speed, that speed is essential. So do other European countries. The ancient implement of speed—*the whip*—is forever

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Was Spain's Dictator for King or People?

Inside View of a Situation Which Grows Very Delicate After Fifteen Months

(From Our Spanish Correspondent)

FOR fifteen months Spain has uncomplainingly submitted to the government of a military directorate. This directorate is composed of eight generals and an admiral under the presidency of General Primo de Rivera. The secretary of the directorate is General Nouvilas, a Mason, probably a Republican, and erstwhile chief of the Juntas Militares (Military Committees). Primo de Rivera is an amiable, talkative Andalusian with no particular capacity for government. He is a "good fellow," very brace, rather stupid and a little vain. He has a complete lack of self-consciousness and no sense of the ridiculous. He has been able to frustrate the intrigues of his enemies by his daring and *aplomb*. Although a dictator he has the liberal tradition and was always one of the army's rebels. He is by no means a Mussolini. His movement has not the slightest resemblance to Fascismo. It was not a popular movement. It was a revolution from above, and behind the neutral, amiable personality of General Primo de Rivera—of whom an unkind critic said, "He believes himself the secret agent of Providence in Spain"—the Republican and Monarchist elements of the army were and are still to some extent united.

One of the chief reasons given by Primo de Rivera for the *coup d'état* was the need for exterminating the grandiose corruption of the preceding political régime. The constitution was suspended. Public liberties were withdrawn. The Cortes was closed. A severe press censorship was established. Martial law was declared. Part of the judiciary was suspended and there was no more trial by jury. Abused as all the public rights had been, they had never before been abolished. And although abolished—for after fifteen months of dictatorship there has been no lessening of military repression—abuses continue and apparently no one minds. A campaign against the politicians of the old régime was started. One of the ministers, Don Santiago Alba, escaped over the frontier. The rest have not been molested, though at the time their "responsibility"—this was the catchword of the hour—was to be investigated. Fifteen months have passed and not a trial has taken place. No charge has been proved against the ousted politicians, and although most people are agreed in condemning the undoubted and tremendous corruption of the old régime, the army itself was just as much concerned in it.

There is a large number of Spaniards—I speak of those who follow politics—who have serious doubts about the sincerity of these corruption charges. There are significant facts. In Spain the civil and military powers have always been at odds. In the absence of public opinion, governments were obliged to look for support to the army. Spain's history is dotted with military dictatorships none of which had pleasant ends. For the last thirteen years Spain's politicians and generals have had to face a war in Morocco. The annual cost of this war more or less equals the annual deficit. The reverses and customary losses in Morocco were a constant source of strain between the civil and military powers. The politicians claimed the army never did its job. The army claimed the politicians always interfered. In 1917 the Juntas Militares—or Military Committees—were formed and from then dates an ever-growing intervention in politics by the army. In 1921, Abd El Krim defeated the Spanish army in Morocco at Anual. The Spanish losses were huge, both in men and material. Harrowing tales of the sufferings of the ill-equipped army were told. An official investigation was made. The published report gave details of corruption and incompetence in the high command which were unbelievable. It showed how government funds went into the officers' private pockets. It was no wonder the half-fed, half-equipped Spaniards ran before the Moors.

Staving Off a Public Exposure

THERE began to be heard in Spain the beginnings of a formation of public opinion. A cry went up for the punishment of those responsible. What was the cause of the disaster? General Sylvestre, in command at Anual, shot himself when his men ran. He had advanced to an exposed position and been overwhelmed. Why did he advance? Why did the general-in-chief, General Damasco Berenguer, allow his junior officer unusual liberty? I have spoken to members of the Parliamentary committee which investigated the question of the responsibility for Anual, and they have all said, "General Sylvestre was acting on the direct orders of the King." Without probing deeper to test the truth of this charge, the events that followed are interesting. A furious public demand for the "responsibilities" went up. General Damasco Berenguer, general-in-chief and high commissioner of Morocco, was to be tried as chief responsible. Many other lesser officers had already been tried and some condemned by court-martial. Feeling ran so high that the president of the Supreme Military and Naval Court, General Aguilera, had a free fight in the Senate with another enraged Senator. General Aguilera was out for justice however high the official involved.

The Parliamentary committee appointed to investigate the "responsibilities" was to present its report when Parliament opened in September, 1923. All the year there had been a distinct movement to the left. There were serious syndicalist outrages in Barcelona. What would have happened if Parliament had met and discussed the misdeeds of the powerful personages mentioned in the report we cannot tell. We know that Spain was experiencing one of its first manifestations of public opinion.

But Primo de Rivera's *coup d'état* forestalled the opening of Parliament and thus prevented the report from being made. He promised to deal with the responsibilities, and the agitation died out. It may be significant that one of the members of the provisional Directory was the brother of Damasco Berenguer around whom the agitation had been circling. When it was suggested to the King that he had engineered the *coup*, he replied with an enigmatic smile. A sheaf of decrees claiming to reform abuses was issued. Law and order were re-established by military force. Syndicalists and terrorists were jailed, escaped over the frontier, and in any case remained very quiet. The country, forcibly relieved of the consideration of unpleasant problems, began to breathe more easily. Again the day of reckoning had been fortuitously put off to some vague "mañana" (tomorrow).

After ten months of office Primo de Rivera himself raised the question of the responsibilities. Damasco Berenguer was tried. In view of the new conditions his acquittal was a foregone conclusion. But no! There was a clashing of opinions in the army and Berenguer was condemned. It may be mentioned that General Aguilera, who had in the past insisted so strongly on the need for justice, had been previously retired from the post of president of the Supreme Military and Naval Court! The result of the trial leaked out to the journalists and they were forbidden to publish it. Primo de Rivera came hurrying back from Andalusia—and, within five hours of the sentence, announced a general amnesty covering all Moroccan offenses!

The King Has Staked His All

SINCE then Madrid has been alive with intrigues and rumors. The King had staked his throne on the success of the Directory. When the Directory goes, he goes. He has made several unsuccessful endeavors to get back to constitutional government by going over to the camp of rival generals. The necessity for a change of horses is obvious. But it is risky work while they are at full gallop. The Directory has now become stronger than its master. The King is a man of few friends today. The old politicians whom he spurned are against him, with the possible exception of Count Romanones on whom a large amount of the discredit heaped on the old régime has rightly or wrongly fallen. Even in conservative monarchic circles there is strong feeling against the King and, while the people themselves are neither Republican nor Monarchist, there is at least, by all reports, a growth of anti-Alphonsoism in political and interested circles. How far this can be regarded seriously is difficult to say as Republicanism is against the instincts of the people and of the Church which strongly influences them. The Church apparently is not favoring a return to normal, constitutional government, as it fears that the moment of return will precipitate a serious national crisis involving the future of the monarchy. Nevertheless, even in Spain, a revulsion from the present entirely artificial and reactionary type of government is sooner or later inevitable, and those who have put their all on the military movement stand a big risk of losing it.

There is no doubt that although the mere issuing of decrees and reforms has given an appearance of progress and liberal government, this is far from true in fact. The Directory may have restored law and order; but it has completely killed any public opinion there may have been. It has increased public apathy. It has paralyzed political thought. Its attempt to form a political organization after the manner of Fascismo has completely failed.

The Directory has now only two tasks. It had them from the very beginning. Neither is nearly completed. One is the solution of the Moroccan problem. The other is the providing of suitable successors when the Directory decides to leave office. The Directory promised to solve the Moroccan problem. The army has always complained it was unable to succeed in Morocco owing to the interference of the politicians. After one year with the army in absolute control, there was a general rising of the tribes. Primo de Rivera maintains the ensuing gigantic losses in men, money, and material are the result not of lack of foresight on the part of the army, but of the previous mistaken policies of the politicians, and of a world Moslem awakening. He is now effecting a general retirement from the isolated posts in the Protectorate. He is withdrawing the Spanish forces to bases near the coast, from which he intends to police the interior by airplanes. Primo de Rivera has always had very sensible ideas about Morocco, being at one time an advocate of total abandonment. His saying is recalled, "Ceuta for Gibraltar, and to hell with the rest"; and though he has since modified his views there is no doubt his plan is the only reasonable one when all circumstances are considered.

The cost of putting the plan into operation in the middle of a general rising in which scores of positions were surrounded by the Moors has been enormous. There has been a minimum of information published. The losses have been exceptionally heavy. The country is embittered and silent. The silence is due to the repression of all manifestations of public opinion by the military. The French are sure to have something to say about Spain's semi-abandonment and the consequent exposure of the neighboring French zone. We are probably on the eve of another international Moroccan conference. The task is yet incomplete. Everyone in his heart hopes for its successful completion. But will the fact of having succeeded outweigh the responsibility which Primo de Rivera's enemies impute to him? There is no doubt he has done the old political régime less than justice. One of his chief criticisms was directed against their method of paying bribes to the Moors. It is this method which he himself has used during the last three months and on a far greater scale! Will he be forgiven?

Difficulty of Making a Graceful Exit

THE task of providing successors is just as difficult. The longer the Directory stays in power the more difficult it will be to leave it. Primo de Rivera himself has been trying gradually to slip out of the public mind by leaving Madrid to take supreme command in Morocco. Admiral Magaz is acting president of the Directory in Primo de Rivera's absence. The fact is no one wants the responsibility of taking over from the Directory, for the next government will have to submit to a measure of military tutelage. "There being no organization strong enough to stand out against the army, we must wait for the disintegration of the army itself before Spain's political picture can change," Count Romanones, the powerful liberal ex-Prime Minister, once said to the writer. That is the attitude of the banished politicians. Even though the prodigal wants to return to the constitution he spurned, no one can be found, so far, to sponsor him. The army is at the wheel: the country keeps a straight course. But what will happen when the army loses or voluntarily abandons control? There is no saying. At present Primo de Rivera is strong but, as Antonio Maura, the Conservative leader, said, at the time of the *coup d'état*, "The Dictator is like a man on a bicycle: he can keep his balance only as long as he can keep going."

There is a feeling in Madrid that we are on the verge of changes, changes which may or may not affect the dynasty. But too much attention must not be paid to prophecies of a revolution. The Spaniard's grievances or opinions rarely drive him into the streets. He takes things philosophically. He is the most patient, the most easily abused man in the world. He never interferes with the man who is governing him, however loudly he may complain. There is no national consciousness. The Spaniard lives in a badly governed country which has made tremendous material progress during the last forty years, and although the distribution of the wealth is very uneven, and there is misery and up to starvation among the very poor, he doesn't make much effort to improve his lot. Nevertheless this is the country of the unforeseen. Changes must come. There must at least come a reaction against military domination. The beginnings of an intellectual revival seen this century must sooner or later bear fruit. But the wary prophet does not believe immediate changes will concern any besides the King, the Church, the Politicians and the Army—and the Church and the Army if they are united can control any situation.

Natchez-Under-the-Hill's Lurid History

Concluded from page 3

with comparative ease. One side of the road is bounded by the perpendicular cliff; the other by empty air and a dizzy precipice, so that the unwary foot passenger involved amid the ascent and descent of drays, carriages, horsemen and porters, enjoys a tolerably fair alternative of being squeezed uncomfortably close against the bluff, or pitched with a somersault into one of the yawning chimneys on the flats below. There is no guard for the protection of passengers.

"From the summit of the hill, one sees the roofs of warehouses, stores and dwellings, scattered over a flat surface, which is bordered on the water front by hundreds of up-country flatboats, laden with the produce of the rich farming states bordering the Ohio, and 'Upper Mississippi.' Lower down, steamers are taking in and discharging freight, while the mingled sounds of the busy multitude rise like the hum of a hive upon the ear. Immediately opposite the summit lay two ships, which, with their towering masts, gay flags, and dark hulls, agreeably relieve the otherwise long and unbroken line of boats."

With the decline of river traffic, all of this gradually changed. The size of Natchez-Under-the-Hill was gradually circumscribed by the caving of parts of it into the river. And you hear of strange doings of the old-time vigilantes. How they fastened ropes about one of the buildings that housed unbearable evil, and with the help of a steamboat, dragged the building into the river. Again, you hear of patrols of vigilantes in Natchez, when the bad element of the place below the hill threatened reprisals, because the people of the city overhead attempted to clean up their river port.

Today, Natchez-Under-the-Hill is very quiet, indeed. The reputation of the place, however, stays green.

"When I'm away from home, and say I'm from Natchez," recently said one of that town's prominent citizens, "people immediately want to know if I'm from Natchez-Under-the-Hill. In fact, the impression everywhere is that the place is all there is to Natchez. Not long since, an Englishman sent a water-color painting of the place below the hill over here to see if somebody here didn't want to buy it. The picture was painted along in the 1840's, and taken over to England."

What you've just read concerns the part of Natchez-Under-the-Hill that has had the international reputation for more than a century. Respectable people also live below the bluffs. A mile and a half from the landing, for instance, privately owned gardens, which were part of a residence place, were noted the world over for their variety of plants, and their general magnificence. But this is not a story about their section of the town, which also went into the river. It escaped notice.

Europe Faces Cheap Transportation Enigma

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in evidence; perhaps too much so. It is used quite freely, to force horses, mules, oxen, donkeys, and even dogs to give speed and more speed; vain attempts, because their animal power cannot be increased at the will of the driver, and every extra effort must be at a cost offset by the earlier death or uselessness of the beasts of burden. One can stand at any crossroads in England, in France, in Switzerland, in Austria, in Italy, in Germany, in Belgium and at every one will there be evidence of drivers trying to whip an extra step, whip an extra jump, whip an extra foot of distance covered. They fleck the animals, often inhumanely, for speed, and then pull muscularly, almost to the point of breaking the animal's jaws, for a sudden stop.

In other words, the quick getaway and the short stop which only the light motor car can give efficiently, endlessly, dependably, is sought of animals that can never respond to these new exigencies of urban Continental life. The quick stop and the quick start, rendered so frequent and necessary by traffic regulations, have made the animal-drawn team less efficient than ever in congested districts.

Withal, in spite of these ocular proofs under their very eyes at all times, public officials still believe that the automobile is a luxury and are legislating it out accordingly.

Yet who can imagine the progress that must be Europe's, once it becomes thoroughly and properly motorized? Europe's roads have been famous for centuries, and their upkeep under new conditions can well be provided for by a just taxation policy.

There were 18,023,584 motor vehicles in the world, according to the Department of Commerce, in 1923, which are the latest figures available. Of those, 15,092,177, or 88 per cent, were in the United States. England had 642,853, Germany had 152,068, France had 444,812, and Italy had about 75,000. The number of persons per motor vehicle was as follows: Americans, 7; English, 74; Germans, 453; Italians, 490.

There is no question, based simply upon the known industrial advancement of Germany, that one car for every 453 Germans is an inconceivable ratio—an absurd minimum. There should be at least one car for every 50 inhabitants—and if the Germans were permitted to work out their automotive problems, without embarrassing sumptuary and duty laws, the American ratio would be very nearly equaled.

When the Cold Springs Stage Was Robbed

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hands on him till he was dead. A month later he was killed in a fight with a posse. I believe, if it hadn't been for McBride's influence, Cary would have led an honorable life. A finer, better man I never knew."

"How did you happen to get way up here in the mountains making snowshoes and so far from your old stamping-grounds?" I asked of the old plainsman.

"Well—" he replied, "it's this way. I wandered from the Hills through Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, and from there up into Washington, prospecting a little and working out when my grubstake ran low. I heard of the stampede here to Kaslo and, of course, joined the rush. I worked in the mines till they petered out, then went to trapping. The mountains were full of marten, fisher, lynx, and bear. Beaver, otter, and muskrat were all along the waters. Snowshoes are an important item with the trapper, both for their wearing quality and the ease with which they can be handled in a rough country. I got hold of a pair made by a Siwash Indian. They filled the bill better than any I had seen.

"The following winter I made a pair just like them. Some of my friends used the shoes at times and liked them so well they insisted on my making a pair for each of them. As trapping began to play out, I relied more and more on my snowshoe business for a living.

"There's one fault in a snowshoe that tires a man more than anything else. It's the 'sagging.' When a shoe loses its spring, it becomes dead as so much sand. It took me three years to work out a hitch that would overcome that. With it I can apply such pressure to the maple bows that they can be crushed in.

"The bows are cut at the right time of year, then trimmed down, steamed, and put into forms for several months until there is no danger of their losing their shape. Many of them will check or split and have to be thrown away.

"For the thongs, two-year-old summer hides are used. Just the hair is taken off and the hide is nailed on the floor to dry. Then with a sharp knife, a string, three-eights of an inch wide, is started at the center and cut round and round, rather wide where the hide is thin, and narrow where it is thick, until I have a thong some two hundred feet long. It is soaked in water, then stretched across a frame with rocks piled on it in the center. This takes out some of the stretch. Then the rawhide is taken off the frame and soaked again and put back with heavier rocks on it. The process is repeated until all the stretch is taken out. It is then coiled and laid away. It is softened in water before being woven into the snowshoe frame as tightly as possible. Then the hitch is applied until it takes on a drumhead tightness. It is then soaked in a preparation that keeps out water.

"Never take snowshoes inside a heated room," the old snowshoe maker told me. "Leave them outside. Keep them away from the camp fire. Heat takes out the life of rawhide. When they have dried naturally, soak them in linseed oil. Don't try to walk on light, fluffy snow unless you are compelled to. Wait until it hardens. When you are traveling in snowshoes, don't hurry. Take a slow, out-swinging steady stride. You'll cover more miles."

The Kenyon snowshoe, as it is known in the North country, is a compromise between the old "bear-paw" variety and the long-tailed kind that is only good for clear going.

But snowshoes are not in demand as once they were. When I suggested that the diminishing snowfall of the past few years might be the cause, Mr. Kenyon replied:

"Maybe, but I don't think so. The surveying is all done around here now. That used a lot of my shoes. No prospecting is done now, except by a few old codgers that hole up when snow comes. The order-in-council at Victoria a year ago forbade all trapping of fur-bearing animals. They're not going to let us even kill a bear. Think of that!" the old man shouted as he brought his fist down on the table with a resounding whack. "Let me tell you this," he growled out as his eyes lighted up with the light of bygone days, "if I meet any old bald-face or silver-tip in the trail and he goes to curling up his snoot at me—there's going to be a fight right there, and it's not going to be Ralph Kenyon that goes down, either."

The mood he displayed is quite typical of the old-timers. Their minds, becoming fixed with the habits and conditions of a half-century ago, continue to resist modern laws and customs, be they good or bad. Like the shaggy grizzly, they resent the encroachments of civilization and retreat farther and farther to some secluded place to spend the evening of their eventful lives, where only the distant echo of the new order of things will penetrate their solitudes and disturb their dreams.

Stories From the Woodland Trail

By D. LANGE

THE mink is one of our few fur bearers that have held their own since the country was settled by white men.

Its long, slender body is well adapted to find shelter along streams and lake shores. Every creature, if its kind is to persist, must find shelter from its enemies, and shelter for raising its young.

The mink's diet is quite varied. Fish, frogs, and crayfish are its mainstay, but birds and small game are by no means refused.

In addition to these strong points for keeping a hold on life, the mink possesses several others not so well known and understood. A young trapper friend of mine, who has observed and trapped mink for years, believes that the females practically hibernate for about three months during winter, because he catches no females during that time in places where they are found toward spring. This habit by reducing the hazard on the life of females would tend to preserve the species.

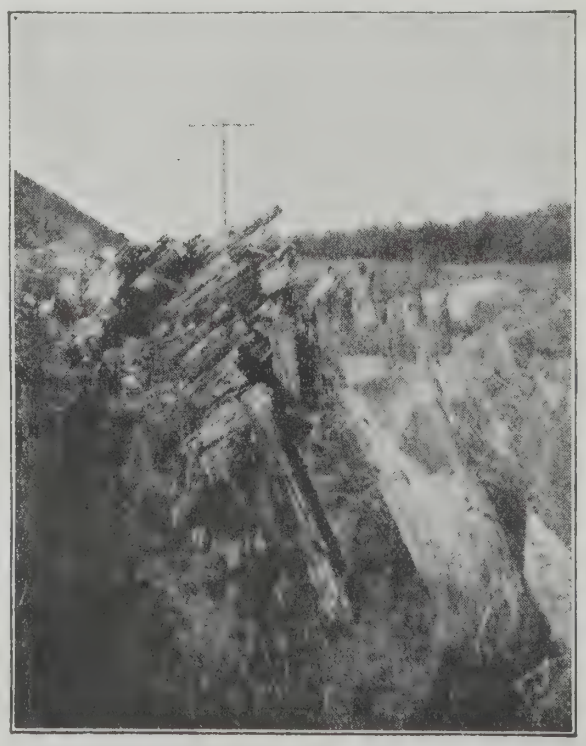
Although the mink is short-legged, it is no mean traveler. I know of one mink who traveled, over fresh snow, three miles in one night. It went from a wooded river bottom over an open prairie to the shore of a large lake three miles north, and the straightness of its course indicated that it knew where it was going. Perhaps this was not the first time it went over this trail, a long trail for a mink.

This ability and boldness of travel would secure a stock of minks for every suitable locality, which accords with the facts as found over the continent. For the mink is at home practically over the whole of North America north of Mexico.

A trapper friend of mine once made an observation on the habits of the mink, and discovered a habit which is probably common with the species, but which does not seem to be generally known. My friend found in the month of November the winter provision cache of a mink in a large hollow root near a river bottom lake. Enough food had been collected in this cold-storage cache to enable a mink to live at ease during the longest winter. The cache contained: Twenty small carp, from ten to fifteen mud hens, thirty wild ducks, and a few small birds.

The quantity of food in the cache is still more remarkable, when it is remembered that a large male mink weighs only a little more than two pounds, and a female less than two pounds. The food in this remarkable cache must have weighed between forty and fifty pounds.

The ducks and mud hens had undoubtedly been either killed or wounded by hunters, and the provident mink had picked them up dead, or had caught the crippled birds when the lake began to freeze up. White hunters in this way no doubt furnish to the mink nowadays a large part of their autumn and winter food.



A family of minks lived under the old ties all summer.

The Miracle of Water

Concluded from page 9

over to lift her jar to her head like the "woman at the well" with whom Jesus spoke. She was shy about being photographed. After she filled her earthen jar she got down on her knees and let the water play on her back, and then throwing herself back on her hands she let the cool water play over her breasts. It was a beautiful picture.

My missionary friends tell me that this is the common bathroom of the village, and that one of the favorite "outdoor sports" of the foreigner is to flash his searchlights on the artesian wells at night and catch the Rembrandt pictures of naked natives bathing.

"I never saw such green fields!" I exclaimed to a friend as we drove along the highway around Manila Bay into the province of Balacan.

"It makes me feel as if I'd like to get out of the auto this hot day and lie down in that beautiful green freshness."

It was a picture I shall never forget. Great palm trees reared their feathery crests, and graceful bamboo trees rose amid these stretching green fields.

"That is young rice. It is the most beautiful green in the world, but it could never be done if it were not for the beautiful gift of water. That rice has to be planted in several inches of water," he said.

From each of the artesian wells, streams run down along the village streets. Men dip water from these streams and with long gourd dippers throw it on the dusty roads. There are no water wagons to sprinkle the dusty germ-laden highways in the provinces as there are in Manila, but these gourds in the hands of a skillful native can scatter this refreshing water over the entire width of the narrow Philippine road with one sweep. It is always a joy to run over a stretch of such watered roads in a village, for the evaporating water makes the air cooler by several degrees than the untouched and unwatered roads. Many times on a hot, blistering, dust-choking ride I have thanked God for this blessing of roads cooled by evaporating water from the artesian wells.

I have thought of beautiful Salt Lake City with its mountain streams running through the streets as I have traveled through Philippine villages where the overflow from these artesian wells sent a cool, clean stream all through the village.

And contentment! "What is contentment?" do you ask. I shall tell you. It is a dozen great carabao; that half-cow and half-buffalo beast of burden used in the islands, taking his daily plunge in a great pool of water along the road made by the overflow of the wells; with a brown boy on his broad back pouring water over his black hide; both of them perfectly happy; both of them looking like statues; both of them unmindful of time.

"What is a Georgia cracker?" a visitor once asked a native in Georgia.

"Well," said the native, "do you see that stump up there in the fields?"

"I do," replied the visitor.

"All right. You watch that stump for half an hour and if it moves its a Georgia cracker and if she don't move she's a stump!"

And that's about the way a big black carabao with a Filipino boy on his back looks, when settled down in a pool until only his great horns, eyes and nose are above water.

I am told that these beasts of burden will do well only when they have their daily mud or water wallow. The more mud the better they like it. If they are denied this wallow they go crazy with heat, and one can well believe it by seeing them as they tear wildly into the depths of a river or a mud hole or a creek when they are loosed from their cumbersome carts.

After I had come to know the islands better I understood what my educated friend the Filipino meant, when he said seriously and thoughtfully that the greatest thing America had contributed to the islands was water.

To the Filipinos these wells mean more than a system of government, more than schools, more than independence, more than great systems, more than automobiles and electric lights and street cars and railroads and health reports; all of which have been introduced by the Americans during the last quarter of a century.

Jerusalem in a Snowstorm

Concluded from page 4

Jewish shops from sunset Friday till very late on Sunday. The Moslems have turned Friday into a day of rest, just to show that they have no grudges. Then there are all the feast days and fast days of the Christians: Greek, Latin, Jacobite-Syrian, Monophysite-Armenian, Abyssinian, and Copt, Nestorian-Assyrian and Maronite—not to mention duplications through differences in calendar—and those of the Moslems, Sunnite and Shi'ite, and of the Jews, of whom alone there would seem to be all the fifty-seven varieties that met at Pentecost. Of course, the various consulates of the nations observe all their national holidays, and some of them have a great many. As the consulates, government offices, and banks employ persons from many of these persuasions, there are left probably fewer honest-to-goodness working days in Jerusalem than in any place under the sun.

With what contempt the wild Arabs from east of the Jordan—free, graceful, strong with the fresh air of the desert, and browned by the sun—look down upon the denizens of the city. In their own country any one of them might come to your tent in the night, steal your horse and take your life. But here they fear having their pockets picked. By the Jaffa Gate sits a poor creature, age and sex undiscoverable, blind, with mouth agape, tongue lolling out and covered with flies. It cries "Ya Kareem! Ya Kareem! O Generous One! O Generous One!" The senses have no relief. If these Bedouin Arabs were tempted to remain here rather than to return to the rigors of the wilderness, their own children would become as the city folk; for all Arabs are the posterity of the Bedouins.

Thus Jerusalem-of-fact remains: a moldering museum of biblical antiquities, a place of pilgrimage, a home for dreamers. Such it has been since the Emperor Titus razed it in the year A. D. 70.

Nativism as Manifested in the Fifties

The "Know-Nothing" Movement in American Politics and Its Effects; Attempt to Stem Immigration Current—Kossuth's Fervent Appeal

By LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH

IT IS now nearly three-quarters of a century since the development of a movement in American politics at which we have more or less smiled for the greater part of that time. In the fifties it looked as if a secret organization which came to be called the Know-Nothing party might elect a President of the United States on the basis of principles very much like those of the Ku Klux Klan of our day. In the campaign of 1856 its candidate was Millard Fillmore, who had already been the chief executive of the nation. Fillmore was not one of our great Presidents, but also he was not a fanatic. His temper was naturally conservative. His identification with any party is something of an assurance that its objects, whether wise or unwise, were at least not irrational.

In a democracy open diplomacy is recognized as a thing of some importance. No less does it seem necessary that questions before the public should be open for discussion, should be debated with free expression of various opinions, and should not be decided arbitrarily behind closed doors. Even more certainly should those who are punished for offenses against society be accorded a public rather than a private judgment of their fault. They should not be compelled to suffer indignities at the hands of judges who give them no opportunity for defense. In his life of Lewis Cass, Andrew C. McLaughlin writes thus of the Know-Nothing party: "No 'order' having an hierarchy and degrees, and encumbering a political topic with paraphernalia and mystic symbolism, can rise to dignity in a free country and dominate a frank and thoughtful people, the very essence of whose institutions is common participation, common undertaking, and common judgment."

Rise of the Know-Nothings

THE Know-Nothing party, beginning very obscurely in 1850, by 1854 had become strong enough to cast one-quarter of the total vote in New York State and only a little less than two-thirds in Massachusetts. To Whigs and Democrats both that was an ominous growth, and yet in the Presidential election two years later Fillmore carried only one state, Maryland. Almost at the moment of the discovery of this result the party was swept out of existence by the rise of the Republican party. The anti-slavery agitation was now at its height, and the anti-foreign, anti-Catholic sentiments of the day were lost in the more intense passion. The brief career of the American party was over.

It can hardly be said that the movement accomplished anything in the direction of its purposes. Probably it must be looked upon as one of the futilities of our history. As far as it has any significance at all we shall perhaps have to see that significance in the mere fact of its existence and in the influences that brought it into being. When such an organization can make so rapid a progress in so short a time it is a safe conjecture that something is seriously wrong. It may be very foolish for a man to pull out a tooth to relieve an attack of toothache. A dentist acting in agreement with some of the established rules of conduct of his profession might do better for him. His foolishness, however, is not a demonstration that he does not have the pain that he thinks he has. It rather confirms it as giving a reason for his lack of self-control.

Hostility to Immigrants

BY THE census of 1850 the population of the United States was slightly more than seventeen millions. Immigration had been steadily increasing. In 1854, the year when the American party attained its largest influence, the number of immigrants reached the total of 427,833. In proportion to the population of the country then, that was the equivalent of an immigration quota for our day of three million aliens coming to take advantage of a civilization that they had not developed, to which it was reasonably believed that in the main they would not adapt themselves, and within which they could not be expected to become a homogeneous part. It drove men of the older stock into some violence of resentment. Everywhere and in all times men born to the assertion of personal freedom under the reign of law will protest in whatever way they can when they feel that they are in danger of being dispossessed. It is the business of any government to protect its citizens in their rights. No right, in the general and large rather than in the immediate and personal sense, is more important than the right to the preservation of our social ideals. Here in America they are probably not as comfortably free and easy as those of the South Sea Islanders, but we are none the less disinclined to have the manners and ways of life of other peoples, however intrinsically charming, imposed upon us from outside.

Kossuth's Appeal

IN 1852 Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, came to the United States in some measure as a guest of the nation. He had been liberated from a Turkish prison in part through the good offices of the American Department of State. In the course of his diplomatic representations on the subject, Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State under the Presidency of Fillmore, had aroused the bitter animosity of Hülsemann, the Austrian minister to this nation. American sympathy for Hungary as suffering under the unscrupulous tyranny of Austria was generous and widespread. The question of American intervention for the protection of an oppressed people was in the air. Webster was warmly responsive to the Hungarian cause, as was also President Fillmore, but they did not see fit to recognize Hungary as an independent nation. That they should consider that possibility at all, however, that the American Government should dispatch a committee to Hungary with that in mind, and that it should be instrumental in the release of the Hungarian leader so angered Hülsemann that finally he left his post and hastened home.

At the time of Hülsemann's withdrawal, Kossuth had already been brought to the United States in a national ship, had been received with noisy demonstrations of welcome, and had addressed audiences in many American cities. Carried on a wave of excitement from one part of the country to another as he was, he yet was forced to become increasingly conscious that the government would take no formal action in support of Hungarian independence. Seeing that the native-born were not inclined to forget Washington's advice and embroil themselves in foreign affairs, Kossuth appealed to those of foreign birth. Speaking to an audience of Germans in New York City in 1852, he said:

> "You are strong enough to effect the election of that candidate for the presidency who gives the most attention to the European cause. I find that quite natural, because between both parties there is no difference as regards the internal policy, and because only by the inanity of the German citizens of this country, the election will be such that, by and by, the administration will turn their attention to other countries, and give every nation free scope. No tree, my German friends, falls with the first stroke; it is therefore necessary, that, inasmuch as you are citizens, and can command your votes, you support the candidate who will pursue the external policy in our sense."

Again in a secret letter issued later he said in the same vein:

> "Indeed, it is not easy to be mistaken, that the German citizens of America will have the casting vote in the coming election, if they are united in a joint direction upon the platform of the principles set forth in the speech before mentioned.
>
> "They may decide upon the exterior policy of the next administration of the United States, and with that the triumph or the fall of liberty in Europe."

The Foreign Vote

IF AMERICANS had not been alarmed by this effort to control their country by aliens in the interest of aliens, they would not have been deserving of the liberty to which they had been born. At this time the current of immigration was at its height. Approximately one person in forty in the United States had come into the country within the preceding twelve months. That the vote of the alien might easily have a determining effect upon national policy, as Kossuth had declared, must have been easily apparent to every thoughtful man acquainted with the facts.

In a letter to a friend dated January 3, 1855, the year of his identification with the American party, Fillmore wrote in part:

> "I have for a long time looked with dread and apprehension at the corrupting influence which the contest for the foreign vote is exciting upon our elections. This seems to result from its being banded together, and subject to the control of a few interested and selfish leaders. Hence, it has been a subject of bargain and sale, and each of the great political parties of the country have been bidding to obtain it; and, as usual in such contests, the party which is most corrupt is most successful. The consequence is that it is fast demoralizing the whole country; corrupting the very fountains of political power; and converting the ballot-box into an unmeaning mockery, where the rights of native-born citizens are voted away by those who blindly follow their mercenary and selfish leaders."

Blind Humanitarians

THE maintenance of a definite policy of any sort in a society of any kind is dependent upon the existence of a reasonable degree of homogeneity, of unity of purpose, in that society. The purposes and aims of Germans in Germany with relation to Hungarian independence or any other problem must be recognized as being quite within their legitimate province. They may there properly think and act as they wish. People of alien origin, maintaining their native character in America, are not properly privileged to decide the course of American governmental action in agreement with their personal national or international sympathies. They may by naturalization have some legal right so to conduct themselves. From the standpoint of those who have originally determined the character of their adopted country, however, they presume upon a courtesy. The ideals of life that bring happiness to men and women in Moscow, in Pekin, in Budapest, are not the ideals that bring happiness to men and women in America. The pursuit of happiness in the United States is not the same as the pursuit of happiness in Vienna or Montevideo.

When we are confronted with a surge of nativistic violence, we should realize at once that the real authors of it are the blind humanitarians whose sentimentalism has opened the door to those who are not our kind. A political experiment, whether communistic, Republican, or Democratic, has as its end the social good of those who engage in it. A political end is incidental only, not final. The house that I build for my inhabiting is justified in the beauty of its architecture, however fully it achieves that beauty, only in the event that it shelters peace and tranquillity. If I cannot live within it a life that in some measure satisfies my nature, I must feel ultimately that all the thought that I have given to it has been in vain. Certainly if I must grant harborage to every comer whose manners are wholly different from my own, whether better or worse, I can scarcely escape some bitter regrets.

A Vanished Dream

WHEN we built our political house some century and a half ago, political ends were probably much more singly in our minds than they would be now. We cannot with as good an intellectual conscience in our day think of achieving a unity of aim by bringing together a miscellaneity of peoples. That was a dream of enthusiasts. It has vanished. We have come to see that more than one great civilization has been wrecked by a process of hybridization. When in the place of debating about means toward a common end, we must disagree about ends themselves, we are on the road to ineradicable animosities. There is a story of a man whose wife, from visits to a settlement house in the neighborhood, learned some better ways of preparing food and began practicing them in the kitchen. Theoretically he approved of them and expressed his approval generously. His final judgment as a thing of personal application to himself, however, betrayed a slight variation of opinion. "Them's good things they learn you to cook over there," he said, "but I'd ruther eat what I'd ruther." That is very much in the spirit of the founders of our civilization, and most good Americans are still individually in the same state of mind.

BRIEFLY TOLD

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. The set includes: "The International Jew," Vol. I, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

"The true test of civilization is not the census, nor the size of cities, nor the crops; no, but the kind of man the country turns out."—*Emerson.*

The life insurance companies have more than doubled the amount of their loans on farms in the past five years. Farm mortgages have increased from $859,000,000 at the end of 1919 to $1,781,000,000 on September 30 of this year.

Radio rash is said to be the newest affliction of the people of Europe. It is an eruption of the tender skin of the ears, resulting from the constant pressure of the hard rubber headpieces. Dr. Marcus, of Vienna, mentioning it in the *Clinical Review,* says that it is not serious when given prompt attention.

"Education is good behavior to the young, comfort to the old, riches to the poor, and decoration to the rich."—*Diogenes.*

The number of words found in old English literature does not exceed 30,000, while the new dictionaries today have listed more than 400,000, mostly of foreign origin. It is strange to note, however, that most authors use mainly English words. Shakespeare used 90 per cent and the English Bible contains 94 per cent.

A bill has been brought up in the Danish Parliament by Minister of Justice Steincke which would authorize doctors under certain conditions to take the life of a person who was hopelessly ill and who desired it, without incurring punishment. This according to the old law was designated as manslaughter or murder.

Antisthenes when asked what was the most needful branch of learning answered that it was to unlearn one's bad habits.

What is believed to be the only troop of blind Boy Scouts in the world is Troop 254 of the [illegible] composed of fourteen boys.

Five thousand young Christmas trees will be contributed by the New York State College of Forestry at Syracuse University to each county in the State of New York that will establish a Christmas tree farm.

The expression "blue blood" is of Spanish origin, where the aristocracy was limited to those who traced their lineage beyond the Moorish conquest. Having whiter complexions, the veins upon their hands were blue ("blue blood"), while Moorish blood showed black upon the hands and temples. The phrase passed into France, where it gained vogue, and from there to England and America.

When a dead seal is brought home by an Eskimo hunter the body is ceremoniously treated to a drink of fresh water in the belief that all his life the seal has been craving a draft of sweet water. The hunter who satisfies this longing puts himself on good terms with the seal's spirit and through it with the spirits of seals still living. This, he thinks, makes for luck in hunting.

The Indian name Shenandoah means "Daughter of the Stars."

One of the ordeals a boy of New Guinea has to go through is a number of days of starvation, during which time tempting food is brought to him at intervals. If he betrays the least emotion at the sight of the food he is considered lacking in self-control and is sent back among other boys for another period of time.

Someone asked Diogenes why people gave money to beggars and would not give it to philosophers. He replied, "Because they think they are much more likely to become beggars than philosophers themselves."

After many centuries Swedish menfolk are beginning to milk cows. They formerly waited by while the women milked.

"No reform would be effected if tip-taking were forbidden and salaries raised, for the ban would be ignored by both employes and patrons of hotels. The public will tip, and tips will be taken, no matter what the salaries and wages are."—*H. M. Statler,* of the Hotel Pennsylvania.

"The Bible is a book of faith, and a book of doctrine, and a book of morals, and a book of religion, of special revelation from God; but it is also a book which teaches man his own individual responsibility, his own dignity, and his equality with his fellow man."—*Daniel Webster.*

The Irish River Shannon, famed in song and story, is about to be harnessed to produce electrical energy for the industry of New Ireland.

The *Evangelical Christian* and *Missionary Witness,* of Toronto, says editorially: "It would be well for every Jew if he would carefully read the books put forth by Mr. Henry Ford, which were originally intended to provoke the Hebrew people to bring about reforms among themselves."

Domestic reindeer herds in Alaska are today worth $1,550,000 more than the United States paid to Russia in 1867 for the entire Territory.

Thirty million copies of the Bible were sold last year.

A church wedding does not constitute full legal marriage in Germany. It is preceded by a ceremony at the office of the Justice of Peace.

The oldest public document ever presented in the courts of Queens County, New York, so it is said, was a deed dated August 16, 1685, recently brought into the courts to settle a land dispute.

The oldest of all pyramids antedating the great Gizeh group by between 300 and 500 years, is the step pyramid of Sakkara, twelve miles south of Cairo.

Of the 52,000 names of towns and post offices in the United States, forty-three appear more than twenty times each.

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"I Read in the Papers—"

I READ IN THE PAPERS that a great function was held in the Halls of Congress on December 15, in memory of Woodrow Wilson, but was not told what was the occasion for this. I read a New York, Detroit, Chicago and Boston newspaper and failed to learn why the memorial service was held just at this time. A Wilson memorial is always fitting, but as a newspaper reader I wanted to know *why* this meeting was held *now.* I wanted to *know badly enough to search four newspapers. None told me why.* (I have just met a man from Washington who tells me that it was the customary memorial service held after a President's death, and that a similar service will be held for Mr. Harding in March or April.)

I READ IN THE PAPERS that Louis Marshall broadcast over WGBS recently that 5,000 Jews were in Cuba, having been lured there by steamship agents. Mr. Marshall's purpose was twofold, first to make immigration into the United States easier for his fellow Jews, and second, to get $500,000 out of people who can be made to believe that all governments treat emigrant Jews badly. The facts of the Cuban matter are these: there are many Jews in Cuba waiting to get into the United States, and numbers of them will be bootlegged in—no question about that. But there are not 5,000 Jews there, and those that are there have not been 'lured" by steamship agents. They have come in pursuance of a perfectly well understood plan. Every one of them has seen in the offices of American Consulates in Europe—offices which they must and do visit—the posted warning not to leave Europe with the intention of entering the United States without first obtaining American visas in their home country. The American Counsel General at Havana, Cuba, can tell Mr. Marshall that rarely does there arise a case in which the Jewish emigrant has not gone to the American Consul in his home town before coming to Cuba and has learned the true conditions; nevertheless he comes to Cuba. Moreover, living conditions of the Jews in Cuba, which Mr. Marshall describes as "comparable only with the Black Hole in Calcutta" are so much superior to living conditions of Jews within a few blocks of Mr. Marshall's palatial New York home, that the comparison is as that between heaven and hell.

I don't like to see both Jews and Christians imposed upon by such statements. If it continues, the Jewish Sanhedrin in the United States will have to get another spokesman.

I READ IN THE PAPERS that the former Kaiser of Germany charges the United States with making a secret agreement with England, France and Japan against Germany in 1900. When simple affairs are still so confused ten years after 1914, how confused they must have been at that date. How little the world seems to know about itself, anyway! How much misinformation the best secret service in the world can gather! Still, Mr. Hohenzollern should use his common sense in such matters. When even a public agreement, such as President Wilson wanted to make, was impossible, how could a secret agreement become possible? Who could make it, and who would be bound by it, and would the maker be in office when the day of fulfillment came round? Nonsense! Add to the list of American liberties our absolute freedom from "secret" promises, understandings, alliances, treaties.

I READ IN THE PAPERS that mankind is growing handsomer. There is not the slightest doubt of it. As justice becomes more and more the rule of life, and the possible privileges of life become more general, life becomes more rewarding and as a consequence is lengthened. The average life is longer now than in any period of which we have scientific statistics. This seems to disprove what everybody was saying a few years ago, that the nervous pace of today kills. The increase in the number of interests gives life. People used to be old at 60; they are just in their prime at that age. Our cities are full of young old people. The reason is doubtless mental. The true cause of old age is the hardening of the mental arteries. The stage of "old fogeyism" is pushed very far back in our day. Besides, medical science, which years ago was intent on saving the babies, has made such creditable advance in that field that it is now devoting itself to the hygiene of maturity and age. All this reflects itself in people's faces. Of course we are better looking than our ancestors, and when our descendants have accustomed themselves to the new vibration of life they will be better looking than we are.

I READ IN THE PAPERS that the "municipal ownership" cry is subsiding in the United States. The probable reason is that, good as it is as a theory, it does not work out in practice. Men who are competent to run great enterprises are not in politics, and if they are hired to run municipal utilities they are too much hindered by politics. One very bad feature of municipal ownership is that newspapers seldom tell the people the full truth about it. One good feature of private operation is that newspapers will jump on a corporation at the least deviation from service. It is a sad condition when newspapers cease to be watchdogs of the public welfare and become silent accomplices of public incompetence in municipal operation. But, whether privately or publicly operated, public utilities should be strictly amenable to general public control. Every franchise should stipulate that. And in municipal ownership, taxpayers should be informed how much of a deficit they are making up.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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MR. FORD'S Page this week (page 7) discusses the cost of government, with emphasis on the tendency of "paper work" to increase, and the bad financial policy which keeps the Government poor paying interest on its own money.

AMONG the feature articles in this issue is an interview with William Allen White (page 3) who is being honorably reckoned as a writer of insight and craftsmanly skill. American in taste, tone and technique, he will more richly repay the attention of young men than do flashier aliens or even native-born writers who ape the alien psychology. Mr. White lives in the Editorial State—otherwise known as Kansas.

SAID a man recently, "There are only two birthdays universally celebrated; one of them falls on the 25th of December, the other on the 25th of January." Candidly, we had to ask what the latter date signified. The birthday of Robbie Burns, of course! An American abroad sends us an illustrated description of the Burns Country as he saw it (pp. 12 and 13) and a Scottish journalist, tells (page 15) how Burns refused to pledge the British Premier, saying, "I propose the health of George Washington, a Better Man."

AMERICANS, Attention! There are 115,000,000 people in the country, and 7,403 members of State Legislatures. The Constitution of the United States can be changed by a majority of the legislatures in three-fourths of the States. That majority happens to be 2,316 members. *Therefore, 2,316 men can change the Constitution of the United States.* Did you know that? Read the article on page 4. The latest proposed Amendment concerns the *children of the nation*—not the children out West or down South, or up North, but yours and mine. And we have nothing to say about it—not a vote, not even a vote of instruction to the men who will vote.

WHY don't they want the people to vote on these questions? You will see why, on page 5. Legislatures are more easily handled. How do women propagandists handle legislators? Read their own descriptions of how they do it.

AN EDITORIAL on the Tax and Interest burden (page 8) deals with a matter that the whole nation will be roused about soon.

Shopping—and in China, too! An American lady tells how she did it—page 6.

How do Presidents act and feel at the solemn moment of their Inauguration? Tom Masson opens a door into the secret—page 2.

The best-dressed women in Paris are Americans wearing American-made dresses. When we put our *mind* to *styles* we proved as smart as the French. And as Jean Mowatt tells it, on page 10, even a man would enjoy reading it.

Pure American atmosphere and color, though of different shades and types, in "Medicine Shows" on page 9, and Lake Placid in winter, on page 11.

YANKEE Common Sense—flavorous with wisdom, fibrous with strength, something to draw a whoop from Father and an approving smile from Mother. Find it—Read it—Revel in it—At the bottom of pp. 4 and 5. Even an American boy will feel his blood saying "Yes" to it.

William Allen White—Journalist

The Country of Robert Burns

People's Voice in Lawmaking

Shopping Scenes in Soochow

Human Side of Our Presidents

American Women and the Modes

Placid Valley, Past and Present

The Old-Time Medicine Show

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

The Human Side of Our Presidents

How They Felt, Acted and Were Described at Their Inaugurations

By THOMAS L. MASSON

THE Presidential inauguration is almost an unofficial ceremony, which time and custom have standardized. Yet in the past it has been the occasion not only for great emotional displays, but for the revelation of human traits in our chief magistrates, which throws an illuminating glow upon the whole presidential succession. This year on March 4, at the end of 135 years of our national life, it is Coolidge who will be inaugurated.

From a two-family house, after a preliminary hotel career of chafing dishes cooked by his admirable wife, he arrives at the White House. He sets his individual example of economy in all sorts of ways—by speech and practice; refuses to ride in a private car, and plays up to the national hay-raking complex with grand diplomatic skill.

Washington—agitated and embarrassed.

Way back at the other end of the line, we have George Washington, then accounted the richest man of his day, obliged to borrow $3,000, to journey to New York to be inaugurated.

In Rome they had a custom, when a military victor returned from war triumphant, for a man to stand behind him in the chariot in which he sat in processions, and repeat occasionally in his ear: *"Remember that you are only a man."* It is recalled that Napoleon, as he stood waiting to be crowned, turned quietly to his brother and whispered: "What would father say if he were here?"

The thing which really separates the line of our presidents from all other rulers—if we may judge from their remarks at their inaugurations—is the entire absence of vanity. These presidents of ours have, indeed, been sadly deprecated. It seems to be assumed that, as a whole, they must be mediocrities. Yet it is difficult to say how, in any given instance, they could have done much better, and when we come to examine it, it is astonishing how, in so many instances, they seemed to be specially designed to fill the bill. This is certainly true of Lincoln; and it may be true of Woodrow Wilson.

I was told only the other day, on very high authority, that Rudyard Kipling had got the inspiration for his famous poem "If" from a study of the character of George Washington, who was probably more severely criticized by his contemporaries than any other man in the world—and who was more unmoved by it than any other man.

Another interesting thing: It is a fact that the large majority of our presidents didn't want the office. The rule seems to be that those who went out for it hardest and wanted it most didn't get it. Before Washington came to New York in 1789 to be inaugurated, he wrote to Henry Knox: "My feelings are not unlike those of a culprit going to a place of execution." And later on Thomas Jefferson remarked at his own inauguration, after he had been congratulated by a friend: "I would advise you to follow my example on nuptial occasions, when I always tell the bridegroom I will wait until the end of the year before offering my congratulations."

Cleveland riding back to White House with McKinley.

The inauguration ceremony itself has no official sanction, the Constitution merely prescribing that the President shall take the oath of office. He is not even formally notified of his election. But the manner in which it has been celebrated—the parades, the military displays, balls, pageants, and so on—all make it a very accurate barometer of the state of the nation. At this moment we need to put ourselves quietly in the place of the incoming President, not alone considering his feelings and emotions, but his responsibilities; this will help us to understand not only what we are here for individually but what the country is here for. We must get at the thing from the inside, rather than from the outside, and the inaugurations offer us a rich field for the inside.

There was, for example, Grover Cleveland riding back to the White House with McKinley, just elected on March 4, 1897, and remarking as quoted: "I am deeply sorry, Mr. President, to pass on to you a war with Spain. It will come within two years. Nothing can stop it."

Now war with Spain was not apparent to the superficial observer at the time. But it came according to Cleveland's prediction.

Another thing we get is a sense of similarity in the attitude of our presidents toward foreign powers and the European question generally. For instance, on March 4, 1845, President Polk delivered—in the pouring rain—the famous inaugural address relating to Oregon, which caused such a controversy in Great Britain, and which may be compared with Grover Cleveland's equally famous Venezuela message of December 17, 1895. This latter was not, of course, an inaugural message, but after a lapse of nearly fifty years it is very interesting to note the same prevailing tone. I recall quite vividly a friend of mine who was a large operator in Wall Street, berating Cleveland the next evening after the Venezuela message, because it had ruined him, stocks falling with a dull thud on that morning. Thus the patriotism of Wall Street is always in evidence!

It should be understood that, in this article, I am making no attempt to present a set display, or formal chronological review of presidential inaugurations. My purpose is to interest everyone in the office itself as a keynote to the real secret of our government. But that the reader may follow the line, I have appended to this rambling account a table of presidents with the proper dates; and this will be found a convenient reference card.

The difficulties attendant upon the first inauguration seem now almost incredible, compared with the ease we now get about. I am writing this article almost within a stone's throw of where Washington embarked (Elizabethport, New Jersey) for New York on his triumphal journey from Mount Vernon in 1789. This first inauguration of George Washington was duplicated as closely as possible a hundred years later, during the administration of Benjamin Harrison, in 1889, and, as one of the spectators of that great occasion, I well remember the extraordinary ceremony, the enormous excitement and the great crowds—which, however, would not be so considered today, so congested has the Metropolis now become. One monument only remains of that occasion—the Washington Arch, at Washington Square, under which, every day, a long succession of Fifth Avenue motor buses continues to parade.

Washington was not inaugurated until April 30, 1798, the delay being due to the fact that it was not possible, on account of the weather and the roads, to get a quorum of Congress. The assembly of the first Federal Congress, after the adoption of the Constitution, was fixed for March 4, 1789, but only eight Senators and thirteen Congressmen arrived—not enough for a quorum. At that time the Raritan River at New Brunswick—which now one speeds over in a motor in a few seconds—and the Delaware River were both crossed in scows. Travel was so impeded that not until April 6 was a quorum present. They met and organized on that day.

On the morning of April 16 Washington left Mount Vernon. He rode on a white charger. A laurel wreath was placed on his head at Gray's Ferry by one of the Boy Scouts of that day and at Trenton thirteen beautiful young girls strewed flowers in front of him. At Elizabethport he was received by a committee of Congress and the mayor of New York, at that time a city of not more than 25,000 inhabitants. The landing from the barge, decorated for the occasion and which had proceeded across New York Harbor from the Kill von Kull, was made near the foot of Wall Street, only a short distance from where, many years later, Jenny Lind landed, escorted by the redoubtable P. T. Barnum. The official residence of Washington in New York was known as the Walter Franklin House, and was occupied by Samuel Osgood of the Treasury Board, who moved out bag and baggage for the Father of His Country.

The ceremony itself, which took place on the site of the present Sub-Treasury building at Wall and Broad streets, was quite elaborate. Some authorities state that Washington was elaborately dressed, but the fact seems to be that he was the first to establish the precedent of wearing American-made clothes.

"He wore," says Rider, "a complete suit of homespun so finely woven that it 'was universally mistaken for a foreign manufactured superfine cloth.' Other officials offered the same token of attention to the manufacturing interests of the country."

Thus we see that in the very beginning of our career, the fact that "business is business" was not neglected. President Coolidge is by no means so far afield as a practical man as some idealists would have us believe.

Which at the moment reminds me of a remark Woodrow Wilson once made to me when he was governor of New Jersey. He said that he had a hard time getting away from cranks and other nice men who took up his time, so he finally got a room way up, I think on the top floor of the capitol at Trenton, where he and Joe Tumulty began their combined official careers. And Washington, way back in 1789, had the same experience. He had been accused of holding himself too much aloof, indeed, of being a kind of presidential snob. He made a protest against this public censure. In this he declares that before he introduced system into his callers, he was "unable to attend to any business whatsoever; for gentlemen, consulting their convenience rather than mine, were calling from the time I rose from breakfast—often before—until I sat down to dinner. This, as I resolved not to neglect my public duties, reduced me to the choice of one of these alternatives—either to refuse them altogether or to appropriate a time for the reception of them."

William Henry Harrison made address in storm which hastened his death.

And he adds: "To please everybody was impossible."

At the time Washington was inaugurated there was a distinct smart set in New York. The inauguration ball, if thus it can be called, took place apparently on May 7. Washington, who, unlike President Coolidge, had learned to dance, performed a minuet with Miss Van Zandt and also danced cotillions with Mrs. Peter Van Brugh Livingston, Mrs. Maxwell, and others. His second inauguration was held in Philadelphia. He wanted it to be private but the Senate insisted on its being public.

Douglas stepped forward and took Lincoln's hat.

Nothing could be in more startling contrast to the first inauguration of Washington—and, indeed, in a sense to the second—than the inauguration of John Adams, one of the greatest cranks, and one of the greatest men, this country has produced. John Adams had enough vanity to keep his family successors supplied for generations; and those of the direct descendants who are going about today are not notable for their lack of it. Washington had, in a very large sense, come into his own. The country mourned his departure. "Many wept," says a contemporary, "when he left the hall of the Old State House in Philadelphia and spectators followed him in crowds." Adams, who apparently resented this, wrote: "There was more weeping than there ever had been at the representation of a tragedy." And he added his doubt as to whether this was more "from grief for the loss of their beloved President or because of the accession of an unloved one." This last sentence, by the way, is the motive of that remarkable book written by his present-day successor, Henry Adams: "The Education of Henry Adams"—a kind of cultured pean of self-pity.

The inauguration of Thomas Jefferson, which took place on March 4, 1801, was the first inauguration to be held in Washington, to which city the seat of government had been removed in 1800. Here the sinister figure of Aaron Burr emerges into processional publicity. Adams hated Jefferson and refused to be present, leaving Washington the night before. He had appointed John Marshall Chief Justice, and Jefferson hated Marshall, who performed the ceremony of administering the oath. Burr hovered about like Mephistopheles. The thing was got through with. Jefferson was living at a boarding house (Conrad's) at the time, and living was so crude that he was the only boarder who had a whole bed to himself. At that time the north wing of the Capitol was not completed. Jefferson, walking between Burr and Marshall, was escorted to the room at present occupied by the Supreme Court. He had come to the Capitol escorted by a battalion of soldiers. When the affair was over, he went back to his boarding house. He did not get into the White House until May. He is described as wearing "shabby clothes and hair." He apparently made no preparation for the ceremony—a fact due as some thought to affectation—and wore a blue coat, a thick gray collar, waistcoat with a red undervest lapped over it, green velveteen breeches with pearl buttons, yarn stockings, and slippers down at the heel. He never was able to speak and delivered his address in an almost inaudible voice. His inaugural, however, is one of our great state papers.

Nellie Grant held her father's hand while he spoke.

The inauguration of James Madison (1809) was very much brighter, more ornate, than that of Jefferson's. "All the militia," says McMaster, "came over from Georgetown and Alexandria to escort the new President from his home to the Capitol." There were at least ten thousand spectators and participants at the grand inaugural ball.

Following the precedent established by Washington, and to pay his due to American

(*Concluded on page 14*)

Interview With William Allen White

Vivid American Journalist Says That the Kansas Press Is a Voice, Not a Property. Small, But Has Courage and Influence and It Pays

By DIRK P. DE YOUNG

"GO AHEAD! Shoot away!" was William Allen White's hearty response when I broached the matter of an interview with him recently on the subject of American journalism and his own achievements as a man of letters.

The editor of the Emporia *Gazette,* probably the most widely quoted newspaperman in the Middle West, does not stand on ceremony when you meet him. The welcoming smile in his blue eyes, the sandy hair on his large head, the protruding, firm-set jaw, combined with the quick movements of a short but slightly portly body, tell the world at a glance that here is a man always ready for anything—from a friendly interview to a lively combat with most any sort of antagonist. Thus when two sandy-haired sons of bleeding Kansas meet, such as White and myself, frankness is the soul of honor.

Emporia is the home of my parents. William Allen White's editorials and "Walt" Mason's daily poems which appear in all issues of the *Gazette* have been read, like the Bible, in my father's house all these years. Emporia is a town of colleges and churches where preaching and teaching go hand in hand. In that atmosphere Mr. White is thoroughly at home, lecturing at the schools on journalism, supplying the local pulpits on occasion Sundays while writing daily editorials to the 25,000 readers of his newspaper.

It was September when I visited Kansas this time, when the state is at its best. As the train moves west from Kansas City the valley of the Kaw is profuse with acres upon acres of inflorescent corn tassels. Tall elm trees, with tinted leaves of autumn, and the auburn heads of rows of Kaffir corn vie with each other in lending color to the landscape. The apples were growing red, threshing machines were humming, while large herds of Kansas kine grazed on the hillsides. And sunflowers, with brown heads as large as wagon wheels and yellow petals the size of Chinese fans, projected their tall stalks skyward in a colorful panorama. Emporia, on the Neosho River, a town of less than 15,000 persons, the home of the Kansas State Normal—the largest normal school in the United States—and of Emporia College, a large Presbyterian institution of learning, houses between two and three thousand students in its homes of culture surrounded by spreading shade trees and grassy lawns.

The morning I called at the office of the *Gazette* Mr. White was not in. He generally does his writing in the forenoon at his home, one of Emporia's comfortable residences, operating his own typewriter. His son William, going by the name of "Bill" around the town, too, received me. Calling his famous father on the telephone, he reported my presence, and the purpose of my mission. The elder White would be down at once, which took about ten minutes.

In the meantime, the son took me over the plant of the *Gazette,* a daily newspaper and commercial printing establishment in a Kansas town of less than 15,000 persons, equipped with up-to-date machinery, with a circulation for the journal which equals the circulation of dailies in the East and cities twice the size of Emporia. Besides, the actual size and quality of the publication is remarkable for a place so small. Considerable plant extension was going on while I was there, also, which indicated continued growth.

The editorial office of William Allen White is not imposing, from a furniture and fixture angle. The leather of some of the chairs gave signs of wear, as if much used by farmers, friends, and others, who drop in on the editor with the same informality today as they did thirty years ago when "Bill" White took over the struggling sheet for the sum of $3,000, paying for the same with notes, like Micawber. To some the office might actually appear plain, but to me it expressed White and it expressed Kansas journalism, which is close to the people.

Over the editor's desk, one of those high roll-top affairs with many pigeonholes in which papers of all sizes reposed, hung photographs of many noted men—Mark Twain, Theodore Roosevelt, William Jennings Bryan, Grover Cleveland, William McKinley, Warren G. Harding, Woodrow Wilson, Robert M. La Follette, and others. These and lesser ones, most of them autographed, decorated the walls of the whole office, while his letter files, I was told by his secretary, contain correspondence exchanged with the great and the near-great of the earth. Going back to the mouse-trap story of Emerson, William Allen White has brought the world to his door.

"Tell me something about Kansas journalism," I said, after a few preliminary remarks about sunflowers, the weather, and politics. "In the East, and pretty much everywhere except Kansas, the editorial page of the newspaper has lost its influence and the public no longer looks to the press as the 'Palladium of its Liberties.' I understand you still have what is known as 'independent editors' or as 'personal journalism' here, instead of capitalistic newspaper enterprises, truckling to advertisers or to other organizations, in which the editorial writers confine themselves to platitudes or noncommittal observations. What I mean, to be more specific, is the passing of such editors as Colonel Watterson, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal,* Greeley, Medill, Dana, and others, whose voices, when they spoke, expressed editorial convictions instead of the policy of a newspaper machine."

Before letting Mr. White talk, as one of the best-known editors of Kansas, I should perhaps enumerate a few of the present-day journalists of that state who are nationally known writers. There is, to start with, William Allen White himself, who has written several books, and whose articles on public questions are widely syndicated. Then we should mention Ed. Howe, of the Atchison *Globe;* Henry Allen, of the Wichita *Beacon;* Victor Murdock, of the Wichita *Eagle;* Senator Arthur Capper, of the Capper publications; former Senator Bristow of the Salina *Journal;* Clyde Reed of the Parsons *Star;* and C. M. Hayes, of the Abilene *Reflector,* a magazine writer of national reputation. Can you name offhand as many nationally known editors in any other state of the Union? Can you name a dozen, which you have heard more of, in the whole United States outside of Kansas? There may be editors more able than this Kansas group, but the public is not getting their views, as expressed in a personal way, à la White, Howe, Capper, et al. In every state that I know of, except Kansas, the tendency of journalism today, speaking generally, is to hide editorial lights under a bushel of machine-made newspapers, a condition which writers and editors as a class privately condemn. And here is what Mr. White has to say about it:

"Personal journalism," said Mr. White, "may be on the wane in other states but it is more popular in Kansas now than ever. We come about as near to having an independent press here as anywhere in the world. Our editors express their personal opinion on all important public questions as freely now as they ever did.

"There is no such thing as a 'controlled press' in Kansas, as it is known in some sections of the United States, sometimes referred to as 'kept' by capitalists. We speak our minds here on all occasions, sometimes with great individualism, calling a 'spade' a 'spade' or, if conditions warrant, we speak plainer still and call it 'a dirty shovel.' We have large capitalistic interests in Kansas, too, such as railroads, coal mines, oil, gas, and huge packing industries, but they have never succeeded in muzzling the Kansas press."

"Is the Kansas press prosperous?" I asked him. "Does this policy of independence and vigorous editorial comment hurt the revenues of the newspaper, as so many newspaper proprietors elsewhere seem to fear?"

"No other kind of journalism, except independent, personal editorial comment, such as we have here, would pay in Kansas," was Editor White's ready response. "The public has no confidence in newspapers whose editors are suspected of writing against their convictions or against the public's interests. Subsidized papers, or journals, which allow their pages to be influenced to augment advertising income, soon lose their influence. The American public is too intelligent today to be fooled on that point. A newspaper which does not support itself from the legitimate revenues of ethical newspaperdom may flourish for a time but it will eventually lose its prestige. Here in Kansas newspapers without a good editorial spine can make no headway at all.

"Newspapers in this state are on a sound financial basis generally. We have only one daily, as a rule, in cities of from 10,000 to 25,000. The net earnings of such plants average from $10,000 to $25,000 a year. In 1922, I was told, the Atchison *Globe* cleared $40,000 in a city of about 13,000 inhabitants, on a circulation of 7,000. Kansas journalism, as you see, pays dividends, too—in the coin of this realm as well as in future rewards."

So much for the independent editor of Kansas. But what about the less fearless publishers of other states who feel that the modern way of machine-made newspapers is the best—for their pocketbooks, at least. Regarding such timid souls of the craft, White has this to say:

"Publishers who dodge the issues, as they come up from day to day in the newspaper office, taking no stand at all, or a stand which is obviously that of class or of vested interests, racial, religious, or of the professional reforming type, are adopting the 'easy way.' They want to lean on some large advertiser, some influential politician, some organization with a subsidy, or something except themselves. The great editors of the past, and of the present by the way, too, have never let business interfere with their convictions.

"I do not mean by that that an editor should be a fanatic, or a radical, or everlastingly preaching. But he should be allowed to take an independent stand on vital issues, regardless of the reflection of such views in the publisher's till. In the long run an independent policy of that sort pays, too. Witness the newspapers of Kansas who live up to the old-fashioned 'canons of journalism' letting the chips fall where they may, prospering under it."

William Allen White's rise to fame as a political writer and as a national figure in letters is due to his fearlessness as well as to his ability. The road to success from the "little red schoolhouse" which reared its awful form on the hill above the town of El Dorado, Kansas, where he got the rudiments, has not always been strewn with sunflowers. A good fighter, he has engaged in many a verbal encounter. The son of a pioneer doctor and a school-teacher mother, born in 1868 in Emporia, who moved around with the boy, he acquired considerable of a spirit of adventure, tumbling around in Kansas and elsewhere before he settled down to edit the *Gazette.*

In 1884 Mr. White graduated from the town high school. He then went to the College of Emporia for a year; worked the next year as a printer's devil, and the next attended school again. Thus seesawing on, like a tumbleweed in its course, he became a reporter on the Emporia *News,* attended the State University at Lawrence where he got his Bachelor's Degree. Then, with a sheepskin securely tucked away in his jeans, he tumbled out to El Dorado again, as the manager of the *Republican* there. From the *Republican* he went to the Kansas City *Star,* as an editorial writer for three years on Colonel Nelson's great newspaper. During that time he married Miss Sallie Lindsay, like his mother, a school teacher. Getting married, with White the same as with the rest of us mortals, meant that he had to settle down, of which he said:

"I then drifted back to Emporia in 1895, buying the *Gazette* on credit, and with no capital to operate it with, except the audacity and impudence of youth. It was a small paper then and the purchase price was only $3,000, which I persuaded the former owner to part with in exchange for my notes. It was slow in developing, but it came out all right, and the note was eventually paid. Every newspaperman knows what that sort of a struggle means.

"The newspaperman, as I see it, performs a trust, the same as a lawyer, a doctor, or any other professional man. He must live up to a code which calls for printing the truth and making truthful and unbiased comment thereon. It is just as bad for a journalist to depart from that code for a consideration, as it is for the doctor or the lawyer to 'commercialize' his profession. I have always lived up to that creed in my journalistic work, and in my other writings.

"A man's conscience is his best guide. No one can do good work when he goes against that. A man has got to believe his own words to write good stuff. That's why we have Ed. Howe, Arthur Capper, Henry Allen, Victor Murdock, and a mighty host of Kansas editors, known beyond the borders of their own state. The machine-made newspapers of the country, which suppress the individuality of their editors, are killing off the Greeleys, the Medills, the Danas, the Wattersons, and the Pulitzers, of the present generation."

William Allen White is an exception to the rule that prophets are not without honor save in their own town. No country editor, anywhere, is so close to the soil as "Bill" White. He is the biggest sunflower in Emporia, with the whole town ready to sing his praises or bask in the brilliance of his literary rays.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE,
Reading his favorite paper, the Emporia *Gazette*.

Let Fathers and Mothers Be Heard

Should 2,316 Persons Be Able to Change the Constitution of This Country?

By IREDELL MEARES
Of the North Carolina and District of Columbia Bars

IT IS the declaration of the constitution of North Carolina that "a frequent recurrence to fundamental principles is essential to preserve the blessings of liberty."

Similar declarations will be found in the bill of rights and constitutions of the several states, in principle, if not in language, and in the Virginia Declaration of Rights, which antedated them. The recent discussion about the Constitution, amendments thereto, and the Federal courts has conduced to a better understanding and wider knowledge of the fundamental bases upon which rest our governments, both state and national, and it is to be welcomed, whatever the contrariety of opinions that may have been expressed.

Only recently the statement was made by a prominent lawyer of New York that the Constitution of the United States does not prescribe any provision for a referendum to the people on the question of any amendment to that instrument. It is true that it does not so prescribe by way of a popular vote of the mass of the American electors, voting individually and directly on the issue. It does, however, in effect, prescribe a mode of submitting a question of amendment to the people of each of the several states.

A Powerful Minority

ARTICLE V of the Constitution of the United States declares that amendments shall be valid "when ratified by three-fourths of the Legislatures of the several States, *or by conventions in three-fourths thereof,* as the one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by the Congress." It is apparent that the Congress in submitting any amendment to the states for ratification or rejection may prescribe either one of two modes of procedure:

1. It may cause it to be submitted to the legislatures of the several states.
2. It may cause it to be submitted to a convention of the people of each of the several states.

The mode which Congress prescribes is exclusive and must be followed by the states, but there is a vast difference between the two modes as a means of registering the popular will.

The legislatures of three-fourths of the states might adopt an amendment without the people of the state having the matter discussed before them and public opinion becoming crystallized, as their members might have been elected, without regard to the issue, and prior to Congress having passed the act submitting it to the states for ratification or rejection.

It is interesting to note that all the members of all the legislatures of 48 states number 7,403, and of these 2,316 members constitute a majority in the legislatures in 36 or three-fourths of the several states, who can amend the Constitution, if an amendment be submitted to the legislatures instead of to the conventions of the people of the several states, without the proposition having been discussed before the people and their will ascertained.

It is rather startling to contemplate that 2,316 persons, members of the legislatures of the several states, can change the organic law of this nation of upward of 115,000,000 persons, without a reference of the question to them, by amendment in the manner indicated. Even if, by this mode, the proposed amendment were adopted unanimously by every legislature of all the states in this Union, the fact is that it would then be incorporated in the Constitution of the United States by the vote of only 7,403 persons, who may be members of the state legislatures at the time, and who may or may not represent the wishes of the 115,000,000 inhabitants and citizens of this country.

On the contrary, if Congress should submit any proposed amendment to a convention of the people in each of the several states, then, to such convention called specially to consider it, and either to ratify or reject it, delegates would have to be elected by the people, at an election called for the purpose, and candidates for the convention would have to take a public stand for or against ratification, discussing the issue before the people who would vote for such candidates as represented their views; thus, in effect, we would get at an expression of the people's will as to the proposed amendment—virtually and practically as the result of a referendum in each state.

Government by the People—

IT WAS through *conventions* that the states originally ratified the Constitution, as will be seen by reference to the United States statutes or Elliot's Debates; in fact, the convention of 1787, which framed the Constitution, recommended to the Congress that it be submitted for ratification or rejection to "a convention of delegates chosen in each State by the people thereof, under the recommendation of its Legislature, for their assent and ratification; and that each convention consenting and ratifying the same should give notice thereof to the United States in Congress assembled"; and the Congress, then existing under the Confederation of the States prior to the adoption of the Constitution, directed the Constitution so framed to "be transmitted to the several Legislatures in order to be submitted to a convention of the delegates chosen in each State by the people thereof, in conformity to the resolves of the convention."

Chief Justice Marshall, in the case of McCulloch vs. Maryland (4 Wheat 403) said: (The italics are ours.)

"This mode of proceeding was adopted: and by the convention, by Congress, and by the state legislatures, the instrument was submitted to the people. *They acted upon it in the only manner in which they can act safely, effectively and wisely on such a subject, by assembling in conventions.* It is true, they assembled in their several states—and where else should they have assembled? No political dreamer was ever wild enough to think of breaking down the lines which separate the states, and of compounding the American people into one common mass. Of consequence, when they act, they act in their states. But the measures they adopt do not, on that account, cease to be the measures of the people themselves."

"It is, sir," said Daniel Webster, "the people's Constitution, the people's Government; made for the people; made by the people; and answerable to the people."

If the original instrument were submitted to the people, through conventions of delegates chosen by them, *why should not important amendments take the same course?*

The reason may be found in the fact that the proponents of amendments consider it *easier to persuade a limited number of legislators* to adopt them than to induce the people, after discussion, and who are ever jealous of preserving the Constitution of the fathers, to change their organic law. It is rather singular that in these days of much talk about *popular government* Congress submitted to the legislatures, not to conventions of the *people* in each state, the Nineteenth Amendment as to woman's suffrage and the Eighteenth Amendment as to prohibition.

It was proposed in the recent Congress that the twentieth amendment, now pending for ratification, and which would give to Congress the remarkable grant of power "to limit, regulate and prohibit the labor of persons under 18 years of age," should be submitted to conventions of the people of the several states; but its proponents objected and Congress ignored the opportunity to allow the people to pass upon it through conventions, as it could have done under the article of the Constitution quoted and now submits it to the legislatures. In the debate in Congress, Mr. Montague, of Virginia, moved to amend the bill so as to submit the amendment to convention of the people in each state, whereupon Mr. Foster, of Ohio, who had introduced the measure, declared that "the distinguished gentleman of Virginia discloses the motive back of his amendment" (that is to submit it to conventions) and "every gentleman in the House, whether he is for or against this amendment, understands that the motive so evidently back of this amendment—at least, the result to be accomplished by the amendment (that is, to submit the question to conventions of the people) "would be to defeat any child labor amendment." (*Congressional Record,* Sixty-Eighth Congress, first session, p. 7254.)

Manifestly a Soviet Measure

THE advocates of this twentieth amendment were not willing that it should go to conventions of the people, because *it would involve the fathers and mothers being heard on the subject,* and the question determined by the electors. Neither did the advocates of the Eighteenth or Nineteenth amendment care to allow the people to pass on those measures. Senator Underwood, speaking in the Senate on June 4, 1919, on the Nineteenth Amendment said: "I should like to suggest to the Senator from Arizona (Mr. Ashurst) that the fathers, some 128 years ago, in writing the Constitution provided a method by which the voice of the people might be heard. .... Of course, we all know that the constitutional provision directly gives the opportunity, if Congress avails itself of it .... We challenge you to go to the hustings; we challenge you to submit this question to the people and not to the Legislatures of the States." (*Congressional Record,* June 4, 1919.)

But Senator Ashurst voiced the unwillingness of the advocates of that measure to trust to the verdict of the people in saying: "I rather, suspect—no, I cannot use that word—I dread, rather, that this may defeat, delay and hinder the celerity with which I would like to see this amendment adopted."

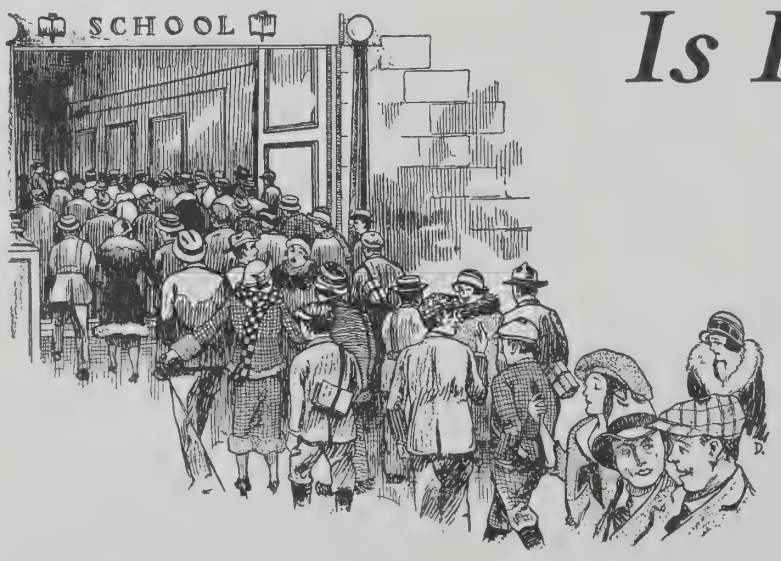
Had there been in this measure a proposition to grant a power to Congress to regulate the employment and conditions of child labor, the advocates would have been willing to submit it to conventions of the people to ratify, but because they know *it is not a child labor law* in the sense of regulating the hours, employment and ages of children, which operate upon the employer, not the child, and because it is manifestly a Soviet measure to "limit, regulate and prohibit *the labor*"—not *the employment*—"of all persons under 18 years of age," they would put it over the people, write it into the organic law of the country, through influences brought to bear on legislators, with or without the popular approval.

Like Pontius Pilate

THE fact that a Congress could be led by the influences which dictated its action to submit to the respective states this amendment is in itself an evidence that it will be influenced by the same agencies to pass laws, pursuant to the power given, create bureaus with power to make rules and regulations, having the effect of statutes, and, in effect, place the youth of this country in serfdom to the whimsical theories and guidance of bureaucratic Federal agents instead of leaving them to the love, guidance and common-sense direction of their parents.

So it is that the same influences which heckled Congress to submit this minor labor amendment to the legislatures, will, by propaganda, appeal to sentiment, threats and heckling, undertake to influence enough of the legislatures to ratify the amendment, without consultation of the people, and we may have our Constitution amended by the action of members of Congress, who, like Pontius Pilate, washed their hands of responsibility and passed it on to the legislatures, and by 2,316 members, a majority of three-fourths of the state legislatures, who may vote to adopt it.

Even in Massachusetts, where at the last election an advisory referendum was held under an act of the state legislature on the question of the ratification of the proposed twentieth amendment and the measure was defeated by a popular majority of 448,898, out of a total vote cast of 943,340, or three to one, the legislature will not be bound legally by the popular vote. It can ignore the mandate of the people and ratify the amendment, contrary to their ascertained will, although it will not likely venture so to do, and its action would be legal and the state would be counted for ratification, notwithstanding the overwhelming sentiment of the people solemnly and deliberately expressed in opposition to it. This, because Congress in submitting it to the states elected to submit it to the legislatures rather than to conventions of the several states.



Is It a Crime

AFTER more than a quarter-century of experience as an educator, I am free to say that there is something fundamentally the matter with the national drive for the child labor law.

Unfortunately there is connected with it a sentiment of mushy mollycoddlism and *a threat of national ennui.*

What we need today far more is *a national movement for teaching all the growing young to work*—not to produce money, or goods, or gain, but character.

The typical high school age of today is a generation of soft, "baby beef" physically—under-exercised, undermuscled and over-fatigued by poison toxins which percolate into the tissues of their soft, loose flesh.

They deserve a better fate at our hands.

But instead of giving the physical development, the training in common industry which their growing bodies require, we head them in the opposite direction.

We are teaching them to loaf and to regard it a national crime for anyone to ask them to work.

The ability to work with the hands and the whole body is one of the God-given prerogatives *of the young.* Experience in the great trunk-line industries, such as producing food from the soil, manufacturing as an amateur, handling and transporting goods, bartering in the common materials of business traffic—that is what every growing boy and girl in America needs today far more than they need *national laws to keep them from learning to work.*

If any reader of this article can do anything worth while, or see America as fundamentally a nation of industry and sacrifice and unselfish co-operation, then I know that that reader's early career was one of training in the performance of common work.

You cannot break a boy to work after he is sixteen and make him like it. You cannot even season and strengthen the fiber of his body so that he can endure work happily and resist fatigue, if you permit him to reach sixteen as an undeveloped idler. His spongy tissues will carry constantly an over-amount of poison

Why Women Don't Want People's Vote

Honest Confession: Legislatures Are More Easily Handled Than Citizens

Here is the story of how the fundamental law of the land has been and can again be changed, not only without the approval of the people but against their expressed disapproval.

Here is the story of feminine lobbyists who demand that the people be given no "say" on most vital decisions.

No American woman should consider herself informed without a knowledge of the facts set forth on this and the opposite page.

Members of Women's Clubs should demand of their speakers that these issues be met: for frequently even the women speakers who are sent out know nothing beyond the material contained in the one-sided propaganda literature supplied them by the political women of Washington.

IN 1912, Ohio gave a majority of 87,455 against a proposed amendment giving suffrage to women. In 1914, on the submission of the same amendment, it was defeated by a majority of 182,905. In 1917 a referendum was held on the proposition to allow women to vote in Presidential elections, and the majority against it was 146,120.

In 1919, the legislature ratified the Nineteenth Amendment (woman suffrage) but the people demanded a referendum and in two weeks the required petition was signed by 75,242 qualified voters, as provided by the state constitution. The people did not have the opportunity to pass upon the question, however, because suit was brought to restrain the state authorities from submitting the question to a referendum. The state courts refused to enjoin the state officials.

In 1915, woman suffrage was defeated as state measure in New Jersey by a majority of 51,108. On January 20, 1920, the New Jersey legislature unanimously resolved "that it was the settled policy of the Assembly that in the future all proposed constitutional changes should first be submitted to the people for their vote before the legislature acts." Then, in disregard of the resolves, on February 10, 1920, three weeks after, the same legislature ratified the Nineteenth (woman suffrage) Amendment by 34 to 24 in the senate and by 18 to 2 in the house, without any consideration of the people who had by previous vote manifested their opposition to woman suffrage.

Defying Public Opinion

THE people of Texas, at a special election held on May 24, 1919, defeated woman suffrage as a state measure by a majority of 25,029. Congress passed the act submitting the Nineteenth Amendment to the states, on June 4, 1919, whereupon, on June 29, 1919, the Texas legislature ratified it by unanimous consent in the senate and by 96 to 21 in the house, notwithstanding the people had just defeated woman suffrage at the polls.

Maine, at a special election, held in September, 1917, defeated woman suffrage as a state measure by a majority of 18,234. In January, 1918, all its representatives in Congress voted to submit the Nineteenth Amendment to the legislatures of the states and, on June 4, 1919, both of its senators, when the question was before the Senate, also voted to submit it. Its legislature, on November 5, 1919, by 22 to 5 in the senate and 72 to 68 in the house voted to ratify the amendment in defiance of the people's previously expressed opposition to woman suffrage.

In 1915, Massachusetts held an election on the inclusion of woman suffrage in the state constitution. The proposal was defeated by a majority of 133,479. Every town, city and county in the state rejected it, except two small villages; but, notwithstanding this vote of the people, the Massachusetts legislature ratified the Nineteenth (woman suffrage) Amendment.

Thus, in twenty states which had rejected it, the aggregate majority against woman suffrage was 1,346,579; while in thirteen states, which had adopted it, the aggregate majority for woman suffrage was only 244,380.

How were these things accomplished over the popular will? The New York *World* aptly said, in an editorial some time since, that "Various organizations of women, which probably do not represent 10 per cent of the sex, maintain at times a veritable reign of terror in legislative bodies by pretending to speak in the name of all women. In consequence, half the country is now bedeviled by some form or other of harem government which is in no respect a true expression of public opinion."

Mrs. Catt, president of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance and honorary president of the National Woman Suffrage Association said, at a hearing before the Woman Suffrage Committee of Congress, January 4, 1918, that, "We have now come to the time when *we no longer want a referendum,* when *we no longer will take a referendum,* and when we, therefore, come to Congress and ask for a Federal amendment."

Senator Walsh, of Massachusetts, speaking in the Senate on March 25, 1924 (*Congressional Record* p. 5073), said: "I would like to know is there any more serious indictment of a system of democratic government than the claim that *it is possible to change the organic law against the will of the people?* I repeat, is there anything more serious than that? Has it been done? In my own state it has been done. The legislature of my state voted to ratify one of those amendments which a majority of the people were, are and always have been opposed to."

Whereupon, Senator Wadsworth, of New York, said: "May I not remind the Senator that the legislature of his state ratified an amendment to the Federal Constitution, the subject matter of which had been voted upon in the State of Massachusetts and the people not only in the state at large, but in every county, every city, every town and every ward, but two in the state, rejected it?"

To which Senator Walsh replied, "The Senator is absolutely correct."

She is quoted again in the New York *Tribune,* February 16, 1917, as saying, *"It is comparatively easy to influence legislators."*

Mrs. Ida Harper, press chairman of the same association, said in the *Herald,* Republican, Salt Lake City, July 26, 1916, that *"we have no chance against the secret ballot."*

Miss Maud Younger, chairman of the Lobby Committee, National Woman's Party, in the *Suffragist,* February 7, 1917, revealed that from their "card-index system" all legislative work is directed. . . . Here is set down the record of every Congressman. Every fact that has any bearing on his personality, opinions and mental make-up is minutely detailed, ... his family, his home, his church, his clubs and his lodges. No detail is overlooked that might give a lobbyist insight into how best to approach him."

Again, in the New York *Times,* September 7, 1919, Miss Younger explained the working of their card-index system and said: "We are indexing in twenty-four states. We shall do the others as soon as the amendment is ratified. There are reasons for also wanting other state officials and mayors. You see a mayor comes in handy, because he is the official who issues permits to speakers. In this room we expect to have indexed all the important officers of government, Federal and State, from the President and the members of the Cabinet down through Congress and the States. It is very useful to have the member of the state legislature card-indexed; he often advances to higher political office. You can find out early in his career whether he is to be depended on."

Politically Sandbagged

A DISTINGUISHED United States Senator, speaking to the question of submitting the Nineteenth Amendment, said at the close of Congress: *"Three-fourths of the Senators who have come out in favor of the amendment are against it in their hearts. They have been politically sandbagged."*

It is to be hoped that the women leaders of the eighteen women's organizations, including the National League of Women Voters which actively has become the propagandist for the twentieth amendment, will not resort to the card-index system, as their source of information and inspiration to persuade members of the various legislatures to vote for ratification; nor that they will resort to the lobbying methods so graphically described in an interview by Mrs. Harriet Taylor Upton, which appeared in the Washington *Times,* August 27, 1920, and from which we quote:

"Down in Tennessee, each woman delegate representing the National Woman Suffrage Association," said Mrs. Upton, "was assigned two members of the state legislature. It was her work to keep her two men in the state by *cajoling, coddling, entertaining, amusing, and even taking them out to dinner. And we actually did all these things to keep the men in the state in order to win them over to the cause.*

"Many a fair suffraget in the wee small hours of the morning was seated across the table in a cafe or hotel, ordering dinner for the two men in her charge, and all the time adroitly winning them to the cause.

"Every hour of the night, two o'clock, three o'clock, five o'clock, some delegate would come knocking at my door at the hotel," she continued, "and say: 'Two men have left. You'll have to go out and get two more Republicans.'"

When we consider that these women organizations are engaged in the effort to have Congress given the power "to limit, regulate and prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age," practically to control, standardize, and direct the development of our boys and girls, under that age, morally, physically and mentally, we have the right to expect them to approach the subject and influence active legislative supporters by means and methods that will evidence an appreciation of the grave responsibility of the issue and in a spirit which will reflect a finer womanhood than that practiced by some suffragist lobbyists as disclosed in Mrs. Upton's frank interview.

To End Feminine Lobbying

HOW will it appeal to the good women in this country, who are bearing and rearing their children in the fear of God, guarding their development into manhood and womanhood, that the proponents of this measure, which bears the earmarks of a proposal to substitute state control for parenthood of "persons under eighteen years of age," should resort to "cajoling, coddling, entertaining, amusing and taking out to dinner" the men "in order to win them over to the cause."

Is it to be repeated by lobbyists of similar type when the legislatures of the several states meet this winter?

Forewarned is forearmed and, at each capital, the men and women of this land should have an organization that, apart from favoring or opposing the amendment, will drive this kind of feminine lobbyist out of their state in scorn and contempt!

There is no time limit within which the legislatures must act. There need be no haste about their action. If not by special election, the referendum can be held at the next general election of the states. Either the members of these bodies believe in popular government or they don't. If they do, they will naturally approve the proposal to refer this amendment to the people.

to Make Boys Work?

Some Common Sense

By WILLIAM A. M'KEEVER, A. M., LL. D.

toxins. He will dread common work. He will regard it as an interference with his rights! He will look for a soft berth, for graft, for something for nothing. He will look upon schooling, as so many of our young do today, as a system that is successful only as it enables one to get by without work.

Mark you, *I am unalterably opposed to commercialized child labor; so is everybody else.* What we need is *a national child labor committee that will teach all children to work exactly enough to meet the suffering requirements of character development.* Children need to be taught to work for the sake of their health and happiness and self-reliance. They need to learn to work with their hands to experience that delightful sense of belonging to common humanity.

Not sixteen, but six, is the right age to begin to teach a child to work. We need a schedule of such training. I made one of this kind, and I hope soon to attempt a better.

A six-year-old should work about ten minutes a day.

A sixteen-year-old should work four to eight hours at common labor during the vacation of three months, and about two hours a day during the nine school months. Such an arrangement for all children alike would in a generation or two give us a new race of Americans in fiber resembling the pioneers who planted the nation.

America is destined to stand or fall in proportion as she stakes her future on the inheritances latent in the ordinary child of the common parenthood. God will continue to send us a few geniuses—a sprinkling of Lincolns, Edisons, and so on—and these will continue to be born among the lowly and work their way to the front. But it is the great body of ordinary children, reared in ordinary homes, who learn early to endure some privations, who rise from their beds fresh and alert at morning and become inured to a reasonable amount of industry.

We have more children today who are retarded industrially than are retarded intellectually. We have a generation of city sixteen-year-olds who are not more than six in their knowledge and ability to work with their hands.

I wish it were practicable to make every sixteen-year-old boy in the land a present of a cord of hardwood and a brand new ax, with the arrangement that he should cut the wood into stove lengths. I would tie wood-sawing up with his parties, his picnics, his music, his merriment, his girls, in such a manner that he would swallow the whole dose as a delightful mixture. Then, in due time, he would have in his make-up the three youthful "graces"—

Mind, Muscle and Manhood.

He guarded the door of the city temple. He looks as though somebody had stepped on his corn.

Shopping in Soochow

Hectic Scenes When Tea Was Served In the Emporium of Li Foo Yam

By MRS. L. M. CRAMER

A coolie stopping in his labors long enough to have some "chow." The average coolie's table manners leave something to be desired.

THIS morning I went shopping in the heathen city of Soochow.

Soochow is interior China, one of the old-time Chinese cities, whose wall was built during the time of Confucius, so the Chinese claim.

I rode through the street called the Kwan Chien, the street which is to Soochow what Fifth Avenue is to New York, the street of the best shops, and there I searched for that something which is old to the Oriental eye, and sacred, and new to the Occident, and, therefore, very desirable. I desired something truly Oriental, as a present for a very old friend, one whom I love dearly.

I found it, but in the possession came a surprise which is another story, as Kipling would say.

I rode through the narrow streets, my ricsha bumping along over unyielding, rough cobblestones, swiftly pulled by the bending coolie, at whose cry the slow-moving crowds parted to allow him and his "fare" to pass. Shopping is quite different in Soochow from that in New York City, San Francisco, or Podunk, Kentucky. Not even a shopping excursion into the Chinatown of New York or San Francisco gives one any idea of what that in interior China is like.

As I rode through the narrow dirty streets, had I held my hands stretched out, shoulder high, I could almost have touched the tiny shops on either side of the street. The open-front style of architecture in China leaves no opportunity for window shopping, for there are very few shops in the Chinese cities having windows in them. Across the counters of these tiny shops leaned merchants, placidly puffing away at their pipes. Their goods were not displayed as they would be in a Western city. Here one has literally to wheedle a merchant into showing his goods, for the real old Chinese merchant (and Soochow is a real old Chinese city) does not go out of his way to make a sale—he would "lose face" by even seeming to be anxious to make a sale. He prefers to give you the impression of not wanting to part with his wares, and when he does show his goods it is usually the inferior articles he shows first. The shops are dim and dull-colored, and almost without exception they are dirty. They smell musty, damp and old, and one wonders at the marvelous silks, the splendid examples of the silversmith's art, and the rare old Chinese pottery that after a time are dug from the darkest recesses of the shop, and shown to you with such a disinterested air, over counters heavy with the accumulated dust of years.

Butcher shop on the Ho Long Kai not exactly a sanitary shop with its meats hung in the open, to be fingered by any one who pleases.

But though the interior of the shops may be dull and dim, the outside, all along the street, is gay and riotous with color. In the street, above one's head, countless flags of many-colored silks flap lazily in the warm November breeze, for the sun is warm like early autumn, though it is mid-November. Long gay satin banners, heavily embroidered with Chinese characters in gold and silver thread, hung on bamboo poles stretched across the narrow street, caused me to duck my head as I rode under them. Burden-bearing coolies trotted swiftly by me, almost trampling me as I tried to alight at Wang Fu-li's silversmith shop to look at his little silver pagoda salt shakers.

Then to the street of curios, the Ho Long Kai, or Street of the Protecting Dragon. Weaving in and out through the crowd my ricsha coolie went, always calling in a loud voice that the crowd must make way for the venerable tai-tai. Around a corner into another street he sped, just missing a beggar who had crawled into the street and lay there, with gaunt arms upstretched, begging for alms.

This street with the romantic and mysterious name is what would be called a street of secondhand shops back home. In it one may find—if he knows where to look—the most ravishing old curios, once the treasure of some affluent mandarin reduced to poverty with the revolution of 1913. Here one can pick up porcelains, centuries old, at what to us of the Western world seems a mere pittance and for which one would have to pay a king's ransom if one found them in exclusive collectors' shops in New York City or San Francisco. Then one can revel in veritable billows of embroideries and mandarin coats and skirts, no longer worn in this day of the Republic of China.

In Ho Long Kai we came to the shop of Li Foo Yam where I stopped to buy some bright red paper in which to wrap my parcels. The crowd that had gathered about my ricsha when it stopped followed me into the shop, crowding it to suffocation. They wanted to know what the venerable devil was going to buy, and how much she was going to pay for it, and how much money she was going to have left. It was a ragged, dirty crowd, and when I opened my purse to get the fifteen coppers, which was the price of my purchase, everyone crowded closer about me, just curious to see, that was all.

Only the physical strength of my interpreter, I am sure, kept me from being crushed. While my purchase was being wrapped a cup of hot Chinese tea was set before me on the dirty counter. I was in a panic, for in some places to fail to drink tea set before one in a shop is an insult which a shopkeeper resents, and the customer is usually made to regret his discourtesy by the crowd which does not always restrict itself to comments nor yet to jeers.

But I didn't see how I could possibly bring myself to drink that tea. The shop was so dirty, and the cup undoubtedly had not been washed since the last time it had been used. Just then a dirty hand stretched over my shoulder, and a finger—really the dirtiest finger I ever saw—was dipped to the bottom of the cup and sucked with gusto by the ragged owner of it when he transferred it to his mouth. The man was a "rat man," and over one shoulder was hung a string of dead rats, tied by their tails to a slender rope.

Others, seeing that I did not curse out the man, nor bring upon his head the wrath of all my ancestors to the seventeenth generation, also grew bold and many dirty scabby fingers were dipped into the tea and then transferred to their mouths, to be sucked at loudly. Finally, the merchant, seeing what was happening to my tea, pushed it closer to me, and smiled an invitation to hurry up and drink what was left before that, too, was stolen from me.

The crowd outside had been augmented by new arrivals while I was busy inside the shop, among them a tiny boy—four years old perhaps—who was dressed to look like a girl in hope of fooling the evil spirits into letting him alone. The little fellow's pigtail was braided stiff with narrow crimson ribbons, and trained to stick straight up from his head—a further protection against hovering evil spirits. The clerk who had waited upon me called: "The foreign gentlemen goes" and lo and behold a path was made for me. In their scurry to get out of the way, the little boy dressed as a girl was knocked down and began to cry lustily. I gave him a couple of coppers and a few cash and his tears and yells stopped as if by magic, and he was off and away to the sweetmeat vendor a little way back, whose song and beating gong could be heard above the other noises of the city street. The last I saw of the little boy he was matching coppers with the vendor of sweets, to see if he should pay his coppers for the candy or the vendor should stand treat. They are born with the gambler's instinct in China.

The Ho Long Kai of Soochow. The poles that look like U. S. A. barber poles are simple decorations, poles wound in multicolored silks.

Right—Beggars rolling on the streets asking for alms.

The noise of a city street in the interior of China is not the street noises one hears in American cities. It is not the traffic noise, as such is known in the Western cities. In China the street noise is the song of the different vendors of food and sweets—each peddler having a different song. It is the yell of the straining ricsha and carrier coolie who seek passage through the crowds; it is the whining wail of the beggar asking alms; the chanting of passing priests; the tinkle of the bells on the little gray donkeys, who patter fleet-footed down the street; the protesting curse of the old peanut woman when a soldier fills his pockets from her scanty store, and refuses to pay; the ki-yi of a hurt wonk.

Down the Ho Long Kai I went to its very end, and there came to the shop where a wonderful pair of old blue vases are kept almost hidden behind some junk stuff. I want those vases with their wonderful color, perfect despite their age, which is more than two hundred and fifty years. I probably will never have them, but I am bargaining still, and shall continue to bargain for a time longer. In the end I may be able to strike a trade and then they will be mine. How I'd love to have them, but I'd never let the good little merchant know that, or he would not reduce his price another copper. And so, each time I go to his shop I ask for something I know he doesn't have—tapestries usually—and this gives me an opportunity to stand before those old blue treasures and drink in their beauty. So this day when I went shopping in the heathen city of Soochow I stopped in at the little shop, far cleaner than any other in the whole city, and asked for tapestries; something old and unusual, I told him.

The merchant, a youngish chap, speaks a bit of English, which is very rare in this city, and he said: "Missie, I think you go to City Temple. There ask one priest to pay you Sin-diminishing cover. He have finish catchee one good piecee."

So to the temple I went, an old, old temple erected five hundred years ago. Of course, it was not my "pidgen" to ask to see that cover as soon as I got there, "Missie you no wanchee see, bym-by see" my interpreter warned me. And so I prowled about the temple, watching an old man paint scrolls, and a priest at his devotions, followed always by a crowd which gathers instantly a foreigner appears.

When the crowd got too thick, to intimate as it were, I switched my cane about my skirts barking the shins of those who got in its way, then moving on in the space I had created. The women, when they got close to me would feel the texture of my coat, some "ahing" and others "phooing," according as they thought my garment good, or had known other tai-tais who wore much better. An old man took my eyeglasses off the bridge of my nose, and was astonished to see how much larger everything looked when seen through them. Of course, those glasses were useless to me after that until I had taken them to my own home and sterilized them.

Finally, through my interpreter, I asked to see the "Sin-diminishing cover." Immediately I had seen it I decided that it should be the present I was seeking. I wish I could make you see the beauty of that piece of tapestry. It would make a stunning wall piece in the home of my friend! It was of a very rich, dark blue satin. The design represented a tablet, beautifully carved, with the lettering in old Chinese and Tibetan characters—the entire design being woven in dull gold threads. The piece was evidently very old, and it was lovely and mellow in its age. It seemed to me then that the onlookers were awed, and that the priest was unusually loath to sell. But I managed to bargain well and finally it was mine, at what seemed a ridiculously small price considering the evident age, fine workmanship and wonderful materials of the piece. (*Concluded on page 14*)

Mr. Ford's Page

ECONOMY, like every other cry, becomes nothing but a word unless it is made vital by action. It may be worn lifeless and thin if it is used as a political slogan to serve as a substitute for other worn-out slogans. It may even become a public deception when seemingly confirmed by a tax reduction here and there, for a tax reduction may be but a sop thrown to the people out of the wasteful abundance of political finance, and may not touch the matter of economy at all.

Tax reduction is not necessarily economy; economy may at times require a temporary tax increase; but, on the whole, economy must mean lower taxes to everyone.

The enjoyment of a reduction in taxes is too likely to satisfy the public mind that the promises of economic administration are being met. Because the people know that extravagance and inefficiency register themselves in higher taxes, they feel that the lower rate of taxes must mean the opposite of extravagance and inefficiency. But this does not necessarily follow. It may mean the same amount of inefficiency and extravagance, but paid for in another way.

Economy, as a matter of fact, does not begin with taxes at all, but with management. The word comes from household management. The first economics was practiced in housekeeping, using the family's resources to the best advantage, making both ends meet, creating a surplus for new demands. Efficiency of managament went along with the financial factor, and determined it.

Economics has since become a wider term, but it still means housekeeping. Municipal administration is simply city housekeeping. National administration is simply attending the family business of the nation. The first concern is that these matters be attended properly, and when they are, the cost is less. It is an axiom of life that the more management you use, the less money it costs; and nothing is so ruinously costly as poor management.

So, economy in government is to be looked for in the *economics of government,* in the character of the managerial ability brought into action, not alone in the rise or fall of the tax rate.

The mistakes of government are precisely the mistakes of Business, with the former much intensified by the large lack of business men and business sense in the government. There are, of course, men of business ability and integrity in the government, but not enough by any means to give a business character to the whole. But few as they are they are valuable, though their value is largely negative. So much of their energy and influence is expended in stopping false moves that they have none left to initiate business moves.

The two destructive tendencies in business administration are, first, the insistent pressure of needless increase in personnel, second, the insistent pressure toward debt. Any business man will testify to these. The tendency to overload the job with men is almost as steady and "natural" as the pull of gravitation. It is not the increase in jobs—than which nothing could be better—but the increase of men per job.

This is most observable in the office end of the business. "Paper work" tends to increase at a ratio far out of proportion to the increase in business. Indeed, the "paper work" is becoming almost an industry in itself, which the main industry exists to support. Someone should some day figure out the cost of maintaining cost systems, and the rate at which "paper work" increases and encroaches on the main purpose of the business.

One of the peculiarly weak elements in government is that it is mostly "paper work." It is a vast system of clerkships, with multitudes centering at Washington and long lines stretching everywhere throughout the country. The desk would be a fitting symbol of government—the desk and paper. It is granted that a large amount of clerk assistance is necessary; it is admitted that a few of the departments, or sub-departments, are managed with a mind to efficiency in the public service, but no one acquainted with Washington ever viewed the whole scene without an almost overwhelming sense of useless numbers. No one individual gets much out of it; the opportunities to rise are few; the incentives to effort are small; the salaries paid are not at all alluring nor extravagant.

It cannot be charged that, useless and costly as a large part of this "paper army" is, it is rolling in luxury—on the contrary its status is not even average. But the point is that the country is getting little out of it either, and in the aggregate the cost of it all is great. Cutting salaries accomplishes nothing. It may well be true that firing employes accomplishes nothing. The main lack is in management which should produce service proportionate to numbers. The non-resistence to the tendency of the office to outrun all the rest is more evident at Washington than anywhere else.

MERE thrift is not the full extent to which economy in government should go. The basis of economy is economics, and the way to deal with details is to deal with them on principle. Government suffers from two of the most baneful tendencies in Business—the tendency to let "paper work" become a mountain, which labors to bring forth a tiny mouse of practical accomplishment, and the tendency to debt. Everything the Government owes is paid and yet the Government still owes it, because it has given away its control over its own wealth. Cutting off clerical expenses here and there will not suffice for the deep economic tests which should be applied to the major system itself. There is a danger that the "economy" cry, together with a little tax reduction, will serve to blind both officials and people to the real problem.

The other rock on which business breaks is that of debt. Debt is nowadays an industry. Luring people into debt is an industry. The advantages of debt have become almost a philosophy. Presumably it is true in experience, else it would not be so much insisted on, that many people, if not most, would bestir themselves very little were it not for the pressure of debt obligations. If so, they are not freemen and will not work from free motives. The debt motive is, basically, a slave motive.

When business goes into debt it owes a divided allegiance. The scavengers of finance, when they wish to put a business out of the running or secure it for themselves, always begin with the debt method. Once on that road the business has two masters to serve, the public and the speculative financier, and, like the man in Scripture, either it will scrimp the one to serve the other, though unlike the man in Scripture, it will not have the opportunity to defraud the other to serve the one. Debt leaves no choice of allegiance.

The principle is the same in Government, except that there is no reason for Government to go into debt. If government's undertakings were always economically defensible, debt would be unnecessary. The reason for government going into as much debt as it does is that there is more business sense outside the government than in it. If there had not been, government would not have given up its constitutional control over its own money, it would not have given over as a practically free concession the immensely profitable and super-powerful control of monetary functions to private parties. Government debt is largely interest, and the spectacle of a great people paying interest on what is their own will one day strike the economic mind as very droll.

For a Government to create debt in the very act of creating wealth is an anomaly which only the veiled mind of this generation prevents it from seeing.

The economics of government means more, then, than lower taxes, more than thrift, more than efficient management; it means also the founding of government activity in sound economic principles, and no one will say that our present so-called "economic practices" represent true economic principles. When anyone talks of economy in government he is handling words of tremendous import, for once the government is put on sound economic ground, half the economic hindrances to progress, and half the economic causes of poverty and misery, are removed. Of course, in a true sense, there are no "economic" causes of poverty; true economics would be the abolition and death of poverty.

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A Governor Gives His Conclusions

IT WOULD be a public service if all officials, upon their retirement, would reveal the "inside" experiences that came to them during their term of office. The custom has not arisen in America. We have all sorts of reminiscences and autobiographies, but hardly any by our chief statesmen. At the moment, one does not recall any at all immediately in the presidential category. It may be that the secrets of office are to be morally considered as the government's property, and that delicacy prevents an ex-President writing about affairs and conditions which are necessarily carried over into the administration of his successor. But the feeling is hard to suppress that a big dose of frank political confession, on the part of officials who have been able to view the whole game from the top down, would be of immense benefit to the nation. Too much writing on these matters is done from the outside.

When Governor Baxter laid down the governorship of Maine, he did an unusual thing; he made an exaugural address. As, in entering office, he gave the people a statement of his intention, on leaving office he gave the people a statement of his experiences. He plainly said that his term as Governor had not given him a high opinion of the public spirit of certain prominent business men in his state. He said that the jails had become "loafing places" because shortsighted interests were jealous of the labor that might be performed by prisoners.

But one of his shrewdest observations, and a true one, is that "the interests" are inconsistent in the matter of public ownership. They oppose public ownership in all cases except where private ownership is unprofitable, and then seek to unload on the state.

How true that is! The municipal ownership theory which swept the country a few years ago is beginning to serve corporation management in an unexpected manner. More than one city has had the spectacle of a public utility "fought" over by the city hall group and the corporation owners, and have seen the great "victory" which the city hall politicians have won in "compelling" the corporation to sell out. Usually the price is very high, and the city finds on inspecting its purchase that it has bought junk, that the real victory was with the corporation which unloaded a broken-down system at the price of a "going concern."

The bad thing about these transactions is that the public slowly learns the truth. Newspapers that were committed to public ownership simply refuse to make public the swindle. Anything a corporation is willing to sell to the public in the way of public utilities will bear the closest inspection. Usually a municipality would do the corporation a kindness if it took the utility off the corporation's hands without purchase. The price is just that much "velvet."

The Tax and Interest Burden

THE truth about taxes will come out when honest men, in charge of the finances of the government, are sufficiently goaded by public complaints to give the facts. That is beginning to occur in Michigan. Tax Commissioner Lord is telling the people of that State some wholesome truths which should have wide currency because they are nationally applicable. Fifteen years ago Michigan had practically no public debt; now it reaches the enormous sum of more than half a billion (more than five hundred million) dollars. And the annual interest charges on that debt are $26,639,256. This means that the People of the State of Michigan pay to the money lenders every month in the year more than Two Million dollars—$2,219,931, to be precise.

The motive behind most propaganda for the increase of public debt is the creation of Interest. Public debt is not so much a matter of the people borrowing money, as having money shoved at them, and urged on them by every conceivable pretext, to start interest payments toward the financial centers. The difference between common pawn-broking and public finance is that in the latter it is cities and counties and states that are pawned to the money lenders.

When we come to our staggering national debt of Thirty Billions, and our heavily oppressive *interest payment* on that debt of *One Billion Four Hundred Million a year,* it will require more than words to convince a sane citizen that serious consideration of this as a national menace is silly. We have reason to know that, behind their exterior calm and their mild insinuations as to the irresponsibility of a paper which calls attention to these matters, financiers of brains are wondering just where the nation will emerge.

One point has been gained in all this: *an agreement on the facts.* When THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT first began to call attention to the bankruptcy of American cities and the real condition of the Public Debt, there was a disposition in political and financial circles to quibble about the facts. The pressure of the situation has abolished such child's play. The facts are now admitted.

The next point—what to do in face of the facts?—brought some interesting developments. Two of them are found in Tax Commissioner Lord's statement to the people of Michigan. First, the people are to blame. Admitted. Ignorance is the cause, but ignorance is no excuse, and certainly it does not mitigate the consequences. The people have voted for every debt-creating, interest-absorbing bond issue that has been proposed; cities and states are paying today on public works that disappeared before this generation came on the scene. Public finance is not that at all, it is misnamed; it is private finance binding the people to perpetual toll by a private system enforced by legal method. Go ahead; blame the people; it may wake them up.

Then comes step two. Mr. Lord says, practically, we must find more sources of taxation. That is always the sign of the triumph of false finance in government. That is where minds diverge. Always more, more, more! More sources of taxes! Why not, rather, fewer outlets of taxes? Granted, there are still unexplored sources of taxes; granted, there are unjust exemptions; but why always more, more? Is government the chief business of our people? Is it the Moloch which absorbs their life and produce? Has false finance such a grip upon our governments that officials cannot challenge it? Why more? What will be done with more?

These questions are thrusting themselves into general attention. Some day the people will say to their political representatives what a father says to his spendthrift son, or a builder to his contractor, "Here is a certain fixed sum to do all that requires to be done; see that you live within it." Budget fixing will be done, not inside by the spending delegation, but outside, by the paying delegation. It is rapidly coming to that in this country.

Coolidge—"Autocrat"

THE Capitol is apparently beholding a new Coolidge, whom some do not hesitate to describe as an "autocrat." Well, there is always an autocrat. If he is not the elected head, he is a concealed boss or "interest." But one thing is certain, there is autocracy somewhere. That is how things get done. The chief difficulty about autocracy is that autocrats make mistakes. Of course democracy makes mistakes, too, colossal ones, but never admits it. Democracy in a hole creates a pseudo-autocrat on whom to shoulder the blame. No one can blame a President for being President, for the responsibility is his, and he might as well have a hand in seeing that it is a good responsibility.

As to the rise of rumor over Mr. Hughes' resignation, that will be fully dealt with by development. If it is true that there were other reasons than Mr. Hughes stated, as some seem to believe, these reasons will develop in good time. If, as asserted, the President and Mr. Hughes have differing views about relationships with Russia, that too will become apparent in the development of our foreign policy under a Secretary of State who may, perhaps, be more pliable than was Mr. Hughes. At the same time there can be no doubt that in this matter Mr. Hughes represented sound American and Anglo-Saxon opinion. It would be surprising if it should develop that Mr. Coolidge holds quite different views.

Nothing New Under the Sun

THE Royal Geographical Society of England, the American Geographical Society of New York, and the Museum of the Indian Heye Foundation have combined in the dispatch of an expedition to explore a hidden ancient city in the heart of Brazil. Colonel P. H. Fawcett is the leader of the expedition, and believes that in this region there existed an advanced civilization of an unknown white race, perhaps 10,000 years old, antedating that of Egypt. He believes that these people had a good working knowledge of sciences that we are pleased to call "modern," including the secret of a mysterious kind of light possibly derived from knowledge of basic atomic forces.

The discoveries which have already been made in Mexico and in various parts of the United States of vast ruins prove that there at one time existed on this continent a people whose knowledge of architecture, engineering, astronomy and the fine arts, equaled, if not surpassed, that of the best periods of Egypt or Assyria, the part of the world which is generally regarded as the cradle of the human race.

One of the assumptions of the modern mind is that the world has steadily advanced in wisdom and understanding and in knowledge of all descriptions, from the beginning to the present day. This may be true of some peoples, but it is not true of the world as a whole. Some races lost the civilization they won. The reason seems to have been that moral culture did not keep pace with intellectual. It therefore seems probable that many of the so-called discoveries of the present day are not discoveries at all, but *re-discoveries.*

An Oddity

IT IS an oddity of the national constitution, which its framers insisted should be submitted to *conventions* of the several states for adoption or rejection, that it should contain a clause permitting it to be amended by the legislatures without reference to the people, either by direct vote or through conventions, and it is singular that *Congress has uniformly preferred and followed the mode of submitting amendments to the legislatures.*

In view of the radical changes which have been incorporated in the national Constitution and even the more radical and revolutionary change proposed in the so-called child labor amendment, *it is time popular sentiment should demand amendments be submitted to conventions of the state or that the Constitution itself be amended so as to require that they be submitted to a referendum of the people* in each state, as proposed by a bill pending in Congress and known as the Wadsworth-Garrett back-to-the-people proposed amendment.

The proposed twentieth amendment, which has been submitted to the states, and is now awaiting their action, cannot be submitted to conventions because Congress has elected to submit it to the legislatures of the states. The legislature in any state, however, can call for an advisory referendum, as did Massachusetts, and, after ascertaining the popular will, be guided by its mandate.

The New Cabinet Members

IN FORMING first impressions of President Coolidge's new cabinet appointments it is perhaps advisable to take into account what might be called the Cabinet Disappointments, the men who were urged for appointment and refused. The sole regret rising out of the appointment of Attorney-General Stone to the Supreme Court is that it cuts short, for the time at least, a very promising administration of the Attorney-Generalship. Mr. Warren, who succeeds Mr. Stone, does not at first blush promise so much in his aspect as a lawyer, but he has solid achievements behind him in private and public life, and for the present he seems to be of that class whose absence of flying colors upon entering office may be atoned for by the superior fortune of winning his colors and popular approval by service. The same may be said of Mr. Kellogg. There is no disposition anywhere to judge these gentlemen disapprovingly in advance, but it is distinctly felt that their reputation, if any, is ahead of them. Those who wish their country well must wish for the success of all her servants.

One thing is certain: President Coolidge could have appointed less qualified men; indeed men of lesser promise were strongly urged upon him. So that, for the present, this must be the substance of public opinion, "Whether the President could have done better is a question; it is not a question that he could easily have done, and was urged to do, worse." He certainly did not play into the hands of any coalition of politicians who swarmed to dictate or influence the appointments.

You Remember the Medicine Show?

When Graveyards Yawned, Ghosts Walked, and Gold Chains Glittered

By F. J. CLIFFORD

IT WAS generally supposed, at least by the people of this "neck o' the woods," that the medicine show, that old-time creation so closely associated with our childhood days, was completely extinct—gone the way of the old square dance, the husking and quilting bees, the "barn-raisin's" and other interestingly helpful amusements of our early national life.

I speak of the medicine show being closely associated with our youthful days, as all children seem to gravitate to it just as naturally as steel filings to a magnet.

Even the "doctor's" long and tedious harangue over the health-giving properties of his wonderful remedies is endured as with sleep-heavy eyes and nodding heads the smaller children struggle to keep awake so as not to miss the thrilling ghost-scene that is promised to close the program. Anybody knows who has ever attended one, that a medicine show is no show at all without at least one ghost-scene in its list of nightly attractions. It may be that the word FREE, in large letters over the entrance, is the source of much of its drawing power, even for persons of mature years.

When the medicine show suddenly appeared in town from nowhere in particular, that one word FREE was displayed in the most prominent position. It was then that the mothers were bombarded with: "Maw—O maw—'kin I go to the medicine show—it's FREE."

And then, when we went to it—long before the scheduled opening time, "so's not to miss none of it"—we sat goggle-eyed, staring at the curtain, back of which our fertile imaginations pictured a thousand wonderful things, and uttering ejaculations such as "I bet'cha this" and "I bet'cha that."

Of course, there was the black-face comedian that drummed out music and performed all kinds of acrobatic feats on and around a very much used old banjo. The "doctor" cracked a few jokes and told a story or two before introducing his goods.

The first thing was a shaving soap, a most wonderful preparation, the way the "doctor" described it.

"It is guaranteed to grow hair on the lip of any lovelorn youth," he shouted. (Mustaches were in style then.) "It will make the wiriest beard so soft you can shave with a butter-knife, and make the skin as smooth as a baby's. If you get some in your mouth, you can eat it." And he proved his assertion by consuming handfuls from a huge foamy mass he had beaten up in a big bowl. The "Negro" balanced a great chunk of it in his two hands as he ate holes into it; the gobs of it sticking to his black face, bringing peals of laughter from the audience.

"It's good for the vision," the "doctor" shouted above the tumult, as he rubbed handfuls into his eyes. "It's a cream, contains no alkali or acids. It makes old eyes like new. Throw away your glasses and buy this wonderful preparation, no matter if it's the last ten cents you have. In the years to come you will thank me for selling it."

And the people bought it right and left. When the sales lagged, he spurred them on with the announcement:

"All those who have even numbers on your packages, raise your hand and I will make you a present of this massive gold watch-chain," and he held a glittering chain up to view.

It was massive all right—one of those log-chain affairs that stretch across the vest from pocket to pocket. To make it more effective, he spread it across his own ample bosom.

Men fought their way forward to get one of the baubles. In memory I can see my Uncle Rufus, a tight-fisted old Scotsman, his great frame allowing him to lean far over the heads of the rest as, with outstretched hand, he clutched for the shining chain, his lower jaw rising and falling in nervous eagerness.

Then followed the "doctor's" wonderful health-giving "Kickapoo Indian remedies." "Guaranteed to break up a cold, kill a bealing in the ear, cure the fever, heal cuts, bruises, and sprains; rejuvenate the stomach, and bring back the vigor of youthful days."

He sold the stuff—scads of it. When the buying lagged, he displayed his gold chains and finger rings. That would always bring up a few more customers. He kept this up until his practiced eye told him that all the available harvest had been reaped.

Then came the closing scene; that which we had waited for so patiently. More than one youngster who had been overpowered by sleep was roused up and his bewildered gaze directed to the rude stage as he was told to: "Look-it! Look-it! Y'er going to see the ghost in about a min'it."

And there the darky sat on a bench close by a crudely constructed gravestone, telling how he was hired to sleep one night in the old graveyard, and that he wasn't afraid of no old ghosts—"No suh." Then out of the deep shadows back of the stage came a white-draped thing, gliding silently along. Right behind the gravestone the thing reached out and plucked at the darky's sleeve, causing that worthy to gasp and look about in amazement. And then, when the "ghost" laid a pale, grisly hand on the Negro's head and he sank in terror on the floor, we were so thrilled that we could not utter a sound; could not even swallow, but just sit and look and look and look.

But the black man had a song that was supposed to drive the ghosts away. So he started singing in a very quavery voice:

"O—de old jaw-bone—O—de old jaw-bone."

But the song had no deterrent influence on the "ghost"; in fact it had the opposite effect, for the fearsome figure slipped around and sat down beside the singer.

Nearly bursting with excitement, we waited till the darky would see his awful companion. But the singer kept on until at last he announced that he had driven all the ghosts and things from the place. He looked boastfully around until his eyes took in the object sitting beside him.

The closing scene, "Y're going to see a ghost in about a min'it!"

That agonized look on the darky's face! I can see it yet. His eyes seemed to pop out of his head. The ghost slid toward him, the darky promptly slid away; then as the "ghost" came closer, the Negro slid away to the very end of the bench. Then when the "ghost" reached out and started to lay a hand on him, the black man lifting his arms and leaning far back pleaded in trembling accents:

"D-d-doan' you-all touch me—M-m-m-is-ta ghost-man. A-a-hain't dun nuthing—deed Ah ain't."

But the "ghost" kept on coming so that finally the darky, uttering a wild yell, broke and ran for the side curtain with the "ghost" in pursuit. As they disappeared from view our straining ears caught the thud, thud, thud of the black man's feet and the pad, pad, pad of the ghost's, getting fainter and fainter, until a deathlike stillness filled the old schoolroom.

Right out of the deep shadows came a white-draped thing.

Saucer-eyed and with crinkling scalps we sat and waited. Creepy waves surged up and down our spines and made us shiver in the close, warm air. Here and there a half-smothered whimper announced that the scene was a little too real for some of the younger ones who hid their frightened faces behind the backs of their older companions.

Presently—from the opposite side of the stage and apparently away off in the distance—our keen ears caught the thud, thud, thud, and the pad, pad, pad, of the racers' feet, ever so faintly at first, then gradually growing louder and louder till the fleeing darky and the grimly pursuing "ghost" burst across the stage.

I don't know just how it ended; whether the "ghost" got his frightened victim or not, but one thing is certain: It was the most wonderful show I had ever seen.

I had supposed that the medicine show was extinct; but one drifted in a short time ago. Like the old-time apparition it seemed to come right out of nowhere in particular. But I don't believe there was the excitement among the children that there used to be in the old days.

The show stayed a week and it was surprising to see how closely it followed the general program of its predecessors. Only there was this difference: the acting was better and the presents that were given away—not to the men but to the ladies—were of better quality.

I asked the "doctor" the reason of this. He answered:

"Women are better advertisers than men."

"Why is that?" I asked.

"I don't know," he replied, "unless it's because they talk more."

The "doctor" told of many interesting things connected with the medicine-show "game." When I commented on his roofless tent being particularly adapted to the Far West, where rains seldom occur in the summer months, he replied:

"Medicine shows almost always use the "airodrome" style of tent (roofless) in the East as well as the West. People are always afraid of the tent with a roof on it. Afraid that it will blow down on them if there is the least wind blowing. And when they are afraid of things they don't buy. It distracts their attention from what I am saying.

"In the conducting of a medicine show," the "doctor" went on, "we must have the undivided attention of our audience. In other words, we must make them think about what we are telling them, for the individual who is thinking of something else is not going to buy anything of us."

On the opening night, a good-sized audience greeted the "doctor's" assistants. One of them, a black-face comedian, started the show with some good singing and character acting. He was followed by an oldish man with trick violin playing. A song or two was given by a lady, accompanied by a man at the piano. Then at the opportune time, the "doctor" himself appeared, a curly-haired, dignified sort of a man; big and portly. He ponderously stepped to the front of the stage and, after surveying his audience for a moment in contemplative silence, started the show.

His first act was to arouse the sporting spirit of his audience by sending his agents among them, selling prize candy packages. An old bachelor found a pair of ladies silk hose in his package, much to his evident embarrassment. A little child got a book of jokes, a lady received a very shiny manicure set, others got a napkin ring, a cigaret holder, scissors, goggles, knife and chain, whistles, and so on.

The sharp-eyed agents watched for the prizes. The glittering manicure set and silk stockings were held up to to the admiring gaze of the audience, and this was generally followed by some brisk buying by the winners' nearest neighbors. The desire to gamble caused more than one old tight-fist to slip the fifteen cents that the package cost into the hands of some youngster, with the guiltily whispered instruction to "Get one of them packages."

Some of the prizes brought facetious remarks from the agent. Holding aloft a glittering chain, he would remark:

"Solid brass—guaranteed not to turn to gold."

Or of a shiny napkin ring, he would say:

"Quarantined for twenty years."

The jokes were not haphazard or without design. They were meant to instill a devil-may-care spirit into the audience.

When enough of this had been administered the "doctor" started his part of the program by solemnly extolling the manifold virtues of his wonderful preparation: "Made up only of time-tested plants. Plants that the wild life of the woods go to when they are sick. Plants that the human animal craves when he is diseased of body."

Before offering his medicine for sale, he promised three prizes that would be given out THE NEXT NIGHT to those who held the lucky numbers in the packages of medicine he would offer them. None of the prizes would be less than a dollar and a half and might be worth twenty-five dollars. The selling started with lively clamor, the pianist pounding the keys and the agents jumping and shouting when a sale was made. When the buying lagged, the "doctor" jerked everything to a standstill.

"See here," he said quietly, "I'm not going to coax you people to take this medicine. I want you to buy it for its health-giving properties only. If you're poor and down to your last dollar, spend it for this wonderful health restorative and regain your old-time pep and earn more dollars. Now, all together, let's go."

His little talks always brought on a wave of buying. It reminded me so much of a persistent fisherman who, by constantly varying his bait and patiently staying with it, managed to take home a good-sized string of fish.

The medicine show has departed for parts unknown. And with it has gone some of the money of some of the people and all the ready money of a few.

U. S. Women Elbow Out Paris Modes

Paris No Longer the Mecca for Devotees of Distinction in Female Attire

By JEAN MOWAT

"PARIS fashions?" repeated the American costume designer, in response to my query. "Certainly, we have Paris fashions. But we have other fashions these days, too. It is not all a one-way traffic any more. We get ideas from Paris, but we also get ideas from the Pacific Coast, yes, from both shores of the Pacific Coast, for that matter. Did you ever stop to think what a tremendous part geography plays in American fashions?"

"But Paris," I started to protest faintly.

"Oh, we won't compete with the Old World for some time," he conceded, "but when I look back over the past quarter-century it is amazing the strides we have made, especially considering the importance of geography.

"Here, in New York, we look to Europe, but Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Minneapolis, and other cities of the Mississippi Valley and the prairie states feel a local influence. While on the Pacific Coast, cut off by mountain ranges, influenced by peculiar climatic conditions and the Oriental flavor of each city's Chinatown, still another local tendency in apparel is evident. Each of these sections shows a distinct flavor of its own. And yet, as far as the fashion world is concerned all of these women wear just about the same silhouette.

"It always interests me to observe how closely Paris and the local makers of costumes come out with ideas almost identical. It's really remarkable when you stop to think."

"How do you account for it?" I asked.

"Oh, we recognize thought waves in designing just as in anything else that is creative, as music, literature, or art. How a designer finds an idea can no more be explained than how a story came into being in your mind. We, in America, received great stimulation and inspiration from the war, because we were confronted with the necessity of providing our own new models. Just what the war did for American fashions is not fully appreciated even by the creators of fashion, while to the general public the idea of relating war with the undoubted growth of costume design in America most certainly never occurs," concluded the designer.

American Designers Learn to Fly

FOR generations Paris has, of course, been the style source for all women's apparel, but today—in America—what is worn on Fifth Avenue has about as much weight as what is worn on the Rue de la Paix. When one goes to the opera in Paris and sees a well-groomed woman, the chances are about 100 to 1 that she is an American wearing clothes made in America. Therefore, it is not surprising that Paris is curious about the American's new clothes.

And why shouldn't Fifth Avenue reflect the smartest modes of the world? When a person from beyond the Alleghenies goes to New York he takes his smartest apparel—and evening clothes—and not only has a good time but undoubtedly one of the clever designers or fashion artists finds a note in his costume that can be used to advantage in a new frock or coat bearing the name of a maker of fine clothes in New York City. So you, who come from the vast prairies, the mountain states or the Pacific Coast all have a share in making Fifth Avenue world renowned in fashiondom.

Consequently, Paris is often uncomfortable, for the selling ratio of American garments to foreign is placed at 4 to 1 by a manufacturer who is a keen business producer and has won unusual success in this industry. "This is a question we have never been able to answer," he told me. "Our designers go abroad, although they also go to Hot Springs, French Lick, and Lakewood, but it often seems that the foreign trips are less productive than those made to our own resorts.

"I have suggested to Parisian model makers that they come over and study our climates and country, but in their opinion the matter of climate has little to do with fashions. Yet they have designed and sent us heavy metal and velvet robes for summer dancing gowns, and we have nights when even a chiffon or lace feels much too warm. Paris must secure the American viewpoint if she is to hold her place as leader in the fashion world. This year, for the first time," concluded this man, "French designers have made models suitable for the American woman at home."

For years America had been struggling along with her own ideas which a few daring fashion designers continued to present year after year—then came the World War and for the first time America was without foreign inspiration and models to copy. Did she stop selling clothes? Not she. Never before had such an apparel business been written in the history of modern merchandising, and during the war American designers tried their wings and found they could fly. The war was expensive to the merchant and to the consumer. Prices rose to such an extent that women bought fewer gowns, simpler gowns, but they, therefore, insisted that these few should be well designed and well made.

The Rise of Palm Beach

THE foreign garment no longer obtainable, the American designer was given his real opportunity and that he was ready for it and capable of taking such control of the situation as the gods of war had made for him was amply demonstrated in the fact that from that period dates the emancipation of the American woman from foreign fashions. And today she asserts that freedom in a thousand details of her costume and in a variety of silhouettes in her wardrobe.

It was the war that gave to America an opportunity to develop that great fashion show place, Palm Beach. In the spas and other resorts of European fashionable society are seen the manikins, or dressmakers' models, who are sent there to wear the latest creations from the workrooms of their employers. But in Palm Beach few professional costume exploiters are seen. The costumes of society itself set the styles. Those of the leisure class who enjoy a holiday in this favored winter playground, by their acceptance or rejection of apparel worn here, set the stamp of approval or the seal of oblivion, show the trend of fashion in the land farther north during the early summer.

Paris has found, to her consternation, that since the war the American woman refuses to be put into a clothes-groove by any designer, manufacturer, or merchant and, in speaking of the present-day period of fashion freedom, a leading buyer of one of the world's greatest stores, just back from Paris, said to me: "She—the American woman—is so independent that no matter what any style center decrees she takes it or leaves it; never for a moment does she forget that she is an individual and she demands clothes that express her individuality.

"Sometimes a modification of an existing style will find acceptance; again she may reject as entirely unsuitable some new European vogue. She will accept no one's dictation."

Of course, America, like Europe, is influenced by certain combinations of circumstances that force a definite style to the front. The recent vogue of high-colored shoes, of brilliant shades and loud, blazing printed fabrics was a result of interest aroused by news stories that gave the general public an interest in matters Egyptian. The rediscovery of ancient Egypt was not merely an indication of the long past-due eruption of color. For three years Paris had tried to popularize Egyptian motifs—but the American would have none of them. This attempt had been general yet was a failure until the opening of the tomb of King Tutankhamen brought Egypt before the reading public. Then the goods that had lain uncalled for were brought out and within a few days the dry-goods merchants all over the country were in position to display King Tut materials. It was, apparently, an overnight fashion.

Yet, truth to tell, there was many a conference of which the following is typical:

Merchandise Manager to Buyer: "Have you sold the prints in those frightfully high colors that you bought some time ago?"

Buyer to Merchandise Manager: "We have a few pieces, but they are not saleable. We've taken three losses on them."

Merchandise Manager: "All right. We'll sell them now. Get them out." Picking up the telephone he asked for the sign-writing department. "Hello, Jack, we are going to have a sale on some Egyptian novelties. I want a poster-card for this, and some price cards for the sale. See me late this afternoon and I'll give you the prices."

And when the great sale of Egyptian pattern materials took place, the public flocked to purchase the novelty and the merchant wrote a profit where losses had stood before. Heartened by these events, the jobbers unloaded all the materials they had not been able to move and the mills having certain cloths which had not sold, at once slapped onto the rollers plenty of color and all sorts of queer motifs which were labeled Egyptian. It was months later before the real motifs of Egyptian designs of the pre-Christian Era were featured in exquisite designs and colorings for evening wear. But, sad to relate, by that time the word "Egyptian" was taboo. So much inartistic material had been marketed under this name, such quantities of cheap and vulgar-looking garments had been ticketed "Egyptian," that persons of discrimination had turned against the term. And so, oddly enough, when the *real* Egyptian designs reached the market they had to sell under an alias to sell at all.

When a Woman Demands Style

WE do not sink into hopeless middle age in this country. The older a woman grows the better groomed she is and she demands clothing that makes her attractive for her age and not a copy of styles suitable for youth but for her a bit ridiculous. But this Paris did not understand, so when American women demanded apparel that was large enough for them—sizes 42 to 53—Paris was too busy to listen, as she was designing robes for the debutantes and merely shrugged her classic shoulders at the mention of *such* sizes in clothes. But the cry of protest from these women, who could find nothing in the department stores to fit them, finally reached the ears of the manufacturers—via the buyers of the stores—and, with an ear to the ground, a few farsighted men seized the opportunity, offering these sizes in new and practical styles. These men had seen a ray of light and after that there was nothing left for any one who might have been a competitor but "to watch their smoke."

Studying the situation it was found many women required larger sizes; some estimates place this at 50 per cent for the United States. Occasionally these women had their clothes made by a dressmaker, more often at home. Style? There was none. So a new idea was worked out in these stout clothes for the larger women and sent to the stores for distribution. "We make these for people in the West," a New York manufacturer told me some years ago, "and it's fine business." Since that time he has amended his statement and has found that the East offers him just as much opportunity to place his garments as the West ever did.

What this new departure has meant to this class of women is beyond words. They were told they could not wear colors, nor blouses, nor a hundred and one other fancies dear to the feminine heart. Artistically it was said these were wrong and would only make a woman appear larger. But about this time large women entered the designing and buying field and quickly put such notions into the discard.

"Give a woman additional material in her costume, make it fit her, in a pattern just as rich and colorful as her daughter wears, give her sweaters, and high-colored bathing suits with plenty of room, and she won't look larger than she would if dressed in black," was the emphatic statement made by a leading designer to me. "I weigh 185 and do I look as if I was all worn out and ready to be done in black and gray? Colors were meant to be worn, and we big women are going to wear them just as well as the perfect thirty-sixes, it is all a matter of lines, and if the right ones are chosen one is just as slender in color as in any drab shade."

While this development of the stout-wear industry in New York was progressing and gaining ground that at first seemed impossible, there was an evolution of an entirely different character beginning to make itself felt out on the Pacific Coast. Stories of new styles began to creep into the columns of trade journals; buyers from Coast stores wanted something different.

The Fall of Humpty Dumpty

SOON attention was diverted to Los Angeles and the style earthquake that originated there has been rocking the fashion world for a number of seasons. Los Angeles is the Home of the Sports Clothes; the Home of the Surf Bathing Suit; the Home of the Bungalow Dress. These came about naturally; the climate and the mode of life induced them. No woman wanted to be "all dolled up" and outdoors all the time.

The Pacific Coast divided from Paris by a continent and an ocean did not voice its disapprobation definitely of the fashions its buyers brought back, yet it failed to buy, regarding the colorings as gloomy, out of consonance with the surroundings of the outdoor, sunshiny life.

Humpty Dumpty suffered no greater shock than did some well-known manufacturing establishments when the Coast buyers insisted upon color, more color and *more* color. "Some one's crazy," was the manufacturer's comment. It seemed so, anyway. While these eastern houses puttered about trying to reconcile their ideas with the western buyers' demands, manufacturers on the Pacific Coast started to put these ideas into work and sports apparel was born of a demand distinctly American in inspiration and development.

Previous to this time elaborate velvet and ribbon corsages had been worn in an effort to brighten dull-toned costumes, but these were not appropriate for the new sports outfits. A new flower corsage was needed, something just as effective as the new clothes. An accident solved the problem. A buyer of one of the leading stores, on opening some new stock, found a box of organdie flowers among the goods. The novelty created some comment and New York, alert for new sales openings, began shipping organdie for flower-making, but nobody seemed to care for the novelty. Then some merchant, cleverer than the rest, saw the possibilities of using this idea with sports costumes as more appropriate than the silk and velvet corsages.

Modes on the Pacific Coast

WITHIN six months not an organdie corsage was to be found in the shops, new shipments were sold almost before they were opened. Chicago followed the vogue and soon New York fell into line and gave the new corsage her stamp of approval. And back of the vogue is the story of a tiny home-factory in an Illinois town that had misplaced the original box of organdie flowers from a sample lot, accidentally shipped it to the Coast and did not suspect, until reorders began to arrive, what had become of the missing box.

Those "in the know" travel to California regularly—not for a vacation, not for their health, not for scenery, not for climate, not for fine fruits, but for advance information as to what may be expected next in the American Fashion World. For not only has climate done its part in Los Angeles to make sports clothes the correct apparel for outdoors, but it is the home of motion pictures.

Recently a customer who was in an exclusive shop said to the owner: "Please go and see the movie at the Rose Palace this week. The heroine wears a black hat with a white costume at the horse race. I want a costume like that." The proprietor went to the theater, saw the heroine's clothes and reproduced them, to the great satisfaction of the customer.

Without any publicity, not even an announcement in the personal column of trade journals, designers for important eastern houses make regular trips to the Pacific Coast. Their itinerary includes San Francisco (for tailored modes), Los Angeles for general style, Hollywood, Portland, Seattle and Vancouver, with stops—during the season—at the important Rocky Mountain resorts (Glacier, Lake Louise, Banff), as well as Denver, Chicago, Cleveland, and possibly Detroit. These designers travel incognito, as it were, and are to all appearances on a holiday trip.

The conclusion of this article will appear next week.

Winter Paradise in the Adirondacks

Placid Valley Where John Brown Lived and Stevenson Was Inspired

Ski-jumping contest at Lake Placid Club Ski-Jump.

By E. L. M'COLGIN

THE Adirondack Mountains of New York State have historical associations quite as interesting as their scenic and climatic features.

John Brown, of Ossawatomie, lived on a farm in the valley south of Lake Placid. He set out from there upon the adventure that flamed forth at Harpers Ferry and terminated in Brown's execution at Charlestown, Virginia.

Brown was buried at his Placid valley residence, which is at the summit of a bluff two hundred feet above the west branch of the Ausable River. The State of New York is the custodian of the property.

Dr. Edward L. Trudeau demonstrated the efficacy of the fresh-air treatment of tuberculosis at Saranac. Robert Louis Stevenson sought relief through Trudeau and spent a winter in Saranac where he busied himself with writing and largely disregarding his physician's régime. In describing the conception of "The Master of Ballantrae," Stevenson wrote:

"I was walking one night on the veranda of a small house in which I lived outside the hamlet of Saranac. It was winter; the night was very dark; the air extraordinarily clear and cold and sweet with the purity of forests. For the making of a tale here were fine conditions. On such a fine frosty night with no wind and the thermometer below zero, the brain works with great vivacity. 'Come,' said I to my engine, 'let us make a tale.'"

The Baker cottage at Saranac, where Stevenson lived and wrote, is now maintained as a museum and memorial to the author of "Treasure Island."

Paul Smith, the St. Regis tavern keeper who became internationally famous as the host of men of affairs, was the modern Nestor of the Adirondacks. He was the patron of Trudeau and an advisor of Melvil Dewey, the founder of the Lake Placid Club. Many famous Adirondack estates were formerly part of Paul Smith's holdings. He made the Adirondacks popular and became a millionaire.

Land grants or so-called "purchases," the size of German and Italian principalities, formerly intrigued the imaginations of many who vainly sought to found industrial enterprises. Paul Smith proved the real wealth-getting potentialities of the Adirondacks were in their climate and scenery.

Joseph Bonaparte, the ex-king of Spain and Naples and brother of Napoleon, purchased a tract of more than one hundred thousand acres. Lake Bonaparte on which his hunting lodge stood recalls his summer visits there when he drove in a coach-and-six from his home at Bordentown, New Jersey.

The Empire State has, in its Adirondack Park, as the public lands there are termed, made available to the public the largest area of its sort in the United States.

The Yellowstone Park is smaller by two thousand square miles and the State of Connecticut does not equal in size the magnificent expanse of peaks, forests and waters embraced in America's most accessible natural park.

The constitution of New York State contains this wise provision, which might be copied by other commonwealths:

"The lands of the State now owned or hereafter to be acquired constituting the forest preserves as fixed by law shall be forever kept as wild forest lands. They shall not be leased, sold or exchanged or be taken by any corporation public or private nor shall the timber thereon be sold, removed or destroyed."

The Adirondack Mountains are an offshoot of the Laurentian plateau which covers two million square miles of the region surrounding Hudson's Bay. It is made up of the most ancient granite of the world's foundation. The southern limit of the Laurentians sweeps west from Quebec city to about fifty miles above Ottawa and then bends abruptly south through Ontario, crossing the international line between Brockville and Kingston and rising abruptly as the Adirondacks.

The mountains of ancient Laurentia were bold high ranges, but the glaciers of the ice age planed them down until we have the present moderate heights of the Adirondacks as their remains.

There are about two thousand peaks in the Adirondacks and the highest mountains inclose the Lake Placid district, which includes the twin lakes, Placid and Mirror, the great club, the village and the valley, which is a superb plateau resembling the so-called parks of the western mountains.

The human race finds in the Placid valley the climatic elements requisite for ideal living conditions. Authorities say that an altitude of 1,800 feet is necessary for stimulation and tonic and that above 2,000 feet too many hearts are affected. There is a wide range of weather at Placid. Without such variation any climate soon loses its savor. The prevailing southwest winds have swept over a three-hundred-mile reach of balsam-clad hills before ventilating this favored region. Thus they are fresh and sweet, devoid of a vestige of city smoke and dirt.

The two highways from the east enter the valley through the Wilmington Notch gorge and the spectacular Cascades, the automobilists' high spots. The Saranac road to the north and west is paralleled by the joint Placid spur of the New York Central and the Delaware & Hudson railroads.

Mt. Whiteface, 4,871 feet, the most frequently climbed high peak, and his companions, with Placid and Mirror lakes at their feet, at the northern end of the valley, suggest the Italian lake scenes. There is nothing so fine in the Adirondacks.

The southern rampart of the valley is made up of the range of the highest peaks in the park. It is pierced by but two difficult foot trails, the Avalanche and Indian passes, the most savage portals in all the eastern mountains.

Mt. Marcy, 5,344 feet, frequently referred to by the more significant Indian name, Tahawus, the cloud piercer, is the highest point in the state. The dark Panther gorge lies between Mt. Haystack, 4,918 feet, and Mt. Marcy. Lake Tear of the Clouds, 4,327 feet high, lying on Marcy's southwestern slope between that peak and Mt. Skylight, 4,889 feet, is the source of the Hudson River.

Many declare that the view from Mt. McIntyre, 5,201 feet, the second highest mountain, is better than that from Marcy. One who climbs any of these higher peaks, especially on one of those glorious days after a rain has cleared away, is well rewarded. The Adirondack Park, Lake Champlain, and the Green Mountains of Vermont, the St. Lawrence and sometimes a glimpse of Montreal are spread before him. The famous Indian Pass, 3,870 feet, the home of the stone giants, threads its way between McIntyre and the vertical cliffs of Wallface Mountain. On the opposite side of McIntyre, Avalanche Pass separates it from Mt. Colden, 4,753 feet.

Lake Clear, a little heart-shaped body of water, which presents a charming picture, especially when viewed from the top of McIntyre or Marcy, lies at the northern base of McIntyre, the site of the old Adirondack Inn, destroyed by the forest fire of 1903. Mountain climbers have the free use of several lean-tos on the shore of the lake, where the northern trails to the range and the passes converge. The Gothics, 4,744 feet, and a jumble of other mountains are also included in the range.

Mt. Ampersand, 3,432 feet, is the principal summit to the west of Placid. The scene from its top, which includes the Saranac, Regis and Raquette waters, has been described by Dr. Henry Van Dyke.

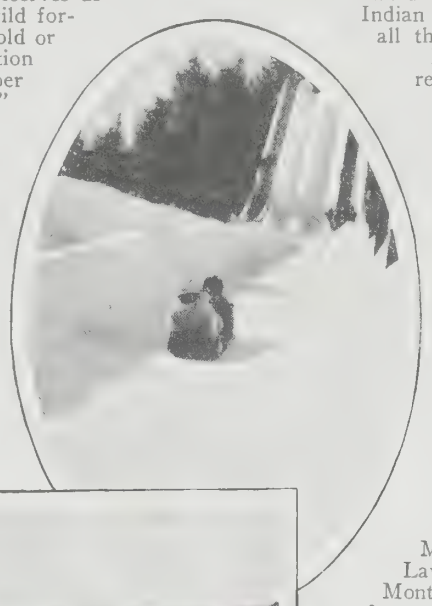
Follensby pond or lake at the foot of Ampersand was the location of the Philosophers' Camp of the Adirondack Club in 1858. The ten Boston men who made up the first party included such giants as Ralph Waldo Emerson, James Russell Lowell and Louis Agassiz. Longfellow declined to accept when he found Emerson was going! Emerson has left a delightful record of it:

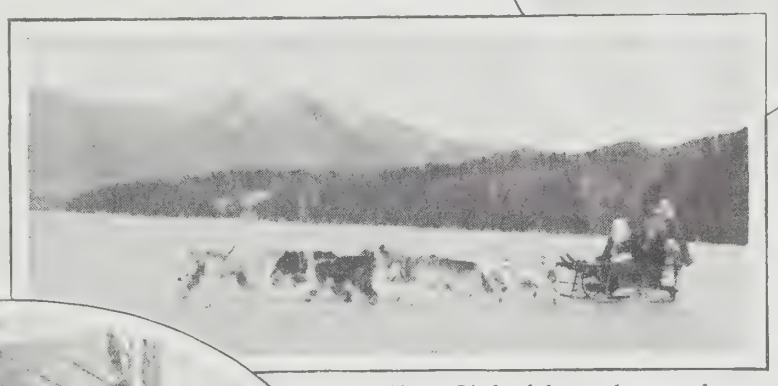
"We seemed the dwellers of the zodiac,
So pure the Alpine element we breathed,
So light so lofty pictures came and went."

Melvil Dewey is the founder and president of the Lake Placid Club as well as the founder of the American Library Association, the exponent of simplified spelling, and an executive officer of the New York State educational establishment.

Dewey brought Swiss and Scandinavian winter-sports experts to Lake Placid and soon the whole country became converted to the pastimes of the white season. Now the club is as crowded in the midwinter period as it is in August.

The visitor to Lake Placid who is charmed by its scenic grandeur and the lovely appearance of the countryside should recall that until Melvil Dewey made things over man was showing himself unworthy of one of the finest places God created in America.





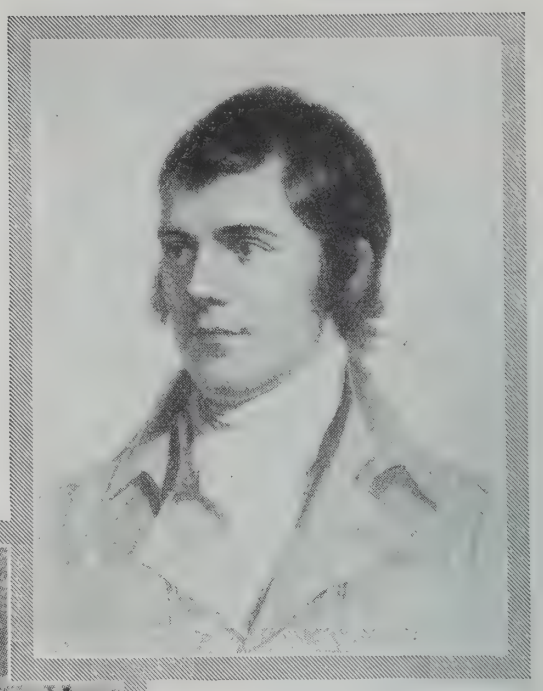
Above—Little club members on the double-track toboggan, Lake Placid Club. Center—Jacques Suzanne's champion dog team on Lake Placid. Below—Starting from Lake Placid Club on an old-fashioned sleigh ride.

Mts. Marcy, Colden and McIntyre, Placid Valley, looking south from Lake Placid Club.

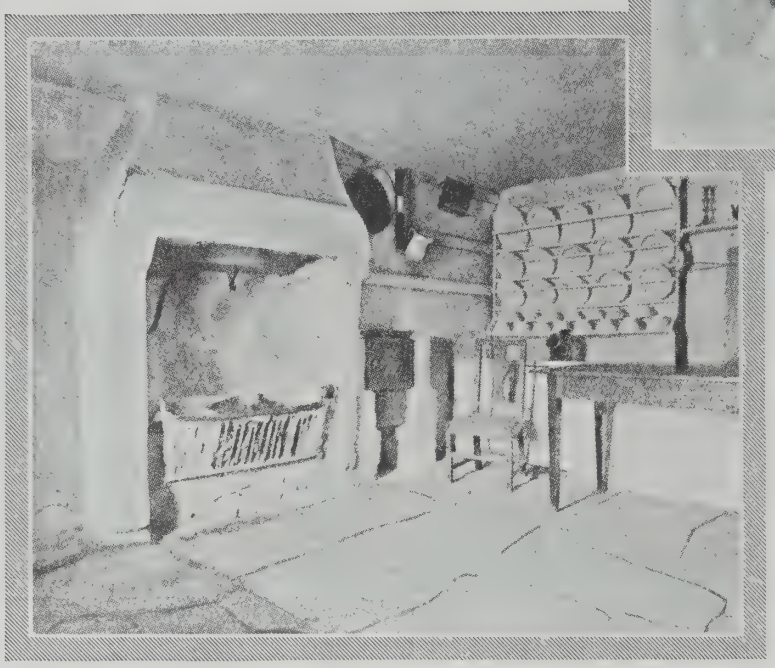
The Country of Robert Burns

In the Footsteps of the Plowman Poet on the Banks of the Doon and Ayr

By PAUL TYNER



ROBERT BURNS



Interior of Burns' Cottage.

IT WAS my good fortune to make the pilgrimage, inevitable for every American sojourner in Scotland, to the birthplace of Robert Burns in Ayrshire during the week of the bard's 165th birthday anniversary.

One begins to breathe Burns, so to speak, on alighting at the Ayr station. It is in the air and in the accent of the people. The Burns tradition is suggested at almost every step. Scotland is tremendously proud of Burns; but that pride reaches its height in the ancient town of Ayr and the country around it. In the public square, only a stone's throw from the station and its fine hotel, Lawson's fine statue of the poet immediately commands the admiration of the visitor.

A few minutes' walk from the statue up High street brings one to the Tam O'Shanter Inn. The name, of course, was given to it since Burns' day, but there is a veritable tradition that the drinking place itself was contemporary with his residence in Ayrshire and that he often foregathered there with his cronies. It is certainly now well soaked with reminders of the bard. Its white plastered walls are surmounted by a moss-grown roof and above the entrance is a large painting of a rural scene—the sort of decoration still common in villages of the Bavarian Highlands, but in Scotland found only on houses dating from the time of our grandfathers. In accordance with the excise regulations, the name of the present licensee of the "Pub," Mrs. Scott, is painted under the picture. Here, we are told quite seriously, Tam O'Shanter was often wont to foregather with Soutar Johnnie:

> "His ancient, trusty, drouthy cronie;
> Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither—
> They had been fou for weeks thegither!"

It is certain that this old inn had been the scene of many a wild wassail in which the Ploughboy Poet himself had been the central figure. One is shown, indeed, the very oak chair in which he sat at the head of the old deal table on which, with scores of other frequenters, he had cut his initials. That one is also shown the veritable chairs (of lesser stateliness) in which "Tam" and "Johnnie" had also sat is evidence that the people of the neighborhood from Burns' day on have identified these creations of the poet's imagination with two well-known Ayr characters. For the benefit of the outlander, it may be explained that "Soutar" is Scottish for shoemaker.

In the same upper room, against the wall on the street side, is a well-preserved and very solid oak chair that belonged to Robert the Bruce—so mine hostess of the inn related with every appearance of deep conviction. Certainly nothing but a veritable relic of The Bruce could be lacking to put the last touch of veneration on this shrine. Such association of the national hero with Burns, too, is eminently fitting, for has not Burns forever immortalized Bruce in his paraphrase of the King's address to the troops on the eve of the Battle of Bannockburn: "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled"? I was reminded, too, of the fact that the very chair in which The Bruce sat when crowned, today forms one of the most prized treasures of the collection of historic relics in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

This upper room in the Tam O'Shanter Inn is reached by a narrow and crooked stair from the back of what was once the taproom, but is now a very dingy and commonplace public bar. The "Private Bar" on the opposite side of the entrance was occupied at the time of my visit by a party of card players, who, without interrupting their game, indicated with the prevalent enthusiasm a spinning wheel in a corner that had belonged to Burns' mother, the ancient brass lantern that was said to have figured in Tam's weird midnight ride, and the very pewter tankard from which the poet had helped to drink the product of the "peck o' maut" that Willie brewed.

A half-hour's ride on a double-deck electric tramcar from the fine Town Hall of Ayr through a pleasant countryside brings one to the Burns' Cottage at Alloway, the humble home where the Poet of Democracy and Scotia's well-loved minstrel first saw the light on January 25, 1759.

> "'Twas then a blast o' Janwar' win'
> Blew hansel in on Robin."

The "auld clay biggin" of two rooms, the usual *but* and *ben* of Scotland, reminded me of the lines of our own Sam Walter Foss expressing the aspiration to "live in a house by the side of the road and be a friend to man." This dwelling place of a crofter that has become a world shrine has undergone many changes since it was built by the poet's father with his own hands in 1757. For a hundred years, indeed, it was used as an alehouse. But its general authenticity is undoubted, and it has been changed far less than that other world's shrine at Stratford-on-Avon.

Little imagination is needed to call before the mind's eye the humble roadside cottage of a century and a half ago, for its original structure is carefully preserved. It is a long, low, one-story building with a slight bend in its line where the cow "byre" joins the family living rooms. There are the thatched roof, the flagged floor and the substantial oak beams and rafters that continue to mark the home of the Scotch peasant-farmer the country over.

Entering the end that was used as a cow barn and milk room (for no yard separates the abode of the family from that of the "beasties") one passes through a small room with a fireplace into the main living room, which also served as kitchen and principal bedroom; the bed being built into a niche in the wall, from which the good "wifie" could keep her eyes on all that was going on. The very spinning wheel and yarn-winder of the industrious mistress of the house, with the table around which the family gathered to hear the father read the Bible in the evening, are all still in their places. In the numerous prints illustrative of "The Cotter's Saturday Night" it is this room that is pictured with its generous high stone fireplace.

Passing out of the cottage and crossing a bit of greensward, one finds a sort of cloistered modern building of brick and cement with red-tile roof running around two sides of the inclosure. In this building is housed, appropriately enough, the Burns Museum. The bard looks down from the walls on all sides from sculptured marble, bronze or clay bas-relief, steel engraving, oil painting and numerous prints. And every one of these portraits has an interesting history of its own.

Among other treasures of the place are Burns' own family Bible in a glass case and open at the record, in the poet's own hand, of his own birthdate, that of his wife, Jean Armour, and those of their children. There were two pairs of twins in succession. Robert, the eldest son, lived to manhood, but his twin sister Jean died at 14 months. The last entry in the hand of William Nicolas Burns, the poet's second son, records the birth of the child born on the day of his father's funeral, July 26, 1796, and named Maxwell, after the physician who attended Burns in his last illness.

This Bible was bequeathed by the poet's widow to their eldest son Robert, from whom it passed to the second surviving son, William Nicoll Burns, who in his lifetime gave it to Mrs. Sarah E. M. T. Burns Hutchinson, eldest surviving daughter of

The cottage where Burns was born, Alloway, Ayr.

Burns' statue at Ayr.

Alloway Kirk.

his younger brother, James Glencairn Burns. As her property, it was sold at auction on December 10, 1904, at Sotheby's in London to Bernard Quaritch, the noted bookseller and publisher of the first edition of Fitzgerald's translation of the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam." Five days later, the trustees of the Burns' Cottage, whose representative had been the next bidder, acquired the precious relic for £1,700 ($8,500).

Nearby may be examined the family Bible of William Burnes (as he spelled the name), the poet's father, and containing the family register. The dates of birth of himself and of his wife, of their marriage and of the births of their seven sons and daughters are entered in the hand of William Burnes; the date when his father "departed this life" is entered by the poet, and that of his mother's passing by his nephew James. Special interest attaches to this old leather-bound quarto by reason of Burns' reference to it as "the big ha' Bible, ance his Father's pride," in "The Cotter's Saturday Night."

An odd reminder of the Scottish bard's contempt for money presents itself in a one-guinea note of the Bank of Scotland dated March 1, 1780, on the reverse of which he had written twelve lines beginning: "Wae worth thy power, thou cursed leaf!" before passing it on. This relic is owned and lent to the museum by Charles Ramsay Gilchrist of Lanarkshire, who would not take many times the face value of this bit of paper to which the poverty-stricken poet's scribble has given a value he little dreamed.

In a neighboring case is a treasure well calculated to fascinate the gaze of the bibliophile, a copy of the famous "Kilmarnock edition" printed by John Wilson in 1786 at the modest price of three shillings. While it cannot be called a "rare" book, only a few copies in the original blue-paper wrapper are known to be in existence. This is one of the few—probably the finest of all—and was acquired from a Paisley collector in 1908 for £1,000.

Of almost as great interest as this little volume of verse is the only known copy of the prospectus issued by Burns with a view to obtaining subscriptions for the edition. It is a vivid reminder that the position in which the poet found himself early in the year 1786 determined him to leave Scotland. He had actually accepted a job as bookkeeper on an estate in Jamaica at $150 a year. Not having the nine guineas required to pay his passage, he arranged to publish this subscription edition of the poems to obtain the money. The almost instantaneous success of the book and the several further editions for which it created a demand changed his plans—and perhaps the whole destiny of the man.

The Burns Cottage collection is rich in original manuscripts and letters of the poet and there are copies of probably 100 different editions of his poems, and nearly as many different portraits. Among recent additions is a collection of 523 volumes in exceptionally fine condition bequeathed by Colonel Robert J. Bennett, V. D., of Glasgow and Ayr, and bequeathed by him to the Cottage in 1916. These are all editions of the writings of Robert Burns and of books relating to his life and work. There are on other shelves separate volumes, printed at various periods, of editions printed in London, Dublin, Belfast, New York and Philadelphia, and of French, German, Russian, Swedish and Gaelic translations.

Among exhibits linking Burns with the New World is a manuscript of Longfellow's poem "To Robert Burns"; the facsimile of manuscript of a poem by Robert G. Ingersoll on "The Birthplace of Robert Burns," presented by John E. Milholland, of New York; a photograph of the statue of Burns at Albany, New York; poems and letters in the handwriting of Robert Burns reproduced in facsimile through the courtesy of William K. Bixby, by the Burns' Club of St. Louis, Missouri, with an introduction and explanatory notes by Walter B. Stevens, a folio printed in St. Louis in 1908, and presented to the Cottage by the Burns' Club of that city; a facsimile of the "Geddes," (1787) Burns which belonged to Bishop Geddes and including facsimiles of a letter of Burns to the Bishop, whom he had mentioned as "the best cleric I ever knew," and thirteen of Burns' poetical pieces in his own handwriting, prepared by the Bibliophile Society of Boston; The World's Memorials of Robert Burns, by Edward Goodwillie, Detroit, 1911, and "Burns' Day in Detroit, 1921," both octavos presented by Goodwillie.

Like Omar Khayyam, it is probable that Burns was not anything like such a tippler as his poems would make him appear: that his indulgence in the flowing bowl, in fact, was more a matter of genial feeling and lyrical celebration of good fellowship than of actual potations. In the Cottage Museum, for instance, we have a "toddy ladle" made of horn and fourteen inches long, said to have been used by him when in Nance Tinnock's Inn at Mauchline; but "Poosie Nancy" told Robert Chambers that "Robert Burns might be a very clever lad, but he certainly was *regardless* of his duty as a good drinker, for he had never taken three half-mutchkins in her house in all his life"—a grudging but no less trustworthy testimony to his abstemiousness.

Not far from the toddy ladle is seen a lock of Burns' hair, said to have been given by his widow to Jean Wilson of Mauchline, a wooden platter said to have belonged to Nance Tinnock, and a walking cane which he used for years, and which was presented by John S. Kennedy of New York.

More important than these personal trifles are certain tangible evidences here that Robert Burns, despite his humble peasant origin and his poverty, was far from being the almost illiterate lout that he has at times been pictured.

A short distance beyond the cottage along the winding country road we come to Alloway "auld kirk" and its kirkyard, made famous by the poet as the scene of the midnight revels of the witches and warlocks with the devil for fiddler—the scene on which Tam O'Shanter gazed almost to his undoing. It will be remembered that he escaped their clutches only by a tail's length, the tail being that of his old gray mare, which was left behind in a warlock's frenzied clutch in the fearful gallop across the Brig o' Doon.

The church dates from the year 1576 and today, as in the poet's day, is almost roofless. The walls, indeed, are so nearly overshadowed by shrubbery and a large spreading sycamore that the ruined vault of the old church suggests a dark grotto in a deep wood. Well might it serve for the unholy incantations and mysterious dances of demons and sprites.

A five-minute walk from Alloway Kirk brings one to the famous monument. It is a pretentious piece of work consisting of a superstructure suggestive of a Greek temple on a massive substructure.

The foundation stone of the monument was laid on January 25, 1820, the sixty-first anniversary of the poet's birth, with full Masonic honors in which twenty-four lodges took part.

Among the many ornaments in the grounds, those that command most attention are the statues of Tam O' Shanter and Soutar Johnnie. They are regarded as the most realistic conceptions of rural life and character ever carved in stone and have been made familiar the world over by countless copies, photographs and prints. The statues are carved from blocks of rough-grained Ayrshire sandstone which lends itself admirably to the delineation of such rustic ideals.

In the statue house and in the monument itself there are a number of interesting relics of the poet and his family, including Bibles which belonged to Highland Mary with inscriptions in Burns' hand, Bonnie Jean's wedding ring, several original manuscripts of the poet and various rare editions of his works, Nance Tinnock's quaich, an engraving depicting Burns' first meeting with Sir Walter Scott, presented by Mrs. Margaret Fullman, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; copies of the Edinburgh *Evening Courant,* of July 23 and 28, 1796, giving the first public account of the poet's death and funeral, also responses to appeals made on behalf of his impoverished wife and family; a facsimile reproduction of the Glenriddell manuscripts gifted to the Alloway Burns Club by John Gribbel, of Philadelphia, and a quaich which belonged to the Jolly Beggars who were wont to gather at Poosie Nancy's Inn.

Within a day's journey from Ayr may be found several places centering about the quaint little town of Mauchline, all of which are filled with reminders of the poet's personal history and suggestive of his verse. In this neighborhood, he grew from youth to man, launched into life on his own account, discovered his powers and gave his first poetry to the world. Here he passed the years that count for most in a man's life, and here the traveler will realize most forcibly what Burns was, what he did, and how he did it. This sentimental journey will include Lochlea, Tarbolton, Mossgiel, Mauchline, Failford, Montgomerie, Ballochmyle—each worthy of at least a flying visit.

Patriotism today is a very real thing in Scotland; strong, deep, intense and warm, it runs in the blood of the people; but when Burns came into the world it was a stream at a very low ebb. The change may be traced to Burns' songs more than to any other one cause. Their music caused the patriotic tide that streamed through unhappy Wallace's heart nearly four centuries before to once more rise and flood the heart of the nation.

Much of the spontaneity which charms the reader of Burns' poems is probably due to the fact that he was like Walt Whitman and W. D. Howells, a self-educated man. He never got away from the simplicity and truth to life which is the high distinction of his lines. Perhaps his humanness might not have survived had his mind been pressed in the academic mold. Thanks to this same humanness, the local and commonplace, under his touch, became national, and the national became universal.

Tam O' Shanter Inn, Ayr.

The Human Side of Our Presidents

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manufacturers, President-Elect Madison was clothed in a suit of dark-brown cloth, made from the wool of a merino sheep bred by Robert Livingston at his country seat, Clermont on the Hudson, the wool being carded, spun and woven in his house by his daughter, Elizabeth Stevens Livingston—a practice I recommend to some of the lively young ladies of the present vanity-box era.

In the evening, at Long's Hotel in Georgetown, occurred the first real inaugural ball. Mrs. Madison was dressed elaborately in yellow velvet, with pearls and a turban on her head. Her husband wore a black suit in the evening. Jefferson, who had thrown off his mantle of presidential gloom, was in high spirits at having his part over with. Washington Irving thus wrote of the President-Elect and his wife:

Roosevelt sworn into office at Buffalo in residence of Ansley Wilcox.

"Mrs. Madison is a fine, portly, buxom dame . . . .but as to Jemmy Madison—Ah! poor Jemmy! he is but a withered little apple John." This scarcely does Madison justice. He was a fine type of man.

The present custom of holding the inauguration outdoors (and latterly in the presence of immense crowds) was due to a quarrel which occurred in 1817, when James Monroe was inaugurated, this ceremony being the first one to occur in the open air since Washington was inaugurated in New York. Monroe informed the president of the Senate that, according to custom, he would take the oath in the chamber of the House. The Senate Committee had drawn up an elaborate set of exercises, but before the day came there was a disgraceful row between Henry Clay and the committee over the use of the chamber. Clay was said to have been peeved because Monroe had ignored his desire to be Secretary of State. The quarrel itself centered about the use of the furniture, and so the committee erected an "elevated portico" in front of Congress Hall. The custom has thus been followed since with certain exceptions that were usually due to bad weather. At Monroe's second inaugural in 1821 the fourth of March fell on Sunday, and he took the oath in the House. Four years later John Quincy Adams was also inaugurated under cover, on account of bad weather.

It was not until 1829, at the inauguration of Andrew Jackson, that any real excitement occurred again. John Quincy Adams had all the family traits. He moved out on March 3, refusing to recognize Jackson. A pamphlet reflecting on the private characters of Jackson and his wife had been distributed by Adams' supporters; the death of Mrs. Jackson added a note of tragedy to an already tense situation. Jackson refused to call on Adams, who responded in kind. The only uniformed company of soldiers in Washington declined to escort Jackson, and a company of Revolutionary veterans finally tendered their services. When Jackson got back to the White House he threw the doors open to the populace, and his followers trampled the furniture and raised hob generally. These wild scenes seem strange to us now; they were a part of our governmental training. At the second inauguration of Andrew Jackson, Justice Marshall (now coming to be recognized as one of our greatest Americans) made his last administration of the oath to a President. Martin Van Buren, four years later (1837), rode to the Capitol in an open carriage which had been specially made for the occasion from the wood of the frigate *Constitution*. In 1841, when William Henry Harrison was inaugurated, it was a cold, stormy day, a northeaster blowing. The President-Elect read his address with uncovered head, and the exposure is said to have hastened his death, which occurred a month later. At the inauguration of Tyler in 1841, Daniel Webster was the most commanding figure in Washington. That was the period in our oratory when the classic note was predominant. All speeches reeked with Greek and Roman quotations. Webster had helped with the inauguration address. He was living in a boarding house in Washington at the time. Coming back to his home after his labors his landlady said to him, "Mr. Webster, you certainly look tired." "Why shouldn't I be tired?" he replied, "I have just killed seventeen pro-consuls."

The inauguration of Lincoln, in 1861, was naturally the most dramatic event in the history of our inaugurations with the exception of that of Washington. It is highly interesting to contrast descriptions of Washington and Lincoln in their respective deliveries. William Maclay, Senator from Pennsylvania, thus described Washington's appearance when he delivered his address in front of Federal Hall, New York: "He was agitated and embarrassed; kept putting his fingers, first of one hand and then of the other, into his breeches' pocket." Maclay observes that he wished the Father of His Country could have been first in speech making as in everything else.

Lincoln appeared on the stand in a new suit, carrying a gold-headed cane and a silk hat, together with his speech. At the moment when he was about to begin, he was at a loss where to put his hat. Douglas, his political rival, stepped forward and took it, remarking either then or later, as an aside, that if he himself couldn't be President at least he could hold the President's hat. Henry Watterson, who was present, thus described the incident:

"The President that was about to be seemed entirely self-possessed; not a sign of nervousness, and very obliging . . . . When Mr. Lincoln removed his hat to face the vast throng above and below, I extended my hand to take it, but Judge Douglas, just behind me, reached over my outstretched arm and received it, holding it during the delivery of the address. I stood just near enough the speaker's elbow not to obstruct any gesture he might make, though he made but a few; and then I began to get a suspicion of the power of the man. He delivered that inaugural address as if he had been delivering inaugural addresses all his life."

In connection with these two contrasting pictures, I cannot but recall one occasion, when Woodrow Wilson was governor of New Jersey, and his boom for the presidency was being launched. It chanced that I presided at a dinner tendered to him in Newark, New Jersey. It was one of those democratic dollar dinners, about two thousand persons being present. Just before he rose to speak, he turned to me and said quietly, "I have never been able to overcome my nervousness before speaking." Yet he showed not a trace of it in his manner, and his appetite struck me as exceptionally hearty.

In this brief survey I can refer only to the most illuminative incidents. Andrew Johnson was sworn in after Lincoln's assassination in his own rooms at the Kirkwood Hotel.

Grant's inauguration was marked by the greatest military display in our history up to that time. His daughter Nellie, a mere child, suddenly ran forward to her father and held his hand while he spoke.

Rutherford B. Hayes was sworn in secretly on Saturday night, March 3, the fourth of March being on Sunday. There was a dinner party on hand and when he quietly left the table no one knew why. He took the oath again on March 5, on the eastern portico of the Capitol.

Garfield was inaugurated in the presence of his aged mother, the first mother up to that time who heard her son deliver his inaugural.

Grover Cleveland, at both of his inaugurations, used the little Bible his mother had given him when a lad.

Roosevelt's inauguration was not only tragic, on account of the assassination of McKinley, but dramatic. He was in the Adirondack Mountains at the time, and for some hours could not be located. Three relays of horses were used and torch bearers had been placed along the road to light his way to the railroad station at North Creek, 35 miles from where he received the news. He was taken in a special train to Buffalo, which he reached about 1:30 p. m., having covered 500 miles by foot, horse and train in nineteen hours. At half-past three he was sworn in by John R. Hazel, judge of the United States District Court, the ceremony taking place at the house of Ansley Wilcox, of Buffalo. His second inauguration, in Washington, 1905, after he had been elected President on his own account, was a very brilliant affair, 500,000 spectators being present. "Teddy" wrote to his friend, Sir George Trevelyan, on March 9:

"Many of my old friends with whom I lived on the ranches and worked in the roundups in the early days came to see me inaugurated."

Taft was inaugurated in a blizzard, at least he would have been had it been possible to hold the ceremony as usual outdoors. Shortly after he was inaugurated I called on him one day in his office in the White House. He told a number of funny stories and while talking to me and a friend, Knute Nelson, the Senator from Minnesota, came in. My friend introduced some other people to Senator Nelson and then turning to me said:

"Senator, this is Mr. Masson; he is from New York; I hope you don't mind meeting a man from New York!"

Senator Nelson did not relax the severity of face as he replied:

"Well, I sometimes *have* to."

Mr. Taft's laughter almost shook the foundations.

Some idea of the crowds at an inauguration can be gleaned from my personal experience at the inauguration of Woodrow Wilson in 1913. After the ceremony I started back to New York; there were at least fifteen thousand persons in the Pennsylvania Railroad Station. I stood up, wedged in the crowd there, until three o'clock in the morning. Once I squeezed near a cold radiator and jumped up and sat on it, but a guard wormed his way through the crowd and got me down. Finally, at slightly after three a. m., I managed to sneak by the gates leading to the railroad tracks. A serried and silent row of sleeping cars greeted me. I went along until I saw one that looked as if it might start soon. I got into a forward sleeping car, the beds of which had all been made up. Pushing aside curtain after curtain until—at the extreme end—I discovered a lower berth that was empty, I crawled in with my clothes on, shivering with fear. The train started. Suddenly, after a long black space had enveloped me, I felt an arm, and a voice whispered very loudly, "Ticket!"

I handed the intruder my railroad ticket and a fiver. There was a hideous silence. Finally change was thrust back at me. The conductor knew that the poor devil who had engaged that berth never got there and now never would.

The next morning I woke up, and the tremendous flood of the previous day's crowded experience swept over me. Woodrow Wilson, the twenty-eighth President of the United States, had been sworn in. I thought of his firm jaw, of his angular body, of the pleasant and desultory conversations I had held with him; of the genial Tumulty, of the blighted George Harvey, of the colorful and belligerent woman suffragists—of everything, in fact—except the great thing that was coming: *a world war.*

Well, now it is Calvin Coolidge. And who knows what next?

Table of Presidential Inaugurations

No.	Name	Inaugurated	Time Served
1.	Washington,	Apr. 30, 1789	7 yr. 10 mo. 4 d.
2.	John Adams	1797	4 yr.
3.	Jefferson	1801	8 yr.
4.	Madison	1809	8 yr.
5.	Monroe	1817	8 yr.
6.	J. Quincy Adams	1825	4 yr.
7.	Jackson	1829	8 yr.
8.	Van Buren	1837	4 yr.
9.	Harrison	1841	1 mo.
10.	Tyler	1841	3 yr. 11 mo.
11.	Polk	1845	4 yr.
12.	Taylor	1849	1 yr. 4 mo. 5 d.
13.	Fillmore	1850	2 yr. 7 mo. 26 d.
14.	Pierce	1853	4 yr.
15.	Buchanan	1857	4 yr.
16.	Lincoln	1861	4 yr. 1 mo. 11 d.
17.	Johnson	1865	3 yr. 10 mo. 19 d.
18.	Grant	1869	8 yr.
19.	Hayes	1877	4 yr.
20.	Garfield	1881	6½ mo.
21.	Arthur	1881	3 yr. 5½ mo.
22.	Cleveland	1885	4 yr.
23.	Benjamin Harrison	1889	4 yr.
24.	Cleveland	1893	4 yr.
25.	McKinley	1897	4 yr. 6 mo. 10 d.
26.	Roosevelt	1901	7 yr. 5 mo. 18 d.
27.	Taft	1909	4 yr.
28.	Wilson	1913	8 yr.
29.	Harding	1921	2 yr. 4 mo. 29 d.
30.	Coolidge	1923	

Shopping in Soochow

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When I got home I showed it with commendable pride to a caller. Later the boy, who had been in the room serving tea when I showed it, came to me and said, "Missie, when you make die?" I answered that I had no intention of dying. Then said he, "Where catchee that thing?" pointing to the tapestry which I had tacked upon the wall, the better to show its beauty. "More better you pay me that thing, missie, you no wanchee." But I did "wanchee" (want it) and was curious to know why he was so sure I didn't, or why he refused to go alone into the room where it hung. So one afternoon when my son's Chinese teacher came I showed it to him, and he told me it was a death blanket, a cover for the dead! Truly it would not make an acceptable present for an old and very dear friend.

Crying baby which added to the noise when I went shopping in the city. This is a Chinese baby high chair.

My son's teacher is a highly educated old mandarin, courtly and polished in the ways of a bygone China. What I had purchased as a gift was a "Toulo," he said, a coverlet made for the dead of a certain religious faith. Its inscriptions were taken from the "Sin-diminishing" scripture written by the great King Wei Te, centuries ago,and are thought to be of great help and profit to the dead. Therefore, when a man dies his family, if they can find the money, secures one of these coverlets, and places it in the coffin over the dead man, covering him from head to foot. Said the old teacher:

"With the help of this cover all the sins of the dead man will be henceforth diminished, and he will not go to hell to be transformed into a starving devil or into any of the lower animals. Instead, with this coverlet over him he will go immediately after death to the Land of Purity in the West. In case the dead has heavy sins—too heavy to allow him to go to the Land of Purity—this coverlet has the power to cause him to be made a human being again, thus giving him another chance and if he lives his second life in a clean and decent way, he will go to the Land of Purity after all."

I could not help but wonder if the teacher himself believed this, but somehow I could not ask him. He explained, however, that such coverlets were often not within the means of families who wanted to get them for their dead. In such cases the inscriptions can be copied on pieces of paper, and these little bits of paper pasted on the forehead, throat, breast, knees and feet of the dead, and their sins will be diminished just as well as though they slept under a whole cover.

That "Toulo" coverlet is laid away in the bottom of my treasure chest, and will lie there till I get back home. After that it will hang on the walls of my living room; but I could not give it as a present even to my best friend.

Robert Burns' Great Faith in America

Worthy of Special Remembrance at the Birthday Celebrations

By CAMERON TAYLOR

"I PROPOSE as an amendment the health of George Washington, a better man!" Thus Burns the poet, lover of Liberty, threw aside once again the fetters which penury and a government appointment had laid upon him, and amazed a public gathering which had just been asked to pledge the health of Pitt, Prime Minister of Britain!

Throughout the English-speaking world, on January 25, coteries innumerable meet to honor the poet on the date of his birth; and it seems not unmeet in these days to take the minds of his admirers to that point whence, one hundred and thirty years or so ago, he visualized the young Republic of the West, and declared his faith in America.

It has been said that not until the French Revolution did the Scottish poet take any noticeable interest in politics, yet it must be abundantly clear—remember the times in which he lived—that the sturdy farmer lad of seventeen, who with a friend was severely taken to task at Kirkoswald school for daring to enter upon discussion of speculative questions—was indeed his father's son so far as interest in the affairs of the wider world was concerned. The question on the occasion which brought down upon him the wrath of the teacher was—Is a great general or a respectable merchant the more useful member of Society? The teacher, it is recorded, contemptuously dismissed the question in favor of the general, and thereby proclaimed the feeling of his time; but, drawn into an argument with the irrepressible Burns, the dominie was so worsted in presence of his pupils that he wrathfully dismissed the school.

To Robert Louis Stevenson we are indebted for a picture of Burns' father which must come to many a Scot throughout the world as a picture of one he has known: "Chill, backward, and austere with strangers, grave and imperious in his family, he was yet a man of very unusual parts and of an affectionate nature . . . . Nothing is more characteristic of the class in general, and of William Burnes in particular, than the pains he took to get proper schooling for his boys, and, when that was no longer possible, the sense and resolution with which he set himself to supply the deficiency by his own influence."

This was the man who grounded Burns in principles, none more cherished than the principle of Liberty:

"Here's freedom to him that wad read,
Here's freedom to him that wad write;
There's nane ever feared that the truth
should be heard
But them wham the truth wad indite."

This is the Burns who hailed, in America, the exemplar in the struggle for Liberty!

A noteworthy outburst is recorded of him in the days prior to his appointment as a government official. He had achieved success; the great folks of Scotland's capital had lionized him; he had toured his native land, and been knighted by Mrs. Bruce, who had inherited the helmet and sword of Scotland's most renowned chieftain, and who claimed that "she had more right to confer the honor of knighthood than some people." Then an utterance by a clergyman stirred his wrath—the clergy, it must be acknowledged, never had any difficulty in doing that—and he indignantly wrote:

Auld brig o' Doon, Alloway. Familiar scene in land of Burns.

"I daresay the American Congress in 1776 will be allowed to be as able and as enlightened as the English Convention was in 1688; and that their posterity will celebrate the centenary of their deliverance from us as duly and sincerely as we do ours from the oppressive measures of the wrong-headed house of Stuart."

The Convention referred to was held in connection with the dethronement of James VII and the transfer of the English and Scottish Crowns to William of Orange. Burns, however, like most Scots of the time, had a sentimental regard for the house of Stuart, and some lines which he wrote at Stirling during his tour were so strongly in favor of the dethroned house that he was severely taken to task about them when, later, he applied for his appointment as an exciseman.

The picture of Burns, who in his seventeenth year and later was the associate and companion of the bootleggers of the time on the wild coast of Carrick, toiling late and early as a law-enforcement officer of excise, possesses some interesting lines. It was among the smugglers of the Carrick coast, he writes, "that I first learned to fill my glass." Yet as a law-enforcement officer, in his first post, he had no light task, for on his rounds of inspection, week in, week out, he had to cover on horseback more than 200 miles; and his salary was only £50 per year. He did his work zealously, but when Liberty spoke the Bard kicked the harness of Departmental tradition to ribbons.

There is sheer ferocity in his "Address of Beelzebub" to certain prominent Scots who, to quote the poet, "took part in a meeting to concert ways and means to frustrate the designs of five hundred Highlanders who were so audacious as to attempt an escape from their lawful lords and masters whose property they were, by emigrating to . . . . the wilds of Canada, in search of that fantastic thing—Liberty." Here, again, the example of America is first in his mind, as witness the lines:

". . . . Let them ance out owre the water,
Then, up amang thae lakes and seas,
They'll mak what rules and laws they please:
Some daring Hancock, or a Franklin
May set their Highlands bluid a-ranklin';
Some Washington again may head them . . . ."

The sturdy ex-ploughman was no lily-handed law-enforcement agent, either. His zeal could not be denied. When an armed smuggler cast anchor in the Solway, it was Burns, then a £70-a-year exciseman at Dumfries, who called for a troop of dragoons, led them himself, was first aboard the brig, and did his part in beating down resistance and capturing the ship. And when the ship was sold as a prize, the lover of Liberty again struggled out of the exciseman's uniform, bought four small cannon off the ship, and dispatched them with a letter to the French Convention. English officials stopped the guns and the letter at Dover, and Burns was given to understand that, as he himself put it, he was "muzzled."

The admiration of the poet for Washington, and the faith in America which is enshrined in some of his work, had a deeper root than in the resentment which prompted this unruly civil servant to rise among his fellows in Scotland and call upon them to drink "To the last verse, of the last chapter, of *Kings!*"

The "Ode for General Washington's Birthday" is eloquent of all that America meant to the poet. "I am just going to trouble your critical patience with the first sketch of a stanza I have been framing as I paced along the road," he wrote. "The subject is Liberty: you know, my honored friend, how dear the theme is to me. I design it as an irregular Ode for General Washington's birthday."

It is undoubted that in the Britain of the day there was a great body of opinion solidly against the Crown in the matter of America, but only the experience of the years has shown that the lesson read to her by her kith and kin in America has saved for Britain her own Empire. Burns had faith in the men of "man's imperial line,"

". . . . Sons of Liberty,
Columbia's offspring, brave as free,
In danger's hour still flaming in the van,
Ye know, and dare maintain, the Royalty of Man.

Some of Scotland's memorials to Robert Burns. Left—Monument at Alloway, world's first tribute to Burns. Center—Burns' mausoleum. Right—Burns' memorial at Mauchline.

BRIEFLY TOLD

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. The set includes: "The International Jew," Vol. I, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Lire," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

A perfectly preserved grain of wheat was found embedded in a piece of pottery used by a Sussex woman 2,600 years ago. It is on view in the Municipal Museum at Brighton, England.

The engagement ring is worn by Germans and Scandinavians on the third finger of the left hand during the engagement, and on the right hand after marriage.

The popcorn stand is another American institution unknown in Europe.

Diogenes, seeing a ruined profligate making a meal of a few olives, said to him, "If you had dined so, you would not be supping so."

Men are changed to coyotes after death, the Indians of the Klamath tribe in Oregon believe, and they have so opposed the work of the government trappers that there are more coyotes on the Klamath Reservation than in any part of the Northwest.

When Roman numerals were used, before the use of figures, all calculation was done with the abacus.

Seventeen states are represented among the 53 members of the football squad of the University of Pennsylvania.

A honey bee gives off a scented trail when it finds a new source of supplies, that other bees may follow through the air.

Chicago's horses decreased by ten per cent during 1923, and motor-driven vehicle licenses increased nearly ten per cent.

The "Fly paper women" of Paris streets wear fly paper hats when they call their wares.

The largest sheep station in the world is at Tierra del Fuego, the most southern part of South America. One company shears more than 2,500,000 sheep every year.

The Royal Society of England reports a hen which laid eggs and hatched chickens but later in life gradually became a rooster.

A valentine formerly meant a young lady betrothed to a man on the first Sunday in Lent. The agreement was annulled if he did not give her a present on the 14th of February.

Sundays in winter as many as 50,000 Germans pay ten cents each to walk on the ice at Muggle sea just outside of Berlin.

Football in England is first distinctly mentioned by William Fitzstephan in his History of London, 1195.

Webster's Dictionary, first published in 1828, was preceded over 900 years by a Latin dictionary compiled by Varro in 116 B. C.

England has developed more improved breeds of livestock than all the rest of the world together.

The guinea is really a wild game bird. In Africa, where there are still many wild flocks, they are highly prized by hunters.

A letter addressed to the "Christian & Devil World, Philadelphia, Pa.," was safely delivered at the office of the *Christian Endeavor World* in Boston, where it was intended to go.

The exquisite painter Ko-tsu was often reproached by an industrious friend for his fits of idleness. At last he excused and explained himself by saying, "You are a watermill—a windmill can grind only when the wind blows."—Allen Upward in "Scented Leaves from a Chinese Jar."

Rood Day is celebrated in Scotland in memory of the invention of the Cross. On this day branches of rowan are set above the doors of cow-houses and tied by scarlet thread round the tails of cattle to keep witches on the move.

Wyoming is known as the Equality state on account of having been the pioneer in woman suffrage.

The durability of white pine is illustrated in a house at Salem, Massachusetts, which was sided with white pine in 1684 and today, after 240 years, is in an excellent state of preservation.

The actual voices of Florence Nightingale, Lord Tennyson, Queen Victoria and Gladstone are preserved by means of phonograph records now in the British Museum.

Gold is one and a half times heavier than lead.

Junior and Senior as applied to two Senators from a state refer to length of service, or date of election, not to the age of the men.

Fifty women have been added to the Buenos Aires police force, to patrol the parks. Their uniform is a black straw hat and a navy blue dress.

Armed with long poles, two men are periodically engaged to dislodge pigeon eggs from St. Paul's Cathedral in London. The eggs, when left to roll off to the street below, often prove a nuisance.

The longest filibuster speech ever delivered in Congress was made by Senator Robert M. La-Follette, of Wisconsin, in 1909 when he kept the floor for nearly nineteen consecutive hours, including one entire night. He was blocking a currency bill.

Eighty per cent of the crime in this country is committed by men or boys who have had no religious training, says Albert B. Hines, director of the Boys' Club of New York City.

One man walking the length of the *Shenandoah*, the United States Government airship, when the engines are not running, changes her level three degrees, so carefully is she balanced. After the ship is under way the men can move at will, as the elevators by their resistance to the air keep her trim.

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"I Read in the Papers—"

I READ IN THE PAPERS that the new head of the Department of Justice is cutting out the old detective tricks. It is about time. The Department never fell so low as when it was used for political purposes. Competent men on the staff were ashamed of their associations. That is all past, it seems. Mr. Hoover is working on another tack. It was always my opinion that the best head for the Department would be a newspaper man, but as Mr. Hoover is a lawyer we shall see what kind of a chief he makes. He will at least know enough to discriminate between the material that satisfies a detective and the kind that will pass muster in court.

I READ IN THE PAPERS that Rev. John Roach Straton preached on THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT'S studies on the Jewish Question and concluded that in the main they were right, but that they only proved that God was fulfilling His promises to His Chosen People by giving the world into their grasp. Now, the Jews are not God's chosen people and they haven't got the world in their grasp, neither are they going to get it. It is surprising that a clergyman like Dr. Straton should make so curious an error. But, then, ministers usually know so very little about their textbook, the Bible. Nowhere in the Bible is Judah or the Jews spoken of as the "chosen." Israel is the Chosen. Israel was the progressive, constructive nation (ten tribes out of thirteen) that broke away from Judah. When Israel went out, it carried the promise of world dominion with it on its shoulders. Let Dr. Straton look it up, tribe by tribe. If the Jews are the Chosen People, the whole structure of Bible prophecy and Bible racial theory falls down. Israel is the Chosen, and if the Bible be true, Israel is ruling, leading, enlightening and serving the world today, and is Christian. Judah doesn't fill the prophetic, nor even the historic bill at all. Judah has power, but for ill, and for anti-social uses. Judah is not Israel. Dr. Straton probably thinks that because he is not a Jew he must be a Gentile. He could be an Israelite without being a Jew. It might be an interesting exercise for Dr. Straton to try proving to himself that he is a Gentile. I'll bet him he can't do it.

I READ IN THE PAPERS that Boston had an earthquake. Boston newspapers did not conceal the fact. The Boston *Transcript* began the story with deep headlines on Page One and carried over for several columns. It appears that Boston and vicinity are no strangers to earthquakes. For the period between 1638 and 1870 there are records of 208 quakes. The incompleteness of the records since 1870 is not accounted for.

I READ IN THE PAPERS a great deal of talk about that old bromide called law enforcement. It is a good guess that few people ever read an article with that in the headline. The reason is, they have no confidence in the methods or men engaged. Law enforcement is as simple as a b c. If the officers of the law *personally wanted law enforcement,* it would come. They get anything else they want. It is not police stupidity, it is police indifference, or even connivance, that permits such an oversaturated condition of law violation as we now have. The trouble is, our law enforcing agencies feel *no moral opposition to much that goes on.* Does anyone pretend for a moment to believe that when a converted naval cruiser is captured five times by the government, and each time sold back again to the rum runners, it is due to police stupidity? You give the police and other law officials a *grievance* against bootlegging, and see how quickly it will vanish!

I READ IN THE PAPERS much comment on the new biographies of Robert Louis Stevenson, and it divides into two groups: an expression of glee that Stevenson has at last been found to have some spots on his career; and an expression of angry grief that the plaster saint aspect of Stevenson has been destroyed. It is a delicate question how far the truth should be stated. I happen to know that when the biography of one of the best-loved Americans was being prepared there were anxious conferences over the fact that he was father of a child before his marriage. What to do about it in the biography? It was the general opinion that were the subject himself alive he would have said, "If you must tell anything, tell the truth." At the same time the question persists, what good will it do? What use will it serve? What is biography anyway? What matters most about a man, his work or a momentary folly? I suppose the general public would be in favor of printing it all (most readers of this paragraph are desiring to know who the dead great man is of whom I am writing), but it is a question whether we would vote for the same treatment of ourselves. How would this rule do: "He that is without fault, let him do the writing." What we would not whisper about a friend to his disadvantage in life, is of no consequence after his death. Does Truth necessarily include the elements of gossip?

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MR. FORD'S Page for this week discusses one of his favorite ideas—Pioneers. The greater pioneering remains to be done.

AARON SAPIRO'S widely heralded announcement that he has "sued" THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, which, by the way, is not a fact at this writing, is given brief comment—page 8.

JUST because you see the word "taxation" in the caption of the article on page 2, don't pass it over as "dry." It is anything but that. It is a mighty human article, on a most humanly important subject, by a writer who knows. It is very significant that home-owners are no better off than tenants were 15 years ago—all on account of taxes. Taxes are not figures; they are human energy.

THERE is a delightful view of the back yards of the Vatican on page 4. An American made acquaintance with the miller of the Vatican mill and was received into a community which not one tourist in a million ever suspects of existing.

GENERAL Feng is widely known as the "Christian general" of China. But his capture of Pekin involved a question of ethics. Was it Christian, or not? Our writer, on page 10, does not spare General Feng, but then she is judging by the aboveboard, straightforward instincts of the American. Another sidelight on the matter may be found in "I Read in the Papers."

THE rage for Russian fiction should be tempered or mingled, at least, by considering the facts brought out on page 5.

JEAN MOWATT writes of the "Fashion Scouts" and gives a deal of worthwhile information on the perennial subject of style in clothes. (Page 11.) Most of us had no idea of the world of thought and effort that lies behind the fashions. They are American styles, of course.

THEN Senator Overman emphasizes an old American doctrine much neglected today—the right of local rule. (Page 9.) "Were we directed from Washington when to sow and when to reap, we should soon want bread." Americans are forgetting the fundamental doctrine that puts the brake on over-centralized political control. There is solid value in this article.

DRILLING for steam—digging a well for heat—that is what they can do in California. What this may mean in the way of power for Pacific localities is a question: but the fact of subterranean steam boilers, filled and heated by nature, makes an interesting story. Page 6.

DID you know that Massachusetts maintained a Marine School to train officers for the Merchant Marine? It is a sign that American sailors in command are not to disappear from the great waters. The lark there is in learning is well told on page 3.

THE old horse and buggy—the horses hoofs, tlot, tlot, tlot on the road, the odor of the harness, the sway of the carriage, the ease of dreaming and driving, too—can you remember? Then you will probably like the romance of the buggy as told and illustrated on pp. 12 and 13.

This Number Contains—

Is There Any Limit to Taxation?

A Floating School for Mariners

Vatican Through Its Back Doors

American Novels and Russianism

Tapping the Earth's Steam Power

Passing Things on to Washington

General Feng—Saint or Sinner?

With Fashion Scouts on the Trail

When Cupid Drove a Horse'n Buggy

Viking Race and Human Culture

Chronicler of the Neglected Truth

In the Bottomless Pit of Taxation

Exploring the Route Taken by Fifteen Per Cent of Country's Wealth; Can Some of the Barnacles Be Scraped Off Hull of Government Ship?

By ALLAN BENSON

FIFTEEN per cent of all the wealth that America produced last year was poured into the bottomless pit of national, state, and municipal government.

That is what was taken from us by taxation. Nobody escaped. Those who paid no income or real estate taxes were nevertheless taxed. Their taxes were concealed in their living expenses.

This is an astounding state of affairs. Nothing like it ever before occurred in the history of the country. Nobody would have believed, 15 years ago, that such a situation could arise. It is so unnecessary.

Fifteen years ago, we used to look to our national, state and city governments to protect us from those who would plunder us. We might as well stop looking in their direction. They themselves have become the greatest of all the looters. Mr. Coolidge is trying to compel Congress to take less from us, but the state and municipal governments are running wild.

Our troubles began when American politicians learned that the American people would consent to pay heavy taxes.

When "Watchdogs" Were Popular

Prior to this discovery, there had been a widespread belief among politicians that we would not stand for much taxation. This belief was so generally held that politicians traded upon it. If a man wished to become popular he had but to grow a bushy beard, go to Congress and become known as the "Watchdog of the Treasury." Allen G. Thurman, of Ohio, added a red bandanna to this outfit and achieved such renown that in 1888 he was put on the Democratic national ticket with Grover Cleveland. There was never much in the Treasury for Thurman and the other "watchdogs" to watch, but that made no difference. People liked the spirit of the thing.

Politicians everywhere took notice and kept taxes down. The national government spent so little that nobody was ever conscious that it cost him anything. The national government was entirely supported by customs duties paid by foreigners and trifling taxes on tobacco and whisky.

The discovery that the people would consent to bear heavy taxes was made after the Constitution had been so amended that Congress could tax incomes.

Of all the absurd things that have ever been suggested to the American people, nothing was so absurd as the suggestion that the poor could be helped by taxing the incomes of the rich.

In the first place, the National Government, in those years, cost so little that nobody was conscious that it cost anything; so how could any one be helped by the mere shifting about of a burden that was already so light nobody could feel it?

During those years I was writing in advocacy of every measure I knew of that seemed to me likely to promote the public welfare, but I am proud to say that I opposed the income tax proposal on grounds that have since been justified a thousand times over. I am quite pleased that I was able to write the article entitled "The Income Tax Delusion" that was printed in the January (1911) number of *Pearson's Magazine*. I mention this only to show that my present views concerning the income tax are the ones I have long held.

The most serious aspect of the income tax is that *it opens the door to colossal waste.* The principle was adopted in the belief that if the rich paid more the poor would have to pay less than they did before we taxed incomes, but nothing of the kind has happened. Nothing of the kind has happened because it is not the nature of politicians to spend less than all upon which they can lay their hands. *If the income of the United States Government were ten times as great as it is, Congress would have no difficulty whatever in finding ways to spend every cent of it.* It was therefore utterly absurd to assume that if Congress were provided with a fresh source of income it would correspondingly decrease its other sources and thus relieve the poor.

Giving No More Than Necessary

Congress is composed, for the most part, of men who have made politics a profession. There are, of course, exceptions. But the majority, like the members of every other profession, want to make it pay. The only way they can make it pay is to keep themselves on the pay roll. The only way they can keep themselves on the pay roll is to build up and maintain a political machine that will produce enough votes at each election to keep them in Washington. The only power that can move a political machine is money. Jobs must be provided at government expense, for the human cogs in the machine. Every appropriation of public funds carries with it some sort of political advantage for the Congressmen who put it over.

Whoever does not know this knows little about Washington. What is true of Congress is true of every other legislative body in the country, state and municipality.

Obviously, the thing to do is to let them lay their hands upon as little money as possible. The thing to do is to give them no more than is necessary to carry on the government—national, state or municipal, as the case may be. The proof that this is the thing to do is afforded by the fact that *as long as we did it taxes were low.*

Another fallacy of the income tax idea is that the incomes of the rich can be taxed for the benefit of the poor. If the fortunes of the rich consisted of gold locked in a bank vault this would be true. But the fortunes of the rich, from which their incomes are derived, consist of investments in American industry. The moment a business man's income is taxed, it adds the tax to the cost of doing business. The tax is thus paid by those who do business with him. In other words, the tax is shifted to the people of the United States. In practice, the shift is not made quite so simply as that. Obstacles are often encountered. Conditions may be such in individual cases that to increase prices may be to drive business elsewhere.

> City taxes are so high now that home owners are no better off than tenants were 15 years ago.
>
> Taxes are now as much as was formerly paid in rent.
>
> Taxes amount to just as much as we let the politicians have. If we let them have less, taxes will be less.
>
> If we gave the government ten times as much as now—but we couldn't; we give 15 per cent of all income now, ten times as much would be half as much more than we have—but if we did, it would all be spent.
>
> The two-cent stamp does no more than it did 25 years ago—but taxes are higher.
>
> "We are fortunate," says Mr. Benson, "to have a President whose New England training makes him an expert in not spending money."
>
> Our Government existed 125 years without income taxes, and can hardly exist now with them.

The United States Government is now taking, by various forms of taxation, from three to four billions a year. The state and municipal governments are annually relieving the American people of approximately twice as much more. As stated, all of them together take 15 per cent of what we produce.

This constitutes an exceedingly serious economic waste. If what is wasted were devoted to developing the country, everybody would be benefited. Instead, everybody is harmed except the army of tax-eaters and others who are living at the expense of the public.

Taxes in cities are now so high that the owners of houses are no better off than tenants were 15 years ago.

Taxes now amount to as much as was formerly paid in rent.

Ownership means merely that one has bought a place for himself on his city's tax roll.

Wringing Out the Taxpayer

In every great American city, and in many of the small ones, the problem of the politicians is to devise methods of wringing more taxes from the people. Wherever there is a debt-limit placed by law there is an effort to evade the law by arbitrarily increasing the valuation of property, wholly without regard to whether the value has actually increased.

Every year, the owner of a house learns that his city government has added a few hundred dollars to the assessed valuation of his place, thus enabling the tax-eaters to tax more money out of him.

It might surprise the American people to know how many American cities are, to all intents and purposes, bankrupt—loaded with a bonded debt representing the limit permitted by law and barely able to pay interest charges and running expenses even after the collection of almost confiscatory taxes.

Municipal taxes have increased, in the last 15 years, from 300 to 400 per cent. What are the people given in return for this increase? What better are schools, fire departments, pavements, health departments, and so forth, now than they were before the war? No better. Everybody knows it.

When Politicians Can't Be Trusted

The people of this country will have to fight their politicians in this matter of waste or the present tremendous burden of taxation will never be decreased. Such a row should be made about excessive taxation that as soon as possible taxation shall become the most important political issue. In city, state, and nation, men should be elected to office who are pledged to reduce expenses to the lowest point consistent with necessary service.

And, above all, an insistent demand should be made that income taxes be decreased. As long as incomes are taxed at all, this demand should be repeated. The whole income tax idea should be whittled away until there is nothing left of it. Our national government existed for more than 125 years, with the exception of a short period during the Civil War, without taxing incomes. We can get along without taxing incomes, but we cannot get along if governmental waste and extravagance are to go on from bad to worse. Yet waste, extravagance, and excessive taxation are bound to continue just as long as we permit our politicians, city, state and national, to have at their disposal large sums of money.

Politicians are not to be trusted with full treasuries. They have not the business judgment nor, in some instances, the public conscience to make good use of public funds. As long as there is money in the Treasury they cannot stay their hands. Ask them to retrench and they say it is impossible. Ask them to cut off the barnacles that are clinging to the government and they reply that every barnacle is necessary to the conduct of public affairs. The retrenchment that has been made since the close of the war has been made only because of the insistence first of Mr. Harding and later of Mr. Coolidge. And that was not the result of good management or business initiative, so much as of political and partisan necessity.

Mr. Coolidge is performing a very fine service for the United States in stressing economy as he does. Congressmen may laugh at him—they do laugh at him. One of them said the other day that he thought the President was "overworking" the economy idea. But as long as there is a shred of the income tax left, the economy idea cannot be overworked. We are fortunate to have a President whose New England training makes him an expert at not spending money. The value of such a President and the danger of too much money in the Treasury were illustrated the other day. The big navy gentlemen had the skids all greased to raid the public funds for more ships. Mr. Coolidge interfered. First, he authorized a White House spokesman to say that the administration did not care a hoot what naval forces other nations might have, and that the President's only concern was that this country should have enough force to make it safe. A few days later he caused Secretary Hughes to make a gesture of friendship to Japan and to deny that there was the slightest justification for the reports that Japan was preparing to attack us. These two thrusts laid the big navy bogey and prevented a big raid on the Treasury.

High Income Tax Means High Prices

We are tremendously indebted to the President for taking the stand that he has taken in favor of a return to economical government.

The politicians of the nation need to be reminded, as he is reminding them, that the people of this country do not care to turn over to legislative bodies 15 per cent of our annual production of wealth.

High income taxes mean high prices of commodities, and high prices of commodities mean a reduction of the number who can afford to buy.

In other words, high income taxes mean less production, less work, less wages, less consumption—in short, less comfort and less happiness.

Every commodity that is on the market today could be sold for less and therefore be made available to more persons upon easier terms if our national, state, and city governments were not taxing us so heavily.

There is certainly something wrong when even well-disposed persons feel that most of the money they pay in taxes is wasted. In cities we must have schools, fire and police protection, pavements, lights, and so forth, and, therefore, we must expect to pay taxes, but not nearly so much as we are paying. We look to the state for country schools and good roads, the latter of which are provided for in the taxes upon automobiles. We have never been able to see that the state did much for us, and until the present orgy of spending began, state taxes were in proportion to the services performed by the state.

The national government has always seemed, in a sense, to be even further removed from us. It has carried our mail and we have paid for it. It has enacted and administered laws. It has done little else and we have asked it to do nothing else. The two-cent postage stamp does no more than it did 25 years ago. Enacting and administering laws doesn't cost much. That is why our national government, until incomes were taxed "to help the poor," cost so little that nobody was aware that it cost anything.

It is interesting to note that the State of New York taxes incomes, that the politicians of some other states have unsuccessfully tried to saddle their constituents with state income taxes, and that in the State of New York, at least, *municipal income taxes* have been proposed.

Calling a Halt on the Politicians

New York will be a fine state in which to live if the day shall ever come when its citizens will be compelled to pay *three income taxes.* But the move for municipal as well as state income taxes shows the danger that faces us. *The politicians will never stop wasting and spending until we give them nothing to waste.*

The best way to begin that job is to smash income taxes wherever they are found, driving for reduction after reduction until nothing shall be left.

Their Life Is on the Ocean Wave

Floating School Where Young Men Are Trained for the Merchant Marine

By MAY B. WHITING

ALL WINTER long, from October until May, there lies moored beside the municipal pier at North End Park in Boston a strange looking craft. From water to rail there are the slim, graceful curves of a yacht; above the rail she bulges in fat, unseamanlike lines, with masts protruding almost pathetically, as if some overgrown insect had tried to spin itself a cocoon and had left a leg or so sticking out into the cold world.

Nor is the approach to this floating curiosity too easy. Before you reach the wharf, a sentry, very young and correspondingly businesslike, stops you, and if you can give a satisfactory account of yourself you may proceed, evidently under suspicion. From the pier the impression is quite different, for there is none of the deathlike stillness of a cocoon, but a stir and keenness of life that the rough boards and tarred paper of the housing cannot wholly confine.

This craft is the Massachusetts Nautical School where a hundred and sixteen young men, sons of citizens of the state, are training for officers in the Merchant Marine. The boat itself, the *Nantucket,* is loaned by the United States Navy. It is an iron steamer of 1,261 tons, barkentine rigged, that is, its foremast is rigged square and its two other masts in schooner fashion. Its length is 244 feet, its beam 32 feet, and it draws 15 feet of water. It is equipped for wireless, has a steam capstan and steering gear, and a complete electrical outfit.

The school year is divided into two terms, the winter and the summer. During the former the boat is housed in and heated by steam. The spar deck becomes a study hall and classroom, with blackboards and armchairs for writing. Except for vacations the pupils live on board ship the year around, shore leave being granted when in Boston from Friday evening until Sunday afternoon.

The studies are much the same as those of the advanced classes in a high school, with the addition of engineering, seamanship and navigation, including such subjects as laws of storms, compass error, ship's plans, dead reckoning, nautical almanac, tides, and ocean currents. The cadet also begins to acquire the "sea habit." He sleeps in a hammock and goes to his duties at the call of the bugle or the boatswain's whistle. On fair days he is sent to row about the harbor in one of the ship's boats and he commences to learn about rope ladders and to make his first ascent over the masthead, perhaps with a fearsome attempt to "squeeze the tar out of the rigging."

The student begins to understand also the talk of a boat. He learns that "'vast heaving" means to stop pulling, that to do a thing "handsomely" is to do a little at a time, that when he is hauling on a rope and a stopper is put on it, the order "up behind" means for everyone to let go; he finds out that "port your helm" turns the boat to starboard, and that if one leaves his belongings "adrift" about the decks they are likely to wind up in the "lucky bag" from whence it takes some trouble to extricate them. He may learn also that dreadful word "gob," hated by officers, but which seems likely to flourish along with the navy.

The cadets are organized among themselves with officers corresponding to those commanding the ship. There is the "cadet master," a youthful captain with four gold stripes upon his sleeve, and beneath him, the three under-officers, each with one stripe less. Then there are the ten petty officers, from first class down to carpenter's mate and cadet quartermaster. The engineering division has its "stripers," too, each with his responsibilities and suitable insignia.

The student's life is nothing if not busy. All the work of the boat, whether at the pier or at sea, is done by the cadets under the supervision of the officers. It is a long day, full of study and work and drill, with not a chance for a dull moment and not much time for outside diversion. Every Wednesday night a lecture is given on shipboard on some subject of marine interest, and four times a year the deck becomes a dance hall for cadet hops. The school always has a baseball team with a creditable record, and its own orchestra and field music of six buglers, two infantry drums, a bass drum, and cymbals. There is a good library of technical books and fiction and, at sea, the books are exchanged Saturday afternoons.

The first of April the housing comes down and the boat begins to get ready to spread her wings for a seaward flight. From the Navy Yard the ship's boats are brought out and hoisted on davits, a thirty-foot motor boat, a sailing boat almost as large, a cutter-pulling boat, two whaleboats, and the dingy.

Early in June the anchor is lifted, and, with farewells from the shore, the boat moves slowly down the harbor for the 13,000 miles of cruising ahead of her. Then, for many a youthful sailor whose seagoing experiences have been confined to a trip on the ferry, the bête noire of his dreams pokes his head up among the roses. In spite of officers' recommendations to eat as usual, sometimes a cadet will sit mournfully on deck until his comrades carry him forcibly to the mess room. There, the jolly companionship of his fellows restores his spirits and he finds his ills have vanished and his appetite returned. By the time they have made their first stop at Washington, each one feels himself an old salt, tolerant of the shore, but anxious to get off again across the blue Atlantic.

Studies are continued while cruising, but the work is largely practical. The engineers are divided into three sections or "watches," and the deck division into two, one of which takes instructions below while the other has seamanship on deck. If winds are fair, the boat proceeds under her own sail, and a black ball is hoisted to show that she has the right-of-way. In adverse winds, the sails are down, down comes the black ball, and the engines start their throbbing.

Day begins early on shipboard. At 3:45 the watch

The trim little boat outward bound.

is called, at 4:30 the deck is scrubbed with sand, and 5 is the time to "call idlers." At 6:45 the order reads to "get sheets home, yards trimmed," meaning, in the language of the shore, to tighten the ropes on the sails. After breakfast, at 8:30, comes "Turn to. Bright work"; in other words, get busy and polish up everything in sight. Then, while the watch below has instructions in problems like laying the course and determining the distance run since the previous noon, the deck watch has such practical work as sight taking and standing the watches. Usually, too, there is some kind of a drill from "man overboard" to "abandon ship," in which each cadet knows exactly what he is to get—bread, water, crackers, paper, a sextant, and so on—and the boat can be cleared in something less than a jiffy.

In the afternoon at 3:30, when the watch below of the morning has had his turn of seamanship on deck, comes the order, "Pipe sweepers. Scrub clothes." Each boy has a clean suit of "whites" every day, and every afternoon the soiled ones are scrubbed. They are laid flat on the newly cleaned deck and each cadet, with scrubbing brush, salt-water soap and plenty of ocean from the ship's hydrant, gets to work. At 5:30 the clothesline is "triced up" where it stays until the next morning without the slightest danger of thieves disturbing the laundry.

From four to eight are the short watches, "dog watches," where, if the weather is good, there is time for recreation. The cadets gather up forward, play musical instruments, or perhaps try boxing or other athletic games. These are the gala hours for the mascot, or Rex, the ship's dog, who has learned sea routine from A to Z, and knows quite well the proper time to start a frolic. At 8:30 there is silence on the lower deck, at 10 lights are out, and, except for the watch on deck, a busy day is over.

In port the routine is somewhat different. At 9 o'clock at night the anchor watch is set. This is an emergency watch in case the ship should start to drag her anchor. Several cadets must pass the night on deck, but only one of the number is required to keep awake. In the morning, at 5:45, comes the order, "cadets over masthead," and here it is not only the mainmast of the winter term, but thirty-five feet of topmast above that. And then every day there is shore leave for the "liberty party." That is the great event for the youthful sailor when he really begins to see the world.

"The first foreign port I was ever in," recounted a six-foot cadet, tanned and rugged, and straight as a young tree, "was Ponta Delgada in the Azores. I thought I'd seen some foreigners around here, but I never saw anything like the big black fellows that came rowing out by hundreds, it seemed to me. We call them "spickies" or "bumboatmen." I was gangplank sentry that day and it was my business to keep them from getting on the boat. They brought canaries, and wicker work and strawberries and pineapples. They looked good to us but we weren't allowed to have any that the ship's doctor had not inspected. I was some scared, but I kept saying, 'Shove off,' and they'd shout back, 'You wait till you come ashore and we'll shove you off.' When it came my liberty turn I kept in the middle of a crowd of fellows, you bet. It was fun to go into the restaurants there, but we never knew where to put all the escudos we got for change.

"Our next stop was Queenstown and the first person aboard was an old Irish woman. She got a big husky to row her out and she brought laces."

"Laces for cadets? Did she sell any?"

"Sure she did. All the fellows bought stuff to send home to their mothers, and so forth, and we were all growling because the officers wouldn't let us have more money. You know when we start out we put our cruise money, about forty-five or fifty dollars, in charge of the executive officer and he gives it out to us in the different ports where we'll enjoy spending it most. It was lucky for us we couldn't get hold of it all at once.

"Our next stop was Falmouth. We saw there the *Cutty Sark* and on the River Fal was one of the boats that had been in the battle of Trafalgar. One day we all marched down to a creek and took part in laying the cornerstone of a monument to the Pilgrims who had started from Hull. In London we went up to Tower Bridge and moored there. We stayed twelve days and had a good chance to see Wembly."

"Of course, you found that wonderful?"

"Oh, yes, it was all right, but, say, we landed in Hull right in the middle of a street fair. They had gravity roads that an American primary school kid wouldn't waste his time on, and a merry-go-round that crawled. We stood and stared and wondered where the pleasure came in. Not a thrill in sight."

But the gentle English scenery made a deep impression, and so did the beautiful Seine up which they cruised to Rouen. Sometimes a whole village would assemble on the banks to wave at them and sometimes the village band would play for them as they passed. The old city of Rouen with its cathedral towers, its medieval streets with the river flowing through the center, left them rather bewildered, but Paris, with its overflowing life, its never failing gaiety, its friendly welcome, made good every anticipation.

"What was the best of all," said my friend, "every one tried to make us have a good time. Of course, sometimes we acted a little green. In the apartment house where we stopped three of us cadets got into one of those elevators you run yourself. Our room was on the top floor so we thought we'd let her have full steam. She went up all right, but then we couldn't stop her, so she went down and then she started going up again. We pressed everything in sight but nothing made her stop. She carried us up and down four or five times till the juice ran out or something and then she left us on the ground floor and we had to walk up. What did we like best in Paris? Eiffel tower.

At Gibraltar they felt, not homesick, of course, but very far away from home. That is one of the gateways of the world, and the mixture of nations, the preponderance of swarthy skins, made them feel alien and alone, as they wandered past the shops and admired the curios from every land. The first stop in a home port was Provincetown where they painted the boat inside and out, and by October they were back in Boston.

In the middle of October comes graduation, and the students who have completed the two years' course take leave of their Alma Mater. Almost immediately their places are filled, the sails come down, the housing goes up, and, except for the echo of storms that sway her at her moorings, and the "yarns" that the sea dogs of a year's experience spin for the new cadets, the great adventure on the high seas is over.

In the trade winds, topsail lookout aloft.

Back Door Pictures of the Vatican

A Humble Cicerone Affords Some Glimpses Into a Little-Known World; Activities of an Industrious, Self-Supporting and Law-Abiding Community

By JUDSON GRENELL

FEW of the hundred thousand tourists who annually visit Rome and register with the police department see the back doors of the Vatican. Most of them see St. Peter's, the Vatican gallery, the Sistine Chapel and St. Peter's tomb. Half of them, maybe, climb to the great dome and obtain a view of the Pope's beautifully laid out flower and shrubbery garden. But the back doors of the Vatican are different: they are seldom seen by the visitor. Yet these back doors tell a story all their own. There they are, in daily use. Through them one gets a glimpse of the activities of a self-supporting, industrious and law-obeying community.

The Vatican buildings that stand within frowning battlements have many back doors. They comprise a country within a country as well as a city within a city, the sequestered home of the popes—"prisoners" by choice these many years—and the headquarters from which issue the government of the Roman Catholic Church.

High and thick walls, built centuries ago, encompass acre on acre, devoted in part to agricultural purposes; land enough, if intensely cultivated, to maintain a considerable population. Here are poultry yards, fruit orchards, vineyards and vegetable gardens and pasture land as well where, should occasion require, cattle could be grazed to supply the Vatican household with cream, milk, butter, and even meat.

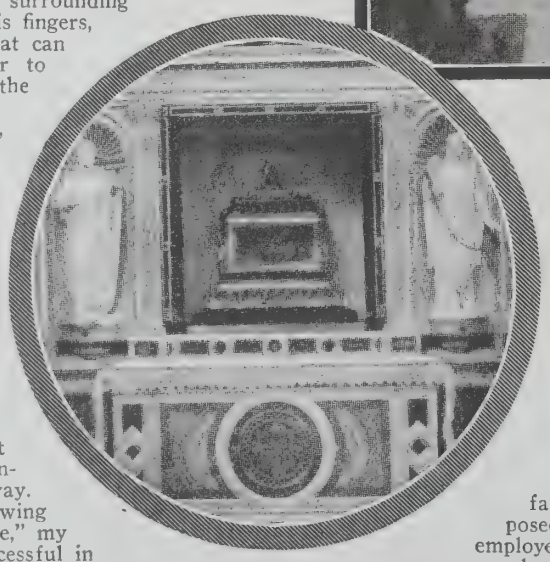
There are said to be some 16,000 or more rooms within the Vatican. But not many realize that if put to it, the Vatican might close its massive gates and for a while at least be a self-supporting community. Italians are individualists. They prefer to work for themselves rather than have a better wage and be at the bidding of a "boss." This determination finds expression within the Vatican's walls, for here are to be seen little shops, mayhap employing, in addition to the proprietor, an assistant and a boy—an apprentice learning the trade.

Just how many of these little shops there are, the writer does not know. No record of them is open to the outside world. Nor is it generally known how many crafts are followed. Yet numerous employments are carried on; there are workmen not only catering to the demands of those living within the walls, but selling their surplus in the city.

One business inside the Vatican wall is that of flour milling. Through a happy introduction to members of the miller's family, one day outside the walls, I was afterward taken inside, the guards at the gate through which we passed making no objection. It is not much of a mill, judged by American standards, but of a size commensurate with the other commercial activities of the Vatican's individualistic and wealth-creating population. The flour mill gives employment to a half-dozen men. Except occasionally, it does not run more than three or four days a week.

The wheat here ground into flour comes from America, Sardinia, and Italy. It is possible that, since commercial relations have been resumed with Russia, a bin may hereafter be reserved for Russian wheat. At any rate Russian wheat is now being shipped into Italy. The miller refused to commit himself. A shrug of the shoulder was the only answer to the question.

"Ah," exclaimed the miller, and his eyes sparkled as he fondly let the Italian wheat, raised in the campagna surrounding Rome, run through his fingers, "this is the wheat that can be ground into flour to make bread fit for the Pope's table."



The mill is old, though in a good state of preservation. For how many years it has made flour for Vatican households, no one could tell. Today it is equipped with up-to-date machinery, so that it is able to compete successfully in the Roman market for the Roman trade.

I had this fact brought to my attention in a peculiar way. Interested in knowing "how the Romans live," my wife and I were successful in securing board with a mechanic's family in one of the newer sections of Rome, and only a short distance from St. Peter's of the Vatican. And, by the way, there are other churches of St. Peter in Rome—St. Peter in Montorio and St. Peter in Vinculis. One of these has on exhibition, on special occasions, the very chains with which St. Peter is said to have been bound.

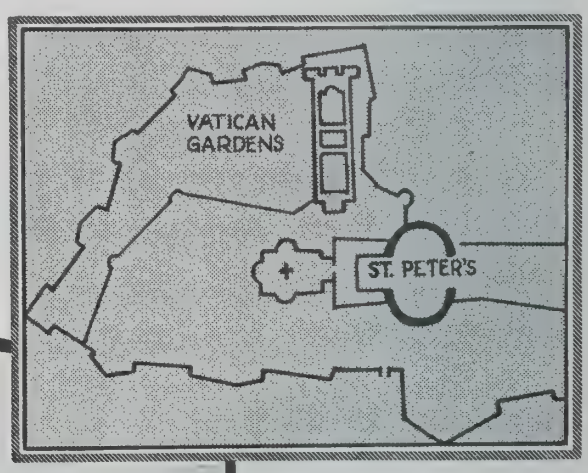
We lived in an apartment house, having an inner court where there was a well-cared for, beautiful garden, with a fountain—though both garden and fountain were small. From this court ran four arched entrances to fifty apartments. In the basement several activities were being carried on, the principal one a bakery for the creation of fancy sweets native to Italians. Here six men lived and worked. And this bakery used the flour made by the Vatican mill.

The Vatican mill is made of brick similar in appearance to those ascribed to the Middle Ages, and is two stories high. In one end of the mill the machinery fills both stories. In the second story of the other end are the quarters of the miller's family. The living apartments are reached by stone steps of recent construction. The rooms are large, with high ceilings and great casemented windows which look out upon the back doors of the Vatican.

From this vantage point the view is intensely interesting. One cannot fail to note the number of women working in the Vatican inclosure. Some were gardening; some were feeding the poultry; some were attending to household duties, including the humble but important task of washing clothes and putting them on the line to dry. Children were playing on the meandering street, and the usual number of cats and dogs, which in any other country than Italy would be an unusual number, were sunning themselves, or sleeping, lazily indifferent to the strangers within their gates.

While one day sauntering through the Sistine Chapel, a guard kindly opened for me a door leading to a balcony. From this was obtained a fine view of the Pope's residence and the garden in which he walks. It was all very beautiful and peaceful, yet to me it did not compare, in interest, to the view from the windows of the mill.

The dining room in the mill is furnished in a style to make the searcher for antique furniture green with envy. In the center is a table with fifteen chairs—just enough to seat the miller's family. Three generations are present at every meal, with a possibility that in due time a fourth will be added. Time was when, mayhap, in that dining room, if not around that particular table, daily gathered not only the miller's family, but also his workmen and apprentices, in true guild style. Nor is the guild formula for carrying on industry extinct in Italy. There is a hint of it in Dictator Mussolini's ambition to make his beloved nation still more prosperous. He is demanding that manufacturers form trade associations composed, in part, of representatives of their employes, and he forbids workmen to "strike" or employers to use the "lockout."



Above—Map showing relative positions of the Vatican, Vatican Gardens and St. Peter's Church, Rome. Center—St. Peter's Church, Rome. The large structure in the right background is the Vatican. Circle—Arrangement for displaying chains of St. Peter.

The mill kitchen glitters with polished copper cooking utensils, and across one end is a great stove for charcoal. The average Italian family knows no other fuel, and it is wonderful how much an efficient Italian housewife can accomplish with a few handfuls of charcoal, sometimes in an earthen crock, though generally in a metal container.

Wonderful to see, in the mill's living apartments was a bathroom, with all the modern accessories. As if to emphasize this twentieth century touch, a second bathroom was being built in. Not one Italian residence in a hundred has a bathroom! I have seen Italian palaces without bathrooms. Indeed, as originally built, they had no conveniences whatever.

In the Vatican mill the Middle Ages and the twentieth century truly meet, for it now contains many things of which earlier generations did not dream. Mysterious electricity, for example; for the mill is powered and lighted by electricity with electrical heaters in use to take from the living rooms the chill of a Roman winter.

Of St. Peter's (Vaticano St. Pietro) to describe its wonders and treasures, many books have been written. Every one knows that the central nave is 608 feet long, 89 feet wide and 145 feet high. The cupola, or dome, the conception of Michaelangelo, measures 138 feet in diameter and is 405 feet from the ground to the top of the cross outside. But St. Peter's is only one, though by far the largest, of the Vatican structures. But to me, more eloquent than the thronged portals of St. Peter's, were my luckily discovered back doors which give upon the peaceful human life of the Vatican—they were more eloquent than the great entrance to St. Peter's, with its 284 basilica columns and its 166 statues of the saints of the church.

In contrast to the humble Vatican back-door activities, here recorded, is a great room in one of the buildings immediately adjoining St. Peter's, given over to the manufacture of mosaics, some of them worth a thousand lire a square foot. Here the artisans are also artists, even though only copying with colored bits of stone what painters have put on canvas. Here are art treasures worth having. The tooth of time is apt to destroy paintings, but mosaics retain their pristine brightness as long as soil and stone retain their color.

After all, the great back door of the Vatican, and which all who desire are welcome to use, is the entrance to the Pinacoteca or picture gallery. It is nearly a mile distant from St. Peter's square, in the rear of the basilica. The approach over the rough cobblestone pavement is no pleasure-day walking. The pleasant way to reach it is with the aid of a taxi. Up grade all the way, one goes on and on until, when the door is reached, it is seen to be guarded by tall Swiss guards in their historic gorgeous uniforms.

In gaining this door we were fortunate in our guide. He was a lad not over seven years old, who bowed in true Italian style, or at least in the style he had been taught, and with the enthusiasm of youth pointed to us the objects of interest.

The great back door through which is gained access to the Vatican art collections has no distinguishing characteristic above the other great doors in which Italian architects of the old school delighted, and which modern architects copy; but it opens to the visitor a wealth of statuary and paintings and articles of virtu that few if any other doors can match.

Through this same door the Vatican Museum and Library are also reached. Scores of books have been written describing what these rooms contain. It is sufficient to say at this time that through no other back door in the world can there be reached so much that is worth seeing and studying.

Other doors in the vatican hold interest, even though they are not back doors. One might mention two. There is the door to the Sistine Chapel, which is reached by a narrow stairway located at the end of the Geographical Map gallery. The chapel is one of the marvels of the many marvelous things in the Vatican. Then there is the ingress to the Borgia apartment at the end of the Vatican Library. Here grouped together are the halls of the pontiffs, the Mysteries of the Life of Jesus, of the Saints, the Sciences and the Credo. Doors on doors, yet after all not the doors that held for me such thrills as those first seen from the balcony of the old mill.

It was one of the greatest pleasures of my Italian journey to meet the kindly miller who ushered me into the little-known world which is seen through the back doors of the Vatican.

Is Fiction Russianized?

Muscovite Influence May Be Partly Perceptible But American Ideals Are Being Kept Uppermost

By LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH

THE influence of Russian fiction upon the American novel has for some time been a thing of moment. Into fiction almost the whole of Russian literary effort has poured itself. For that reason Russia is understandable in a large measure through an understanding of the stories that her fictionists have told. The consequence has been that we have read Gogol and Dostoievski, Turgenev and Tolstoi widely, and, because of our sympathy with Russia in her misfortunes, have given them a very friendly hearing. Naturally their way of telling stories has reciprocally affected not a little our own creative methods.

Russian fiction differs from English and French fiction in being comparatively structureless. It lacks relatively what may be understood in brief as plot. That may be defined as the structure exhibited in the movement of a series of incidents toward a crisis the outcome of which becomes more and more doubtful until the author presents his solution of the difficulty involved and brings his story to an end. Whether a story should or should not have plot is partly a matter of time and place. America has followed the English and French tradition in accepting organization as more or less a fundamental in fiction. Probably in some respects we have gone further in so ordering our fiction than they have in either England or France.

Suspense and Surprise Endings

A STORY, whether long or short, is a thing of life as it is lived. Life in America has as its chief motive action. Crudely action is merely a succession of things happening. More fully understood it is the product of will pushing itself on to realization. Plot and action go together. The struggle that is the expression of will is essential to developing action. Nothing is more characteristic of our English-speaking world, of the occidental world in general as differing from the oriental or the semi-oriental, than pleasure in the exercise of will in the conquest of obstacles. When obstacles do not present themselves in abundance for us, we create them in games and sports. Golf and baseball, football and cricket are notifications of that drive of our temper and our tendencies.

It is only in part a law of literary art that stories shall have structure and that the backbone of that structure shall be a plot bringing the incidents to a climax and then to a resolution. The reason for it in art is primarily in ourselves, in the fact that we are an active people, that we like to go forward to the accomplishment of something, and that we enjoy achieving what we achieve in the face of difficulties.

The fiction of a people, perhaps more than any other product of their activities, is a reflection of the spirit of that people. None the less literature does not follow life with the avid thirst for literal and definite particularities that distinguishes the work of a reporter on the track of a murder. Some one has very wisely said that art is art because it is not nature. The artist is an artist rather than a reporter only in the degree in which the material that life offers him he reduces to some form that will make it more appealing to the fundamental desires with which we have ourselves observed that same material. For those of us to whom the expression of will is an elemental necessity, the problem of writing a story, on the structural side, is then a problem of piling up hindrances to the progress of the chief character and helping him to overcome them or seeing to it that they overcome him. Ordinarily here in America we have found the greater pleasure in the triumph of the man. That is not because we like happy endings as such. It is because will resides rather in the man than in the obstacles. It is consequently more vital and human for the will to carry through.

At the present moment any reader may observe that this structural formula is not being overworked. For a few years we have not been settled in our wills. Our actions have been more or less fluttering and indecisive. The plots of our stories are consequently more or less reflections of our own instabilities. If a writer wishes to roll in the gutter, after the fashion of a great deal of our current fiction, if he does not care to go courageously along the street, he need not worry much about plot. No exercise of will is involved in that sort of conduct. No stretch of the muscles in the pull of struggle is called for. He may surrender to the destinies and offer thanks before his icon if he escapes with his life and is given a dry crust and muddy ditch water as a means of subsistence. If again he wishes to sentimentalize, whether in the fashion of "Pollyanna" or of "The Sorrows of Werther," he can get along very well without either a beginning or an end.

At a high level it is possible to write stories in the reflective and meditative style of a James or a Meredith and not make much effort to keep the reader excited over the various fortunes or misfortunes that are in the end to be allotted to the principal actors in the story. It can be done only by the writer whose literary skill is so high and unfaltering that he can count on entertaining his readers as much by his story-telling as by the story he tells.

Now and then it appears that authors are interested merely in setting or in character, that is, in still life. The potentialities of character and even of setting may develop into the movement of story. They do so somewhat reluctantly, however, and we should not expect much American fiction to have that inspiration. It is itself a sort of passivity. Properly enough it may be a literary mode for Russians and for Orientals. It is suited to any life that has either reached a goal or is seemingly without a goal, to any life that for any reason is stagnant or thrown back upon itself, any life that is not happy in marching to a drumbeat, that would rather sit and wring unavailing hands.

Suspense is one of the first things to be attained in the ordering of a plot. That may seem to be nothing more than an arbitrary rule of literary dictators, but it has its source deep in human nature. Life itself has zest almost entirely through its uncertainties. For Western eyes at least, the may-be or may-not-be of the future has a lure that the settled, however beautiful or wonderful, never can achieve. Among peoples in whom the instinct for change is lower it may probably with sufficient justification be different. Where today is like yesterday and tomorrow will be like today, it is hardly to be expected that suspense can count heavily in story-telling. The novelist may drift on in a dreamy monotony with ennui the only conceivable goal.

Struggle and suspense, will and its goal, go together in the story. There should be a point in its course where struggle and suspense cease. In our Western fiction we have come to place that as near the end as possible. Sometimes in our endeavor to meet the demand for continued suspense we have pushed the resolution to such an excess of the unnatural as we see in the surprise ending of an O. Henry story. There is a suspicious air of artificiality in that sort of management of the plot. It seems rather a bit of the author's cleverness than something taken out of life and put down white hot on the page. Art may sometimes be pure artifice, but it must not seem artifice or it goes cold.

The reading of stories of that sort lures us on to the conjectural outcome and satisfies us, not by what we conceive of as the possibility of a human experience, but by what we fancy the author may be able to twist out of the entanglement into which he has plunged his characters. That is not, I take it, a legitimate story interest. It has no more validity than is to be found in a freak mystery play like "The Bat." It is not interest in life, but interest in the tricks of a literary sleight-of-hand performance. Then it becomes interest in the performer himself, curiosity with regard to what he can do next and what means he will employ in doing it. It is the sin of too much attention paid to plot, and, if the Russian influence can help us to avoid it, there is in that possibility a sort of compensation for other tendencies in it less in agreement with our American spirit.

Realism Essentially Russian

THE business of organizing story material into a satisfying structure is a process of selection. Some happenings are to be reported and some are to be omitted. In our Western fiction, English, French, American, the selective process is always noticeably at work. In Russian fiction it is hardly observable at all. Certainly the selection that the Russian writer may make is not based on any organic unity either in the thing presented or in the effect the writer wishes to produce. Within briefer compass than that of the story whole this literary method as an absence of method exhibits itself perhaps most conspicuously in passages of description. As in the following from Tolstoi's "Sebastopol," the Russian simply reports all details regardless of their relation to a possibly harmonious whole:

"The staff-officer, small in stature, with a swollen and bandaged cheek, walked up and down, dressed in a frock-coat of fine cloth which bore marks of long wear. He was decidedly corpulent, and appeared about forty years old. A bald spot was clearly marked on the top of his head; his thick mustache, hanging straight down, hid his mouth; his brown eyes had an agreeable expression; his hands were fine, white, a little fat; his feet, very much turned out, were put down with a certain assurance and a certain affectation which proved that bashfulness was not the weak side of the commander."

Perhaps there is nothing more to be said about this than just that it does illustrate in brief the Russian tendency. In that, of course, it is essentially realistic, even to the point of literalism. That is, no doubt, its justification in theory. No doubt also that is the reason that it has found acceptance among American realists and has considerably altered their technique.

Recognizing this, however, and seeing that it so has on it the stamp of one of our warring literary creeds, we should further recognize that this literary method is necessarily one of passivism. In the employment of it the artist surrenders himself to the fact; he does not take possession of the fact and use it. That is not a Western way of looking at life, not a Western way of living, not a Western way of reincarnating life in art. In the regions overlooking the Ural Mountains and farther east it may be natural and fitting. As yet, however, despite the evident Russian influence in such novels as "Main Street," we have not chosen to leave ourselves and our racial destinies behind us and chart our way through the fogs.

Land Ownership in Hawaiian Islands

By WM. LEE CALNON

Honolulu, Hawaii—

LAND ownership in the Hawaiian Islands has so recently been made possible for individuals, that the announcement of a new subdivision going on the market is a news sensation and "makes" the first page in the newspapers. So small is the amount of land available thus far, that it is sold by the square foot, not by the front foot, and prices are high.

From the time the first Maoris arrived here from island groups to the south, through all the hazy, legendary period of Hawaiian history up to recent times, land ownership was simplicity itself. It all belonged to the kings. The king owned the island and parceled it out as he pleased among his favored subjects. In the latter part of the eighteenth century King Kamehameha the Great became the Napoleon of Hawaii by subduing all the lesser kings and making himself the sole ruler of the archipelago. This simplified land ownership to the nth degree. Kamehameha owned it all. The islands remained under one kingly line, Queen Liliuokalani being the eighth and last monarch. She was deposed in 1893 in favor of a republic and five years later the islands were annexed to the United States.

One subdivision of land ownership had occurred before Queen Lil was deprived of her throne. Bernice Pauahi, of the royal line, high chieftess and princess, and her family, owned about one-fourth of all the arable lands in the kingdom. The rest still pertained to the crown and this land came under the ownership of the republic and later under that of the territorial government established by the United States.

Gift of a Volcano

BERNICE PAUAHI married Charles R. Bishop, a missionary from Boston, and held intact her great holdings of land until about thirty years ago. She left them to the Bernice Pauahi Bishop Trust, tied fast. She provided that the trust be administered by seven trustees, all of whom must be non-Catholics, and who are appointed by the Supreme Court of the territory as vacancies occur.

In that trust she left all her properties to be conserved and administered almost entirely for the education and advancement of native Hawaiians. (This includes half-castes.) There was established the Bishop Museum, the Kamehameha school for boys and girls, the Bishop Memorial Hall, a part of the Industrial Farm, and a wing built and maintained at Queen's Hospital. The trust is entirely eleemosynary. It pays no taxes from which churches and charitable institutions are exempt. About a half-million dollars paid as income tax was returned by a decision of the United States Supreme Court.

Until the past ten years it was the policy of the trustees not to sell any land, but to let it out on long-term leases. As a great deal of the land in the trust was located in the heart of Honolulu that policy retarded the development of the city. As newer and more modern trustees came in control they began to sell off some of the land as an aid to the growth of the city and its business.

You are told here by leading men of the city that the Bishop Trust has been extremely liberal in fostering agricultural and industrial development. It has leased land for as long as fifteen years without any rental and an additional fifteen years with nominal rent or acceptance of a portion of the land's produce as payment. In that way coffee, tobacco, and other industries have been enabled to get a start.

Much of the most desirable seashore property on Oahu Island (Honolulu), also included in the trust, has been leased for long periods at easy rentals. Included also in the trust was the volcano Kilauea, on the island of Hawaii. The trustees made a gift of the volcano to the United States Government and it is now a part of a great national park established by the government. The rest of the arable lands are mostly under long-term leases to sugar and pineapple plantations.

The big sugar companies also own great properties, some of which they purchased prior to annexation of the islands and some of which they have acquired since. Very nearly all the rest belongs to the territorial government and it, too, leases big tracts on long-term leases for agricultural purposes.

The present Federal laws prevent the territorial government from disposing of large areas at a time. But the law does permit the establishing of homesteads on small areas. These average about 25 acres of arable lands and run as high as 80 acres where the land is partly barren. The homesteads are auctioned off. Over on the "big island" of Hawaii are many pretty bungalow homes, with their acreage stretching behind them, that have been built by homesteaders. The government also portions out house lots at rentals of one dollar a year, when the need of them is demonstrated.

Curiously enough, the parceling out of property still follows to a degree the ancient Hawaiian custom of allowing for pasturage. The old kings and chiefs, while retaining full ownership, used to grant subjects pieces of lowland or beach property with running water on it or to it. This was the "kuleana." With it went the "kula," or piece of foothill property behind, suitable for pasturage. Then the native raised his vegetables, rice and taro, a bulbous root from which the native food "poi" is made, and was happy. As long as his chief liked him he had no other worries over the land ownership.

Demand for land space has grown by leaps and bounds in Honolulu and the rest of the island of Oahu in recent years. The population has doubled each decade for the past thirty years and is now estimated at 125,000.

Tapping the Steam Boiler of the Earth

Power Which Has Gone to Waste for Hundreds of Millions of Years

By EDWIN MORRIS

Here we see the first well. Drilling the second with more than 900 horsepower to spare.

HOW long ago was the earth made? At least a hundred million years ago. Perhaps three-hundred million years. What are a few hundred million years, more or less, among friends? The thing we are trying to get at, anyway, is steam. Ever since the earth was made there has been a great steam boiler under California. It has been generating steam night and day all of these hundreds of millions of years. If, from the beginning, the steam had been converted into electricity and sold to the anthropoid apes, Indians and white men at regular rates the company that owned the boiler would long ago have had all the cocoanuts, furs, and money on earth.

But all through these endless centuries nobody cared a hoot about the boiler—though it was large enough to heat a valley ten miles long and a mile wide. The apes did not care, the Indians did not care, nobody cared until J. D. Grant, of Healdsburg, California, came along. Grant cared and people said he was crazy. Grant said he would drill wells and tap the boiler if it took every cent he had been able to make in the gravel business in Healdsburg. He had to drill because he could not be still. Ever since he was a boy, he had heard steam hissing from crevices in the rocks and seen boiling springs gush up from a hundred places. He lived near by and the "hot ground" of Alexandria Valley was a place where he always had to wear his shoes. The first time he burned his feet he began to think. He thought until he had made enough money to act.

That was about two years ago. Then he began to drill his first well. He chose a hot place where steam was coming from the rocks. He used a pipe 7⅝ inches in diameter. It went through rocks, volcanic ash and then into rock again. When it was firmly embedded in rock, he poured molten zinc around it to hold it and then sent his drill down without a pipe. This was so that steam from all the crevices, fissures and holes, on the way down, might flow into the well and come up through the pipe.

The pressure became so great that when water was poured into the pipe to clean out the well an explosion followed that shook the mountain side. Rocks weighing fifteen pounds were hurled 300 feet. The pipe was blown out of the ground. A column of water 500 feet high was hurled into the air.

When the well ceased spouting, Grant and his drillers surveyed the spectacle, partly in sorrow, partly in solemn glory. The well was a wreck. All of the money invested in it was gone. The ground and trees for hundreds of feet around were covered with bluish mud.

Grant dug up some more of his own money, borrowed some more and started to drill another well, using the same size pipe. Again, after going down a few feet, he found steam. The farther he went, the greater became the pressure. And the greater the heat at the bottom. It finally became so hot that lead let down with the drill melted. Lead melts at a temperature of 620 degrees. At the top the temperature was about 350 degrees. That means superheated steam.

Grant sank his first successful well 203 feet when the pressure became so great that he could not well go farther. He put a cap on the end of the pipe and screwed in a steam gauge. The thing registered 68 pounds. With the cap off and the steam blowing freely, the pressure was 20½ pounds.

By this time, Grant was not so crazy. Neighbors began to think better of him. His banker no longer treated him as if he were a nut. Instead, he saluted him as a man of imagination and genius. Grant was therefore able to form a little company to drill another well. He had to form a company because he had put about $75,000 into his work, up to this time, and had little left. By talking as hard as he had drilled he was able to sell enough stock to drill another well, 50 feet from the one that was already spouting. He attached a 20-horsepower engine to the first well to drill the second. This was the first engine on the American continent that was ever run by steam taken from the earth.

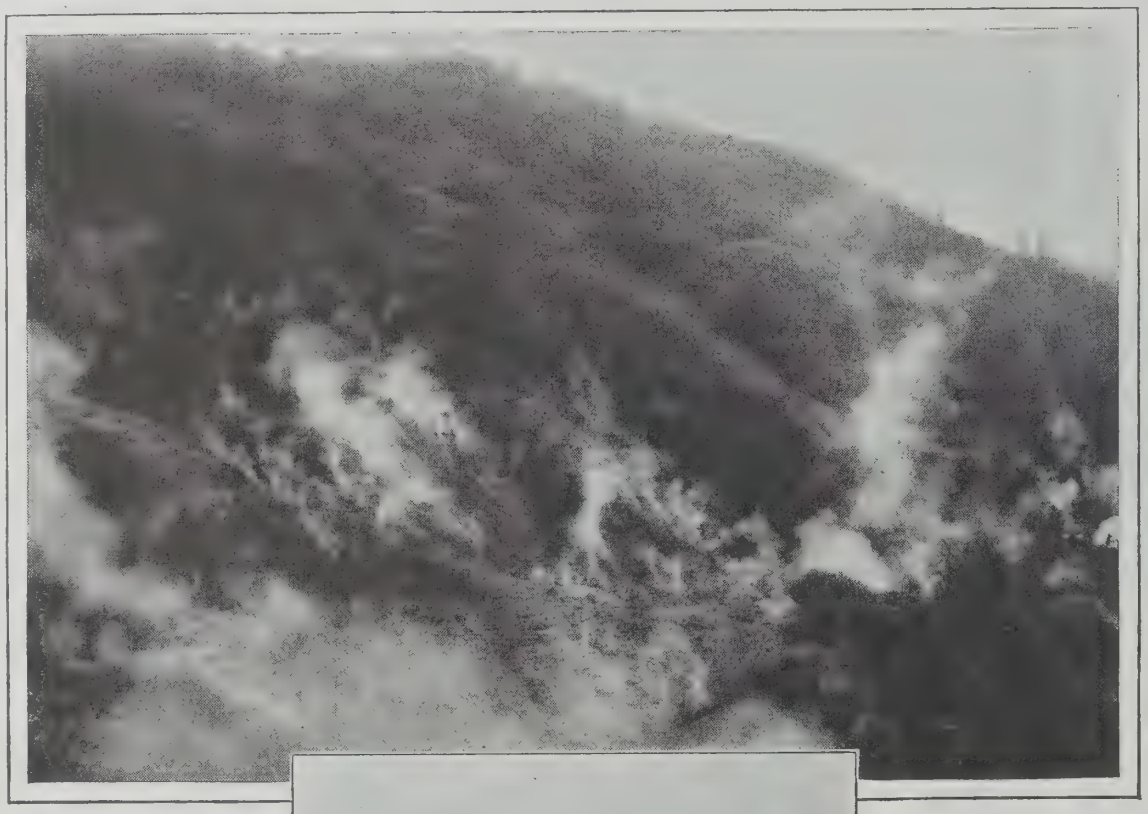
Grant used a little larger pipe on what was destined to be his second successful well—eight inches, inside measurement. At a depth of 319 feet he had the same steam pressure that he had in his first—68 pounds. There he stopped.

About this time, the big power companies of California began to take notice that Grant was doing something. Grant also began to take notice that somebody was doing something to him. He found himself tied up in litigation. Some of his own stockholders had taken him into court. They sought to prevent him from selling more stock with which to drill a third well. It did not seem as if the thing could be brought to a focus. But last summer, Grant got things straightened out and proceeded with his third well. In September it was down 137 feet and had a pressure of 30 pounds closed and 13 pounds open.

All of this Grant told me as we sat in a little hotel in Healdsburg. But he wanted me to see the wells and I wanted to see them. The only way to do it was to motor to them over a mountain road 25 miles long.

This was *some* ride. That the reader may lose none of the thrills, let us take the points of the compass and see where we are.

Healdsburg is 68 miles north of San Francisco and about 25 miles inland.



Above—Geyser with steam from the big boiler in the earth issuing from a thousand fissures.

Almost a quarter of a million dollars' worth of power going to waste from these two wells each year.

The steam wells are 25 miles northeast of Healdsburg.

We started from Healdsburg, which is a pretty little town that dates back to the gold rush of '49. The town itself suggests everything that the trip was destined to prove not to be. The town is on the level floor of a great valley with mountains in the distance on each side. In the center is a little park a big block square in which are orange and other trees. I have seen oranges lying on the ground in February that passing schoolboys would not trouble to pick up. Anybody, it would seem, could sleep in beautiful Healdsburg—though Grant couldn't.

Grant is a fast driver on level ground—but we did not long remain on level ground. We were soon on a rapidly rising plateau that eventually broke up into hills. The houses became farther apart and soon disappeared. What had been a maze of hills developed into fewer greater hills. As we proceeded the hills became mountains. We did one letter "S" after another to scale each peak. One could not go up straight. One had to zigzag back and forth to get up, even on second speed. And nowhere except at the top of a peak could one see the road for more than five rods ahead. It was a succession of right and left angle turns. Grant was constantly whirling the steering wheel first one way and then the other. It was no boy's job. Each turn had to be made quickly. In spinning the wheel around, many a time his elbow dug into my ribs. And when we were at the top of a peak, all we could see was a great valley and a higher peak which we must climb after going down into the valley. Going down was as bad as coming up because we might meet someone at any of many sharp turns who would knock us off the narrow road. Grant said to me once: "If we were to go off here we would drop straight down a thousand feet." I replied: "I would just as soon drop a thousand feet as fifty—the result would be the same."

"It is safe enough," continued Grant, "if we don't meet some fool coming around one of these corners at 20 miles an hour."

We were making the corners at five miles an hour and never went more than twelve.

"But those maniacs come through here at twenty sometimes," said Grant. "Three machines have gone over the grade right here."

I looked where he pointed and saw the wrecks.

"Around the next corner a woman was killed this summer," he went on.

I looked where he pointed, but the precipice was so high that I could make out nothing at the bottom.

"You see how the brush is all burned off the mountain side," said Grant. "Deer hunters did that. I never saw anything so cruel in my life. They burned off the brush so the deer would have no shelter and could be killed more easily. I was through here last month and it sounded as if a battle were going on. More than 150 deer were killed right here in this gulch. See, there is a camp by the roadside where some of the hunters stayed."

After 20 miles of this sort of thing, we slid down the last peak into Alexandria Valley. I heard a tremendous hissing that sounded like a dozen locomotives next door blowing off steam.

"What's that noise?" said I to Grant.

"It's the steam wells," he replied. "They are farther down the valley."

The automobile part of our journey ended at the Geysers Hotel, a wooden structure built in 1852—and it is not any better now than it was then. I was told that General Grant once stopped there. He may have

Concluded on page 14)

Mr. Ford's Page

THERE are pioneers, plodders and parasites. Pioneers make the venture and the conquest. Plodders consolidate and hold what has been gained. Parasites follow to live off others' labors. Each fulfills a purpose, even the parasite. He is pretty low down in the scale, like the maggot, but his presence is an advertisement that something exists on which he can live. It is likewise a warning that that "something," whatever it may be, should be eliminated.

But we cannot afford to view life from the maggot's or parasite's point of view, nor even justify them because they fulfill a scavenger's duty; as human beings we are bent upon securing a mode of life where these things simply die out for want of sustenance. Pioneers are far more interesting, and more worth emphasis.

Most of us would not have to go very far back into our families to find a pioneer. There may even be pioneers among our recent newcomers to America, although no longer does any doubt exist that the number and ratio of parasites have increased. Most of us are here today because some man and woman were brave enough to venture across strange seas and settle in strange lands to make life as they wanted it to be.

There is this about the pioneer: he is usually the man of most courage and vision in the community. Timid people stay at home. People who live in the rut do not venture afar. But the pioneer has the vision to see new regions and the spirit to conquer them. Pioneers by land pushed back the frontiers until there are no longer any frontiers. Pioneers by sea have charted the deep and marked every shore and island.

And because of that, because the country is settled and all the world is known, we incline to think that there is no more pioneering. And yet it is going on, right under our eyes, with a daring and a dash never before equaled. The pioneer spirit did not die with the disappearance of the last frontier nor with the discovery of the last Pole; it simply changed its field, and charged ahead with all its restless energy to new conquests.

Pioneering is based on the inquiring mind and the experimental courage. Serious experiment *is* a combination of natural desire and deliberate courage. It requires the pioneer type of mind. Our modern pioneering is not geographical, it deals less with the exterior of things than with their interior. Instead of sailing round the surface of the earth, our modern explorers are penetrating the deep and unknown mysteries contained in the substance of the earth. They sail on voyages more fraught with consequence to the race, than those of Columbus or Magellan.

There is another difference—the modern pioneer may see now and again a resting place, but he sees no end. You can push back land and sea frontiers until there are no more; but you cannot push back the frontiers of knowledge until there are no more. Mind boundaries may enlarge but they do not disappear.

The strange thing about knowledge is this: every new discovery but opens up wider regions to be conquered. The less a man knows, the less for him there is to be known. The more a man knows, the more there is for him to know. Wise men no longer measure learning by what they know, but by what their learning shows them they do not know. The Unknown is the only region that is increased, the only region that is not decreased, by discovery.

That is where the fallacy arises in the statement that knowledge does away with faith. It is quite the other way round: knowledge increases the field of faith, renders faith more necessary than before, makes it a greater and more creative force.

And this increase of the Unknown along with the increase of the Known, indicates the infinity of life. When with every accomplishment the field of possible accomplishment becomes larger instead of smaller, we get the idea of the endlessness of life's purpose and the vastness of its possible progress. Man has a long and interesting job before him, not to be measured by space or time.

Yet we often hear people talk as if all the pioneering were done. There seem to be folk who actually think that the world has reached the limit. It is perhaps impossible to change old encrusted minds, but every young person, and every person who wants to keep on growing, and keep a mind as young as the newest truth, should strictly maintain the thought that the world has hardly begun. What we call the marvels of the present age are marvels only because we are such children, such new beginners in the art and mystery of life. They will become commoner than daily bread. Within half a short lifetime the world has been changed, the miraculous of a quarter of a century ago is now the plaything of boys.

A TYPE of mind seems to believe that because all the earth is known and the country settled, therefore no further pioneering remains to be done. Thus far the pioneers have been working on the outside of things; nowadays the new direction of pioneering is toward the inside of things. We know the planet pretty well; we are now exploring the atom. We know vegetation pretty well; we are now pioneering into the new and wonderful land of vitamins. Medicine has explored disease to a large extent; it is now pioneering into the greater mystery of health. We are only in the far-off dim beginnings of knowledge. Discoveries are yet to be made, greater than those of Columbus—but in another region. The youth of today live in a more thrilling period than those of the merchant adventurers or the early frontiersmen.

Someone once said—he was a learned man—that he felt, after all his successful quest for knowledge, that he was but a child playing with sand on the seashore. The saying was much quoted to illustrate the humility of the great. As a matter of fact we have not even begun to play with the sand of the seashore. We have just begun to notice that it is there. Humanity is in the dim beginnings of that process of "taking notice," as we see babies do. The sand!—why, the pioneers sought for distant shores; the pioneers of today are trying to get inside the grain of sand that makes the shore, and inside the atom, and when that is accomplished and we begin really to play with the sands on the seashore, it will be a new earth. No, we haven't begun to play with the sand yet; the smallest unit the mind can think of has become for science a vast universe of mystery.

So that there is plenty of pioneering to be done. It is one of the unnoted marvels that life goes on as well as it does, because no sooner does one get inside the mind of a master in any field than one discovers that the principal thing about that master is his sense of the impossibility of mastering his field, and the imperfection of such knowledge as passes for mastery with the throngs. More interesting books could be written on the things we don't know than on what we know, because there are more of the former than we can catalog than there are of the latter.

If any young person thinks the field is full and all the chances taken, all the great adventures fulfilled, and all the pioneer opportunities exhausted, let him make excursions into various fields of endeavor and see how far his thought is from the fact. Go to the doctor: is the field of medicine conquered? No. A great medical school recently sent out a communication in which were stated some of the things that medicine does not know. Very simple things they seem, too, but they are great open fields for pioneering.

Go to the clergyman: is the field of the soul fully covered? Is the mystery of man's inner life clearly known? This stream that flows in upon man, that would save him from his follies and redeem him to new opportunity, what is it? Of course, the province of Religion is to remind us that it *is*: but just *how* it is, we do not know. Here is a vast field for the spiritual pioneer.

In finance—will any financier tell you that our system is perfect or even good? No. He will probably tell you it is all we have, and that he can see no better one in sight. Here is a call for pioneers. Economics, chemistry, diet, soil, water, air, children, learning, loving, working—these are commonplaces, yet every one of them represents a boundless field, an unfathomed mystery and a strong call for pioneers.

And yet people sit by and mourn that all the doors are shut and all the interesting things have been done!

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Exactly What Did Occur?

IF WASHINGTON would make a statement on the foreign debt situation which in any way met the serious and circumstantial charges which are being made here and abroad, the air would clear much more quickly. It has been reported in this country that when the time came to sign the agreement of the Allies with regard to the distribution of reparation and occupation-troops payments, the American representative, Ambassador Kellogg, notified the conferees that he would sign with the reservation that the Washington Government was bound only insofar as the rights of the United States were concerned.

It is further reported that immediate protest was made by the assembled statesmen—Churchill the British Chancellor, Clemental the French Financial Minister, Theunis the Belgian Premier, Stefani the Finance Minister of Italy, all of whom protested that the conference had gone forward on the assumption that the United States would sign the whole agreement and back the whole agreement. They protested that the United States could not expect to collect, and avoid all responsibility. Then, say the correspondents, "Ambassador Kellogg withdrew his reservations and, together with Ambassador Herrick and Colonel James A. Logan, signed the whole agreement."

The result in Europe was exultation. The United States had been roped in at last. Its signature was with the rest. If America had been denounced as "materialist" and "money-grubbing" before, European comment now clearly showed that Europe's materialism and love of money was abysmal: the most vulgar terms were used by statesmen and press alike to express their joy that America's signature had been bought for so small a sum and so insignificant a percentage.

Upon all this European acclaim, American editors and statesmen protested, notably Colonel Harvey among editors and various Senators. Then came the statement of the Secretary of State that "the agreement at Paris neither surrenders nor modifies any treaty right of the United States."

What the State Department should do, in matters like this, and what it has not done heretofore, is to give precisely stated assurance that it is not the policy of the United States to turn itself into a collection agency or use military power to enforce financial deals, and, in relation to the present matter, give exact explanation of what occurred at Paris.

Did the American representative tell the agents of the other powers that he could not sign the agreement as a whole, and did he afterward sign it as a whole?

Either Europe is misled or we are misled. And in these matters it is indicative of callow inexperience to leave any loophole for such serious misunderstanding as has arisen.

Aaron Spouts Again

MR. AARON SAPIRO has been putting it over on some of the farmers so long that he found it comparatively easy to put it over on the newspapers. Through the activities of his press agent, all the news associations of the country have carried the news that Aaron has "sued" THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT. For weeks before that, the newspapers dutifully and almost daily carried the statement that Aaron had "demanded a retraction" of this paper. Wherever Aaron would make that statement, there the press would pick it up and broadcast it—with no care, apparently, to learn the truth of the statement, or to guard against imposition.

The fact is that during all those weeks Sapiro had not made a demand for a retraction, and the fact is that at this writing Sapiro has not sued—at least no word of it has reached this office.

There has been received at this office a Sapiro stump-speech of 37 pages, bearing all the Sapiro characteristics of bombast and inaccuracy. He has not made the only answer that can be made—a very simple answer too; and when he attempts to wrestle with concrete statements it turns out, surprisingly enough, that the statements about which he grows most verbose are those that were never made. And yet it is almost certain that the man can read.

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT desires frankly to say that as its search is for the truth and that alone, it would have no hesitation in setting right any matter which Mr. Sapiro might show it to have overlooked or misstated, but as this has not been shown by Mr. Sapiro, the matters to be retracted as untrue are not yet defined.

It is quite probable that Mr. Sapiro will enter suit. He has a habit of doing that. When in the past he has been hard pressed on the facts and his friends have been anxious about his inability or disinclination to reply, except by vituperation, he has successfully though temporarily quieted them by saying, "I will sue them!" And he has brought suit—but none of the libel suits have been heard! It is to be hoped that at least in one case, if he chooses the courts as the battleground of his special co-operative idea, he will go through with the matter, and enable trained men to expose his system item by item to the steady gaze of the farmers of the land so that they may make their own verdict about the plan which he is recommending to them. The matter of libel, and what Mr. Sapiro very erroneously alleges to be the personal difference between him and this paper, can take its chance in the courts.

The main thing is to get this Sapiro system of co-operation presented to the farmers of the United States more fully and more fairly than it is presented in Mr. Sapiro's magnetic oratory on the stump. Mr. Sapiro has been selling himself. Our interest is in his system. In a court of law that system can be turned, even to its inmost corners, to the bright light of competent and impartial scrutiny.

Airships and Seaships

THE controversy as to the respective merits of airplanes and warships seems to have lost its basic balance on facts. As well discuss whether a fish or a bird is the most useful to mankind. The warship is on the sea, the airship is in the air. The one cannot fly, the other cannot support and carry thousands of tons of guns and ammunition. They may co-operate, but to talk of one displacing the other seems altogether futile.

It is altogether speculative to speak in definite terms of what a bombing plane can do or can not do to a warship in the course of a duel. There has been no real test of this, and therefore opinion is largely hypothetical. And all the elements, even of speculation, are not present until it is also discussed what a warship could do to a flock of airplanes.

The whole emphasis of the general discussion has been upon the possibility of replacing warships, before it has even been settled that the air above the sea is an airship's best field of activity. That is a crucial point: and it cannot be merely assumed; yet no one seems to be questioning this constant comparison of airships and sea-power. Why not a contrast between airships and land armies?

But one thing is certain in regard to these squadrons of the clouds. They will be great factors in fighting on land. It is on land that the fate of future armies will be decided. And the decision will undoubtedly be made by the men in the air. This is a fact which seems to have been lost sight of in the controversy which has arisen between warships and airships.

This country has developed types of aircraft, both combative and commercial, which cannot be surpassed by any other nation, and there is no lack of expert pilots, or material out of which to make such, to man them. This has been fully demonstrated by our airmen in various parts of the country. What we lack is not mechanical and engineering designs and pilot skill—what we lack is airplanes. This country has far too few. In fact, compared with other great nations their numbers are negligible. In all fairness to commerce and defense, this should not be.

The eagle is our symbol. But the eagle must be given wings.

The Work of the Ministry

IN A recent conference at Yale the fact was emphasized that the uses and service of the ministry go beyond preaching and teaching. Dr. Richard Cabot, the distinguished medical authority at Harvard whose writings have done so much to humanize the popular conception of medicine, and whose work has done so much to humanize the treatment of the unfortunate, is of the opinion that ministers of religion might well do much of the work that is now left to physicians. He is of the opinion that the majority of sick people need mental and spiritual treatment more than they need medication. He thinks that institutions for dependents and mental incompetents might well be placed under the control of trained clergymen. Alms houses, jails, infirmaries, asylums, he regards as legitimate calls for a larger exercise of the ministry than has yet been undertaken.

Of course, this is all true enough—tritely true, in fact. But it raises problems. The "social service" development which has become so rampantly professional as to be practically certain of sudden diminution at an early date, would doubtless endeavor, if anything along the line of Dr. Cabot's suggestion were presently undertaken, to make the spiritual ministry an auxiliary to "social service" as modernly conceived by the professionals. It may be considered as finally settled that as "social service" itself in its best development is the daughter of religion, this further service of the ministry to distressed humanity will come, not through "social service" channels, but through the same channels as social service itself came.

Another problem is the ministry's efficiency in the use of spiritual forces, which again cannot be had from the professionals, but which is the by-product of a saintly life and a sanctified intelligence. The distressed need, says Dr. Cabot, spiritual and mental help more than they need medication. To be sure! But medicine may be administered with some certainty as to its fitness and effect, and how often may that be said of spiritual medicine? There have been great practitioners of spiritual medicine in the ministry, it is true, but they came of no special system. Can true Spiritual medicine be taught? Has it been systematized as yet? Where is the spiritual diagnosis, the sure use of truth as catharsis, balm, stimulant, tonic and life?

The hope of this good service arriving among us would seem to be in the ministry and its source. The field is to be occupied by those who can. One man actually working in this field, wherever he finds it, is doing more for the expansion of ministerial service than most conferences do. Many men are thus actually working, but have not dared to name their work so high as here. That is to say, it is open everywhere for ministers who believe what their position indicates, to begin at once as practitioners of higher medicine, not as physicians of the body, but as the cure of souls. The very beginnings of the practice will send them quickly to the sources.

The Universal Parasite

"THE usurer's business is as menacing to the well-being of the State as the dope traffic—and it is organized on an equally extensive scale. There is not a section of society from which the money-lenders are not drawing toll. By their exactions they drive men and women to crime and even to death."

The London *Daily Mail* thus gives expression to an opinion based on special inquiries it has made regarding an evil which is not confined to any particular country but to the world at large. It is pointed out that there is one point about money-lending which emphasizes its similarity to the dope traffic: it is largely in the hands of aliens, many of whom have become naturalized and have adopted English names.

When it is considered how strong a fight was put up against the system of interest and usury by all the moral forces of the Anglo-Saxon world more than three centuries ago—that the whole system was resisted as a poisonous and destructive invasion—there is no doubt but that our fathers foresaw the entrenched evils which are now becoming terrifyingly manifest. The essential immorality and anti-social power of usury is beginning to force itself upon the consciousness even of the financiers.

The blight of usury is perhaps the greatest evil that the world suffers from today. It is the universal parasite.

Shall We Continue to Centralize Matters in Washington?

(C) Harris & Ewing

SENATOR LEE S. OVERMAN.

"Were we directed from Washington when to sow, and when to reap, we should soon want bread." —*Thomas Jefferson.*

By LEE S. OVERMAN
JUNIOR SENATOR FROM NORTH CAROLINA

THE last general election was won without regard to issues, but solely upon what the people believed to be the qualifications of one man.

Early in the campaign, Republican politicians realized that they could not hope to go before the people on a Republican record. Hence, the cry arose—"Coolidge is the issue." No other claim must be made, and none other was.

There can be no mistake that a great majority of the nation gave Mr. Coolidge a most solemn mandate. In the minds of the voters, he was divorced from his party to begin with. It was Coolidge that was returned to the Presidency; there was no mandate to the Republican politicians. Therefore, Mr. Coolidge's responsibility is exceedingly great.

The Parlor "Pinks"

BUT the recent election demonstrated another matter of vital national importance, and that is, the lack of confidence the people expressed in political parties as such.

Why this lessening of respect for the old-line parties? The situation indicates that there must be a need of house cleaning within party ranks. It indicates further arties have been drifting away from fundamental ples that have always captured the affection of the masses.

I shall not attempt to say much in this article about the Republican party, but will point out briefly just a few things that I believe we Democrats could ponder over with a great deal of profit to ourselves.

In the first place, the Democratic party should firmly resolve that its age-long policy of thorough Americanism should be strictly adhered to. It should take a thorough stock of itself and stand against the siren calls of the parlor "pinks"—be they masculine or feminine—that have been so perniciously active in the United States for the last few years.

Let there be no confusion about this statement. There is ample room in the Democratic party for wholesome, progressive, American ideas. The progressive legislation passed during the first Wilson Administration fully evidenced the fact that the Democratic party is a progressive party—progressive in the sense that it responds to the will and needs of the American people in a sane and judicious manner. There is a great deal of difference between such a policy and being captivated (or browbeaten) into support of measures that have originated under influences entirely un-American, measures that are not only unsuited to American needs but are fraught with great danger.

More Government at Home

LET me illustrate by briefly referring to the proposed amendment to the Constitution known as the Child Labor Amendment. This amendment proposes "to limit, regulate or prohibit the labor of all persons under eighteen years of age." At present this power resides in the respective states and this amendment undertakes to transfer such power to the Federal Government. It will be noted that, in reality, *this amendment is not a child labor amendment,* but might more properly be called *a "child control"* amendment. It is most general in its scope and is probably the greatest grant of power that has ever been proposed for any general government in the same number of words.

It does not attempt to regulate the employers of children under eighteen years of age, the conditions under which they shall work, but it seeks, rather, to control the child and any manner of work in which he might become engaged, whether with or without compensation.

There is convincing evidence that this idea originated in Russia during the Bolshevik régime and has been transplanted in America. Congress seemed to handle the matter rather gingerly and evidently thought it must pass some such measure before the election, and, therefore, "passed the buck" to the states. It is fervently to be hoped that the respective legislatures will fully understand the import of this proposition before they come to a vote on it. But to begin with, legislators will have to make up their minds to steel their hearts against wily propaganda and clever lobbying. No stone will be left unturned to force this monstrosity upon the American people.

Such legislation as this can well be left to the several states. North Carolina has already refused to ratify. North Carolina also boasts of an excellent child labor law and it had my support in its passage and I take pride in its enforcement.

But here is where the Democratic party comes in:

The Democratic party was born the champion of States' Rights. We have had periods in our history when we have wandered away, and we occasionally have cause to think over "a frequent recurrence to fundamental principles."

One of the greatest causes of unsatisfactory conditions in the United States is the fact that we have wandered away from the principles of States' Rights. We should get the idea into our minds that we need *a little more government at home and a little less in Washington.* Thomas Jefferson never uttered a truer saying than that

> "It is not by the consolidation, or concentration of powers, but by their distribution, that good government is effected."

Concentration of power will inevitably result in abuse of that power to some extent.

Senator Overman has represented his state in the Senate of the United States since March 4, 1903. Prior to this he had served in his state legislature for a great many years and was a lawyer of outstanding ability. He is the ranking Democrat on the powerful Appropriations Committee of the Senate as well as of the important Judiciary Committee. It has frequently been said of Senator Overman that he looks more like a United States Senator than any man in the Senate.

There has been far too great a tendency to pass on to Washington disagreeable tasks and asking the general government to find the solution. We need some good old-fashioned home-grown Democracy in America today, the spirit that will move people to look around home a little and see if they cannot do some of their own governing.

There is no safe basis for judging just how far this concentration of power and government at Washington will go. Even now we are confronted with a proposition regarding education that will, if heeded by Congress, finally result in the nationalization of our public school system. If there is anyone who doubts that the respective states of this Union are sufficiently able to take care of the education of their children and provide adequate public school facilities, I invite such individual to visit my native state and there see the rapid progress North Carolina has made in her public school system within the last decade. Today the Old North State has a public school system of which any commonwealth could be proud. It is growing and improving, and we intend to be second to none in these great United States. And it is doubtful if we now are. But we would never have made the progress we have if we had depended on Washington.

Too Many Laws

NATIONALIZE! Centralize! These seem to be the slogans of individuals who do not understand what the fundamental American system is, and who would like to change our system after a foreign pattern. Why we fought the Revolution to escape a concentration of power unwisely used. Our forefathers were determined that they would make no such mistake in America. Power was to be wisely distributed and jealously guarded.

Harken again to Jefferson:

"Were not this great country already divided into States, that division must be made, that each might do for itself what concerns itself directly, and what it can so much better do than a distant authority."

And again:

"Were we directed from Washington when to sow, and when to reap, we should soon want bread."

Again:

"When all government, domestic and foreign, in little as in great things, shall be drawn to Washington as the center of all power, it will render powerless the checks provided of one government on another, and will become as venal and oppressive as the government from which we separated."

The tendency toward centralization at Washington was critically observed more than a century ago, but there has been little to halt the onward march.

But one thing will halt it—the American People; they alone can halt it. When they see their home affairs taken away from them one by one, and intrusted to the tender and distant mercies of bureaucratic administration, they are going to resurrect Democratic doctrine on this question, and adopt it. States' Rights is no longer a partisan nor a sectional but an American doctrine in which even Republicans have come to believe. Washington itself will be forced by the very burden which centralization imposes, to warn the people not to be misled in giving away their rights. Not every problem that faces the country can be met by the simple expediency of more Federal legislation.

We have too many laws now. We are confronted today with the necessity of farm relief legislation, an obligation that members of Congress cannot ignore. But, farm relief legislation becomes necessary today because so much of special privilege legislation has preceded it. If other interests, using special legislation inuring to their benefit, had not brought about the present economic situation, the farmer would not be facing a condition that requires legislation for his benefit!

The nation needs legislation to undo some of the legislation already enacted. The American people should have a fair chance to manage their own affairs. We should check the growing tendency of our government to pry into our most private affairs, to take over the operation of our homes, and to dictate the conduct of our families. Americans do not want too much governing, and once they get the proper channel through which to express their resentment of it, they will make it clearly and unmistakably known. The Democratic party should become the means for that expression.

North Carolina's Stand

WE NEED to return to some old-fashioned Democracy! which simply means in other words, "Back to the fundamental principles of the Constitution."

It will be remembered that my state was responsible for the Tenth Amendment to the Constitution, which reads:

"The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people."

North Carolina was unwilling to leave this important question to future interpretation, and, together with Rhode Island, refused to enter the Federal Government until November, 1789, nearly a year after its formation under the Constitution, and would not enter until this amendment was adopted. There were other states just as concerned over its incorporation, but entered the Federal Government upon assurance that it would be put in. However, North Carolina wanted it "written in the bond." Therefore, it may occasion no surprise if North Carolinians have firm convictions in regard to it today. The Old North State just as jealously favors the guarding of her rights today as she did in 1789.

University of Hawaii Justifying Itself

WITH hundreds of colleges and universities turning out their graduates by the thousands the present year, a thought should be given to the possession in the Pacific where the youngest and one of the most interesting institutions of learning on United States soil is the University of Hawaii, which graduated its first class in 1921.

Here has been laid the foundation for an educational movement of far-reaching importance. A field has been opened up which in its moral aspect may easily lead to a better appreciation of American idealism in the eyes of Orientals. The progress at the University of Hawaii within the short span of three years is a noteworthy contribution to the advance of education wherever American interests dominate.

This university grew out of a college created by an act of the Territorial Legislature in 1907. The college opened with temporary buildings in 1908, gave its first baccalaureate degrees in 1912 and the first honorary degrees in 1919. The act creating the University of Hawaii to take over the college was passed in that year and classes were started in 1920. It is located in the Manoa Valley, near Honolulu.

The composition of the student attendance is not the least interesting phase of this American university in Hawaii. The student body is fairly equally composed of descendants from at least five racial stocks—Anglo-Saxon, Chinese, Japanese, Korean and Spanish. Dr. K. C. Leebrick, Professor of History and Government, in discussing recently the position of the university as an element for progress, emphasized the Americanism of the students, their desire to become good citizens, and in this manner add their strength to the body politic of the nation of which they are a part.

"Christian General"—Saint or Sinner?

Feng Yu Hsiang as a Second Saul of Tarsus; Man Most in the Limelight in China Today

By MRS. L. M. CRAMER

THE man of the hour in China, the man most in the limelight here today, is not Marshal Lu, former head of the Chekiang forces in the inter-province war between Kiangsu and Chekiang, who deserted his troops and fled to Japan between two suns, nor is it General Chi, victor over Lu, heading the Kiangsu troops, though these two generals occupied the limelight some two months ago, even to the exclusion of Dr. Sun Yet Sen. Nor is it General Wu Pei-fu head of the Chihli party and dictator of its policies, the man who is more responsible than any other for having made Tsao Kun president of China, nor is it General Chang Tso-lin, war lord of Manchuria, who led his men in an attack against General Wu, his old enemy, and the man who conquered him a year ago last April when Chang was driven ignominiously from the walls of Pekin, a sad and disappointed man.

All these men have had their day in the limelight since this series of wars broke out last September, each fighting against the other, and each man, by his own declaration, fighting for the glory and unification of China.

A singing class of Feng's soldiers. Incidentally they are singing hymns from a Methodist hymn book.

Nor is the man most in the limelight General Tsao Kun, till forced to resign four weeks ago, the president of China, to which office he had been elected in October, 1923, at a cost to himself of something more than $20,000,000, it is said, and it is not the poor little boy emperor, Hsuan Tung, who now finds himself deprived of his ancestral palace, homeless and virtually a prisoner, though his story alone would make a thrilling plot to romance or play.

The man most in the limelight in China today is General Feng Yu Hsiang, who a short quarter of a century ago was a common soldier, and among those soldiers who helped to persecute the Christians in the Boxer Rebellion. Today this unique character among China's military men is known the world over as the "Christian General." But whether he is saint or sinner is today a moot question among men of his own race. There are those who stand by him, declaring that by deserting his chief, General Wu Pei-fu, and almost throwing him into the hands of his enemy, Chang Tso-lin, he has proved himself a courageous man, dealing the deathblow to militarism in China, and starting the country on its way toward peaceful unification. Feng himself says that. He says the warlike methods used by Generals Lu, Chi, Wu, and Chang for the unification of China have failed of their purpose, costing the country millions of dollars and hundreds of thousands of lives, accomplishing nothing.

But there are others who say that he is a traitor; that he betrayed his chief to the end that Chang Tso-lin might win and that Feng himself might profit both in position and in hard cash. As to that only Feng knows. But the fact remains that in the dead of the night before October 20, without notice to his superior officer, he marched his fifteen thousand men stealthily from the position they occupied as a unit of Wu's army and invaded Pekin, a stand Wu was fighting desperately to keep from Chang.

The next morning Pekin awoke to read proclamation after proclamation, to the effect that General Feng had taken over Pekin and would force President Tsao Kun to resign; that a warrant had been issued for the arrest of General Wu; that unification by force had been proved a failure and that he, General Feng, would unify China by peaceful measures. To this end he announced that he would call a round-table conference of the different war lords of China, the conference to be held in Pekin to discuss ways and means of bringing peace and light out of the chaos that is China. To this conference he said he should invite General Chang Tso-lin, General Lu (the man who deserted his troops in their direst need) and Dr. Sun Yet Sen; but Wu's name was never mentioned in that connection.

Then one day a week later General Feng issued a proclamation offering a reward of $100,000 for the capture of General Wu, and $50,000 to any one shooting him!

General Feng has, perhaps, the best drilled and the best disciplined army in China, and so when it was announced along last September that he was placing his army at the disposal of General Wu, who was about to defend himself against General Chang, everybody sat back and prepared to announce their allegiance to Wu, for it was thought inconceivable that Chang should win against Wu and Feng. It was a one-sided fray so everybody thought.

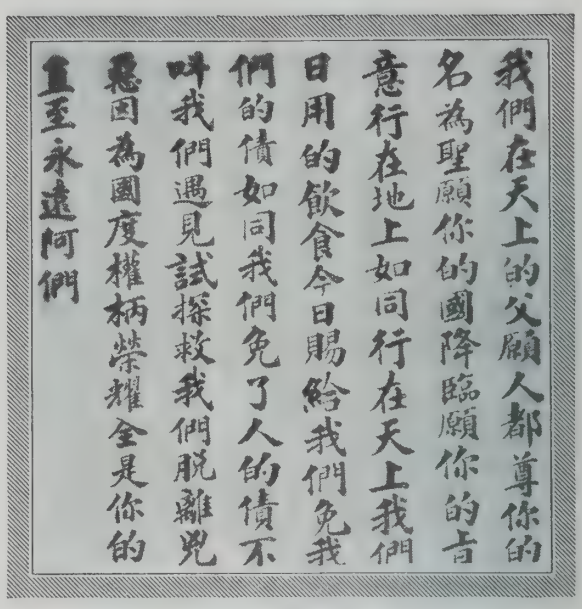
But soon it seemed not to be so one-sided. Little was heard about Feng's army except that it was allied with Wu, and General Wu seemed to be getting the worst of it in every battle fought. There were men at the very beginning who said there must be treachery somewhere. About this time there came news from the north, that General Lu, who had deserted his troops a short time before, and sought a haven in Japan, had joined Chang Tso-lin in Mukden, offering his services to the northern war lord. It seemed to be all over for Wu, except the lighted lanterns and the parade of the victors.

But Wu is game. Licked to a frazzle and dumfounded by his betrayal at the hands of Feng, Wu disappointed friend and foe alike by refusing defeat. True, he staggered a bit under the blow, but he got his second wind and when it came it was strong enough to announce that ten provinces, China's Yangstze River provinces, would unite with him in an expedition against General Feng. These provinces include conquered Chekiang, Hupeh, Shantung, Honan, Shanzi, Anhwei, Kiangsu, Charbar and Siuyuan. It is interesting to recall that once, in the spring of 1922, General Feng was tuchun and absolute autocrat of Honan. That he is no longer tuchun of that province, one of the largest in China, is due, it is said, to General Wu's influence which may possibly throw some light on Feng's betrayal of his chief.

An interesting side light on this situation is the fact that all the Yangstze tuchuns have a nominal allegiance with General Feng. They may disapprove of his actions in double-crossing General Wu Pei-fu, but there is a feeling among the foreigners in China that it is very doubtful if they would consent to send an army against him. They can't figure out what benefit it is going to be to them personally. It is thought that at best they can be depended upon to send a small "face-saving" force to help out Wu. Even if they did so, there is no assurance that they may not sidestep all responsibility to either general till they can determine what the final line-up is to be with the new power in Pekin, and what will develop in Manchuria.

According to reports of newspapers at that time, when the Chekiang-Kiangsu war broke out, General Feng offered to send reinforcements to General Chi. His hope, it was intimated, was that in case Chekiang was defeated, he himself might be made tuchun of Chekiang. His offer did not win the approval of either President Tsao Kun or General Wu Pei-fu, and this, according to some observers, is the reason for Feng's betrayal of Wu.

But after being turned down early in September, in his proposition to fight under General Chi, for Kiangsu, later, when Wu found himself made the defendant in a war on Pekin, and the Chihli government, Feng seemed to turn the other cheek, and offered his co-operation to Wu in subjugating Chang Tso-lin. His proffer was accepted gratefully this time. Being recognized as a Christian his promise was expected to be kept, and he was intrusted with the important duty of defending Jehol.


我們在天上的父願人都尊你的
名為聖願你的國降臨願你的旨
意行在地上如同行在天上我們
日用的飲食今日賜給我們免我
們的債如同我們免了人的債不
叫我們遇見試探救我們脫離兇
惡因為國度權柄榮耀全是你的
直至永遠阿們

The Lord's Prayer in the Chinese language.

When fighting in Shanhaikwan meant life or death for Wu, General Feng to the surprise of both foreigners and Chinese alike, changed his mind, and instead of fighting with Wu, his men shoulder to shoulder with Wu's men, and against Chang Tso-lin, he turned coat, declared war against his coworkers and Wu, "captured" Pekin, and issued a warrant for the arrest of Wu (which on advice of other high Chinese has since been rescinded) and, all in all, took over things with a high hand.

General Feng compelled Tsao Kun to resign, but not before he had forced him to take from General Wu whatever honors had been Wu's at the president's hand since he had bought his way into office a year before. He compelled Tsao Kun's resignation, and his flight from Pekin, and yet but a year before he was one of Tsao Kun's chief supporters.

It is not yet clear what the relations are to be between the Christian general and the war lord of Manchuria. Chang and Feng have been forced together by the accident of Feng's desertion of Wu, but whether they will continue to cleave together is not possible to say. There are those well informed in Chinese politics who declare that so long as each can use the other, there will be peace between them, but when the time comes when neither has an imperative need of the other, then there will be another war, unless a miracle happens. There are those, too, who think they see still further into the future; they see Feng and Wu again reunited against a common foe, Chang Tso-lin.

General Feng is professedly a Christian, but even the missionaries have been disheartened by some of the things he has done within the past few weeks. His treatment of his chief was unchristian. His manner of ousting President Tsao Kun and his cabinet and his parliament was too high-handed to be Christian; but, above all, what they cannot reconcile was his ousting of the boy emperor, Hsuan Tung, beloved of old China, who in his little purple city—which is the Forbidden City of China—has ruled an imaginary kingdom from an imaginary throne, and ruled it well.

Feng has used this "spirit wall" as a place to put his poster-sermon on the value of saving time. In China time has no value to the average native.

The House of Manchus was forced to turn over all its real estate to the new government, retaining only its personal effects. The decree of Feng to vacate the Imperial Palace instanter (less than one day's notice was given, in fact) was accepted without protest and carried out without a whimper though it entailed hardship. The boy emperor was virtually made a prisoner, and even denied the company of his American tutor, Mr. Johnson. Just why this last indignity was inflicted has never been explained.

But the boy emperor and his empress bride were both game, Hsuan Tung even declaring that perhaps this might result in his being allowed to travel, a thing for which he most devoutly hopes. No harm so far has befallen the young man, and Chinese and foreigner alike are hoping that none will. He has been given a place of residence in Pekin, but to this date is not allowed to leave the grounds, so he is really a prisoner in a sense, though not under arrest, and suffering no further indignities.

As to General Feng and his model army. Whether or not General Feng is sincere in his profession of Christianity does not alter the fact that his army of some 15,000 men is the model army of China. He is reported to go into battle inspired by biblical teachings,

(*Concluded on page 14*)

With Fashion Scouts on the Trail

Hunting for New Ideas to Standardize Things That Women Wear

By JEAN MOWAT

This is the concluding portion of the article on modes which appeared last week.

I REMEMBER once, on my way home from the Coast, glancing up from my place in the dining-car to see the steward seating a smartly dressed couple opposite me and hearing a familiar voice drawl: "Well, of all things. What are *you* doing on this train?" Looking up, I met the smile and twinkling eyes of a New York designer and her partner.

"Where have *you* been?" I asked in surprise.

"Just traveling around. Any number of good-looking suits and dresses on the Coast. I think suits are due for a revival in a new form. I would like to know where you have been."

"Traveling around; to the Klondike and a few points in Alaska."

"I heard in Seattle," said the designer, leaning across the table in a confidential attitude, "that Alaskan women could show many of the Easterners how to wear clothes, and that they are smartly dressed. Did you see anything good—anything we could use?"

"I thought you had gone abroad early in the season," I parried.

"I did," she replied, "one has to for the prestige it gives. Usually I can make these trips to the Coast without being recognized in a business way; this is the most fertile ground for fashion ideas I know about. You get a dash and color idea that is vastly different from that suggested by European models."

It would seem that in a section of the United States separated by 1,000 miles of water from the mainland it would be difficult to keep up with all fashions, but East Coast Alaskan women find it an easy and interesting task. The women who care for their appearance are never out of style, and how well they know it! It is certainly not true that all Alaskan women dress out of the missionary barrel; neither do the Indians, for the squaws order their own apparel and that of the family from the mail-order house.

Correct From Shoes to Hats

A MERCHANT in one of the East Coast Alaskan cities said: "Tourists coming here are inventoried from shoes to hats. Old clothes are 'spotted' because our women know what styles are being worn." I had taken this remark with a grain of salt but the truth of his statement was soon proved. A woman who had been bragging about wearing only old clothes while traveling ("one saved so much by doing this," she had informed us) passed by on the other side of the street. Two of the townswomen who had been discussing club affairs, looked at each other and one remarked:

"What I cannot understand is why these people come up here and wear old clothes. They must have money or they could not afford the trip. Do you suppose they think we don't know anything about style?"

Women in Alaska are carefully dressed from shoes to hats. Seattle sells quantities of low shoes and chiffon hose to Alaskan stores of the East Coast. When we heard this in Portland we considered it more or less of a joke. But well-dressed women were wearing these in medium colors. We were told that silk hose were worn with low shoes except in midwinter.

These women are not interested in foreign merchandise, as such. The imprint of the United States is liked on the apparel and the house furnishings, while apparel designed and made on the Pacific Coast is the leading seller. Alaskan women are most patriotic and to them Paris is not the seat of fashion, unless the decree just happens to suit them. "Give us American clothes," they chorus, and here it is that Los Angeles scores heavily. There is, of course, apparel from New York, for at least once a year a trip is made to the metropolis and a weekly service is maintained by some stores, so that the New York-made merchandise has its own chance in this vast territory.

America is as efficient in her program of fashions as she is in any of her industries. One of the first and an exceedingly important organization in the American fashion scheme is the one devoted to color. Along about the time of the war there were more shades than one could name. As an example, there were sixty-three shades of blue all known as navy. No wonder a day's shopping exhausted any woman, especially if she were trying to match navy blue! The same lack of system ran all through the color charts that were put out. War and its need for conservation did wonderful things for the American fashion industry.

A group of New York manufacturers got together and selected a few staple shades and these formed the nucleus of the present standard color card. Each season this association, now operating as a corporation, adds accepted and popular colors to the standard card and in addition issues two color charts a year—spring and autumn.

The organization has built up the color scale so that when a buyer in San Francisco wires a Milwaukee hosiery mill for a case of purple hose he does not just wire "purple." His idea and the mill's may be a mile apart, but he wires for one case chiffon, S7007 and that is the purple he receives. Through this standardization there is only *one* navy blue. But there is a cold blue and a warm blue and the difference between these is sufficient to mar any frock unless one knows which is which. Under the present system each color has a number and a name. The number indicates the relatively component color parts and the nomenclature has been chosen from agriculture, horticulture or geology as far as possible.

A definite scheme has been followed in naming these shades. The number is the key to the *exact* shade, planned for the convenience of the buyer, but the name is descriptive, meant to stimulate the imagination and desire of the customer, and, coincidentally, serve as aid to the advertiser in describing the goods. Take the color "whirlpool" (a deep water-blue with green undertones); one can readily see this color and the reason for grouping it in the range of blues. From geology is "feldspar," a light, rich green, slightly yellow in tone and on the order of jade. From agriculture comes the color "harvest" exactly the shade of ripened wheat fields.

An idea of the season's color card is shown in the eighty-eight colors, including woolens, shoe and hosiery as well as silk, meaning that anything can be matched. As a direct result of the recent Egyptian vogue there are shown two tapestry colors distinguished as "burnished gold" and "antique bronze."

Prominent are the reproductions of the Chinese colors, such as imperial yellows, glistening jade greens, antique lacquer, and sumptuous, exotic blues of the Ming and Ch'ling dynasties. Through a booklet the association announces the standardization of a yellow called "jasmine" and a light beige shade called "flax" for the cotton industry.

Throughout the country there are women who, all unknown to themselves, are fashion "tasters." If a manufacturer has an idea in a sweater, in an undergarment or anything having to do with the wearing of garments, he tries it out on his family, his friends, and his friends' friends, and they tell him just what they think about it, either wearing it or discarding it almost at once and registering frankly outspoken objections.

One firm had more than a thousand women wearing a new style undergarment for a season before it was felt that all criticism had been received and changes in the garment made satisfactorily. The first season this was placed on the market, and in the hands of the retail merchants, more than 2,000,000 suits were sold. There was a more or less local advertising campaign carried on to the merchants but they did only the normal amount of advertising for the undergarment section. "The biggest aid in this sale," said one of the makers to me, "was the favorable comment of the women."

Word-of-mouth advertising is one of the greatest advantages in the fashion business. One eastern firm spent more than $100,000 to try and secure this to create interest in a new knitted sports fabric, but failed to awaken a response. As a result it was about ready to call the sheriff and go into the hands of a receiver. A "Fashion Scout" of an eastern publication spending a holiday in the city was told the story and it so aroused her curiosity to see this new material that she called upon the mill owners and told them who she was, offering to aid them if possible through the fashion mediums at her disposal.

Putting an Idea Across

SHE made a trip through the mill and was told by one of the owners that during the war this factory had done a remarkable business on puttees, due, it was said, to an accident that made the fabric non-stretchable. This accident was one occasion when anger solved a problem that had puzzled wise heads. The foreman had spoken sharply to an operator about some minor neglect of her machine and for answer she jammed it, resulting in a clicking, a mixing of needles and then after a moment's hesitancy the machine began operating again—but it was a different weave.

This meant little in the life of the operator but a few hours after an examiner making the usual rounds noticed a different effect, studied it, stretched it—without success—and hurriedly reported to the office. This appeared to solve the problem which had been causing such dissatisfaction and when other machines were similarly set the same knitted construction was produced. The war stopped. The stockroom was filled with khaki-colored rolls of unused and uncut material. Then came the depression. In an effort to stimulate business it was decided to offer this material to retail fabric buyers. It was dyed in sports colors and salesmen went calling on the trade.

"We've a wonderful cloth but it won't sell," said the millman to the Fashion Scout. We have something better than was ever woven in America, but *how* can we inform the women of it? We have advertised in the best women's magazines and never received anything but bills from them. I always thought that women jumped at new things."

"They do," asserted the Fashion Scout, "but you must show them what you have, how it can be used and, of course, how they can benefit by it. Why not have some of this made up and show the women how well it looks and how very effective it can be for all outdoor wear?"

"That's a good thought. Why didn't we think of it?" mused the owner, "but who would make up this fabric in a way, big enough, so that we could put the idea across?" The Fashion Scout's answer was crystallized into action. For, a few weeks later, this fabric, made into sports frocks, suits, coats and capes, was shown at a Chicago fashion exposition noted for sponsoring new ideas. That the correct method of getting this goods before the public had been found was evidenced by the deluge of mail orders to the firm. Every fashion editor and reporter wanted to know about it, wanted a sample of the new fabric—as did those who had seen the exhibition. Trade publications discussed the new "find" in America as a solution of the problem of a suitable construction for outdoor fabrics.

Paris, never missing an opportunity to add to her fame, was interested, so were New York buyers, for only the hinterland buyers had been called upon by the firm's men, although the fact that this new fabric had been launched outside of the "fashion" city of America was not creating the most favorable comment.

"Yes, I saw it," confided a leading New York manufacturer, "but I didn't think much of it. Of course, how could one tell that the women would take to it like a duck to water!" and he shrugged his shoulders. "Well, I may not be first, but I will make some coats." Another season rolled by and from Paris came the new fabric made into modes for the promenade hour and a New York house featured this exclusively for the season. Then came the advertising by the women, as heard at the women's clubs, the ladies' aid and the bridge and mah-jongg clubs and today there is not a city of any size which does not offer this material in suits, coats and dresses for sports wear.

Some of the best of the recent ideas in the fashion world were bred of war-time necessity, always a spur to imagination and thought. Thus it was that when the makers of men's fine felt for hats were struck by the men joining the buyer's strike they found a profitable way out. The story has as many variations as there are important hat houses, each millinery jobber asserting that it was *his* house which presented to women the idea of fine felt hats. When father wouldn't buy the new hats were offered to mother and daughter. This fashion came the route of the most exclusive trade with prices that made the fine men's hat trade seem merely pikers. The woman paid $10 for the felt in the hat but an additional $25 was charged for the fashion idea.

Felt hats for women immediately became popular and today are recognized as a staple sports item presented in the smartest colorings, shapes and trimmings. Strange to say, while the idea originated in the eastern hat houses the smartest interpretation of the style has been developed on the Pacific Coast.

Another instance of business sagacity was evolved by one of the leading manufacturers of men's clothing, a house with a reputation for smartly tailored ready-to-wear garments, when it brought out a tailored coat for American women—due to an overstocked condition when war abruptly stopped. Now no firm, regardless of its size or past profits, wants to write a loss on such merchandise. These fabrics had been carefully chosen and were well ahead of the mass demand.

One fine day in June, a few years ago, the textile centers, manufacturers of garments and retailers were amazed to read an announcement stating that this firm would open its autumn line of *women's* coats the following day, although for thirty years it had been building up its reputation for fine men's apparel. This news caused a buzzing from coast to coast and among the local makers of clothes in that market there was much discussion and more or less "stove-talk" in the clubs at noon.

Predictions of failure were heard on every side but the line opened. Only accredited fashion-trade press representatives were admitted to the informal showing on living manikins. While this display was on, the press was casually informed that several thousand coats had already been sold on the Pacific Coast. "Gave the idea a thorough tryout," said one of the sales' executives, "and found a ready response on the part of the women. Now that so many women are driving their own cars the fabrics on the market are all too light to stand up under that strain. We have tried to provide for that as well as incorporate style and fine tailoring."

So encouraging was the reception accorded the idea that it has been adopted as a permanent feature of the house. The necessity of averting a heavy fabric loss has developed into a well-paying business and the tail of the dog has certainly grown to amazing proportions, and can wag some on its own account.

In the meantime, the makers who talked of early failure have followed, just as fast as they could, in the same footprints. Contrary to every prediction the firm has sold these coats all over the country by methods always followed in selling men's wear.

The Exclusive Dressmaker

AN AMERICAN innovation is the organization of exclusive dressmakers, the designers of costumes for the woman who wants her clothes in advance of the ready-made style, who is, in fact, the forerunner of the custom-made vogue. It has a regularly appointed fashions and arts committee that meets at stated times and the future outlook is given careful thought. Recommendations are made to the members of the association, which numbers more than 1,200, as to general lines or silhouette, with a distinction made between those for dress occasions and for street use, skirt lengths, sleeves, neck and waist lines, as well as suggested seasonable fabrics.

"Probably the general cotton industry has been most affected by the war," said a leading mill-man to me the other day. "The war was the last straw needed to knock out the props and make us appreciate what our own people could do. They did it so well, regardless of the sabotage and trouble in the mills, that I doubt if foreign cottons—except the lovely novelty ideas—will have much distribution in this country for a long time, if ever."

A book on the dye situation in those days could easily be written and the great obstacles that were finally overcome to make American dyes really count for something in the world, and to do it in the face of a war that was using so many of the necessary chemicals. Suffice that we did win out in American dyes.

Today, the makers of exclusive clothes are often the final arbitrators on these fabrics to whom mills send

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Cupid Rode in a Buggy Those Days

Romance Followed in the Wake of "Horse'n Buggy" to Church or Market; Old Dobbin Was the Motive Power in Many a Long Mile of Happiness

By HENRY B. CURRY

THIS nation's motto might well be "Let's go." Our idea of success, like the Frenchman's, is to "arrive." And our genius for invention has reveled in the practical creation of new vehicles, new devices for going and getting there.

Hence the clipper ship, the steamboat, the steamship, the submarine, the airplane and the light motor car. Hence also—but how many readers would guess what other American vehicle has been omitted from the list? It is, of course, the buggy—the greatest contribution America ever made to horse-drawn vehicles; a mechanical marvel in lightness, grace, resilience and endurance; the most universal, most popular vehicle throughout this country for a hundred years; the vehicle allied most closely to American romance; the very chariot of our Yankee Cupid.

The majority, no doubt, of all native Americans now in middle age, the majority of our men and women who courted and were courted a score of years ago, will recall "the little old buggy"—the slow-moving buggy, the self-driving buggy—as a fond-remembered frame of the story ever old and ever young. This memory alone will make the buggy dear to many American hearts.

A tender memory, and it should be tender; but there's no good reason for its being sad. Courting by buggy is not a lost art. The buggy has by no means vanished, nor is it even on its way to "ancient history." A thousand buggies were built today in these United States, a thousand more will be built tomorrow. More than a thousand buggies will be built each day of the coming year. Foreign nations are increasing their orders for our buggies.

What is a buggy, anyhow?

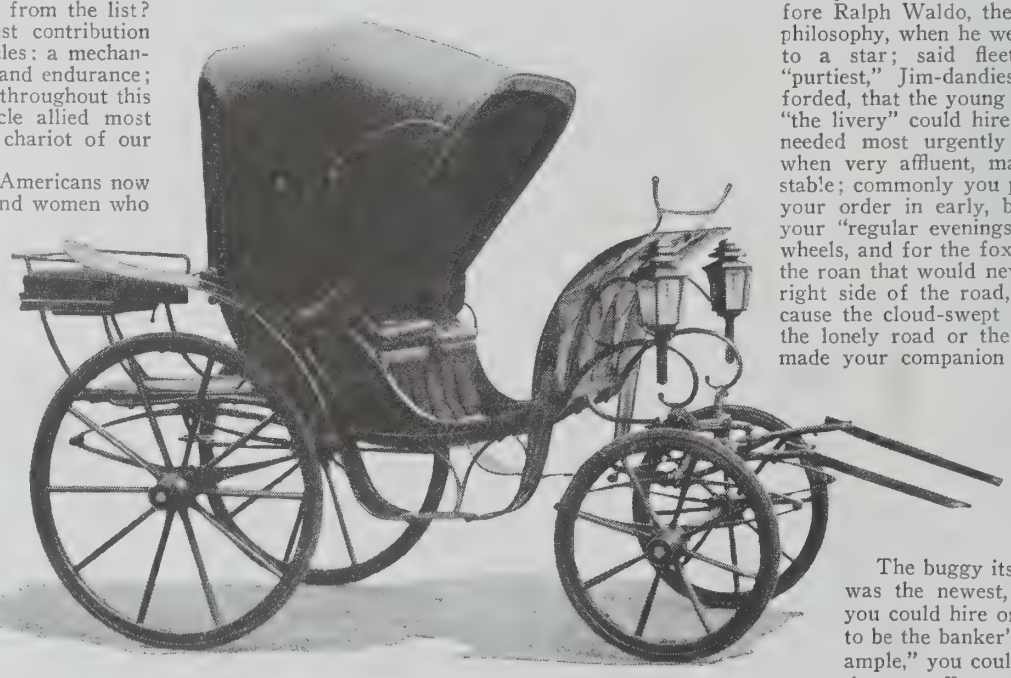
The Spaniard, as his dictionary tells you, believes a buggy is 'a light, *two*-wheeled vehicle of North American origin and drawn by one horse." The French Webster labors under like delusion. In New England, as you probably know, a buggy is not a buggy; it's a "wagon." In Old England the buggy isn't at all; but if it were, it would doubtless be a "gig" or "sulky," and lose its two front wheels.

As for the origin of the springy, cosy name—"Won't you move a little closer, Dor'thy; you'd be more comfortable"—the reader can have all the guesses in the world; no authority nor tradition will deprive him of the privilege. "Buggy" was the term employed in England about the time of our Revolution to describe "a light, two-wheeled cart carrying one person only"; the vehicle which, in a form still lighter, was transferred to American race tracks to bear the man who drove a trotter.

At any rate, it was in these States, as British history concedes, that the buggy with four wheels was first contrived. It is supposed to have been remodeled, not from its English namesake, but from an old German type of wagon, such as still remains in Germany and Switzerland. "The changes were so numerous, however, that the original model can scarcely be recognized."

Up to the beginning of the nineteenth century, and even later in the more secluded communities, the chaise or "shay," transformed by Americans from the French cabriolet or gig, preceded the buggy as our most popular vehicle; although the use of any conveyance more comfortable than the saddle, or its associate, the pillion cushion, was viewed by many rural folk as luxurious self-indulgence for persons neither ill nor old. The "one-hoss shay," of which Holmes admiringly sang, was the favored flivver of its time. If supported by straps instead of springs alone, the "shay" was not uncomfortable. It was roomy enough, too, for any quarreling lovers; and its "chaise top," with curtains or apron, afforded fair protection from the weather. It exhibited, besides, those qualities of sterling, permanent excellence in material and in workmanship that once distinguished—more generally than they distinguish now, I fear—the output of American mechanics claiming good repute.

Throughout the nineteenth century and beyond, the buggy, sometimes topless but usually reinforced with the protective features of the "shay," gained, in its native land, a universal use. North, South, East and West it proved itself the lightest, speediest vehicle, the most comfortable, the safest, most enduring and most economical, with which a single horse or even a pair could draw one, two, sometimes three persons, and small folk more or less, across the roughest road that New England rock, Virginia clay or Pennsylvania mountain could create.



No collie dog, no fireman from Manhattan, no Roman sentinel could have performed more faithful service in city, town or country. If Old Aunt Mary, across the county, was reported to be "sick abed," we "took the buggy" to reach her home, or Gran'pa had "another spell," some one "took the buggy"; and the first remark of neighbors trooping in next day was that they "saw the doctor's buggy at your gate." In great or small towns it was with the red, official buggy and the fleetest horse that a Fire Department chief raced forth on duty; and with the "likeliest rig" he could pick up, that the "vigilant" detective, policeman, marshal, constable or sheriff pursued and caught the criminal with red hands or priceless loot. Commodore Vanderbilt, like other millionaires, added no more than a second horse to display a glittering buggy when wealth and fashion drove abroad, or when the mighty men of business were conveyed in state both to and from "the Street." A venerable, fat mare took forth the somewhat dingy, creaking buggy wherein the judge, the deacon or "our leading agriculturalist" accompanied 'Ma" to church, to the "museum' or to the "opry house." Traveling salesmen "covered their territory" more conveniently with horse and buggy in the thickly settled regions; collectors also, delivery men bringing small or precious parcels. Ma or Sister making calls, took the buggy, too; though they preferred "the old horse" when Pa or Sonny would have hitched 'the colt."

And as for "keeping company"—why, one simply couldn't make love properly or hope to gain her "yes," unless the buggy was enlisted. In town or city equally the fact was known to all. The prosperous young urbanite would drive his own; it was a luckless farm, a sad excuse for the rural home, where horse and buggy were not maintained as equals, in point of manifest necessity, with the well, the barn, the clinking, lurching wagon, or the bright and rusty plow itself. When you fell in love, you simply "took the buggy" and "took her out." And if the healthiest horse went suddenly lame on the road, and recovered quite as suddenly; if you "struck a bad stretch and had to slow down" on the best highway in the state and with the glowing moon at full—it was nobody's fault; and nobody with a grain of sense (or memory) could pretend to criticize a youth if the colt ("and he's got a strain of Ham'iltonian in him, too; goin' to make a racer") accomplished the four miles "back to her house" in just one hour and a half.

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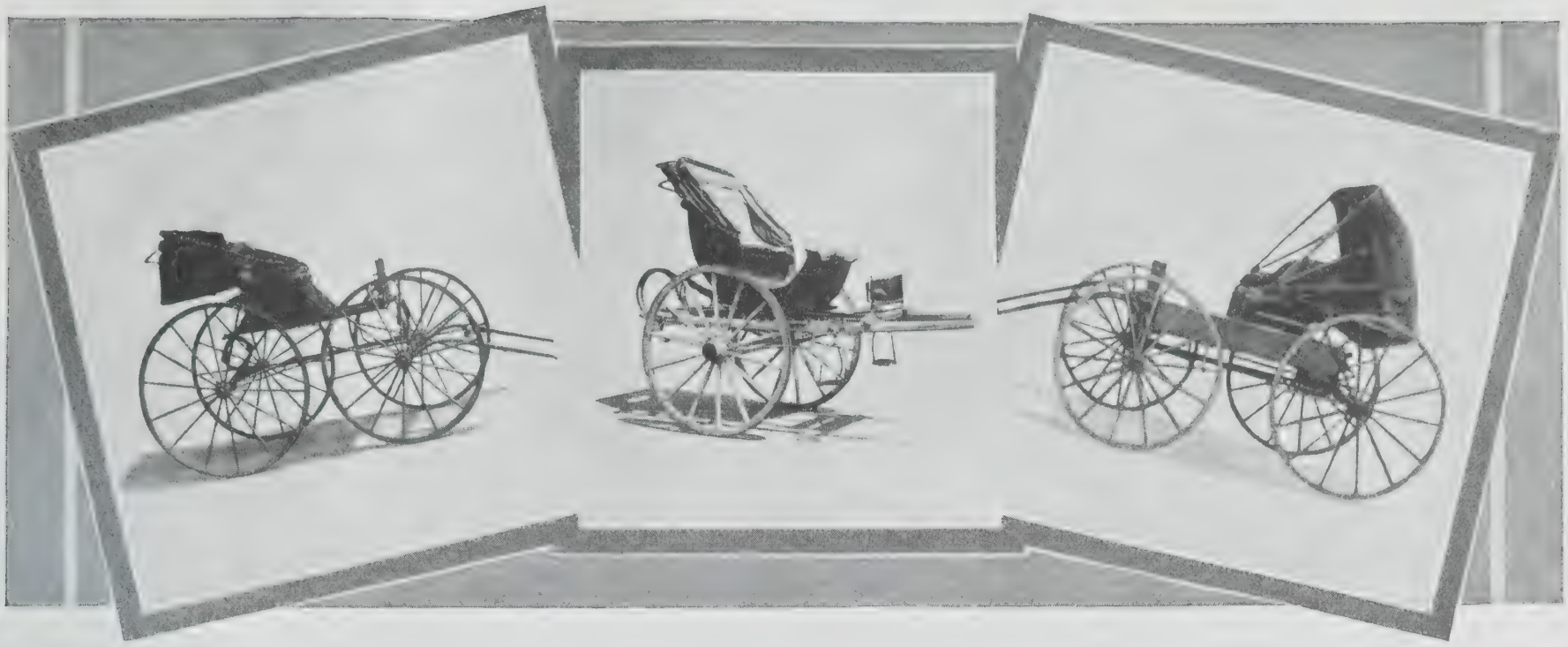
It was ever thus. Cupid still drives the buggy in many a town and village and township. And you must never make the usual novelist's error of assuming that "the little old buggy" was hitched, for courting purposes, to any "Old Dobbin" or venerable Dobinette. Long before Ralph Waldo, the American youth attained enough philosophy, when he went "sparkin'," to hitch his wagon to a star; said fleet luminary being the smartest, "purtiest," Jim-dandiest little steed that the barn afforded, that the young man could buy or borrow, or that "the livery" could hire out. If you lived in a city and needed most urgently a "horse'n buggy," you might, when very affluent, maintain your "rig" at a boarding stable; commonly you patronized the livery, and you put your order in early, before holidays and Sundays and your "regular evenings," for the Brewster with the red wheels, and for the foxy little roan with the white feet—the roan that would never start to run, or even leave the right side of the road, when you dropped the reins because the cloud-swept moon, or the distant lightning or the lonely road or the odor of fresh hay in the fields, made your companion nervous. The roan would continue to drive himself with Cupid's puny aid; would never stop and try to graze; would always pick up speed in serious fashion as if sharply urged, whenever another rig drew near and you had failed to seize the reins and flourish the whip with convincing ostentation.

The buggy itself was only pet-named "old." It was the newest, shiniest, the most stylish buggy you could hire or borrow or buy. If you chanced to be the banker's son, or some other "horrible example," you could exhibit on the avenue or before the post office one of those "de luxe" buggies. The springs would be oil-tempered, Swedish steel; the step pads, tires and curtains would be rubber; the carpet, velvet; the cushion covers, fancy whipcord; the dash, patent leather; the hub bands, dash rail and, perhaps, the ornate lamps, would be silver-plated; not to mention the russet leather harness and its silver or gold-plated trimmings.

Before an equipage so regal what would have been the climax to the splendid compliment conferred half a



century ago by Thrupp, the Briton, in his "History of Coaches," upon the ordinary, non-"luxe" buggy of this land:

'The perfection to which the American Buggy has been carried," he declared, "and every part likely to give way carefully strengthened, is marvelous. The whole is so slender and elastic that it gives and recovers itself at any obstacle. It is not surprising that, with the great advantages of extreme lightness, ease and durability, and with lofty wheels, the American Buggy travels with facility over very rough roads; and there is a great demand for them in our Colonies."

Among the reasons for the relative cheapness of these admirable vehicles the author includes what we now call "quantity production"; also, "the educated dexterity of the American workman, always ready to accept any improvement.

"These American wagons," continues Thrupp, "were modeled from the old German wagon but they have been so much improved as to be scarcely recognized. The distinctive feature of the German wagon was a light, shallow tray, suspended above a slight perch carriage on two grasshopper springs placed horizontally and parallel with and above the front and hind axletree; on the tray one or two seats were placed, the whole was light and inexpensive, and well adapted to a new, rough country without good roads.

"American ingenuity was lavished upon these wagons, and they have arrived at a marvel of perfection in lightness. The two grasshopper springs have been replaced by two elliptical springs. The perch, axletrees, and carriage timbers have been reduced to thin sticks. The four wheels have been made so slender as to resemble a spider's web; in their construction of the wheels the principle of the patent rim used in England in 1790 has been adopted. Instead of five, six, or seven felloes to each wheel, there are only two, of oak or hickory wood, bent to the shape by steam. The iron-work of the American buggy is very slender, yet composed of many pieces, and, in order to reduce the cost, these pieces of iron are mostly cast, not forged, of a sort of iron less brittle than our cast iron.

"The weight of the whole is so small that one man can lift it upon its wheels again if accidentally upset, and two persons of ordinary strength can raise it easily from the ground. The four wheels are nearly of the same height, and the body is suspended centrally between them. There are no futchels; the pole or shafts are attached to the front axletree bed, and the front of the pole is carried by the horses just as they carry the shafts; the splinter bar and whippletrees are attached to the pole on swivels. Some are made without hoods and some with hoods. These are made so that the leather of the sides can be taken off and rolled up, and the back leather removed, rolled, or fixed at the bottom, a few inches away from the back, the roof remaining as a sunshade."

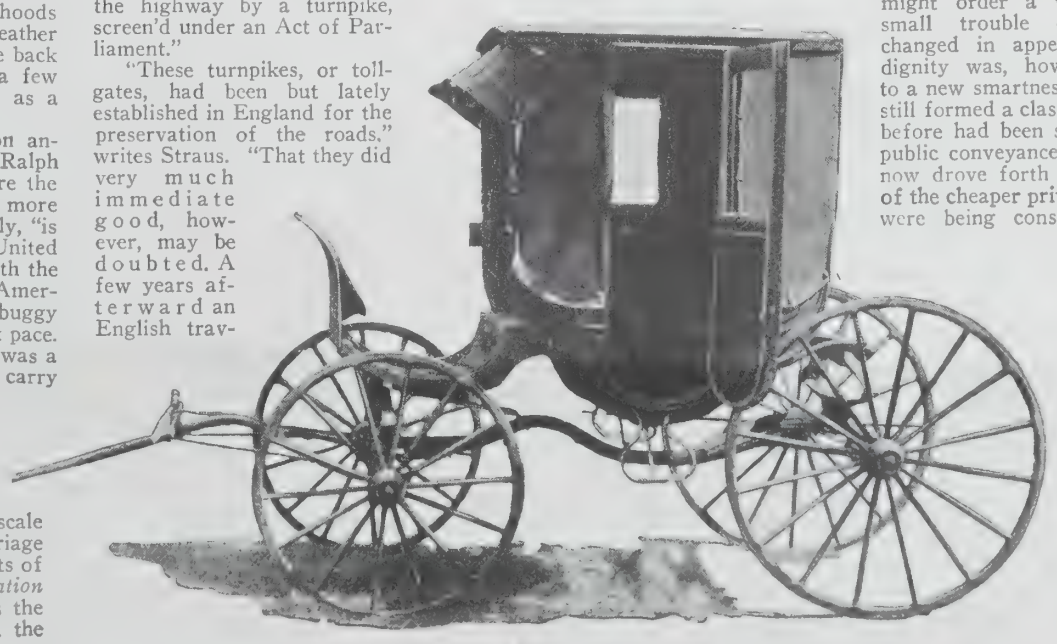
Ten years ago there was published in London another book on carriages and coaches. The writer, Ralph Straus, had visited this country a short time before the motor car began to spread. At that date, little more than seventeen years ago, "the buggy," he said truly, "is the most common four-wheeled carriage in the United States. The tourist in America will come away with the idea that there is hardly a family on the North American Continent which does not possess at least one buggy or wagon. They can be driven, too, at a very great pace. In this connection it is interesting to notice that it was a buggy which Lord Lonsdale selected in order to carry out his great driving feat in 1891, when he undertook to drive four stages of five miles within an hour, using for the first three stages one, a pair, a team, and riding postilion in the fourth.

"Stanhopes and phaetons are also manufactured in America, though on a much lighter scale than in England. Another popular American carriage is the *surrey*, which has the two-seated arrangements of the larger wagons, but is without the tray. The *station wagon*, very popular in New England, resembles the old English chariot, and differs from it only in the driving seat, which is on a level with the inside seat and directly against the front lines of the carriage-body. This is one of the most comfortable carriages in the country. The *buckboard*, even slenderer than the buggy, is hardly more than the skeleton of a carriage, but seems none the less popular on that account. The *barge* is the name given in Massachusetts to a two-seated wagon, and the word has a curious origin. It seems probable that it is a relic of the days when in that part of the country the boat sleighs used in the winter were put upon wheels in the summer. At a later date ordinary wagons were used for summer traffic, but the old name stuck. And I dare say that there are a dozen or more local names of some peculiarity in other parts of America which today are given to carriages not in the least like those to which the name was originally applied."

Straus also quotes from the *Gentleman's Magazine*:

"In my journey to London," wrote an indignant correspondent of the magazine, early in 1747, "I travell'd from Harborough to Northampton, and well was it that I was in a light Berlin, and six good horses, or I might have overlaid in that turnpike road. But for fear of life and limb, I walk'd several miles on foot, met 20 wagons tearing their goods to pieces, and the drivers cursing and swearing for being robb'd on the highway by a turnpike, screen'd under an Act of Parliament."

"These turnpikes, or tollgates, had been but lately established in England for the preservation of the roads," writes Straus. "That they did very much immediate good, however, may be doubted. A few years afterward an English traveler was grumbling at the superiority of the French roads over our own. 'Nothing piques me more,' he wrote, 'than that a trumpery despotic government, like France, should have enchanting roads from the capital to each remote part.'"



Never, indeed, before nor since, was the buggy so varied, so luxurious, so popular, so numerous. When 827 horse-drawn conveyances were counted at Philadelphia in 1794, an indignant editor protested that "even farmers now want carriages," which meant shays or coaches. But in 1905 nearly 8,000 American factories were making buggies and carriages; eight states alone were producing each year $90,000,000 worth of these corrupting vehicles, many of them for farmers! Within the next five years the making of buggies reached its height; each year brought forth at least 1,000,000 buggies, and a single year produced 1,500,000. Brewster, of New York, laid claim to the most elegant buggies; and this claim may have been disputed by Kimball of Chicago; by the Columbus Company of Ohio; or by any one of the three great concerns which made Indiana—ever the field of romance—a land of poets, novelists and buggies. There reigned Studebaker at South Bend; the big Hercules concern at Evansville; and at Indianapolis, center of culture, that Parry Company which, through "the largest carriage plant in the world," was evolving daily fifteen varieties of topless buggies and twenty varieties of the more exclusive type.

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In New York City, at least throughout the central borough of Manhattan, the writer has lately been unable to find a single dealer who could sell a new buggy or new carriage. The public garages of Manhattan and the Bronx now number 1,500; but, aside from boarding stables that provide draft horses, there are only fifty livery stables in both boroughs. Here old carriages may be hired by persons who oppose the use of motor cars at funerals; here may be found, at certain stables, a few old buggies. But the leading patrons of the buggy in New York are city street inspectors and private inspectors of construction jobs—two groups who cannot keep their eyes upon "the traffic."

Ralph Straus says in his book that with the advent of steam transportation the coachbuilders set themselves to perfect the urban vehicles, which became lighter, soberer, and more various. New and less conventional models were constantly being exhibited, while for those who could not afford more than a single carriage adaptable bodies were devised. So you might order a vehicle which with small trouble could be entirely changed in appearance. The older dignity was, however, giving place to a new smartness. "Carriage people" still formed a class, but families which before had been satisfied to use such public conveyances as there had been, now drove forth in one or the other of the cheaper private carriages which were being constructed particularly for their convenience.

The sphere of the buggy has by no means been destroyed. It has, however, been so restricted and modified that horse traffic on our streets and highways has become a comparative rarity. But the glamour of the old days when buggies were buggies remains.

Tapping the Steam Boiler of the Earth

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stopped, but he did not stay. I was also told that Mark Twain wrote "Roughing It" in a camp near the Geysers, but that is not so. He wrote it in Hartford, Connecticut. Even in his day, all of the best western fiction was written in the East.

We set out on foot to see the steam wells, which are on one of the mountain sides of Geyser Canon. We first visited the one that is being drilled. It is 2,000 feet from the other two. Grant chose a spot, far from the others, where the ground was not hot and there was no outcropping of steam or hot water. He did this to see if a well could be bored anywhere in the hot belt, apparently, and strike steam.

We saw a heavy wire cable churning up and down in the pipe, lifting and dropping a drill weighing 400 pounds. The drill was going through solid rock. Steam at 13 pounds' pressure was rushing from the pipe. For my benefit a valve on another pipe was opened and water was let into the steam pipe. The steam nevertheless continued to flow for a while. Then it stopped. What the drillers called a "water cap" had been formed over the column of steam in the pipe. The stream of water was permitted to keep on flowing.

"She'll blow now, pretty soon," said Grant. "We had better get under cover."

We got under a shed. We did not have to wait long. In less than a minute the well belched forth a column of water, mud and steam that drenched all of the surrounding trees. This artificial geyser went 100 feet into the air. It sprayed and fumed for perhaps a minute and then gradually died away. The drilling machine continued to chug, up and down, and the ten-inch column of steam again rushed from the pipe as before.

We then went on to the two completed wells, 2,000 feet away. Grant fished in a pocket and brought out some cotton.

"Put that in your ears," said he. "You will need it when we get to the other wells."

I did as he told me, but with the thought that it was all nonsense. I had stood alongside locomotives. Why should I mind a steam well or two?

But in a very short time I found that Grant was right. As we neared the steam wells, both of which were open as they have been for many months, the noise became terrific. When we actually stood beside the wells I could not hear my own voice. I tried to talk to Grant but gave it up. We could communicate only by making motions. For a foot above each pipe the steam was so hot that it was invisible. High into the air, like great white plumes set on the mountain side, rose these columns of steam.

Here indeed was power. How much? Each well has been carefully measured. Each well has something in excess of 1,000 horsepower. And that power has been going to waste for three or four or five hundred millions of years. And, so far as anybody knows, it will continue to be generated for untold hundreds of millions of years. So long as the oceans roll on the surface and the earth is hot inside, that power will be generated.

Nor is that all of the story. The California hot beds, at this point, are a mile wide and ten miles long. How many wells, each capable of generating a thousand horsepower, could be sunk in them? Figure it out, if you like. All Grant or anybody knows is that one well 50 feet from the other produced the same pressure without diminishing that of the first, and that a third well, 2,000 feet away, where there was no outcropping of heat, has already struck steam and promises to be as good as either of the others.

Let us describe the two completed steam wells in terms of oil.

Engineers say that 165,000 barrels of oil would be required each year to produce as much power as these two steam wells contain. At $1.35 a barrel that is $222,750. In other words, these two wells are producing, each year, power worth almost a quarter of a million dollars.

Eleven average oil wells, producing 38 barrels a day, would not be quite enough to keep these two steam wells going.

The California oil wells, in 1923, produced approximately 262,600,000 barrels of oil worth, at $1.35 a barrel, $354,510,000. Thirty-two hundred steam wells would produce more power than can be obtained from all the oil wells in California—and Grant has all of them drilled except 3,198. At any rate, engineers say that the Geysers hot belt may conceivably yet produce more power than the California oil wells.

An average oil well costs $125,000 and lasts three years. A steam well costs from $2,000 to $4,000 and lasts—until the earth gets cold. The money of Grant and his friends has gone, not so much to drill wells as it has to buy the valley that contains the hot belt.

And it is some hot belt. I walked over what appeared to be an old crater fifty feet in diameter. Every step of the way it seemed as if I might break through the crust. Steam came through a hole a foot across and I could hear boiling and rumbling below.

Then I started at the head of Geyser Canon to walk down it. It was a steady descent, often so sharp that one could hardly make it and every moment there was danger of falling into a boiling stream below. Nor is this exaggeration. The steam was boiling. One could look down to the springs that made it and see the water in violent commotion.

The canon is more than a quarter of a mile long. Steam hissed from a hundred places. Pockets of hot water were encountered every little while in the rocks. In many places the rock was white though no steam came from the fissures. Grant held an unlighted cigar to one of them. Instantly something that appeared to be smoke began to curl up. But it was not smoke. The cigar had not been lighted, though the air that came from the fissure was very hot. Nor was that all. "Look at the other fissures," said Grant as he pointed to half a dozen within ten feet of where we stood. The same blue vapor was coming from each of them. When the vapor ceased coming, Grant again held his cigar to a fissure and instantly vapor again began to rise from the whole flock. It was a chemical phenomenon.

On the way down I saw not only hot springs but a spring of black ink. At any rate, I was told that one could write with the fluid. A little farther we encountered a wholesale drug store established and stocked by nature. Epsom salts cropped out through a crack in the rocks. Sulphur, magnesia, arsenic and many different kinds of salts.

It was an exciting walk—or rather slide—down the canon. The ground was hot under my feet. The rocks at my side were so hot that I could not cling to them.

Grant says there is in the valley an inexhaustible supply of black sand from which steel can be made with electricity. Also, there is bauxite from which aluminum is made. There is nearly everything in Alexandria Valley except a good hotel.

Such is the story of the California steam wells. Grant can get money to drill more wells—and he may have to take it. The big power companies are now interested. A large financial concern representing them is willing to underwrite the stock—for half of the stock. Grant has a big payment to make this autumn on his property, but he hopes to get money without having to pay such a price for it. At any rate, he has made good and proved he isn't crazy.

With Fashion Scouts on the Trail

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new materials and patterns asking for the comment of the maker. In fact, when a new silk, ribbon, woolen, velvet or cotton is to be launched, a prominent designer is usually asked by a mill to make a model, or a series of them, and these are photographed, used by the salesmen and later displayed in the stores handling the merchandise so that the women who are buying this material may see the costume and have a definite idea how it can be made. Today, these photographs and drawings of certain fabrics displayed in the dress and silk sections are as much a part of the department as the fixtures.

These pictures are always more or less striking and act as silent salesmen, for it is recognized that the display of the picture with the merchandise will sell thousands of yards each season. "Give a woman an idea and she will prove a steady customer," is the constantly reiterated phrase of any number of piece goods buyers. Some of these men even go further and use part of their profits to have the models actually made up and placed on the floor so that women may study and determine just how the garment is made. Seeing these garments on a form, or better, on a living manikin, the customers to the department are given a clear conception of the idea as well as learning the name of the maker and the designer of the model.

Previous to the war, when styles were supposed to change in Paris twice each year, there was always a great running abroad of importers and dressmakers to Paris, and after a few weeks there was a great rushing back. Then openings to the "trade" were given and "genuine" Paris models were to be seen in abundant quantities in this magic circle. "But," said a leading dressmaker to me, "these were lifeless, poorly mounted things without shape or line and only bewildered the poor dressmaker who had never seen the artistry of a presentation of a new model in the salon of a great Paris dressmaker."

To bring to American dressmakers some idea of the value of properly introducing a new style, this group of dress designers secured space in a convenient hotel and gave a demonstration of the most interesting of the season's offerings so that the idea of silhouette, fabric and color could be retained as a picture.

"When the war came," said the president of this organization to me, "and there were no more foreign models for us to exhibit, we pledged ourselves to patriotism and the fostering of American design in women's wearing apparel and to assist in every possible way the rise of American dress designing to a place among the fine arts, and to the fact that it is a highly trained profession."

It was a tremendous task this group took upon its shoulders, but the work has gone ahead and now there are many gratifications of this hard labor evident upon every hand. For ten years this association has been holding semi-annual American expositions of fashions. "Artistic design in dress is stimulated by competition," the president of the league holds, "also by the comparison that fashion shows give the worker along these lines. If American design in textiles and clothing could only be seen with the same understanding eyes that see foreign products, the way would be so much easier."

Outside of the "trade" it is not realized that Paris borrows good ideas from America and the seal of Paris is often given to a garment after America has tried it out in a limited way and is through with it. Paris frankly admits that this group "scooped" the world on the important forward-looking idea of a dressmakers association, organized for mutual benefit, exchange of ideas, fashions and to promote design. It may be this is too philanthropic for the older nations of the world to grasp.

"Christian General"—Saint or Sinner?

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holding a prayer meeting of his entire army before the actual business of fighting begins.

It was back in 1910 that General Feng became a Christian. Ten years before that, as a private in the ranks of the army, Feng helped to persecute the Christians. That was in the Boxer uprising, and the fact that the Christians, while being tortured and murdered, seemed so calm and undisturbed under their sufferings made a great impression upon him. He began to think what sort of religion it could be that would put calmness into the hearts of men and women, under the worst possible circumstances. He was interested, and declared then that such a religion must be of more than human origin.

Later, in 1911, when John R. Mott held meetings in Pekin, Feng attended and toward their close presented himself as a convert to the Christian faith. In 1912 he was baptized in the Asbury Church in Pekin. Along about this time he had risen to a rather high rank in the army, and he immediately saw to it that the men under him had Christian religious instruction. He did not compel these soldiers to accept his faith, but he hoped, by giving them the opportunity to know about the faith which was his, that they might adopt Christianity. Many hundreds of them did then, and more have done so since. Last April, on Easter Sunday, more than 1,000 of his men were baptized.

In 1919 during the Anfu-Chihli trouble, Feng's army went to the relief of Wu Pei-fu, and together they turned the day. Shortly after that he was given a command of nearly ten thousand men, and two years later when the first open rift between the Manchurian war lord, Chang Tso-lin and Wu Pei-fu showed on the horizon, General Feng was made the military governor of Honan, and his troops were increased in numbers. His rise was rapid, but the man seemed equal to his responsibilities. Honan province is one of China's largest provinces, covering nearly 70,000 square miles.

When, a few years ago, General Feng approved General Pao Te-chen being put to death it was one of the greatest sensations in China since the fall of the Manchu dynasty, which occurred less than a dozen years ago. Pao, nominally an ally of Wu Pei-fu and therefore of Feng, deserted with his forces to throw his strength to Chang Tso-lin, the enemy of Wu and Feng, and presumably of himself. He determined to attack Wu, and do so under pretense of moving northward to join his chief. There was every show of friendliness for General Wu, but he made an attack on Wu's troops from the rear, and completely cut off more than 2,000 of them. A fight began which lasted four days, the losses amounting to several thousand on both sides. Feng sent back troops, and won the battle. Tuchun Chao Ti, Pao's accomplice, fled to Shanghai, while Pao retreated with his ten thousand men to Kaifeng where he closed the city gates, and proclaimed himself protector of the city against the defeated soldiers of Chao Ti, whom he himself had only recently commanded.

To a certain extent there is a similarity between his entrance into Kaifeng and Feng's entrance into Pekin: both had deserted a chief, and by a peculiar coincidence, it happened to be the same chief, and both proclaimed themselves protector of a city. It was also a case of double-crossing, but in this instance Feng brought up an army, surrounded Kaifeng, and Pao surrendered. He was tried and sentenced to death by court-martial.

No one expected that the sentence would ever be carried out, for in China it is no unusual thing to condemn a man of Pao's standing to death, but it is most unusual to carry out the sentence. However, Pao was shot as a traitor. At the time Pao was executed, Feng is said to have declared, "Pao was a traitor and deserved death."

But whatever his faults, much that is good can be said of General Feng. His soldiers are all fitted for a trade. When they are in camp and there is a lull in actual warfare, they are given instruction in some trade, thus fitting themselves for an honest living when they have retired from the army. This, he believes, will preclude their turning bandit as too many of the ex-soldiers in China have done. He wants his men to become self-respecting citizens.

General Feng's army is harder working and stricter disciplined than any other army in China. His men do not loot, which is something unusual. They begin their day with a close-order drill at five o'clock in the morning, and from then till half-past nine o'clock at night, when they sing the national anthem before retiring, there is one continuous round of drills, study and work. A doxology is sung before each meal.

General Feng is proud of his men; proud and ambitious for them. One time he said: "The trouble with the Chinese soldier is that he is ignorant. He does not know his own strength or his weakness, and he has, therefore, no further confidence once he is beaten. One of the things I am teaching every man is never to give up."

He is trying to teach them perseverance, and he is illustrating his teachings through sports. Among the other sports are obstacle races. There are always two prizes offered in this race—one for the winner of the race and another for the man who falls because of the obstacle, gets on his feet again, overcomes that obstacle and finishes with credit.

"Another trouble with the Chinese army is the fact that its officers do not like to take proper responsibility. Officers who do not stay with their men, and who do not understand either their own or their men's duties, cannot be successful leaders of these men. I try to give every one of my officers this sense of responsibility. Our generals do not view a battle from a private car, hitched to a locomotive, ready to make a get-away at the first indication of defeat. If we should be repulsed, as we never have been, our generals will stick with their men to the last," said General Feng.

Saint or sinner, General Feng is an interesting character.

International Science Briefs

By DR. ARVID REUTERDAHL
President, Ramsey Institute of Technology, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Comparative Research in Human Culture

THE combined population of our six largest cities—New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Cleveland, and St. Louis—exceeds the total population of the three Scandinavian countries—Sweden, Denmark, and Norway—by more than one-half million. When we contemplate this fact we become astounded at the many great contributions made by the Scandinavian countries to science, philosophy, music, art, literature, engineering, and all branches of human knowledge and culture. The intellectual virility of the descendants of the sturdy Vikings is, indeed, remarkable. From these countries we are greeted, time and again, with pleasurable surprises in the nature of extraordinary achievements and potent movements involving the betterment and elevation of mankind. Sometimes it is from Denmark, other times it is from Sweden, now it is from Norway that we hear of a development which is of utmost importance to the entire human race. The significance of this movement rests upon the intrinsic value of the great principle which serves as its foundation, that is, *the unity of mankind.*

The great thinker, Dr. Robert T. Browne, secretary-general of the Academy of Nations, in discussing the urgent needs of the present era, has said, "Let, therefore, all human intelligence be marshaled for the establishment of a New World Order. Let us, by conscious design, create a new world in which to live and move and have our being." The keynote of this exhortation is a *"world unity"* which may serve as a stable foundation upon which the "Temple of Peace, Prosperity and Constructive Friendship may be erected." The present-day pessimist tells us that our civilization is doomed and that the World War has wrought such irreparable havoc that no remedy is sufficiently potent to save us from destruction. Although we fully realize the magnitude of the disruption caused by this most horrible catastrophe, nevertheless, we are confident that the soil has thereby been opened for the reception of the seed of "world unity" which will eventually germinate in a New World Order. At the present time this thought is hovering, like a beneficent dew, over many countries. In Norway this seed has already sprouted, grown, and taken the form of an Institute for Comparative Research in Human Culture.

Dr. Martin L. Reymert, the eminent research psychologist of the University of Christiania, and the editor of *Scandinavian Scientific Review,* in an editorial appearing in the current issue of this journal, has given a concise synopsis of the origin and purposes which are paramount in the program of this unique institute. The inception of this movement, which had its birth at a convention held in Christiania, June 29, 1917, is due to Dr. Fredrik Stang, president of the University of Christiania. It was an outgrowth of the effects of the war. During that period the bonds of friendly scientific co-operation were completely severed. To re-establish this amicable relation Dr. Stang conceived the idea that an organization engaged in comparative research would eventually bring the world's scientists together in united effort directed toward the universal elevation of mankind. In the comparison of the cultural achievements of races and nations Dr. Stang perceived an instrument whereby mankind could be brought into harmonious unity. This thought is essentially logical because comparative research cannot do otherwise than discover those characteristics which are the common property of humanity. In striving for the unification of humanity Dr. Stang sought to achieve this goal by the exercise of some human principle which fundamentally involved and therefore inevitably led to unity in universal purpose. He found this principle in *comparative research in human culture.* As Dr. Reymert so aptly puts it: "All research in this field leads, in the last instance, back to the unity of mankind."

With this basic principle as a foundation the program of the new institute developed logically and naturally. This program, as now outlined, is comprehensive and includes the following subjects: Comparative linguistics, law, folklore, music, and religion. Studies will be made of the culture of the Arctic peoples, the Caucasian and Iranian languages. Noteworthy progress has already been made in the department of comparative folklore. Many highly important publications dealing with this subject are now in preparation.

The new institute, through these columns, extends a cordial invitation to all interested students and scientists from all countries to attend the special lectures delivered by savants from different countries at the institute building at Christiania. During the months of September and October of this year such illustrious savants as Meillet of Paris, Otto Jespersen of Copenhagen, Vinogradoff of London, Felix Krueger of Leipzig, Schetelig of Bergen, and Kaarle Krohn of Helsingfors will deliver lectures at the institute. Inquiries concerning this lecture course should be addressed to the secretary, Lector I. A. Refsdal, St. Olavsgatan 26, Christiania, Norway.

The exceptional significance of the great international movement launched by Dr. Stang will be more fully revealed as the program is unfolded.

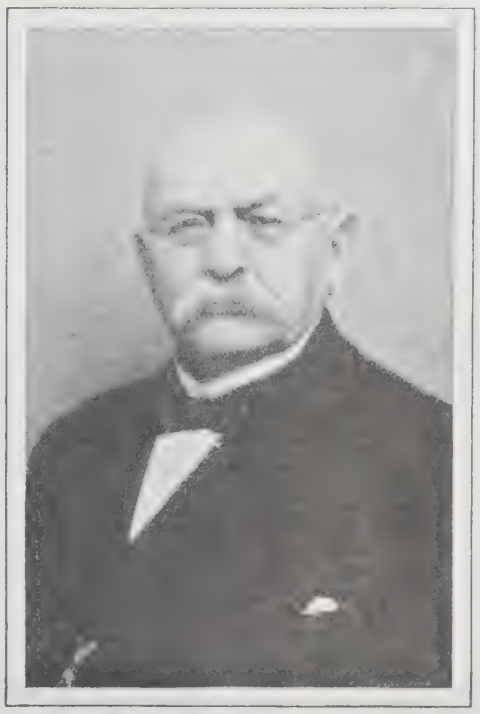
The Nobel Institute, Christiania, Norway, and the home of the new Institute for Comparative Research in Human Culture.

DR. FREDRIK STANG,

President of the University of Christiania, which was founded in the year 1811 during the reign of Fredrik VI. Rector Stang is chairman of the Nobel Committee of the Norwegian Parliament. He is also president of the Institute for Comparative Research in Human Culture. Dr. Stang is one of the world's greatest authorities on comparative law and he has written numerous treatises on jurisprudence.

DR. WILHELM SCHENCKE,

The illustrious savant who is professor of Comparative Religion at the University of Christiania, and vice-president of the Institute of Comparative Research in Human Culture.



HONORABLE GUNNAR KNUDSEN,

Leader of the Norwegian radical party for many years, Prime Minister to Norway during the entire World War, one of the foremost leaders in the modern Norwegian political renaissance, and treasurer of the Institute of Comparative Research in Human Culture.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. The set includes: "The International Jew," Vol. I, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

The moccasin-like shoes of rough, untanned hide, which used to be worn in the Highlands of Scotland and in Ireland, were known as brogues. As modern shoes came in the leather was punched all over in a primitive pattern, the lace ornamentation became an elaborate sort of buckle, and the overhanging flap that kept the water out was worked over into a fringe.

The salary of the keeper of the Tower of London during the reign of Queen Elizabeth was about $500 a year. He also received all the government allowances made to offenders of high rank who were too proud to accept it. All cattle that slipped off London Bridge, all carts that fell into the moat, all flotsam and jetsam in the Thames, two flagons of wine from every vessel arriving from Bordeaux, and many other things were included in his fees.

Since January 1, last year, 1,500 bus lines have been established in the United States and 5,400 buses, costing approximately $30,000,000, have been purchased.

The women herring cleaners of the west coast of Scotland clean an average of twenty herring a minute.

Cows have been known to fall out of the steep mountain pastures in Switzerland, two having fallen to their death from a pasture on Rigi Kulm Mountain last July.

The world record for heat goes to Azizia, North Africa, where on September 13, 1922, the thermometer rose to 136.4 degrees.

Pocket gophers, prairie dogs, and ground squirrels eat eight million tons of grass a year in Arizona alone.

Many mountain peaks from 4,000 to 6,000 feet high in the Cascade Range of Western Washington have not been given names.

The National Flag Code Committee, representing more than 200 patriotic societies, are up in arms charging that "flags made in Japan are of such cheap material that, when they become wet, the colors run, and the result is something that looks more like the red flag of Bolshevik Russia than the flag of the United States."

The first prize ox at the first Smithfield Show in London was eight feet eleven inches long, six feet seven inches high, ten feet four inches in girth and weighed nearly 4,200 pounds.

The daughter of a murderer won the $1,000 contest for the best essay on capital punishment by a magazine which promoted the literary tournament.

Australian schoolboys—130 of them—will tour the British Isles and the Continent, under the auspices of the Young Australia League. The personal contact of the lads with the people of the countries visited is expected to broaden their outlook.

A copy of the third folio of Shakespeare's plays brought the record price of $8,000 at a book sale auction in London recently.

"Women have won political power only to discover that such power is illusory."—*Ida M. Tarbell.*

The highest point in the British Empire is near the equator in Africa. This peak is Mount Kibo, the highest point of which is 19,325 feet above sea-level.

"The United States now holds more than four and one-half billion dollars of gold, about one-half of the world's total. About one-half of that is superfluous at our present level of prices and is a menace. It threatens the stability of the purchasing power of money."—*Professor Irving Fisher,* of Yale University.

The largest pueblo ever found on the continent was recently discovered in the untraveled recesses of Nevada. Thus far forty houses and eleven bodies, ten of them women, have been excavated. Ancient pottery, estimated to be 2,000 years old, was found.

The source of the term *Dominion,* in the Dominion of Canada, is said to be the Book of Zachariah, chapter ix, verse 10: "Dominion shall be from sea even to sea and from the river even to the ends of the earth."

A ship's tonnage in the old days was the number of tons of wine it could carry, but it is now scientifically reckoned according to water displacement.

Kupper Bier, butcher, Hoboken, New Jersey, believes himself the oldest business man in the country. He recently celebrated his 105th birthday anniversary.

The extinct Moa of New Zealand lived largely on tough twigs of bushes. For the grinding of such food the bird required especially hard stones. When the bird finally died the pebbles endured even after its bones had disappeared and today the lucky finder is rewarded by an occasional precious stone.

Range cattle in the semi-arid regions of the West often go for days without drinking water. In cool or wet weather they go to water no oftener than every second or third day.

Cats, birds, dogs, and phonographs—but no men—will be allowed in "the first apartment house ever built for women only," now nearing completion in New York City.

Thousands of miles of highways in France and Germany are shaded by rows of fruit trees planted on either side of the road. Some of them are state owned and others are privately owned.

The largest co-operative butter and cheese organization in the world is at Hamilton, New Zealand.

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CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

"I Read in the Papers—"

I read in the papers numerous interesting things about the Chinese war, but a letter is better. A man, who was at Pekin when General Feng captured it, writes to me: "I woke up one morning to find that the gates of the city were shut, that during the night General Feng's troops had been admitted to the city, and without the firing of a shot or the blast of a bugle, had occupied all the points of military importance in the city. Having witnessed a good many events like this in China, I had some experience with which to compare the present crisis. From nothing that I had ever witnessed in China could I have inferred that what was going on before my eyes would be possible in China. There before my eyes were soldiers actually behaving like gentlemen. A General had actually got hold of the Capital of a great Empire and not a single person had been killed and not a single house looted. The people seemed to welcome the orderly set of citizen soldiers, and were going about their usual avocations as if nothing had happened . . . . I had heard of the Christian General, but I confess I had no proof that his Christianity meant anything more than what passes as that in Western lands. But here were proofs of something new having entered the military life of China. During the day a proclamation was issued by General Feng in which he gave as his reason for disobeying his chief that the latter insisted on going to war with Chang Tso Ling, thus slaughtering tens of thousands of his fellow-countrymen and wasting millions in money which was sorely needed to relieve the distress caused by war and famine. Anyway, Feng has stopped the war . . . ." This is interesting in view of a strong presentation of Feng's supposed treachery elsewhere in this issue.

I read in the papers that O. O. McIntyre, one of the very best among syndicated writers, is invading the South. Glad he is. Writers, as a rule, are strangely ignorant of the meaning of the South to this nation. Its racial solidarity will yet be our salvation. Mr. McIntyre had an experience that illustrates this. Leaving New York, he says, he handed out half a dollar through a car window for a newspaper. The newsboy set thumb to nose, twiddled his fingers and made off with the change. At a station in North Carolina, Mr. McIntyre tried the same experiment. The boy handed back the correct change and said "Thank you." The explanation is simple. The North Carolina boy was an American; the New York boy was not. It is good, once in a while, for dwellers in Manhattan's foreign isle to make a trip into the United States.

I read in the papers now what first I read in Volume Four ("Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States") published by this paper, namely, that Jews cannot enter the life of America without harm to themselves. Rabbi Franklin is the latest to say so. In his *Sunday* sermon at Detroit he said that he always discouraged intermarriage and, where it occurred, always insisted on the Jewish education of the offspring, and then went on to say that it is the misfortune of the Jew that he finds himself in the midst of a money-grubbing, pleasure-mad civilization which has infected him and pulled him down from his true heights. The Jew, in other words, is the victim of America. This is the authorized Jewish claim everywhere. Even Justice Brandeis, of the United States Supreme Court, said that the looseness of Jews in America is due to the loss of protection afforded them by the ghetto. The ghetto which, on the one hand, is flung at us as an instance of Christian persecution, is on the other hand glorified as the salvation of the Jews. Americans say that it is the alien elements introduced by aliens into the theater, business, politics, literature and art that account for the looseness in America; and Jews say it is due to Americans themselves, and that the Jews are the unconscious and innocent victims of it. The contention is thus resolved to a case of fact which can easily be determined by considering, for example, what kind of a city New York was before the Jews captured it, and what kind of a theater America had before it came under Oriental influence.

I read in the Atlantic Monthly for January an article which described how a farm boy prepared for college in eleven months. It is worth putting into the hands of any ambitious youth. Adults will be interested principally in the side light it throws on the waste of time in all our school schedules. We still run on school systems that were arranged to meet the exigencies of an agricultural population. This article has one point worth noting: a boy who finds it impossible to go to high school need not therefore despair of college. Anyone who *wants* to go, *can* go. The great trouble with universities today is that upward of 50 per cent of the students present would rather be somewhere else.

I read on page five of this issue of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT an article which some readers may skip because of its heading. It is not about fiction so much as it is about minds. The difference between Russian and American fiction is the difference between two types of mind. The Russian is passive, expects to be crushed by fate; the American likes obstacles because he is confident he can tackle and overcome them. The American, even in his sports, puts up obstacles to be overcome. That is his psychology. Russian psychology is not universal. It is rather amusing to see heirs of the Anglo-Saxon mind-stream try to compress themselves into another mind-mold. It cannot be done. An article like this helps you to interpret the maze of minds in our country.

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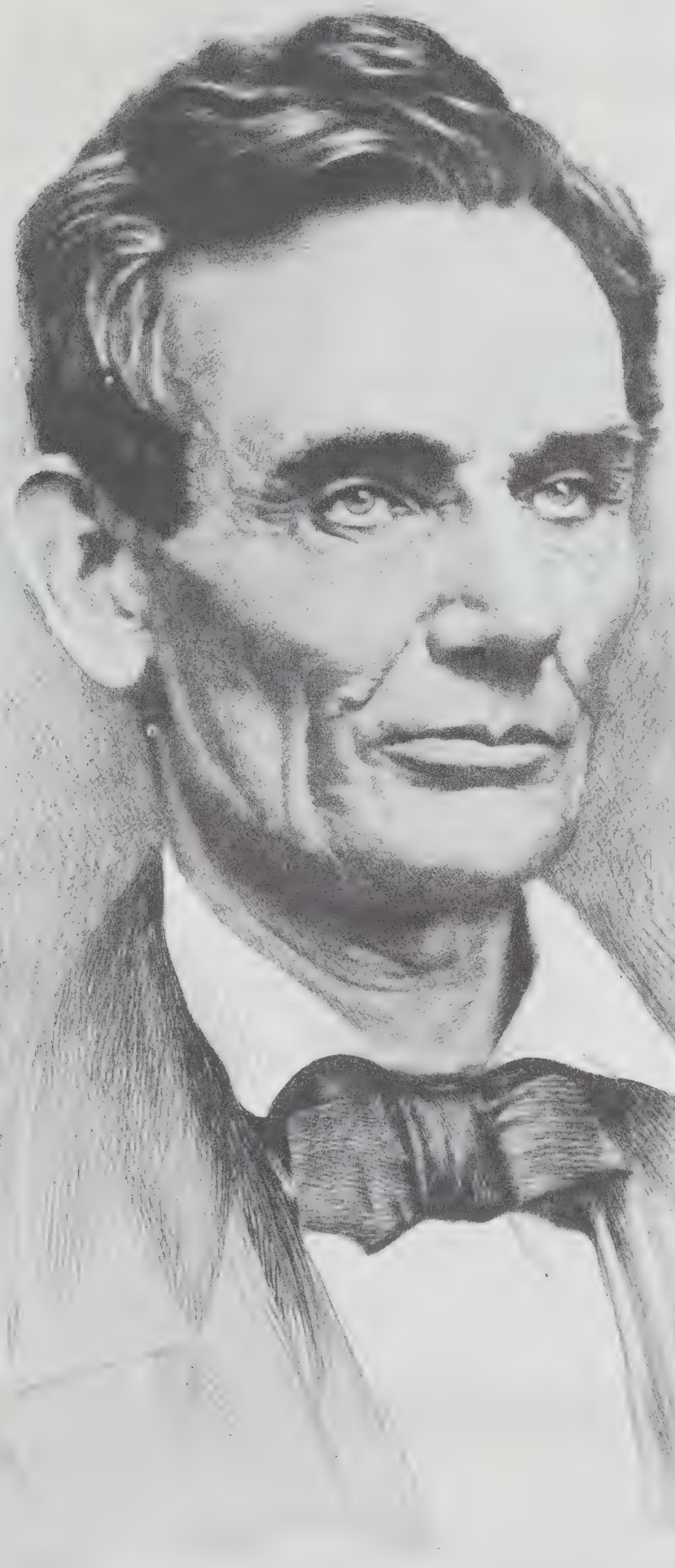


Etched by Otto J. Schneider. Courtesy of Roullier Galleries.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

When Lincoln Said, "I Am Master"

President Stood Firm in the Dark Days Following Fredericksburg

By WILLIAM E. BARTON

ABRAHAM LINCOLN trusted in God, and in the people. In the long run, his confidence in both was fully justified. Yet the people were fickle then as now, and there were times when Lincoln walked in the dark, trusting in a God who seemed to have hidden himself. One of the most interesting and instructive incidents in Lincoln's troubled administration has to do with the terrible winter of 1862-3, after the Emancipation Proclamation had been issued and before it had gone into effect.

If Lincoln supposed that his Emancipation Proclamation would be a popular political move, he was doomed to cruel disappointment. The proclamation succeeded in rousing the most bitter hostility of the proslavery element of the North, and by a singular inconsistency it seemed to give some of the extreme antislavery advocates a new ground for their attacks upon Lincoln.

The North contained a very strong element which had little or no sympathy with the conduct of the war. The so-called "Copperhead" movement, which later manifested itself in deliberate plans for the overthrow of the government, was in 1862 a strongly intrenched political power opposed to the President. The friends of McClellan turned against Lincoln, alleging that he had first failed to co-operate with this brilliant general, and then ruthlessly removed him from command for reasons of political jealousy. Haters of the Negro professed to see in the Emancipation Proclamation the menace of Negro equality and of social demoralization. Extremes met. There was a considerable element in the North composed of those who were bitterly opposed to slavery, and who blamed Lincoln severely for not freeing the slaves earlier. Indeed, there were not a few who declared that the President, with what they called his customary vacillation, would find a pretext for recalling his proclamation before January 1, 1863. These people found common ground with those who blamed him for freeing the slaves at all.

The Democratic party declared that the Emancipation Proclamation had now made abolition the actual purpose of the war. No longer, they affirmed, was the preservation of the Union the paramount object; the real purpose for which white men were expected to lay down their lives was to give freedom and social equality to the black man. This distinctly was not what they had undertaken to do, nor did they propose to do it.

The Congressional election in Maine occurred early in September, 1862. Then, as in subsequent elections, the results of that state were closely watched. "As goes Maine, so goes the Union," had already become a proverb. Maine usually elected a Republican governor by a majority of from 10,000 to 19,000. In 1862, Maine chose a Republican governor by a majority of only 4,000, and, for the first time since there had been a Republican party, Maine sent one Democrat to Congress.

Ohio voted in October, and sent to the National House of Representatives fourteen Democrats and only five Republicans. The Democratic vote in that state exceeded the Republican by a majority of 7,000. In Pennsylvania, where two years before Lincoln had had a majority of 60,000, the Democratic vote exceeded the Republican by about 4,000, and the Congressional delegation was divided. Indiana sent to Congress only three Republican representatives and eight Democrats. New York went Democratic by a majority of nearly 10,000, electing Horatio Seymour as governor. New Jersey, which had voted Republican in 1860, went Democratic in 1862. Michigan remained Republican, but its majority was reduced from 20,000 to 6,000. Wisconsin divided its delegation evenly. Illinois, Lincoln's own state, went Democratic by a majority of 17,000, and her Congressional delegation was eleven Democrats to three Republicans. New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois all failed to support Lincoln in 1862.

The Emancipation Proclamation

TO THEIR everlasting honor the New England States, and Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, California and Oregon, stood better in their support of the President. But when the returns were all in, the Democrats, who had only forty-four votes in the House in the Thirty-seventh Congress, had seventy-five in the Thirty-eighth.

In that crisis the border states stood by the President. He had not underestimated the importance of holding them loyally within the Union, and true in their support of the administration. They in 1862 furnished a sufficient number of pro-administration members to save Congress from going over to the opposition.

But among the Republicans were not a few members so bitterly hostile to Lincoln for his cautious policy that it could hardly be said that the President had in Congress any more than a bare working majority.

The elections of 1862 were "off-year" elections. Off-years are often fatal years. The elections of 1862 were not fatal to Lincoln's hopes, but they weakened his support, and prepared the way for a bitter and painful campaign in 1864.

The Emancipation Proclamation went into effect on January 1, 1863. There was a great celebration in Music Hall in Boston, and Ralph Waldo Emerson read his "Boston Hymn" on that occasion. In many other places there were enthusiastic meetings and warm expressions of approval. But that is not the whole story. There was much emphatic disapproval, also.

When Stephen A. Douglas died, he was succeeded in the United States Senate by Honorable Orville H. Browning. He and Lincoln had been friends for many years. Both were Kentuckians by birth and so were their wives, and both were Old Line Whigs. Browning was perhaps the most intimate visitor at the White House during Lincoln's Administration. Senator Browning kept a diary in which he told minutely about the weather, his flowers, the people he met and the speeches he made. That diary has lately been acquired by the Illinois State Historical Society. It has not yet been published, and when it appears it will be the most intimate story of what went on in the White House since the publication of Gideon Welles' diary. On the day following the proclamation's taking effect, Senator O. H. Browning recorded:

> Friday, Jany. 2, 1863. At Mr. Seward's for dinner at 6. No one else there. I asked him why the Cabinet did so useless and so mischievous a thing as to issue the proclamation which had been issued, the only effect of which was to unite and exasperate them in the South and divide and distract us in the North. He replied by telling me an anecdote of a man who after the termination of the Revolutionary War could not rest till he had a liberty pole erected in his village; when asked by his neighbors what he wanted with a pole, and whether he was not as free without it as with it, he would always answer, "What is liberty without a pole?" And what is war without a proclamation? We played whist with Mrs. Seward and Miss Fanny till 9 o'clock, and then Seward and I went over to the President's. We found General Butler there who had just arrived from New Orleans. He read to us his parting address to the people of New Orleans, and General Banks' proclamation upon assuming command. His conversation indicated that he was a very ultra abolitionist. He gave it as his opinion that the only way to put down the rebellion was to destroy slavery. This class of people does not seem to know that armed rebellion stands between us and slavery, and that to get at the latter we must first crush the former.

A Mental Gethsemane

THERE had been a time when the President and Browning seemed to be of one accord in this matter, but that time was past, and it never came back. Browning still supported the President, but confessed this sharp dissent from his view of the way to deal with slavery. And Browning was one of many scores of thousands. Browning hated slavery, as Lincoln did, but wholly disapproved of Lincoln's way of getting rid of it.

If Lincoln was at first disposed to attribute his rebuke at the polls to any other cause than the unpopularity of his methods, he was not lacking in friends who told him with entire and almost brutal frankness their view of the case. We are making considerable use of the "Diary" of Senator Browning. It is our latest and in some respects most intimate authority upon the life of the President in those days. Browning was at the White House almost daily. When the Lincoln family was in trouble, as it was when Willie died, Senator and Mrs. Browning spent not only their days but their nights at the White House. Perhaps Lincoln never had any intimate friends, but if he had any in this period, Browning was one of the closest. Shortly after the November elections in 1862, Browning had a long visit with the President:

> He was apparently very glad to see me, and received me with much cordiality. We had a long familiar talk. When speaking of the results of the recent elections I told him that his proclamations had been disastrous to us. That prior to issuing them, all loyal people were united in support of the war and the administration. That the masses of the Democratic party were satisfied with him, and warmly supporting him, and that their disloyal leaders could not rally them in opposition. They had no issue without taking ground against the war, and that we would annihilate them. But the proclamations had revived old party issues, given them a rallying cry, capital to operate upon, and that we had the results in our defeat. To this he made no reply. I added that the Republican party could not put down the rebellion—that no party could do it—that it required a union of all loyal men in the free states to give us success, and without that union we must disastrously fail. To all this he fully assented.

Misfortunes never come singly. Soon after the elections of November, 1862, came the appalling news of the Battle of Fredericksburg. On December 13, 1862, General Burnside, with 125,000 men, crossed the Rappahannock on three pontoon bridges and made a frontal attack on Lee, who had 80,000 men well intrenched on the opposite side of the river, his right commanded by Stonewall Jackson and his left by Longstreet. If geography has anything to say about battles, that was a foolhardy proceeding on Burnside's part, and bitterly did his army pay for his folly. The Federal loss was 12,800 against Lee's loss of 4,300. The Federal Army retreated north of the Rappahannock, and the country was compelled to be thankful that the army was able to get back without being captured or destroyed.

The country was well-nigh desperate. On the afternoon of Tuesday, December 16, 1862, the Senate adjourned about half-past one, and the Republican members held a caucus. We have an account of it in Browning's "Diary." Lyman Trumbull bitterly assailed the administration, denouncing the President and Seward. Ben Wade declared that the Senate ought to go in a body to the White House and demand the resignation of Seward. He favored the creation of a Lieutenant General "with absolute and despotic powers," and he must be a Republican in politics. "He said a member of the Cabinet (it is apparent from subsequent speeches in the caucus that the member of the Cabinet who furnished Wade his information was Chase) informed him that there was a back-stairs and malign influence which controlled the President, and overruled all the decisions of the Cabinet, and he understood Mr. Seward to be meant. He was for demanding his removal."

Browning and others spoke in defense of Lincoln, if not of Seward. A motion to adjourn was offered, and was opposed by Trumbull and others, but prevailed. The caucus took recess for a day without violent action. Browning's comment on the speeches of Trumbull, Wade, Grimes, Fessenden and the others who had attacked Seward, and with him the President, is interesting:

> These ultra-radical, unreasoning men, who raised the insane cry of "On to Richmond" in July, 1861, and have kept up a war on our generals ever since, who forced through the confiscation bills, and extorted from the President the Proclamations and lost him the support of the country, are now his bitterest enemies, and doing all in their power to break him down.

The next day, the caucus assembled again. "Many speeches were made," says Browning, "all expressive of a want of confidence in the President and his Cabinet, some of them denouncing the President and expressing a willingness to vote for a resolution asking him to resign. Most of those who spoke were the partisans of Mr. Chase, and excepted him from the censure they bestowed upon the Cabinet."

Browning wrote:

> In my remarks of yesterday I said I knew there was no more honest, upright, conscientious man than the President, and that I knew him to be in favor of the most vigorous prosecution of the war, and that he intended to prosecute until every state was restored to the Union and every rebel compelled to submit to the authority of the government.

Apparently Browning did not speak on the second day. Charles Sumner moved that a committee be appointed "to wait on the President and represent to him the necessity for a change in men and measures." This motion prevailed almost without dissent. The committee was composed of Senators Jacob Collamer, of New York; B. F. Wade, of Ohio; William Pitt Fessenden, of Maine; Ira Harris, of New York; James W. Grimes, of New Hampshire; Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts; Lyman Trumbull, of Illinois; Jacob M. Howard, of Vermont; and Samuel C. Pomeroy, of Kansas. It was not a committee whose composition could afford much comfort to the President.

That Lincoln was heartbroken over this revolt of the Senate, and for a time almost in despair, we might assure ourselves if we had no record of the fact; but we have a record again in Browning's "Diary" of Thursday, December 18, 1862:

> In the evening went with Mr. D. W. Wise of Boston to the President's. The servant at the door reported that he was not in his office—was in the house, but had directed them to say that he would not be seen tonight. I told the boy to tell him I wished to see him a moment and went up into his room. He soon came in. I saw in a moment that he was in distress—that more than usual trouble was pressing upon him. I introduced Mr. Wise who wished to get some items for the preparation of a biography, but soon discovered that the President was in no mood to talk upon the subject. We took our leave. When we got to the door the President called to me saying he wished to speak to me a moment. He asked me if I was at the caucus yesterday. I told him I was, and the day before also. Said he, "What do those men want?" I answered, "I hardly know, Mr. President, but they are exceedingly violent against the administration, and what we did yesterday was the gentlest thing that could be done. It had to be that or worse." Said he, "They wish to get rid of me, and I am sometimes half-disposed to gratify them." I replied, "Some of them do wish to get rid of you, but the fortunes of the country are bound up with your fortunes; and you must stand firmly at your post with a steady hand. To relinquish it now would bring upon us certain and inevitable ruin." Said he, "We are now on the brink of destruction. It appears to me the Almighty is against us, and I can hardly see a ray of hope." . . . He added, "The committee is to be up and see me at 7 o'clock. Since I heard last night of the proceedings of the caucus, I have been more distressed than by any event of my life." I bade him goodnight and left him.

The President Triumphs

THE days that followed were no better. On the very next day "old Francis P. Blair came into the marble room" and sent for Browning. The country was very nearly ruined, he told Browning, and advised Browning to go to the President and tell him to get rid of Stanton and Halleck. A little later Reverdy Johnson came to Browning's seat in the Senate and told him the country was going to the devil, and that there must be a new Cabinet. Browning recorded that he did not wish to thrust his advice upon the President, but he met the President that afternoon and the President told him he was trying "to keep things along." But Browning declared to his "Diary" that things could not be kept along much longer at this rate.

Lincoln met the committee first alone, and then in-

(Concluded on page 15)

"She Was a Stepmother"—Sally Bush

From This Woman Lincoln Received That Inspiration Which Led Him On; She Sent Him to School and "Encouraged and Urged Him to Study"

By THOMAS J. MALONE

ALL too little is known about her. Much of her life was passed in small towns and rural places on the western frontier, a life like millions of other lives in humble walks—poor, circumscribed, toilful, handicapped, obscure. But ten years of that life were of transcendent value to her country and to the world. In those ten years she was the chief influence in developing the boy who was to be the towering figure of his age. Her days in that decade were taken up with the endless duties of housewifery in a large family, in a rude one-room house that had none of today's conveniences. She was uneducated, as the world defines education, but she had character.

She was the stepmother of Abraham Lincoln.

What she thought in those months and years of drudgery; what dreams she had, if she had dreams; what visions saw, if any, we do not know. With a husband who did not share her interest and her faith, in a neighborhood that placed no stock in book learning, she somehow kept aglow for that boy the light of ambition and effort. In her mother's heart she nursed her own counsel, but we have the son's testimony of what her love and care, her trust and encouragement, meant to him.

In those ten somber years of a boyhood spent in choring, grubbing, woodchopping, corn cropping, hog butchering and fence making, at home or "hired out," she gave the young Abraham the three things he most needed—love and trust and encouragement. And in what did she encourage him? In a thinly settled land of illiterate adults, of few and poor schools, of few books and few newspapers, of mediocre aspirations, she encouraged, yes, urged him to study! Nothing else goes so far to explain the most enigmatical character in American history, to point the mainspring motivating that growth of a neglected, half-wild, uncouth rustic to the man who continues to be the marvel of each new generation.

And she was a stepmother!

The glory of her shines upon the stepmothers of today and of tomorrow in this land, in all lands. In her woman's keeping was the fate of America, perhaps even of peoples everywhere aspiring to be free.

She first appears in history as Sally Bush, a young woman living in Elizabethtown, Kentucky, whom Thomas Lincoln had met before his marriage to Nancy Hanks. The Bushes are reputed to have been a family somewhat superior to the general run of folk about them. Sally, a tall, light-complexioned girl of pleasing appearance and especial neatness in dress, is said to have "held her head high." She refused Thomas' suit and married, instead, one Daniel Johnston, the town jailer, who seems to have had a steady job. Right there Daniel drops out of the record, except indirectly. A few years later he dropped out of life entirely, leaving Sally Bush Johnston free to do the thing that was to give her a distinguished place among the women of all time—to become, by marrying the bereft Thomas Lincoln, the stepmother of Nancy Hanks' lonely and misunderstood son.

Abraham's mother had died in his tenth year, scarcely two years after their moving from Kentucky to Indiana. Whether of the "milk sickness" or tuberculosis, the year the family had spent in that "half-faced camp"—a wretched hut of poles, open on one side—probably had something to do with it. After thirteen months of widowerhood, Thomas Lincoln left the boy, his thirteen-year-old sister, Nancy, and their cousin Dennis Hanks, in the later teens, who was living with them, and went back to Elizabethtown to try his luck again with the Widow Johnston.

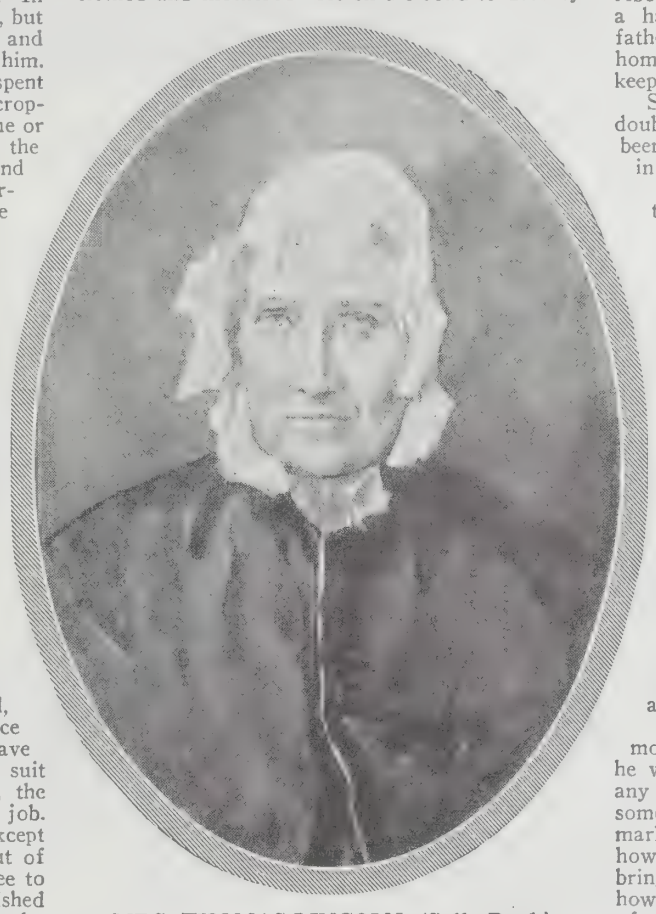
Mrs. Johnston had liked "Tommy" Lincoln and she was lonely. Also, she had three children of her own to bring up. This time she said yes. There have been unpleasant stories that Lincoln made out to her that he was more prosperous in Indiana than he really was—but when does a suitor black-eye himself anyhow?

What a moving that was in December of 1819, of the Johnston possessions to the Lincoln cabin in Indiana! A four-horse wagon it took, loaded with those household stores that to the little asking, easily contented Thomas Lincoln seemed almost sinful in their grandeur and to the Lincoln children marvelous indeed—a table, chairs, that famous and much-written-about bureau, pillows and other bedding, cooking utensils, and even knives and forks.

Let credit be given where deserved, even though belated: those possessions were probably the result, at least in part, of the industry and thrift of that Daniel Johnston of unpraised memory. He had a vicarious share in the rejuvenation of the Lincoln home that ensued, an honorable part in contributing to the comfort and happiness and inspiration which the young Abraham knew from the day of his widow's arrival.

The Thomas Lincoln house in Indiana was much like the houses Sally Bush had known him to have in and around Elizabethtown. It was the conventional one-room log cabin, without floor, door or windows. What she would have thought and said and done if her husband had brought her to the old half-faced camp, which still stood a few steps away, one does not know; but one can feel safe in believing that she would have buckled to and made the best of it. That is just what she did in the actual circumstance. If she had been led to expect better things, she did not moon over what she found. She was in what today's parlance calls "a good sport."

The Lincoln children were promptly washed, clothed and mothered—set on the road to decency



MRS. THOMAS LINCOLN (Sally Bush)

and comfort and self-respect. Little John Johnston's spare garments were put on the lanky Abe. Matilda and Sarah Johnston's wardrobe jointly contributed to bedeck—is that the word?—his sister. Thomas Lincoln was not a self-starter. Now he had the influence needed to get him started and make him go, however spasmodically, a firm but kindly "boss" who should hold him to a standard of living for which, left to himself, he had no hankering. There was a woman in the house.

This was the combined Lincoln-Johnston family in that one-room Indiana cabin: father, mother, Sarah (formerly Nancy) Lincoln, Abraham, their cousin Dennis Hanks, John D. Johnston, and his two sisters. Four years later John Hanks, another cousin, was taken in and lived with them four years.

What would follow in like case today; in many, if not most, cases in any day? Jealousies, rivalries, neglect, favoritism, abuse, wrangling, coldness, what not!

But what characterized the newly enlarged home at Little Pigeon Creek? Love and fairness and kindliness and good will, a directing spirit that realized duty and accepted responsibility, that rose above the squalor and the heart-sickening conditions and shaped the meager instrument of a seemingly blind chance into a power that preserved the Union of States, freed the Negro, exalted the common man and the thoughts and purposes of common men, and gave the enduring proof of the equality of opportunity that is America.

There was a woman in the house, a house that was not divided against itself.

These are the adjectives which those who knew her best applied to her: thoughtful, energetic, sensible, sprightly, talkative, handsome, industrious, neat, tidy, proud, pure, decent, kind-hearted, charitable, pious. "That pre-eminently good woman, Sally Bush," writes Lamon.

Speedily the new Mrs. Lincoln got Tom Lincoln going. In no time that indifferently capable carpenter, assisted no doubt by the boys, had put in a floor where no floor had been, hung a door and cut holes for windows, which were then covered with greased paper for panes. The Lincoln children slept in real beds, warm, comfortable, happy in the care of the new mother who took the place of the well-loved other and filled it so competently through all the succeeding years.

Abe could read—his own mother had taught him that—but he could do little beyond reading. He had had a few weeks of schooling in Kentucky; the new mother wanted him to have more. For a few months that very year, the children were sent to the nearest school, a mile and a half away, and again three years later. When seventeen, Abe went a short time to another school four and a half miles away; but the distance, and the father's conviction that his services were needed at home or among the neighbors, prevented his keeping on.

She urged him to study. Other stepmothers, doubtless, have loved their foster-children, have been kind to them, but here was specific service in the direction most needed.

His study, it will be recalled, consisted in the reading, re-reading and in great part committing to memory of every book he could lay his hands on. A few books he owned, but the rest he borrowed in the neighborhood, that often-quoted galaxy including the Bible, Aesop, "The Pilgrim's Progress," Weems' "Life of Washington," Shakespeare, Burns, and a school history of the United States. These he would read aloud to the home folks, when they would listen to him, and his mother, at least, always would.

She understood that boy, saw good stuff in him and, like all loving mothers, thought he would make something of himself, might even become a great man. There must have been many times in those ten years of haphazard "growing up" when Abe was downhearted over his progress toward education, as he often became later. Who but his mother was there in that house to cheer him on, strengthen his resolution, bolster his faith in himself, to "encourage and urge him to study"?

How the boy Lincoln studied, his stepmother herself has told us: how in his reading he would jot down on boards, if without paper, any matter that seemed particularly worthwhile—sometimes the full passage, sometimes only a few marks—guarding the boards until he had paper; how he would then rewrite it, repeat it, and often bring it and read it to her, seeking her opinion; how he had "a kind of scrapbook" for safekeeping of such things as especially interested him.

Her relations with her stepson were summed up in a historic interview, after his death, given to one of his biographers. She said that Abraham had never given her a cross word or look, nor refused to do anything she asked him to do, that she had never spoken crossly to him in all her life, that his mind and hers "seemed to run together."

After Mr. Lincoln left the family home in 1830, on passing his majority, he continued until his death an affectionate interest in his mother's welfare, going to see her occasionally, sending her money at times and paying her what proved to be a last visit when President-elect before going to Washington.

What would not a diary by this woman, of those ten years from 1820 to 1830, mean to an American who still seeks to understand the miracle of Abraham Lincoln? But she kept no diary; her time was taken up with more immediate and pressing occupation. No one has written her biography; the known facts of her life have seemed too few and too commonplace. Some years ago Robert Todd Lincoln, grandson of her and Thomas Lincoln, placed a modest stone over their graves in a country cemetery in Coles County, Illinois. More recently the Lions' Clubs of Illinois erected, for them both, a more pretentious marker there.

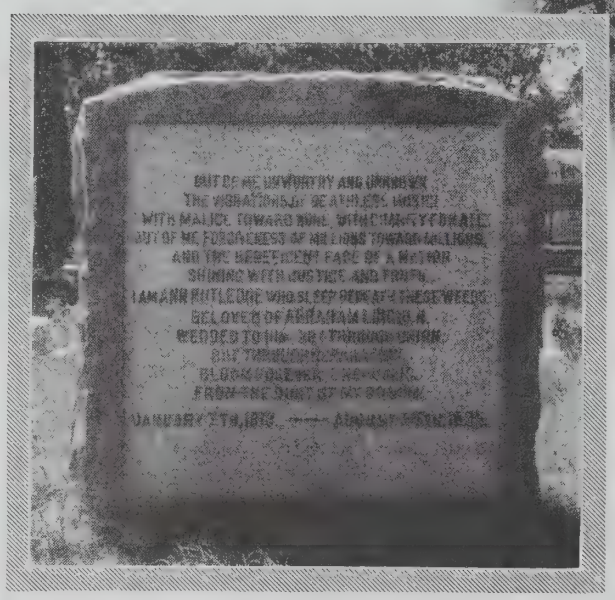
There should be a monument to her alone reared, not by relative nor by specific organization nor by government, but by all the people of the United States who hold dear the life and service of Abraham Lincoln and who would honor the memory of the noble woman whose nurturing made him what he was. And its inscription should be, without fulsome detail:

TO THE WORLD'S GREATEST
STEPMOTHER
She Loved Abraham Lincoln,
And She Urged Him to Study

An Interview With Springfield, Illinois

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER

The Lincoln home, where the martyred President lived for several years and where he received the news of his nomination.



The grave of Ann Rutledge with a memorial written by Edgar Lee Masters.

THEY came from all over the world, the 101,000 who visited the tomb of Lincoln between the first of January of 1924 and November 1 of that same year. And each year the number is increasing. Mr. Fay, the custodian of the Lincoln Memorial, says:

"They come from the Orient, they come from Russia, France, England, Germany—everywhere. They come in delegations, and they come on their honeymoons; they come in excursions of school children, and in college groups. Negroes come, and whites come, every day. Our register reads like a list of the great of the contemporary writers, statesmen, and world-leaders; a Who's Who of the world."

In Springfield one sees the Presbyterian church and the pew in which Lincoln sat.

The next stop is the room in which Lincoln delivered the classic "House Divided Against Itself" address. This room is preserved as a part of the great legislative halls of the capitol building and is a shrine to all lovers of Lincoln.

Then near the Wabash Railway freight depot a stone with a bronze plaque marks the spot where Lincoln stood on the rear platform of a railroad car and delivered his famous farewell to Springfield address, an utterance replete with humble awe and prophetic foreboding.

I talked with several men who heard that address and while there is a difference of opinion among them as to the exact phraseology of this address, they all agree on its spirit. (It is true that the address, in the form we have it, was written by Mr. Lincoln on his knee, directly the train started.) There had been some enemies in Springfield. Lincoln knew that they were present. But most of those present were close friends and neighbors. In this beautiful address, with carefully chosen phraseology, Lincoln bound enemies and friends alike, together in love and good will. I was told that most of those present, enemies and friends, wept at these simple, sincere words of farewell; that there was a subtle spirit in the very atmosphere, and that Lincoln seemed to feel the weight of coming events. The look on his face was that of loneliness.

The Lincoln tomb, visited last year by more than 101,000 persons between January 1 and November 1. David Lloyd George, Clemenceau, Joffre, the King and Queen of Belgium, Nansen, the explorer; Paderewski, Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Coolidge, and others have signed the register.

Then there is the tomb of Lincoln, the great shrine of the city of Springfield. A dozen floral wreaths were lying about that tomb. Two were from Mr. Coolidge, one while he was Vice-President, and one after he became President. One was from David Lloyd George. The actual tomb is in the crypt, where lie buried, besides Lincoln, the wife and deceased children of Lincoln.

I have never stopped at the Lincoln shrine, winter or summer, when it has not been crowded with people.

One of the curious autographs that Mr. Fay owns is that of the shortest poem ever written on Lincoln. It was given by Joaquin Miller, and it sums up Lincoln's strength in two tremendous lines:

"LINCOLN

Joaquin Miller

The strength of Hercules
The sense of Socrates."

Our next visit on this pilgrimage is to the home of Henry B. Rankin. Mr. Rankin has been an invalid for forty years. He lies upon a cot, with a radio outfit within reach, and when he grows lonely or tired of reading he reaches over, as he himself said to me, "and connects up with the earth." He heard President Coolidge. In such a way millions might have heard Lincoln, had inventive genius been as advanced in that day as it is now.

Mr. Rankin knew Lincoln from boyhood when he was a page in the Illinois legislature, and later when he was a partner in the law firm of Lincoln and Herndon.

He reached over and showed me an autograph album, procured when that was as much of a fad as the crossword puzzle is now. One day he walked into Lincoln's office with this book in his hand.

Mr. Lincoln saw the book and said, "Mr. Rankin, what is that book?" He was always interested in a new book.

Says Mr. Rankin, "I told him that it was an autograph album and that I would be glad to have him put his name in it."

"Did he do it?" I asked eagerly.

For answer Mr. Rankin opened the book. There upon a page was the autograph given that day.

> "Today, Feb. 23—1858, the owner honored me with the privilege of writing the first name in this book—
>
> A. Lincoln."

Below that there is another autograph, that of William H. Herndon, Lincoln's law partner and it reads more flourishingly:

> "The struggles of this age and succeeding ages for God and man—Religion—Humanity, and Liberty with all the complex and grand relations—may they triumph and conquer forever, is my ardent wish and most fervent soul-prayer.
>
> Wm. H. Herndon."

Feb. 23rd. 1858.

No other autographs were ever entered in this book.

I was permitted, at the offices of the John T. Stuart law firm, to read a shoe-box-full of Lincoln correspondence, most of which has never been published, because of the personal matters therein discussed.

These letters reveal a little-known side of Lincoln, which will be very interesting when the time comes that they can be released.

I was permitted to have a copy of a part of one of these letters which I understand gives these sentences the first light of publication. This letter was a letter from Mary Lincoln, and the excerpt I have reads:

"To Honorable John T. Stuart, Springfield, Illinois.

"My dear Cousin:

Owing to much indisposition during the past year and while in Canada for months, seldom seeing an American paper, the controversy which appears to have been going on regarding my great and good husband's religious views, have entirely escaped me.

My husband's heart was naturally religious—he had often described to me his noble mother reading to him at a very early age from her Bible, the prayer she offered up for him, that he should become a pious boy and man, and .... what an acceptable book that great book was always to him. In our family bereavement it was there he first turned for comfort. Sabbath morning he accompanied me to hear dear, good old Dr. Smith preach and .... his last words to his dear friends on leaving Springfield for Washington with an impending rebellion before the country were words uttered in great anxiety and sadness, 'Pray for me.' These words revealed his heart.

Very truly yours,

Mary Lincoln."

Inside the Lincoln tomb, over the crypt where Mr. Fay receives the thousands of visitors every year who make a pilgrimage to Springfield.

From here we go to Lincoln's home; the house in which he lived until he left for Washington. Here is the room in which he received the word of his nomination; the room reproduced in John Drinkwater's great play on Lincoln.

One photograph displayed here showed a great crowd in front of this house celebrating Lincoln's nomination. It was a delegation from Kansas and they had a large sign, reading:

"WON'T YOU LET US IN?

KANSAS!"

In addition to fifteen Lincoln shrines, near Springfield, is the spot where Grant took his first command, and this

(*Concluded on page 13*)

February, Mother of Seven Immortals

Shortest Month of the Year Has Produced Galaxy of Famous Men

Samuel Pepys,	born February 23,	1633
George Washington,	born February 22,	1732.
Charles Lamb,	born February 10,	1775.
Abraham Lincoln,	born February 12,	1809.
Charles Dickens,	born February 7,	1812.
John Ruskin,	born February 8,	1819.
Thomas Alva Edison,	born February 11,	1847.
. . . . .		
Walter Bagehot,	born February 3,	1826.
Daniel Boone,	born February 11,	1735.

By THOMAS L. MASSON

CONSIDERING that February is not only the shortest month of the year, and is not noted for equability of conduct or warmth of temperament, she has been kind to us in her production. If she had contributed nobody else but Charles Dickens, she would have done more than most months. It is certainly an assuring sign of sanity and a return to wholesome thinking, to know that Dickens is now being more widely read in this country than ever before. As I grow older and reflect more completely upon the great books of the world, Dickens looms larger and larger. He is the supreme story-teller of the world, the great artist and portrayer of humanity. His range is as wide if not wider, much more intimate, than that of Shakespeare.

Balzac may have been a more profound artist, but the very weaknesses—or shall I say loosenesses—of Dickens, his so-called bad writing, his descent to bathos—all these things but add to his power. This paper, however, is not intended to be a critical literary estimate; it is intended only as a gesture of respect to diminutive February, and to consider briefly some of the extraordinary qualifications, the likenesses and contrasts of these immortals born by this frail month—not the first instance of such a little mother producing such big boys.

Pioneers, Philosophers, Statesmen

YOU may ask me why I have set Walter Bagehot and Daniel Boone apart from the others, or why, if they are not quite big enough to go with the others, they should have been included at all. I will explain. I put them in to make good measure, even though this is not necessary. Very few people in this country know anything about Walter Bagehot. As a matter of fact, I think he probably had more influence, as books go, over Woodrow Wilson, than any other writer. Wilson once told me as much himself. I know of no better way to come to an understanding of our own Constitution, than to read Walter Bagehot's book on the British Constitution. He is by far the most penetrating writer on politics and economics I know of, not even excepting Edmund Burke.

As for Daniel Boone, he was the great pioneer, the model for all pioneers. His autobiography also might be considered a model for all men; it consists of but a few pages, mostly dates, short descriptions of his travels, and the Indians he killed. He was the first man to explore Kentucky, and built the first fort. He married Rebecca Bryan, had five sons (two of whom were killed by the Indians) and four daughters. He was captured by the Indians, taken to Canada, and finally released. During this period his intrepid wife, as he states, "thinking me killed, by the Indians, had transported my family and goods on horses through the wilderness amid many dangers to her father's house in North Carolina." Anyone who has the idea that the women of those days remotely resembled some of the flappers of today must revise his opinion. No wonder they produced tall men. Boone's wife and daughter were the first white women that stood on the banks of the Kentucky River. His life and feats so impressed the poet Byron, that Byron wrote an ode to him which begins with these lines:

Eulogy
On Colonel Boon, and the Choice of Life.
By Lord Byron.

Of all men, saving Sylla the manslayer
Who passes far, in life and death most lucky
Of the great names which in our faces stare,
The Colonel Boon, backwoodsman of Kentucky,
Was happiest among mortals anywhere:
For nothing but a bear or buck, he
Enjoyed the lonely, vigorous harmless days
Of his old age in wilds of deepest maze.

Byron then goes on to scorn the life of cities and to praise all pioneers, in the line: "Corruption could not make their hearts her soil." No adequate biography of Boone has been written. His picture is that of a mild-mannered man, his face of an intellectual cast. He was a great fighter; had imbibed a deep sense of religion, and there is no record of anything but the most perfect understanding between himself and his wife. They were probably too busy fighting the elements even to be tinged with that kind of neurosis which, in these softer days, afflicts so many of our "best people."

How different from Boone is Bagehot, who passed his life writing about other men! To know why I have not added these two to the immortal seven, is because they both lacked in two essential qualities, both of which seem to me to be necessary to produce the highest type of man (I confess, however, that I rather weaken with regard to Boone). These qualities are the creative gift first, and, second, the power to perpetuate your own work.

Pepys, for example, cannot be considered a great creative artist. He had the faults of ordinary human beings, some of them highly exaggerated. He was, from point of character, in many respects a petty man. But consider what he contributed to the permanent amusement and information of the world! You might be amazed if you knew the people in this country who read him constantly. I happen to know that Booth Tarkington is one of us. Years and years ago I was fortunate enough to pick up a complete edition of Pepys in eighteen solid volumes; since then it has been my chief intellectual and, indeed, emotional consolation, not altogether because it so intimately portrays a period, as because it reveals a man who, in spite of the distance in time between him and us, is indeed very much like anyone else. Pepys was born about sixteen years after Shakespeare died. Although his father was a tailor, this is no term of reproach, for he came from a very old family. He married the pretty daughter of a ne'er-do-well Frenchman. He held an office which amounted, in the language of our day, to that of Secretary of the Navy, and he was a good, in fact, a superior, official. He lived to be seventy, and his diary recreates the period in England, of Oliver Cromwell, the Long Parliament, the return of Charles II, and so on. His diary was written in shorthand, and there seems to be some question as to whether he intended it ever to be published, as it was without a key. His system of shorthand, however, was that of Thomas Shelton, who lived in the first part of the seventeenth century.

Pepys had trouble with his pretty wife, or it would be better to say that she had trouble with him. He complains about this constantly. A new edition of his work has just been published, which is now declared to be complete, except in a very few places. Pepys is included in this birthday list, therefore, not on account of his creative gift, but because what he wrote is still going so strong.

If the reader will now be kind enough to run over my list again, temporarily separating the creative gift from what we may call the quality of permanence, he will see more quickly the line of division. It may be said that neither Washington, Lincoln, nor Pepys possessed great creative minds like those of Dickens, Ruskin, Lamb, or Edison. Yet Lloyd George has pronounced Lincoln's Gettysburg Address the finest piece of oratory extant. The fact is that Lincoln did have a creative mind. It was revealed in his boyhood, and perhaps more than this in the selection of his material during the Civil War.

The same thing may be said of Washington. Both Lincoln and Washington, however, were alike in their powers of endurance, in their capacity to take punishment. To me it is quite apparent that certain great men who rise at certain crises in the world's history are molded for the occasion; this does not mean that they may have been specially and individually designed; it means only that they have the capacity to stand the strain, more developed than their fellows. They rise up in response to a universal demand. If you ask me to account for them in any other way, my reply is that nobody else has been able to account for them in any better way.

We are here confronted by a mystery which has baffled the most painstaking psychologists, biologists and philosophers. Either the great man himself, as in the case of Ruskin, takes the initiative, takes the bit in his teeth, so to speak, and creates a revolt against the age, or else he appears to be selected by Nature or Providence or God as the best instrument for the purpose in hand. We can speculate as much as we please, but nobody really knows. Ruskin, for instance, inherited great wealth. He was brought up in the lap of luxury. He never went to school—that is in his youth. His mother taught him, making him read the Bible through six times before he was twelve. When his father died, he left him what is equivalent to about six hundred thousand dollars in our money. Ruskin proceeded to get rid of it. He gave nearly a hundred thousand dollars to a relative, who lost it. His love affairs can scarcely be explained by any ordinary standards. He fell in love with a French girl when he was quite young, and she married someone else. His parents arranged his marriage with Euphemia Chalmers Gray, who was the daughter of old Perthshire friends. The marriage never consummated and after several years of unhappiness, his wife sued for annulment and married Millais, the famous painter.

Ruskin, the "Light Bearer"

WHEN he was forty Ruskin fell in love with Rose La Touche. "One must not look too closely into an episode like this," remarks Arthur Christopher Benson, one of the biographers. Ruskin met Rose when she was ten. For years thereafter he was passionately in love with her. His letters to his American friend, Charles Eliot Norton, are full of expression of this love. She grew up to be very religious and cast him off because he was an "unbeliever." When they parted she was 24 and he was 53. Ruskin went insane and recovered. Benson writes of this period:

". . . . he was to bear one of the heaviest trials that can fall to the lot of man; he was to pass into that delirious shadow-world of insanity, to be mocked by his own visions, in that awful twilight land in which a man cannot distinguish between truth and hallucination."

Ruskin, without doubt, wrote the most beautiful prose of his age. He was the greatest dynamic force against tradition and convention that the world has seen in art circles; more than this, he was, as Anne Thackeray Ritchie says of him, "a light bearer."

The reader will understand, I am sure, that, in this brief sketch, I am attempting no formal or chronological review, but am only bringing into such bold relief as I can the figures of these great scions of February, the little mother among months. For one thing, she has produced three of the tallest men known among great men. It has been recorded that in the measurements sent to a tailor in London for Washington's clothes, his height was put at six feet two in his stocking feet. Lincoln was six feet four. I have been unable to find any accurate figures about Boone's height but that he was very tall, well over six feet, I think there is no doubt. He begins his autobiography with these words:

"It was on the first of May, 1769, I resigned my domestic happiness." He then goes on to say that he started out into the wilderness in company with "John Finley, John Stuart, Joseph Holden, James Money and William Cool." And a little later, without emotion, he says briefly that his eldest son was killed by the Indians. It was apparently with these companions that one day he loomed into view at the head of his small band, and is described by his biographer, Cecil B. Hartley, as a man of "full size." He must, therefore, have been at least six feet.

An Immortals' "Who's Who"

IN CONSIDERING these immortals, it may be well for us now to ask in what respects were they similar and how did they differ? Let us resolve them into the form of a Who's Who.

Samuel Pepys (1632-3-1703. Born February 23.) Boyhood spent in country and town. Recreation as boy, shooting with bow and arrow. Went to St. Paul's school, London. Was first at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, afterward transferred to Magdalene College. Obtained a scholarship, but was admonished for getting drunk. Had a fine literary and artistic taste, and was also fond of music. Fond of his wife, but—to put it mildly—uncertain in his love affairs.

George Washington (1732-1799. Born February 22.) No adequate biography of Washington has been written. The Rev. Dr. Weems is responsible for a lot of stories of Washington's boyhood which are extremely doubtful. He had small education, was no grammarian, and Paul Leicester Ford, perhaps his best delineator, says his mother "tried him not a little." He was fond of his wife's kith and kin, but had trouble with his own. It was apparently through these difficulties that his own character was early developed. He married a widow and was fond of her children. Very little is known of his wife, "beyond the facts that she was petite, overfond, hot-tempered, obstinate, and a poor speller." Washington spoke of her as the "partner of all my domestic enjoyments." Washington was regarded as one of the wealthiest men of his time. He refused to accept any pay for his military services. He was abused without mercy during the war; his capacity to endure was the basis of his true greatness. His letters to Congress are some of the most moving documents in all history.

Charles Lamb (1775-1834. Born February 8.) Tinged with insanity, a "bencher of the Inner Temple," Lamb's life was a tragedy, his sister killing his mother when insane, yet Lamb is undoubtedly one of the great humorists, a creative genius of the most delicate fancy, and the originator of a special type of essay. He had smallpox at five. He was lame and stammered, which prevented him from a university appointment. He left school at 14, and at 17 became a clerk in the accountant's office of the East India Company. After 33 years as a clerk, he rejoiced in the freedom gained, but discovered that his idleness was no help to his writing. A most delightful biography of him has been written by E. V. Lucas, who is now on the staff of *Punch,* and is, I understand, slated for its next editorship.

Abraham Lincoln (1809-1865. Born February 12). Lincoln's early struggles, his love story, his engagement to his wife, his relationship to his mother—these are all well known to American readers. Much about him, however, remains to be cleared up, and while much about him that has been written is fine, his real biography is yet to come. Many stories about him are extremely doubtful.

Charles Dickens (1812-1870. Born February 7). The early part of "David Copperfield" is a practically accurate account of Dicken's own boyhood. It reveals better than anything else where he got the enormous background of tragedy, pathos, poverty which developed in him the greatest creative range in English literature. He did not get on with his wife. Foster, his biographer, tells the story with great skill and affection.

John Ruskin (1819-1900. Born February 8). Ruskin is an illustration of the fact that genius rises above money. His precocity, his loves, his overwhelming passion for Turner, his humor, his charm—all these things united with his contempt for previous standards—make him one of the great forces.

Thomas Alva Edison (1847——. Born February 11). The story that Edison came of a common family and started as a newsboy from necessity has long since been exploded. He was first taught by his mother. School conventions did not interest him. As a boy, his creative genius was not confined to material limitations. He built his laboratory on a train, and learned what he wanted to know while the train waited. The story of his life is the story of light on dark places.

Now of these seven men born in February, two of them (Dickens and Ruskin) had distinct difficulties with

(*Concluded on page 15*)

They Don't Believe in Mortgages

Mennonites a Quaint People—Good Farmers Who Keep Clear of Usury

By WILLIAM A. M'GARRY

HOW to get along under the present-day economic system without paying continued tribute to the money-lenders is a problem that every individual faces at some time or other. Many workmen and merchants never solve it, and even during times of steady work and good business fail to get beyond a mere livelihood. It is a boast of many financiers that everybody is dependent on *the elaborate credit system developed in the last quarter century* to a point not equaled anywhere else in the world. This is merely another way of saying that everybody in the United States pays interest, directly or indirectly, to the groups that control money and credit.

But some men have managed to escape the burden of usury in all its varied forms. Prepare a mortgage map of the United States showing in black all property laden with debt, and in white the lands, factories, dwellings, and so on, owned outright by their users or occupants. White areas of considerable size would be shown in some of the most fertile farm lands of Pennsylvania, Virginia, West Virginia, Missouri, Indiana, Colorado, New York, Maryland, Nebraska, and Ohio, with smaller patches in many other states. In Pennsylvania these white areas would be found in nearly half the sixty-seven counties of the state, while in the rich agricultural districts of Lancaster, Bucks, Montgomery and Chester counties the white would be predominant and almost continuous. Wherever a particularly large white patch appeared on such a map it would indicate settlements of a people descended from some of the earliest inhabitants of the United States and generally known as Mennonites, branches of which sect are called Amish and Dunkards. Four hundred years and more of agricultural experience have taught these people that the burden of usury is too heavy for the average man to carry. As a consequence no other large groupings of American farmers are so free of mortgages and other forms of debt, although there may be many individuals scattered about the country. No other group of farmers is so well-to-do and independent, and none is making more rapid progress in the acquisition of new lands. A map of the type suggested for a period of years would show that each of the Mennonite white patches reveals a regular, consistent growth, year after year, in good times and in bad. In fact, the rate of growth would be larger in bad years when farmers who had not learned to avoid the credit system were being sold out.

A Mennonite farmyard at Bird-in-Hand showing the quaint costumes which are the regular garb of the children.

The story of how this has been accomplished had its beginnings in some of the bloodiest persecutions the world has known, away back in the fifteenth century in Central Europe. Although there is ample evidence of this in contemporary records, it is almost an unwritten story insofar as popular history is concerned. Books on the Mennonites are few and incomplete, and even the best of their own historians emphasize religious traditions and almost completely ignore the economic factors that are making these people the dominant agricultural element of the United States. But, generally speaking, the Mennonites and their branches are in that position because they have maintained principles learned in the days of their persecution and have been willing to endure hardship and discomfort rather than contract debts.

The Amish, whose largest colony is in the "garden county" of Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, have held more closely than any of the other branches to the ancient rules. On May 20, 1718, when taxes imposed by William Penn were becoming what they considered burdensome, the Amish Mennonites of Lancaster County sent to Penn a Memorial of which the following is an extract:

"We came to Pennsylvania to enjoy freedom of mind and body, expecting no other imposition than that declared by God. As we have been taught to hurt not our neighbors, so do we expect that our neighbors will do us no injury. As we cannot contract debts, we require no law for their recovery.

"If we should be so unfortunate as to have indigent neighbors we shall provide for their wants. The same inclination that tends to the preservation of our children prompts us to the care of every member of our flock. Conscience, the voice of God, deters us from the commission of crime. As we commit no crime, hard is it for us to suffer from those of others. We ought not to be compelled to pay for the maintenance of convicts.

"We ask you for permission to pass our lives in innocence and tranquillity. Let us pursue our avocations unmolested. We respect your rights, respect our customs. We ask nothing of you but what the Word of God can justify."

Street scene, illustrating the characteristic headgear of Mennonites.

With some modifications, the foregoing offers a fair picture of the customs and aspirations of present-day Amish. On that foundation they have built an empire within the United States—on that, and cheap money. A secretive people, it is difficult for an outsider to get at the actual facts of their commercial transactions. There is some evidence that the rule against contracting debts has fallen into disuse, but it is a certainty that no "Amishman," as they are known in their own settlements, would think of going to a bank for help. Self-help is still the rule. If the barn of an Amishman is struck by lightning and his crops are burned, his neighbors of the same faith nearly always take from their own harvests enough to see him through the ensuing year, if he needs help. Without any more definite laws than those indicated in the letter to William Penn, each Amish settlement—and to a certain extent each Mennonite community—has developed a degree of co-operative effort far beyond the dreams of modern industrial experts. A Mennonite settlement is perhaps the nearest approach to a self-sufficient community to be found anywhere in the world

Bankers flourish in these communities, but not on loans to the Mennonites. A member of that faith who needs money today and who has no conscientious objection to the contraction of a debt borrows it from a neighbor of the same sect. The maximum rate of interest charged in such transactions is 4 per cent, but, according to outsiders who have become intimate with these people, a large proportion of the inter-sectarian loans are made at 3, 2 and 1 per cent, and often without interest charges. A farmer who has had a succession of misfortunes is cared for in such manner, exactly as he was in the days of William Penn.

"Dividing the farm" is a practice never followed. Many American farmers have formed this tendency. As a man grows older and his sons attain their majority and wish to settle down, the father assigns to each a certain section of his lands. The Amish and Mennonite system is to furnish each son with enough free capital to buy his own land—ranging from $1,000 to $1,500 as a rule. It is this custom that accounts for the rapid spread of these people as landowners. As recently as ten years ago the land holdings of the various Mennonite branches in Lancaster County were pretty well confined to the northern part of the county, along the original ten thousand acre settlement made in 1709 to the north of Pequea Creek. Today the settlement has spread far to the south.

In an account of this first settlement written at the time of the arrivals from the German Palatinate at the invitation of William Penn it was stated: "The men wore long red caps on their heads. The women had neither bonnets, hats, nor caps, but merely a string around the head to keep the hair from the face. The dress both of female and male was domestic, quite plain, made of coarse material after an old fashion of their own." Since then some changes have been made. As in other matters, the Amish adhere more closely than the other branches to the old-fashioned dress. The young Amishman cuts his beard only until he marries. Then it is permitted to grow. All the men wear what would be called today "bobbed" hair—cut off straight at the neck. They dress in black at all times, using plain homespuns. Their hats are the broad-brimmed, low-crowned headpieces in common use two and three hundred years ago. On the street the women wear a black bonnet with long flaps falling over the shoulders and back. The women now dress as a rule in white, and sometimes in subdued colors. But the form of the gown never varies. It would be considered utterly out of date by the average modern woman. Children of the Amish in their Sunday-go-to-meeting clothing wear long trousers and flat hats in imitation of the garb of their fathers. The skirts of the women are long and full in the fashion of bygone days.

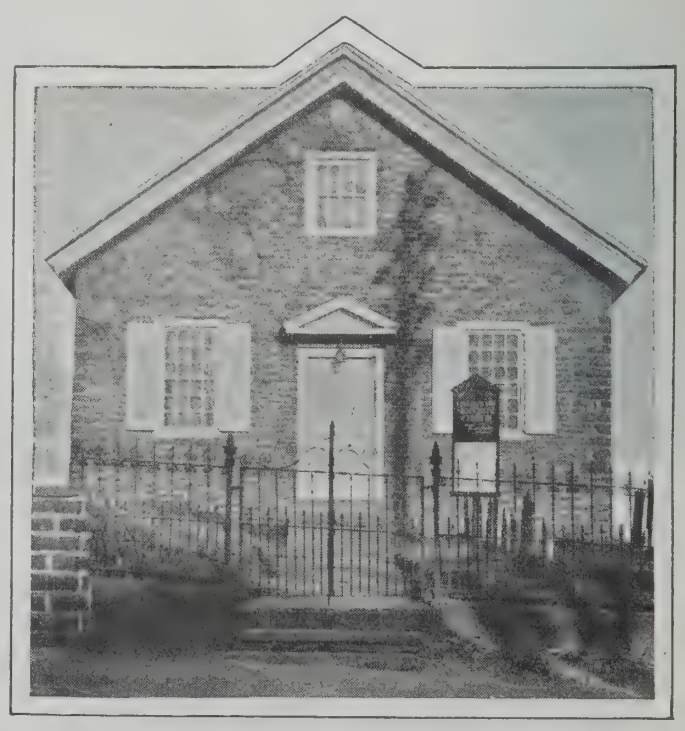
More or less anonymously, members of the sect have been denounced at times as "unprogressive" and accused of being surly and taciturn with outsiders. Criticism also has been voiced of their opposition to the marriage of their sons and daughters with persons outside the faith. But many writers have pointed out that this custom has done more than anything else to preserve the purity of the ancient racial stock. It is true that in many of their manners and customs the Mennonites and their allied branches today are identical with the German peasants of the seventeenth century, and their kin in Holland and Switzerland. But it is also true that these people today have the oldest American family tree of any group in the country.

"While New England today laments the loss of its sons, swept into the vortex of national life setting westward," wrote E. K. Martin, one of the historians of the Mennonites who is not a member of the sect, "complaining that her stony acres must soon be tilled by an alien race or left barren and valueless, the Mennonite lands of Eastern Pennsylvania still remain in the descendants of the first hardy stock, who hold them by ancient indentures, supplemented by grant from father to son, reaching backward in one ever-strengthening chain of titles to the original patents of Penn, implanting in a glorious Commonwealth a true conservatism, and adorning it continually with renewed evidences of prosperity and thrift."

As farmers it is said they have no equals in America, if anywhere in the world. They are slow to adopt new methods. For many years large groups of them refused to put up such protective devices as lightning rods—and, in fact, some of the finest barns in the Amish settlements, where the question of cost does not enter, are still without this protection. It is only in recent years that insurance has been generally adopted. With customary thrift and canniness, the Amish formed their own insurance company for the protection of their barns and crops from fire, storm, and water failure. It now writes the bulk of their business on co-operative rates.

Historians outside the sects have admitted, too, that all the branches still adhere to the custom of succoring the friendless, and their enemies. In the early days of the settlements few of the sects took part in elections. Nearly all of them still avoid public office, and many of the Amish do not vote. Although all members of the family work hard, the members of the denomination have been noted for centuries, both in this country and in Europe when they were not being persecuted, for the spacious comfort of their homes. The effort is always to avoid even the semblance of ostentation, particularly of the exterior. The Mennonites stick to old-fashioned methods. Oil lamps and candles are still in use in many

(*Concluded on page 13*)



The oldest Mennonite church in America. This edifice, located on Germantown avenue, Philadelphia, was built more than 200 years ago on a tract originally set aside for church purposes in 1689.

Mr. Ford's Page

THERE has been so much "success preaching" in this generation that any well-founded statement regarding the great increase of opportunity is discounted at the start. The sullen type of mind goes so far as to regard it as another kind of "opium of the people," something designed to postpone their unrest, and feed them with unreal hopes in order to soothe them.

We have seen the rise of a temper which does not want opportunity; it wants the full fruits of opportunity handed to it on a platter. This temper, of course, is not American; it is imported from lands and by races that have never been able to see or use opportunity, and have existed on what has been given them. This is a distinction that should always be made when surveying the national mind. It is true, however, that, although this temper may not be American in its origin, it has infected parts of the American mind like a disease; sullenness is infectious.

Now, the fact is that a generation ago there were a thousand men to every opportunity, and today there are a thousand opportunities for every man. Affairs in this country have changed just that much.

There are implications for the individual in this, of course, and also for society. It is almost impossible to understand some phases of the rise of industry without taking the former scarcity of opportunity into account. The development of some forms of business has been attended with what appears to be a certain form of warfare. This has been greatly exaggerated by the writers of the alleged histories of certain industries, who wrote from personal motives. It is never quite safe to accept, as the full account of an action, the story of the man who was beaten in it.

But there is enough of fact to indicate that when industry was being evolved under the pressure of the people's needs (and that is the only force that brought it into being) some men had large vision, others had limited vision, and the men of larger vision naturally outran the others. Their methods were sometimes immoral, but it was not their immoral methods that accounted for their success; it was their larger vision of needs, and ways and means to fulfill them. There must be a tremendous amount of right vision in anything if it is to survive dishonest or cruel methods of putting it across. To attribute success to the wrong method is a common fallacy. We hear of some men who are "too honest to succeed." That may be a comforting reflection to them, but it is never the reason for failure. Dishonest men sometimes succeed when they have qualities which exceed in serviceable value their dishonesty. Honest men sometimes fail because they lack other essential qualities to go with their honesty. It is safe to say that in the success of men who are dishonest, all that it tinctured by their dishonesty inevitably fails.

However, when industry was growing up, opportunities were limited. Men saw along one track and all of them wanted to get on that one track. Naturally, some of them were shoved off; there were more men than opportunity. A great deal of the fierceness and cruelty of competition, as we hear of it in the old days, was due to its being a struggle for self-preservation. There were not enough of the big opportunities to go round.

But, with the coming of these industries, a whole new world of opportunity was opened up. It will be well for anyone at this point to pause and think how many doors of creative activity every industrial advance has opened. It has turned out, through all the fierce competitive fights, that no man could succeed in his own opportunity without creating many times more opportunities than he could begin to grasp. Instead of the single track which attracted all ambitious men at the beginning, there appeared a multitude of tracks, with room enough for all.

And that process has gone on so rapidly, that we have come to a place where there are more of these tracks than we have men to run on them, more things to be done than we have men to do them. Time spent in trying to unfasten other men from their opportunity is time wasted. There is not only room enough for all, there is more room than our initiative and energy can occupy and use.

Here then is a formula to interpret the past and to prevent our carrying its mistakes into the present. When there were more men than opportunities, there was struggle of a very fierce and often inhuman kind. But to assume that this is the essential law of business practice and business success in these days when the condition is reversed is to misread the facts. From a condition where it was believed that competition decreased business, we have advanced to a condition where we know that competition increases business. That is because opportunity exists in multitude where before it was scarce. We must adjust business temper to the new times.

This is just one instance where the increase of opportunity affects business practice.

There is another. Much publicity is given dishonest business these days, more than ever before, not because there is more dishonest business than before, but because it has become such an out-of-date thing. The history of dishonesty in business in the United States begins, like the immoral methods of early competition, in the scarcity of opportunity. Dishonest business never had any *excuse* for existing, but there were times when it was at least *understandable*. Nowadays it is not even understandable.

To show how backward even our people are in their appreciation of business philosophy, notice the comments on the "smartness," "shrewdness," "cleverness" of business crooks. They are not smart, they are not shrewd, they are not clever. They are not intelligent. What passes for their smartness and shrewdness and cleverness is just the measure of the public's stupidity.

These crooks are not business men and have not the slightest tincture of business mind, else they would know how to do a business that stands on its own feet and is guaranteed liberty to exist. Being intellectually incapable of doing real business, they have become crooks. They could not succeed in legitimate business. The fundamental root of the matter is not in them.

The great swindles began in an age when opportunity was scarce. Swindling is out-of-date today because honest opportunity is unlimited.

Just as the invention of steam chased the pirates off the sea, so the increase of opportunity has outlawed cut-throat competition and business swindling.

The way any disease is destroyed is by preventing the conditions that foster it; if there are no suitable feeding places in the body, disease germs cannot live in it and begin their destruction. Disease germs only begin to tear down that which has been allowed to get into bad condition. And, in the same way, swindlers—the disease bacilli of the economic body—will find feeding places only where there exists the flabby, non-resistant state of mind which expects something for nothing. That is the condition of moral flabbiness in which the disease of swindling works. Where there is decay, there the vultures are gathered together.

With opportunity as plentiful as it is, for those who have eyes to see, these three evils become outlawed and hopelessly out-of-date. Cut-throat competition, as if there were only one field; swindling, as if there were no unoccupied legitimate field; and being swindled, as if there were no sound and decent method of increasing one's savings—this trio of blunders, the fruitage of scarcity of opportunity—are old traces of an old time.

The times have improved faster than men have. The old pressure toward poverty or dishonesty no longer exists. The term "up-to-date" has gained a new meaning.

THE modern increase of opportunity has had two good effects on business: first, in doing away with the old cruelties of competition, for there is now room enough for all; and, second, in abolishing the last vestige of excuse for dishonesty, since there is now so much honest business to be done that if a man prefers swindling it is simply because he has not the ability to do a business based on service and value. When opportunity was scarce, and there were a thousand men for every chance that offered, they crowded each other out; they invented deceptions and regarded wild speculation as the proper exercise for business energy. But nowadays, when there are a thousand opportunities to every wide-awake man, the situation is reversed. Opportunity, in its widening of the economic field, has been highly favorable to man's moral civilization.

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France Has Gone Too Far

A GOOD argument is not enough. France has a good argument in regard to her debt, but she neutralizes it by elements which do not appear in her argument. A generous creditor will often see extenuating circumstances in a debt such as France has created, if the debtor is unable to pay and is himself of generous mind; but when the debtor is simply averse to paying, and is anything but a generous creditor to his own debtors, the case is greatly altered. The actions of France are at odds with her argument.

This has had recent and unmistakable confirmation in the speech of Deputy Marin who made the definite statement that French blood wiped out Allied debts, that one squared the other, and was cheered to the echo for his statements. There seems nothing incongruous to the French in thus measuring the blood of her sons by the money of the Allies. And she seems oblivious also of the fact that other nations and races have lost their sons. The point is that Deputy Marin spoke the soul of France, and uttered the intention of France, that she will avoid payment by any means, even to the pitting of shed blood against the figures of indebtedness.

Yet, with the tenacity of a Shylock, France holds Russia to its monetary obligations, although the loss of Russian blood in the service of the Allies was the greatest of all the human sacrifices of the war. The world sometimes forgets that fact concerning Russia. France gives no intention of remitting a sou of the Russian debt. And in that, France is giving a modern representation of that Parable of the Unmerciful Servant which was told in ancient time.

The opinion which the world must hold of France is that national thrift more than anything else inspires her present attitude, and this opinion is strengthened by the fact that France was quite forehanded in building her plea. As early as 1915, when the war was hardly a year old, the records show that France was deftly preparing the ground for a question about debts when the war should cease. And so insistent was this preparation that, as the records show, feeling against France's Allies and their alleged "neglect" was allowed to run so high, that the Allies, especially Britain, had to start a movement among French officials to compel them publicly to recognize the great extent of the assistance which France was receiving from the outside world.

This paper has given in full, and in their own phrasing, the claims of the French. But we have no hesitation in saying that, if France pushes the issue that she saved the world, it can be clearly shown that her Allies saved France from utter destruction. Their interests were linked, to be sure, but had the Allies withheld their hand France would have been a vassal German state these last ten years. Her doom would have been immediate. The doom of the rest of the Allies was by no means certain, was certainly not imminent, and very probably not destined to occur at all. If France insists on being thanked as *the* savior of humanity, she may push the courtesy and consideration of her Allies too far, and be compelled to hear in Anglo-Saxon terms some wholesome truths.

This sense of opinion in the outside world seems to have been felt by the French Government which counseled the Chamber that cheered Marin, not publicly to post his speech. That at least shows some sense of foreign opinion.

It is time, anyway, for the United States in its own name to protest against being held up as a money haggler by a nation that has wilfully and with ulterior motives introduced a question of "honor" into a matter of business. Honor should always exist in business, but honor is misused when introduced as an excuse for the performance of contracts. It is really a little worse than the German excuse for violating Belgium.

Ibanez and the King

AN IMPORTANT point in international ethics was raised by the attack made recently through the press by Blasco Ibanez on the King of Spain. How far shall bygones be bygones? How far shall the slate of recollection of the past ten years be wiped clean? How shall the nations of the world comport themselves, today, toward those of their number who outraged so grievously, in the decade just past, the world's highest sense of right?

Although every effort has been made in interested quarters to becloud the fact, there is really no doubt as to what was the attitude of Spain during the World War. How far King Alfonso was responsible for this attitude is really beside the point. There can, however, be no doubt that Spain sided with Germany as long as she thought—as she did until almost the last moment—that Germany was going to win. She did not do this openly. Officially, she was neutral, but, unofficially, as the notorious story of the German embassy in Madrid during the years of the war shows clearly enough, she was very much the reverse. Spain's record in connection with Germany's ruthless submarine campaign has faded with strange completeness from popular memory, but the dreary story of Spanish ports thrown open to German U-boats, of allied ships sunk without effective protest in Spanish territorial waters remains to be revived at any moment.

The question is how far should it be revived, or, rather, how far are the nations of the world justified or well advised in allowing the facts to sink completely from memory and neglecting to take them into account in forming its present estimate of and expectation from Spain?

The same, of course, is true of Germany. The tendency of the human mind to think that two blacks make a white is terribly deep seated. If it condemns, as an act of aggression, the French occupation of the Ruhr, it finds it very difficult to prevent itself from concluding that the action of France, in some mysterious way, wipes out the incomparably more terrible aggression of Germany that preceded it. The fact that the devastated regions were, to a very large extent, deliberately devastated; that with cool calculation Germany so wrought that whether she won or lost the war she should win the peace—these are facts too lightly ignored today. The same is true in regard to the Spanish record. No one wants to harbor animosities, but neither does one want to ignore essential factors in forming an estimate of national character.

If the past were only the past! But it never is. It is but a continuous strain of tendency which will keep on breaking out until it is finally destroyed or transmuted.

Goldwyn's "Psychoanalysis"

NO SMALL number of harsh things have been said about Dr. Freud. Perhaps the worst blow is yet to be delivered, when it is shown that the psychology which he has systematized is not universal and therefore not generally applicable. But pending that, and in view of the paucity of nice things there is to say about Freudism, it is pleasant to report the famous doctor's cold turn-down of Mr. Samuel Goldwyn. What was in Mr. Goldwyn's mind can only be imagined, but the press agent who heralded Mr. Goldwyn's royal progress in Europe announced everywhere that the "master" was going to see Dr. Freud in the interest of a "master" film. This can only mean that Goldwyn was seeking some way of putting on the screen the horrible sexual insanities which Dr. Freud and his interpreters have put in technical writing. It was a vision worthy of a Goldwyn's enterprise!

However, it is reported that in response to Mr. Goldwyn's telegraphic approaches and heraldric advertisements, Dr. Freud wrote a one-page letter—"I do not intend to see Mr. Goldwyn."

Of course, it must have been a blow to the enterprising and unsuspecting Samuel. But why wait for Dr. Freud? Or would Dr. Freud's name be necessary to put the stuff across over Will Hays' veto?

An Important Discovery

"VERY much the newest patent medicine of all is suggested in a story which comes from New York," says the *Manchester Guardian*. "Briefly, the tale goes that a bacteriologist has discovered a germ so small that it lives as a parasite on the ordinary germs which produce such disastrous diseases as typhoid or pneumonia." The *Guardian* then follows with a series of whimsical, not to say skeptical, comments on this matter, which it rounds off by saying that "It would be awkward if the human patient were cured of his germs but died of their parasites."

The Amsterdam Academy of Science takes a different view of this matter, however, for it has awarded its highest honor to Felix Hubert d'Herelle, the Canadian scientist who discovered ultra-microbes, the road is being opened for the cure of human disease germs. D'Herelle has been awarded the Leeuwenhoek gold medal, a distinction of which the previous recipients include Pasteur, in 1895, and Sir David Bruce, who discovered the sleeping sickness germ in 1915.

D'Herelle was born in the province of Quebec, Canada, in the year 1882, and went to France with his family when very young. He took his medical course at the University of Paris. About twenty years ago he commenced work in the Pasteur Institute, and in 1917 made his important discovery of bacteriothage—the parasitic destroyers of harmful bacteria. Three years ago D'Herelle presented an important paper on the subject at a meeting of the Royal Society of Canada. He is now working in Paris.

It is written:

> Big fleas have little fleas
> Upon their backs to bite 'em;
> Little fleas have lesser fleas,
> And so *ad infinitum*.

The curing of the diseases of plants and the elimination of the insect pests that prey upon them has been effected by the use of beneficent parasite enemies for a considerable time, but it seems now that the road is being opened for the cure of human diseases by the same means. To say that D'Herelle's discovery, if scientifically based, is important is to put it mildly. If he is on the right road it is singularly appropriate that his name should be coupled with that of Pasteur.

Some day there may arise a giant among the giants of scientific research who will not only locate the direct causes of cancer and tuberculosis, but the means to overcome them by other natural forces still more powerful. Is it making an overdraft from what remains of the contents of Pandora's box to hope that the day will come when the means will be found to insure immunity from bodily ailments of all kinds?

Killing Russian Literature

LITERATURE is in a bad way in Soviet Russia. An organization of Moscow authors has submitted a memorandum to the Soviet of People's Commissaries drawing attention to the "precarious economic and material conditions in which Russian literary men and women are at present." So bad is the state of affairs, declares the memorandum, that "owing to the impossible material and moral conditions in which the Russian author of today is placed there remains for him but one alternative—suicide."

A list is appended of 300 Russian authors and poets who in the last few years have ended their own lives!

We gather from all this that the golden age of art and literature, as foretold by Lenin and Trotsky, is yet a long way off. On the contrary, "freedom of thought and of the written and printed word has been totally suppressed," and the colossal ignorance of the censors is likely to kill off what remains in the field of letters.

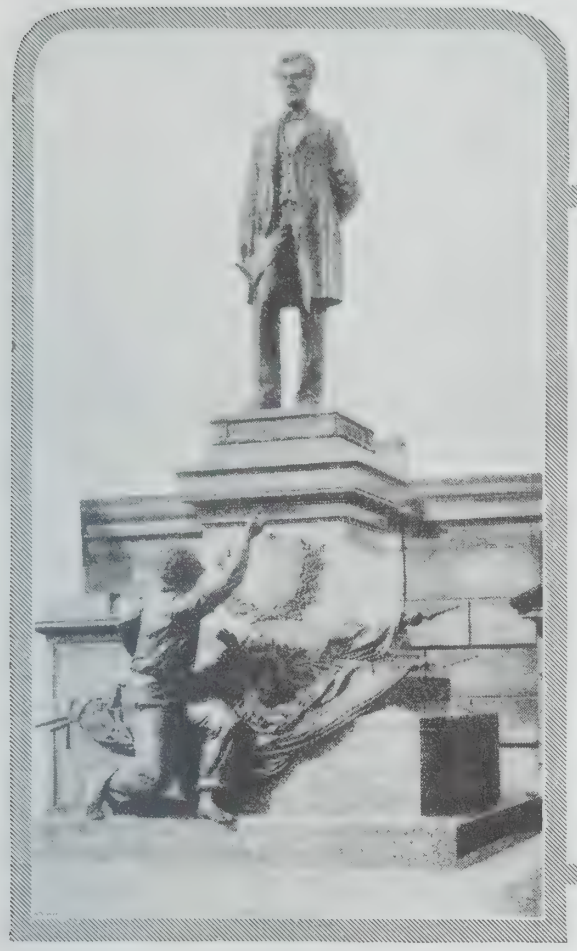
Just what kind of prose or poetry is being turned out by the better class of Russian authors at the present time, or what particular school of art they are following, is not known, but from the nightmareish productions in literature and art which the Soviet of People's Commissaries have allowed to escape within the past few months, we would assume that the retribution of literary insanity has followed upon the crime of suppression.

In a broader view, the question comes, will Russian literature be resurrected into something new and sturdy? The disappearance of the old school with its dark fatalism, its instinctive apprehension of evil, its sense of the uselessness of individual protest and effort, may, in the strange providence of affairs, be a good thing for Russian letters. They perished in the kind of conditions they apotheosized—will those conditions perish with them?

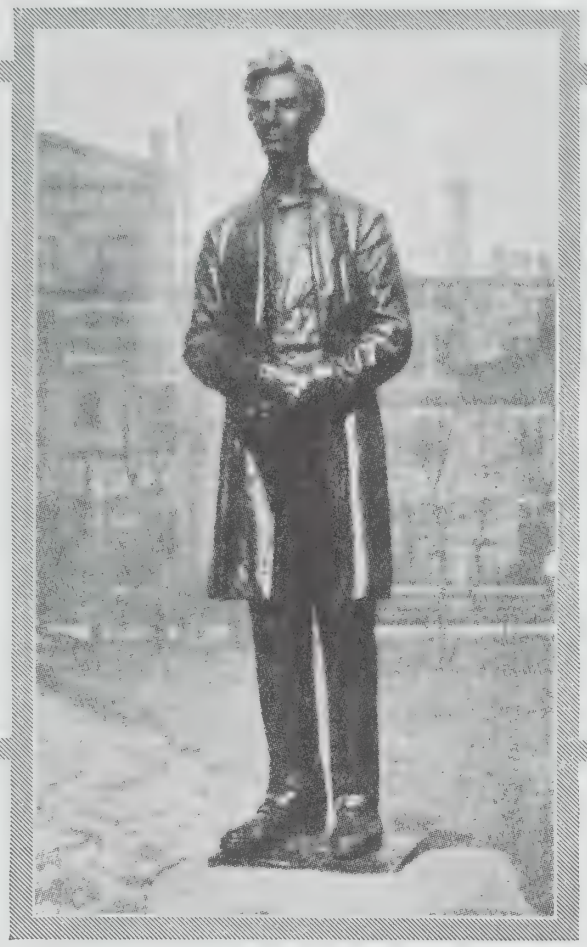
Abraham Lincoln Encircles the Globe

In Stately Works of Bronze and Stone His Genius Is Remembered; From Scotland to Korea Men Have United to Honor His Memory

By LEROY M'GUIRE



The Scottish memorial to Lincoln in Edinburgh.



Right—Barnard's Statue of Lincoln, Manchester, England.

Lincoln, within the shadow of Westminster Abbey, London.

WHAT might well be called "The Lincoln Trail" encircles the globe.

The ideas, ideals and inspiration of the life of Abraham Lincoln have made Lincoln just as much a hero and an ideal to young Korea, and young China as he is to England and America.

The Lincoln shrines in England are numerous and in significant locations. Most prominent is the St. Gaudens statue which stands just opposite Westminster Abbey, and Westminster Abbey is the high altar of the British Empire. Here England's kings have been crowned for many a century, and here their ashes lie.

It is a thrilling experience for an American to come out of this great Abbey, rich with its marbles and memorials; silent with its hallowed history; musty with great age; and run directly into something familiar and sacred to every American heart—the face and form of Lincoln. One enters the Abbey by the west doorways and comes out directly in the path of this Lincoln Memorial. At evening, when this gaunt, but beautiful bronze silhouettes itself against the sunset, the impression is deepened. There in the west, whither the sun hastens, is the land where Lincoln lived and wrought.

The controversy, several years ago, as to whether the St. Gaudens Lincoln or the Barnard Lincoln should grace this spot, was settled by establishing the St. Gaudens Lincoln near the Abbey while the Barnard Lincoln went to Manchester.

An interesting Lincoln Memorial in London is the Lincoln Room in the Savoy Hotel. There is a Lincoln bust with several American historical pictures and the room has been set aside and dedicated as "The Lincoln Room."

Another London Lincoln Memorial is what is called "The Lincoln Tower" of Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road. Without doubt there is no tower of its kind in any other church on earth, not even in the United States.

Into the stone fabric of this tower, in red, white, and blue stones and tile are worked the stars and stripes, so that, as one comes down Westminster Road one sees, against the sky, the American flag. This sight to a lonely American, wandering in a foreign land, is impressive.

A tablet of bronze under the arch of this great tower bears this memorial statement:

"TO COMMEMORATE EMANCIPATION
BY THE MARTYRED LINCOLN:
AND THE COST OF HALF OF THE TOWER
BY AMERICAN CITIZENS:
AND, AS A PLEDGE OF INTERNATIONAL
BROTHERHOOD!"

This "Lincoln Tower" was erected as a result of a visit of one of the pastors of this church, Dr. Newman, to America. While he was here we were in the midst of the Civil War. He helped to win the friendship of England for America; a friendship that was badly needed at that time. As a result some wealthy men from Philadelphia gave the money to erect this tower in memory of Lincoln. It was dedicated July 9, 1874.

In one of the beautiful libraries of Oxford there is a large bronze memorial to Lincoln with the lettering of the Gettysburg Address set up as the finest example of pure English diction. This, too, is pleasing, that here, in the seat of English learning, the Gettysburg Address should be displayed in enduring bronze.

All over England we find these memorials to Lincoln. Hingham is the little town in which Lincoln's ancestors lived. Here was born Robert Lincoln, who died in 1543. He is the first known ancestor of our great President. This Robert was father to another Robert, who in turn was father to Richard Lincoln. Richard, in his fourth marriage, became father to the line from which Abraham Lincoln sprang. In 1637 this son migrated to America and settled in a new town with the old name—Hingham, Massachusetts. The family later moved to Kentucky whence sprang the man who has made America immortal in the hearts of humanity.

On October, 1919, John W. Davis, then ambassador to Great Britain, unveiled a bust to Lincoln in this little English town.

The inscription reads:

"IN THIS PARISH FOR MANY GENERATIONS
LIVED THE LINCOLNS
ANCESTORS OF THE AMERICAN
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
TO HIM, GREATEST OF THAT LINEAGE,
MANY CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES
HAVE ERECTED THIS MEMORIAL,
IN THE HOPE THAT, FOR ALL AGES,
BETWEEN THAT LAND AND THIS LAND,
AND ALL LANDS, THERE SHALL BE:
'MALICE TOWARD NONE
WITH CHARITY FOR ALL.'"

The Lincoln Memorial at Edinburgh, Scotland, is found in "The Old Carlton Burial Ground," and is a memorial to Scottish-American soldiers who fell in the Civil War:

"Another clasp of loving hands,
Another link across the sea."

This was the first monument erected to Lincoln on European shores. The spot on which it is erected is rich in history. The old burial ground contains a memorial to Mackay, the actor, and the unmarked grave of Willie Nicol, Burns' companion and fellow-lodger. Constable, the publisher of Walter Scott's novels; David Hume, the philosopher; the political martyrs like Muir, Palmer, Skirving, Margarot, and Gerrald, all are buried here. Here also are the graves of Dr. John Brown, author of "Rab and His Friends"; and the parents of Robert Louis Stevenson. In this sacred spot the Scots have placed the Lincoln Memorial.

From Europe the trail of Lincoln leaps to the Oriental world. While there are no material monuments erected to this Occidental in the Oriental world, there is something vastly more enduring: the political ideals of Lincoln have somehow reached the souls of the Orientals.

When I visited Korea during the days of the great Independence Movement, I heard educated Korean boys continually speaking of "Leen-koln." It was a beautiful thing to hear these boys pronounce that name. "He is our Leen-koln as well as yours!" said one of the American-educated Korean leaders.

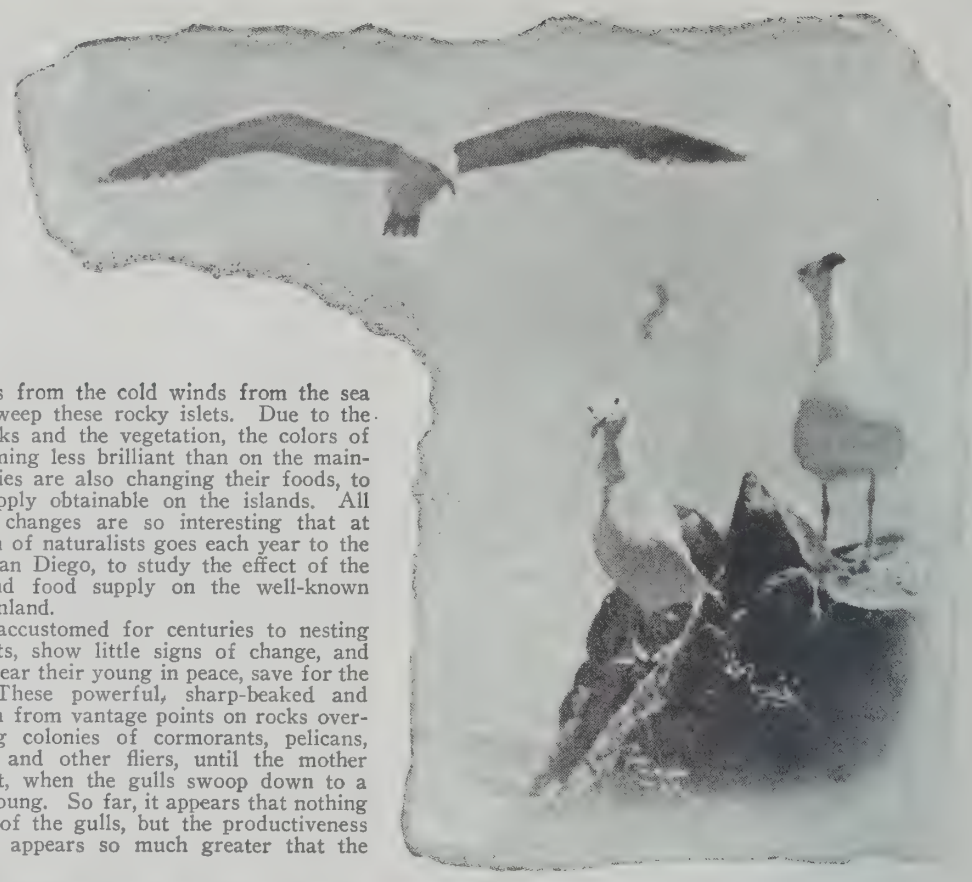
I found the same thing true in China among the "Young Chinese Student" group. This group is being led by boys educated in American schools and the name of Lincoln is as familiar to them as the name of Dr. Sun Yat Sen. It was a stirring thing for an American to stand on the streets of Pekin, in the midst of a great mass student meeting, and to hear one word—and one word only—that could be understood. That word came with machine-gun-like regularity and explosiveness, from the impassioned lips of a Chinese student who was exhorting his friends to a deeper patriotism for their nation. It was in the midst of those crucial days when Japan was trying to get a strangle hold on the Pekin government; and the Student's Boycott Movement was menacing the commercial dreams of Japan in China. These great mass meetings under the auspices of the students were the largest and most impassioned meetings I ever attended. I would listen for an hour to a Chinese orator and not understand his language but now and then the name "Lincoln" was spoken and, the way that boy-patriot spoke that name was almost like some great "Amen" on human lips.

I found the same spirit in the Philippines. Young Filipinos, in oratory and song, use more often the name of Lincoln than they do that of Jose Rizal, their own martyred patriot. Americans have left the name of Lincoln buried deep in the hearts of the educated Filipinos and their patriots, without exception, use the sayings of Lincoln in their own fight for independence.

So the Lincoln Trail, as it might be called, starts in that little, obscure town of Hodgensville, Kentucky; and runs from there into Illinois, Salem, Springfield; and from there to Washington, D. C., and back to Springfield again, where Lincoln is buried; and then it starts out again to be a world trail. It leaps to the shores of Europe, and thence to the Oriental world; until it literally encircles the globe.

Winged Kings of the Coronados

By HARRY H. DUNN



The kings of the Coronados, sea gulls watching from a lofty peak for any one of the nesting cormorants or other birds to leave their nests, so that these monarchs of the air may make a feast of the eggs or young birds.

NEVER connected with the mainland, though only seven miles from the coast line, and thus true oceanic islands, five rocky projections from the sea just south of the southern boundary of California form one of the most interesting of the so-called "desert island groups" in the world. In fact, they were first called, when they were discovered by Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, on September 26, 1542, "Las Islas Desiertas," but they since have become the Coronados Islands. The source of the name is not well known, nor is the reason for applying it. Possibly these barren islets were so called because three of them resemble remotely crowns rising from the deep; possibly in honor of the Spanish adventurer-explorer, Coronado; and possibly as a tribute to the crowned heads of Ferdinand and Isabel.

In any event, so far as geographers, ethnologists and fishermen who visit them occasionally know, this is one of the few groups of islands in the world which never have been inhabited by Indians. Farther north, the mainland tribesmen of early California passed freely between the coast and the Channel Islands, now known as Catalina, Santa Barbara, San Miguel, San Clemente, Anacapa, and so on. Today, as in all time past, according to the naturalists and the geologists, all the abundant life which exists on the Coronados passed to them either through the air or through the water. For these reasons, birds dominate the rocks themselves, and sea lions the shore, while at one time the magnificent sea otter, now almost extinct, slept in peace on his piled bed of kelp leaves above ten fathoms of water, or slid in play up and down the steep banks of the islands. Once, too, the elephant seal was here, but today the last herd of these weird animals to be found in the Northern Hemisphere is being given protection, of a sort, on Guadalupe (Wah-dah-loo-pay) Island, by the Mexican Government.

The Coronados always have been the property of the birds and the sea mammals, particularly the sea lions, from whose herds come the trained "seals" with which we are familiar in circuses and on vaudeville stages. Once, though, the fur seal played around the Coronados, but, like the otter and the sea elephant, he fell before the rifles and clubs of the fur and oil hunters of half a century or more ago. Today the birds on the five islands first seen by Cabrillo of all white men have built up an empire of their own, a limited monarchy, of which the great gulls are the kings and queens. Even the huge-billed pelicans, the swift-winged terns, and the noisy cormorants pay tribute to these rulers in the shape of eggs and young birds, and the osprey, whose means of getting a livelihood is to take it by force from some better fisherman, avoids and evades the gulls, while Madame Osprey hugs her nest in fear that, if she leave it, her beautiful eggs will feed some wandering pirate of the air.

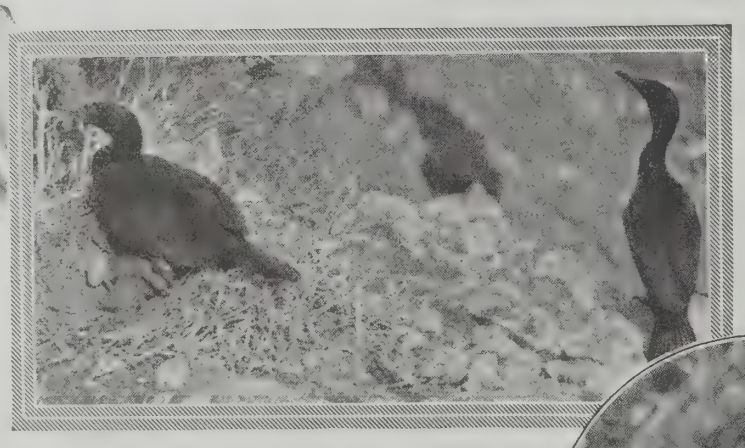
Above—Young sea lions which never have been annoyed by man are as tame as puppies. Here is a group of them, sunning themselves on one of the upthrust ledges of the largest island of the Coronados. They are friendly little creatures and at this age do not fear the men who are invading their haunts.

At left—He looks as if he might be a left-over from the days of dinosaurs and pterodactyls, but, as a matter of fact, he is merely a young pelican, considering his world from a high rock on one of the Coronados Islands. From this vantage point he can view the heavy swells which often produce a high surf on the leeward shores of the island.

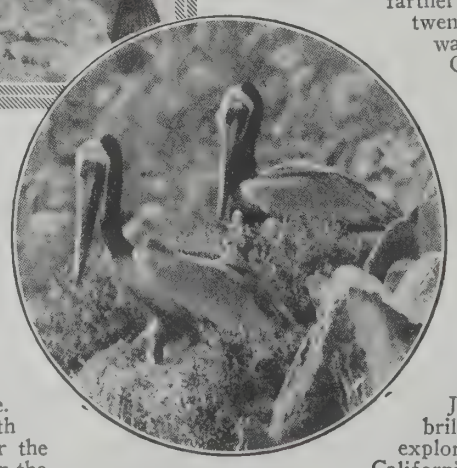
There is only enough water on the Coronados for the birds, but on other islands along the coast of Lower California, where goats have been introduced, these animals have learned to slake their thirst sparingly with salt water, and so have survived and increased where there is not sufficient fresh water in the seepage springs to support animal life. On other islands, too, house-cats have been brought from the mainland and released. These have increased until they are destroying rapidly all the bird life, both by catching the smaller land birds and by eating the eggs and young of the sea birds. There is little hope, on these other islands, of preserving the birds, while the goats are destroying all the vegetation. But on the Coronados, where the gulls dominate the avian settlement, there are neither goats nor cats, and the islands form literal "cities of refuge" for all varieties of birds.

Here on the Coronados, too, an interesting evolutionary process is being worked out before the eyes of students. Birds from the mainland, such as finches, sparrows, warblers, wrens, and other small fliers, which have come from the Lower California shore and settled permanently on these islands, are slowly changing the colors of their plumage and the thickness of their feathering to conform to climatic and soil conditions there. On some of the land birds the plumage is nearly twice as thick as it is on the same varieties on shore; this is to protect the birds from the cold winds from the sea which constantly sweep these rocky islets. Due to the dullness of the rocks and the vegetation, the colors of the birds are becoming less brilliant than on the mainland. These varieties are also changing their foods, to conform to the supply obtainable on the islands. All these evolutionary changes are so interesting that at least one expedition of naturalists goes each year to the Coronados, from San Diego, to study the effect of the isolated climate and food supply on the well-known birds from the mainland.

The sea birds, accustomed for centuries to nesting on such rocky islets, show little signs of change, and here they nest and rear their young in peace, save for the dominant gulls. These powerful, sharp-beaked and fearless birds watch from vantage points on rocks overlooking the nesting colonies of cormorants, pelicans, shearwaters, terns, and other fliers, until the mother bird leaves the nest, when the gulls swoop down to a feast on eggs and young. So far, it appears that nothing preys on the nests of the gulls, but the productiveness of the other birds appears so much greater that the balance of nature apparently is unchanged. This maintenance of equality of numbers in spite of the check given by the gulls furnishes another interesting biological lesson on the Coronados.



Above—Father Coromorant watches, while mother covers the eggs and naked young in the nest. Both of them are the most noted fishermen of the avian world. At right—Like Greek philosophers, pondering the futility of life on an isolated island, the pelicans sit on their nests on the Coronados, undisturbed by the approach of men and cameras.



There are five of these islets, rocky and desolate. To ships coming toward San Diego from the south and southwest, they furnish the first landfall for the entrance to that port, backed by Table Mountain on the mainland, and by lofty Point Loma at the western side of the entrance to the Bay of Saint James. There are two main islands, and three smaller masses of rock, two of which are virtually unapproachable without ropes and scaling ladders. The largest island is about seven miles from the Lower California shore, and the others stretch northward for a distance of four or five miles. This largest island, which has no name, is two miles long and one-half mile wide, wedge-shaped, and rising to a height of 674 feet at the highest point. There is much low vegetation, and a very few shrubs of larger size which might be called trees. All the islands are uplifted stratified rocks, their sea-sides filled with caves hollowed by the pounding surf of centuries, and through which today the sea moves with a ceaseless, almost deafening roar.

To the west and northwest of this largest island lie two sugar-loaf rocks, rising about fifty feet from the surface of the sea, with deep water all around them. In fact, the whole group of islands is surrounded by unusually deep water, bottom being farther down than around almost any other small islands on the Pacific Coast of North America. The other large islet is about three-quarters of a mile long by a quarter of a mile wide, and rises to a height of 350 feet. There is a fair anchorage on the eastern side of this island, a little north of the middle, with eight fathoms (48 feet) of water, over a hard, sandy bottom. The fifth of the Coronados is merely a rocky point rising from the sea to a height of 40 or 50 feet, with not even enough beach to make resting places for the sea lions which are found on the two larger islets.

More is known about the discovery of these islands than about the islands themselves, though the various expeditions sent to them have failed to find any trace of prehistoric man, or even of modern Indians, on them. Just why the Indians, once plentiful around San Diego Bay and farther south on the Lower California coast, never crossed to these islets is something of a mystery though probably they did cross, and, finding insufficient fresh water, returned to the mainland. The seven miles of water separating Lower California from the islands would have offered no obstacle to these Indians, whose fellow tribesmen, somewhat farther north, crossed twenty to thirty miles of water to reach the Channel Islands, and, in addition, found this channel, then as today, one of the roughest bits of water on the entire Pacific Coast.

The finding of the Coronados was due to the sending out, in 1542, by Antonio de Mendoza, viceroy of Mexico, of an expedition under Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, a Portuguese, to explore the coast of the Californias in an effort to find a way to the Indies. Cabrillo, with two small ships, the second of which was commanded by Bartoleme Ferrer, or Ferrelo, and numbering in his

(Concluded on page 14)

What "The Mark of the Scalpel" Tells

Thrilling Episode Connected With the Assassination of Lincoln

By CARSON C. HATHAWAY

HIDDEN away under lock and key in the Manuscript Division of the Library of Congress is a little thirty-one-page document, written in longhand, recounting one of the most amazing stories in American history. Its human interest does not rest in the fact that the narrator was a famous surgeon, although his career was a distinguished one. It comes from his association with the greatest tragedy in American annals—the assassination of Abraham Lincoln.

The writer was John Frederick May, who was born in Washington, D. C., in 1812 and died there in 1891. Many years after the Civil War he wrote out a statement which he called by the strange title, "The Mark of the Scalpel." His account was called forth by the endless public questioning as to whether John Wilkes Booth had actually been killed.

The account which follows is based on Dr. May's own graphic description given in the yellowed document which has found its way into the collection of Lincoln manuscripts in America's greatest library. He recalls a scene that took place in his Washington office not long before the assassination of the President:

"A fashionably dressed and remarkably handsome young man, accompanied by a friend, entered my office in Washington and introduced himself to me as Mr. Booth. After some ordinary conversation, he told me he was playing an engagement with Miss Charlotte Cushman and was much annoyed by a large lump on the back of his neck, which for some time past had been gradually increasing in size and had begun to show above the collar line. He said he wished to have it removed and he particularly enjoined me to say that it was for the removal of a bullet from his neck.

"Without promising to observe this injunction, I examined his neck and found on the back of it and rather on the left side quite a large fibroid tumor, but which could have no connection with a bullet as to its origin or in any other way. I advised its removal but at the same time told him I would take it out on one condition, which was that he should suspend his engagement at the theatre and observe absolute rest. He replied he did not wish to do this; in fact, he could not."

It should be remembered that Booth was a familiar figure in the theatrical world. He played, in fact, upon the very stage which was later to witness the historic tragedy. On March 18, 1865, for example, Ford's Theater carried a prominent advertisement in the Washington papers that, "This evening Mr. John Wilkes' Booth has kindly volunteered his valuable services."

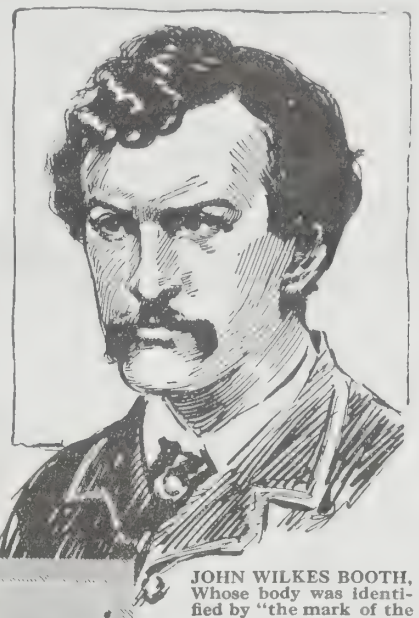
"I then explained to him the importance of his remaining quiet after such an operation on the ground of his personal appearance—that there were two principal ways by which a wound made by a surgical operation healed. The first, by primary adhesion, by which, if the edges were brought closely together and kept in contact for some little time, they became directly united and left so fine a scar as scarcely to be noticed; but that this bond of union, though daily becoming stronger, was weak for some days after the adhesion and could easily be broken by undue violence and if once broken the wound would gape and its edges not be likely to reunite and then the space between the wound would have to fill up with new tissue or flesh and an ugly scar would be left."

But Booth would not consent to taking any rest. He would only promise to take great care not to disturb the wound. Finally, Dr. May agreed to perform the operation. For a time it seemed to be healing rapidly.

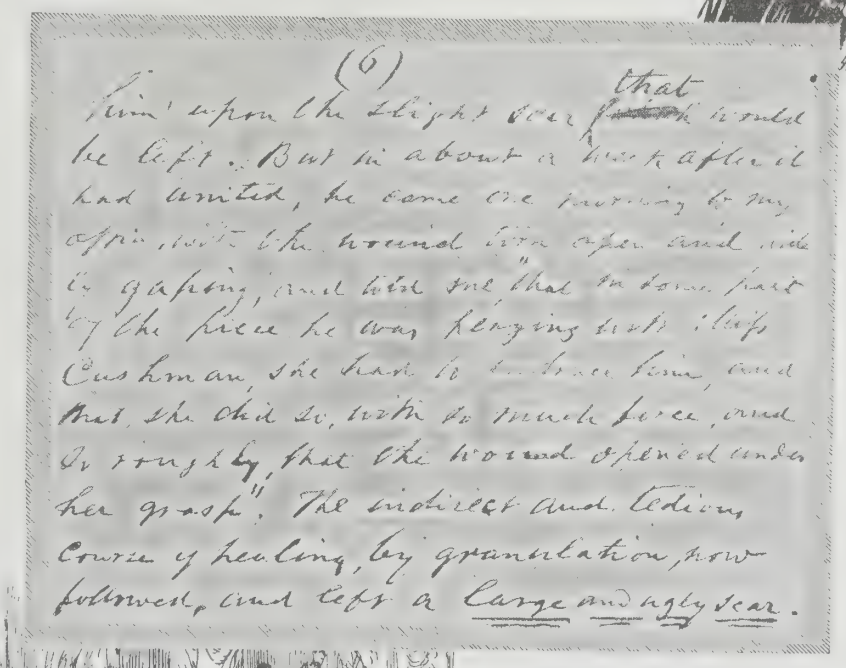
"But in about a week after it had united, he came one morning to my office, with the wound torn open and widely gaping, and told me 'that in some part of the piece he was playing with Miss Cushman, she had to embrace him, and that she did so, with so much force and so roughly that the wound opened under her grasp.' The indirect and tedious course of healing, by granulation, now followed and left a *large and ugly scar.*"

Booth did not return to Dr. May's office again. On April 14, 1865, came the assassination. The storm of bitter public condemnation for the deed was accompanied by deep regret that the murderer's brother, Edwin Booth, the distinguished actor, should be innocently involved by his family connection in the tragedy. One newspaper of the day told of this incident:

"Not a month since, Mr. Edwin Booth was proceeding to Washington. At Trenton there was a general scramble to reach the cars which had started, leaving many behind in the refreshment saloon. Mr. Edwin Booth was preceded by a gentleman whose foot slipped as he was stepping upon the platform and who would have fallen at once between the wheels had not Mr. Edwin Booth's arm sustained him. The gentleman remarked that he had had a narrow escape of his life. It was Robert Lincoln, son of that great, good man whose name we cannot mention without choking."



JOHN WILKES BOOTH, Whose body was identified by "the mark of the scalpel."



(6)
him upon the slight scar that would be left. But in about a week after it had united, he came one morning to my office with the wound torn open and gaping, and told me that in some part of the piece he was playing with Miss Cushman, she had to embrace him, and that she did so, with so much force, and so roughly, that the wound opened under her grasp". The indirect and tedious course of healing, by granulation, now followed, and left a large and ugly scar.

A dramatic page from "The Mark of the Scalpel." This old manuscript in the Library of Congress tells the story of the identification of John Wilkes Booth.

Ford's Theater in Washington as it looks today. Here Abraham Lincoln was assassinated in 1865.

"But never in a human being had a greater change taken place from the man whom I had seen in the vigor of life and health as in that of the haggard corpse which was before me in its yellow and discolored skin, its unkempt and matted hair and its whole facial expression sunken and sharpened by the exposure and starvation it had undergone. The doubt expressed need cause no surprise, for on the body produced by his captors nearly every vestige of resemblance to the living man had disappeared.

"But the mark made by the scalpel during life remained indelible in death and settled beyond all question at the time and all cavil in the future the identity of the man who had assassinated the President."

The newspapers of the time carried this simple notice:

"The body of Booth has just been formally identified by prominent surgeons. From long exposure it has changed very much. A surgical operation performed on him several weeks ago rendered identification easy."

That was all! Thus was the public informed of "The Mark of the Scalpel."

And what manner of man was it that killed the President? Dr. May recalls in his manuscript that Booth often became madly excited in his parts on the stage. In his fencing scenes, he became actually a source of danger to his fellow actors. Nor was his conduct at the scene of the assassination that of a normal man.

"He was an actor and consequently could have disguised himself by a knowledge which was part of his art so thoroughly that no one could possibly have known him. Did he do this? No: but publicly, in the sight of everyone and without the slightest attempt at concealment, he fired the fatal shot and as if glorying in the act and shouting the well-known motto of Virginia, he sprang from the box in which he committed the deed upon the stage, breaking his leg, but yet facing the au-

(*Concluded on page 15*)

In a few minutes he was dying, with the words on his lips, "Tell mother I died for my country. I thought I did it for the best."

What a contrast between his stage triumphs and his return to Washington! Never had there been a more melancholy journey.

"They sewed him up in a saddle blanket. A venerable old Negro living in the vicinity had the misfortune to possess a horse. To this was harnessed a very shaky and absurd wagon. It had no tailboard and its shafts were as sharp as famine. Into this mimicry of a vehicle the murderer was to be sent to the Potomac River. The corpse was tied with ropes around the legs and made fast to the wagon sides. When the wagon started, Booth's wound, till now scarcely dribbling, began to run anew. The blood fell through the crack of the wagon dripping upon the axle and spotting the road. It stained the planks and soaked the blankets. Finally the old Negro was dismissed, the dead man untied and cast upon the vessel's deck, steam gotten up in a little while and the broad Potomac shores saw this skeleton ship float by, as the bloody sun threw gashes and blots of unhealthy light along the silver surface."

The public at once pointed out that it was necessary to establish the fact that the body which had been brought down the Potomac to the Navy Yard at Washington was beyond doubt that of Booth. Dr. May was thereupon summoned to identify the body. Being very busy, he did not at first answer the call. A more peremptory message was sent to him. He then started for the Navy Yard, accompanied by his little son. On the way he met a third messenger, this time the chief of the detective corps himself.

"The body was on deck, completely concealed by a tarpaulin cover and Surgeon-General Barnes and his assistants standing near it. By his order the cover was removed and to my great astonishment revealed a body in whose lineaments there was to me no resemblance to the man I had known in life. My surprise was so great, I at once said to General Barnes, 'There is no resemblance in that corpse to Booth nor can I believe it to be that of him.' After looking at it for a few moments I asked, 'Is there a scar upon the back of its neck?'

"He replied, 'There is.'

"I then said, 'If that *is* the body of Booth, let me describe the scar before it is seen by me,' and did so as to its position, its size and general appearance so accurately as to cause him to say, 'You have described the scar as well as if you were looking at it.'

"*The body being then turned, the back of the neck was examined and my mark was unmistakably found by me upon it.*"

After a considerable time, Dr. May was at last able to recognize the features of the assassin.

Lincoln's Secretary Talks of His Chief

Says the Great Emancipator Was Governed By His Inner Life Which But Few People Saw

By DIRK P. DE YOUNG

SHORTLY after his election to the Presidency, in 1860, Abraham Lincoln asked William O. Stoddard, now a ninety-year-old patriarch of Madison, New Jersey, what he might be able to do for him. Mr. Stoddard, then the young editor of the Illinois Central *Gazette*, at Champaign, Illinois, replied that he was well fixed and wanted nothing. Lincoln urged the young man, however, and he finally replied:

"Nothing can tempt me to go to Washington unless it be a place on your staff."

"Put that in writing," was the Great Emancipator's quick response, and the man who is still living, with his mind as clear as a bell, became the secretary to the President who freed the slaves and saved the Union.

Regarding Abraham Lincoln himself, the years have not faded out the favorable impression which this secretary received of his chief. On the contrary, the image of the man in perspective is much greater to Mr. Stoddard than the form of the Emancipator in the flesh. It was the "Inner Lincoln" which he knew, the spiritual side of the great President, the periods when he saw him wrestling with himself and with his God, for a solution of the problems which beset the path of the nation, instead of the "Outer Lincoln" with his dry humor and his "public front." Lincoln's unusual sense of humor, this living secretary of his says, merely balanced the unusual depth of his pathos.

Lincoln's feeling of gratitude toward Mr. Stoddard arose from the following editorial, which appeared in the Illinois Central *Gazette* in 1859, reprinted in more than 200 newspapers throughout the United States shortly after, originating The Rail-splitter's presidential boom:

"OUR NEXT PRESIDENT: We had the pleasure of introducing to the hospitalities of our Sanctum, a few days ago, the Hon. Abraham Lincoln. Few men can make an hour pass away more agreeably. We do not pretend to know whether Mr. Lincoln will ever condescend to occupy the White House or not, but if he should, it is a comfort to know that he has established himself for a character and reputation of sufficient strength and purity to withstand the disreputable and corrupting influences of even that locality. No man in the West at the present time occupies a more enviable position before the people or stands a better chance for obtaining a high position among those to whose guidance our ship of state is to be intrusted."

Mr. Stoddard was born at Homer, Cortland County, New York, in the year 1835. At the Syracuse Academy he studied under Professor Hoyt, where with him a remarkable group of boys was gathered—boys who later became lawyers, judges, generals, ministers, authors and successful men of business, the most noted of them all the late Andrew D. White, educator and diplomat, who was a warm personal friend of Mr. Stoddard to the end of his life. From his school work he drifted out to the great West in the late fifties, following a journalistic career. For a time he was editor of the Chicago *Ledger*. Then followed the Panic of 1857 which swept away the *Ledger*. Mr. Stoddard then took up four hundred acres of prairie land in Champaign County, Illinois. The romance of frontier life captivated him, during which period he encountered the perils of being nearly frozen to death, burned by prairie fire, poisoned by rattlesnakes and swallowed by quicksand.

After those experiences he became the managing editor of the Illinois Central *Gazette* at Champaign, which was at the time of the birth of the Republican party. Abraham Lincoln, then ex-Congressman from Illinois, and a leading lawyer of Champaign County, was attracted by the editorials and called to see the editor. That was sixty-five years ago. But Mr. Stoddard, who occupied an armchair by the window in his son's home in the Oranges, when I called to see him, looking out over the trees with their falling leaves on that sunny October morning, recalled the incident as clearly as if it had happened only yesterday.

"We ran the newspaper on the upper floor of a building," this interesting old gentleman, who had actually lived a great history himself, began. "I had a physician as a partner and he occupied the first floor as his office. We had a good newspaper, with the largest circulation of any journal in that part of the state, but we operated the printshop on a small scale.

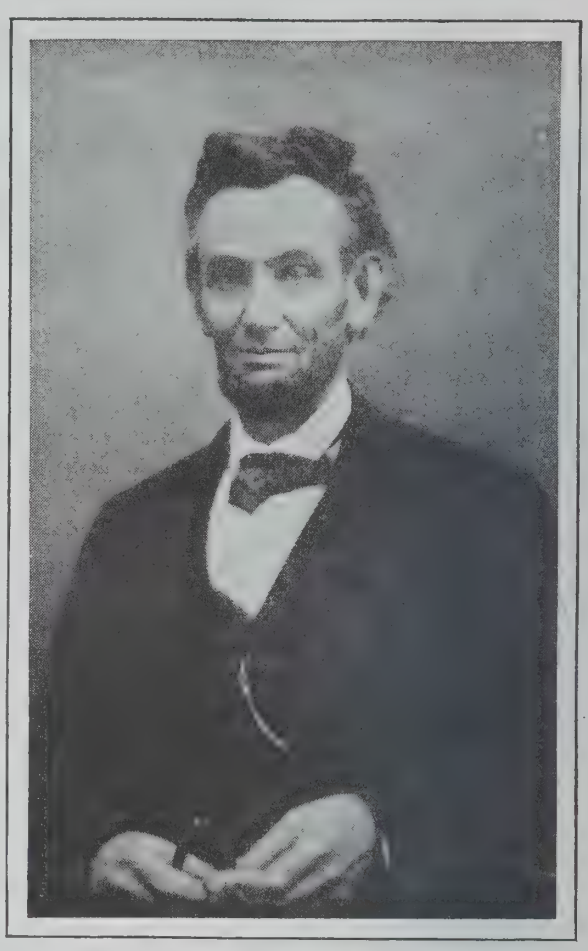
"One day I was engaged in the pressroom, pretty well besmeared with ink. In came my partner, who had just been rolling pills downstairs, to tell me that Abraham Lincoln wanted to see me. I told the doctor that I would not roll down my sleeves to go to see him, but would compromise by washing my hands and meeting him as I was to discuss the organization of the Republican party.

"It was not the first time I had seen Lincoln, of course. But it was the first time I had met him to talk to him. I went over to the old hotel across the street from our office, where he stopped. When I walked into the room with its old-fashioned bar at one end and a big roaring stove at the other, Lincoln sat there in a battered armchair. Off came his tremendous hat, which was filled with letters that he proceeded to read. Coming to one written by Solomon P. Chase, his face lighted up as if from an internal fire.

"I have always been a close student of men. I carefully observed Lincoln that day. Thus when I went back to my partner, who was still busy rolling pills, I told him I had made up my mind who was going to be the next President of the United States. I then wrote the editorial in question which immediately caused a storm of comment. Answers came to it from all over the country. Hundreds of extra copies of it were struck off, and Lincoln was in due course elected President."

About December 1, 1860, Mr. Lincoln directed Mr. Stoddard to wind up his affairs in Illinois and go to Washington to await his arrival. He was then twenty-five years of age. Directly after the President's inauguration, he was appointed secretary to sign land patents. The Executive Office was then not so well organized, of course, as it is today, three young men, under different appointments, actually performing the secretarial duties of Mr. Lincoln.

The clerical duties of the White House before 1860 were comparatively few, and there was no existing law under which the force could be increased. The President of the United States was then allowed but one "private secretary" as such, on a very modest salary. Thus to the office of "private secretary" he appointed John G. Nicolay, who had already served him in that capacity. Needing more help, John Hay was made a second secretary, by appointing him a clerk in a department, "assigned to duty" at the White House, a custom which is still in vogue in Washington.



One of the best of the Lincoln portraits. Print from an old glass plate taken by Alexander Gardner at Washington the day of Lee's surrender.

A little later, Mr. Stoddard, who had already been appointed the President's secretary to sign land patents made the third of the Great Emancipator's confidential assistants during the Civil War period. And he is the only one of the three now living, a trio of secretaries which comprised the entire White House force during the earlier and stormier days of the Lincoln Administration. Mr. Stoddard says that these young men became intimate friends and saw Lincoln as few others ever saw him during the periods of storm and stress, when the nation's life, with the tall figure of the immortal President constantly bending over its sick-bed, hung depressingly in the balance.

In the early months of the year 1861, as the war cloud darkened, a company of Rifles was formed for the home protection of Washington, which lay almost helpless between two seemingly disloyal states—Virginia and Maryland. Mr. Stoddard was the first to join Company A of the Rifles, with Lincoln's permission—the first company organized for the Civil War. That company did gallant duty under Major Smead, bearing the brunt of the defense of Washington until the arrival of the New York Seventh Regiment and the Massachusetts Sixth. During the three months' duty they guarded the Potomac bridge and captured the first vessel in the war, the *St. Nicholas*, a steamer from Alexandria full of Secessionists. After the three months' service he returned to his desk at the White House and took charge of the President's mail which was voluminous. He also attended Mrs. Lincoln's correspondence, saving both of them, he says, from a flood of vituperation from a misunderstanding country. Mr. Stoddard's office was the room in the northeast corner of the White House on the second floor. The latchkey, with which for many years he opened the front door of the White House, he retained as a relic.

"In handling the White House mail," this interesting man of four-

(*Concluded on page 15*)

Wide World Photo.

Our photo shows William O. Stoddard, 89 years old, once the secretary of President Lincoln, as he looked while he was at ease in his home in Madison, New Jersey. Mr. Stoddard, despite his age, takes an active interest in present-day politics and has been quoted to the effect that "The late President Wilson had much the same spiritual life as Lincoln, making him capable of great things." Mr. Stoddard wrote the first editorial upon the nomination of Lincoln which appeared in the Illinois Central *Gazette*, May, 1859. Mr. Stoddard was Secretary to Lincoln from 1861 to 1864. Inset— A photo of William O. Stoddard, at the time he was secretary to Lincoln.

Soccer May Be King Sport

Association Football Catches American Fancy

By PAUL MACDONALD

A NOTICEABLE feature of sports in the United States is the growth of soccer. Introduced a comparatively short time ago, the game has caught the American fancy and promises to become a major sport in this country.

Soccer is a major sport in Great Britain and has been for years. It is also a major sport in Germany, France, Italy, Norway, Sweden, Belgium, and Denmark. Over there the game is known as Association Football.

A team consists of eleven players, as in intercollegiate football in this country. There is a goalkeeper, two fullbacks, three halfbacks and five forwards. The only player permitted to handle the ball is the goalkeeper and he can do so only in a restricted area, known as the penalty area, which extends eighteen yards from each goal. The other players have to place the ball between the posts, either by kicking it or butting it with their heads.

In Great Britain first-class teams attract an average crowd of 30,000 spectators. The professional players receive a salary of $35 a week and they are also given the proceeds of a benefit game after serving a certain time with their clubs. This nets them usually about $2,500. An international player receives $45 for every international game in which he participates. Association Football players are sold the same as baseball players in this country. The highest price ever paid for one was $25,000. The player received a portion of the price. In this country $25,000 is a small price for a ball player and only in rare instances does any of the money go to the player.

The career of an Association Football player is a bit longer than that of a ball player in the United States. A typical player is R. Crompton of the Blackburn Rovers, of England. He played in seventeen international games, covering a period of twelve years.

The World War did much for soccer on both sides of the trenches. It became a favored pastime with the fighting nations.

Soccer has drawn far greater crowds than any game in the United States. The record attendance is 170,586, made at the English cup final at Wembley Stadium, London, in 1923. The record crowd for the European continent is 70,000, which attended the game between Germany and Austria, played at Vienna, in 1922. Germany won by a 2 to 0 score.

In 1915 the United States sent a representative soccer team overseas. This eleven played Norway to a 1 to 1 tie and defeated Sweden 3 to 2. The team was not so successful in Great Britain.

America is to invade European shores again this year. The result should be more favorable to the United States. We have learned much about soccer since 1915 and are fast developing some excellent players.

* * *

Baseball is played in Sweden but scoring of the game in Sweden is considerably different from our own. What we score a fielder's choice is scored a hit in Sweden and no record is made in the score books of flies and sacrifice flies. Catchers are charged with errors on passed balls and pitchers are charged with errors on wild pitches. Every trip to the plate is counted as a time at bat, regardless of whether the batter hits safely, is retired on a batted ball, struck out, walked, or hit by a batted ball. All strikeouts are credited to the pitcher.

We keep a separate column for passed balls and wild pitches. They are charged as such but considered errors. The Swedes have simplified the matter and sooner or later we may do the same thing in this country. Since passed balls and wild pitches are considered errors by us why not charge them as such and eliminate the extra columns. And, there are many in the United States who believe that a strikeout should be credited as an out for the pitcher. But, since the pitcher is credited with a strikeout he can afford to let the catcher have the putout since the catcher has the fielding chance that retires the batter and the pitcher's part in a strikeout really furnishes an assist.

* * *

William T. Tilden is unquestionably the best tennis player this country has produced. During the winter of 1922-23 there was published a book on tennis by Tilden and in this book he predicted that Miss Helen Wills, the California net star, might be a champion at some future time but that she could not hope to gain the title before 1927. Also, Tilden asserted in his book that Mrs. Molla Bjurstedt Mallory was the world's greatest tennis player.

In less than nine months Tilden was proved wrong twice. Miss Wills not alone won the national championship but she easily defeated Mrs. Mallory in winning it and Mrs. Mallory, previous to her defeat at the racquet of Miss Wills, had lost to Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen, the brilliant French woman, and to Miss Katherine McKane, the English player. Our greatest performers often lose much prestige when they step out of their customary rôles to become prophets of their favorite sport.

Miss Wills' ascendancy was a matter of mental attitude. She had the ability. That much she proved on the eastern courts during the previous season. It was a question whether the girl could bring herself to believe in her own ability. But, when she defeated Miss McKane, who had previously beaten Mrs. Mallory, she decided that she certainly should also be able to defeat Mrs. Mallory. And she did. In her match with Mrs. Mallory she possessed a poise that she had lacked previously. Confidence developed this poise. And, without this confidence and resultant poise, none can ever succeed in athletics. The victory of Miss Wills in the Olympic Games and the American championships in 1924 proved that further.

* * *

You often read that ball players never hear the remarks of the bleachers; that they are deaf to the abusive remarks of hostile spectators; that it concerns them no more than the din of the foundry does the iron moulder. But, those that say that are mistaken.

More pitchers have been beaten by the raucous "Take him out" chorus of the grandstand and bleachers than by a lack of ability. More aspiring recruits have been turned back from the majors because an excusable error that proved costly to the home team brought on the ire of the mob, than through most other causes.

The ball player expects the abuse; it is part of the game. But it cuts him just the same. He does not seem to mind but that attitude is developed by him just as that of the boxer who always smiles when his opponent's punches hurt him most of all. It is a false bravado, meant to disarm an opponent.

Several years ago the Brooklyn baseball followers decided that Ivan Olson, then playing shortstop for Brooklyn, was not good enough for the team. They demanded the club secure a new player for short. Each day they abused Olson and Olson finally stuffed cotton into his ears so that he could not hear the insults. Then he hit upon the plan of letting strands of cotton dangle from his ears so that his persecutors would be aware of the presence of the cotton. The sight of Olson, running after batted balls, strands of cotton streaming from his ears, proved too much. His pursuers capitulated. They had to laugh and surrender. Olson continued playing the position.

Boxers, like ball players, pretend not to hear the jibes of the mob. But they do. Eugene Criqui, French hero of the late war, defeated Johnny Kilbane for the featherweight title. Soon after he fought Johnny Dundee, defending his newly won crown. The New York crowd that was packed around the arena began abusing Criqui as soon as he appeared in the ring and continued insulting and abusing him until the fight ended. Criqui took a terrible beating from Dundee. He lost the fight and the title. Several months later, back in France, Criqui announced his retirement. He turned down several flattering offers for bouts with the explanation that the jeers of the crowd when he lost to Johnny Dundee in New York finished him.

* * *

R. H. Rawson of the West Bowling Golf Club, England, will dispute with anyone claiming the title of England's most enthusiastic golfer. Rawson should be awarded the championship; he deserves it. In 1920 he pla·ed 374 rounds of golf. He played 443 rounds in 1921 and in 1922 he had 294 rounds. He kept a careful record of every round he played. And he set a mark that any golfer can shoot at, especially his high record of 1921.

* * *

Baseball teams paying fortunes for a talent and greater fortunes in salaries, take practically no measure to protect this human property. There is not one major league team that employs a trainer with talent and experience.

Even minor colleges pay good salaries for men whose sole duty it is to look after the physical condition of the students who engage in athletics. At the larger colleges and universities there is a staff of highly trained experts whose job it is to see that men are physically fit for competition. The least pain or injury immediately receives attention from men that know their business.

In baseball the trainer receives a small salary and he is a trainer in name only. Generally the trainer of a major league team is nothing more than a valet and baggage boy. He has little knowledge of the human body.

Baseball stars, secured for enormous prices and paid enormous prices in salaries because of their individual drawing power, are out of the lineup for days at a time, quite often, through some minor injury which, if given expert treatment at its inception, would have permitted the player to continue in the game. Absence of such a star costs baseball clubs a great deal of money annually and this could have been saved by the employment of an efficient trainer. Still, major league teams have continued season after season, refusing to recognize this fact.

* * *

The South Sea Islands have set a record in cricket that will probably never be equaled. When the game was introduced on the islands there were 300 players on each side and a match lasted three weeks, as a rule. The result of this extended play caused the fishing and agricultural interests and the civil service to become demoralized. Finally a royal edict was issued limiting the number of players to 70 on each side and with only 140 men participating, instead of 600. The time required to play a match has been cut to from five days to one week.

* * *

Denton T. (Cy) Young was a master pitcher in 1904, probably the greatest of his day. He drew a salary of $4,500 that season. In 1914, ten years later, Christopher Mathewson was in his prime, a great star and national idol. Mathewson's salary was $12,500. George Herman (Babe) Ruth, is now the leading attraction of baseball and Ruth's salary is $52,000 for 1925. While you are pondering over the fact that times change, consider these figures, touching on periods ten years apart.

An Interview With Springfield, Illinois

Concluded from page 4

also is one of the historic spots to which this thriving city lays claim.

To one who knows America, Springfield suggests Lincoln, Vachel Lindsay, Edgar Lee Masters, Dr. Frank Crane and Brand Whitlock. Doubtless in recent years none think of Springfield without remembering Lindsay's poem: "Lincoln Walks at Midnight," which I have received permission to quote in this article because it is distinctly of the fiber and soul of Springfield:

LINCOLN WALKS AT MIDNIGHT*

(In Springfield Illinois)

It is portentous, and a thing of state
That here at midnight, in our little town
A mourning figure walks, and will not rest,
Near the old court-house pacing up and down,

Or by his homestead, or in shadowed yards
He lingers where his children used to play,
Or through the market, on the well-worn stones
He stalks until the dawn-stars burn away.

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,
A famous high top-hat and plain worn shawl
Make him the quaint great figure that men love,
The prairie-lawyer, master of us all.

He cannot sleep upon his hillside now.
He is among us:—as in times before!
And we who toss and lie awake for long
Breathe deep, and start, to see him pass the door.

His head is bowed. He thinks on men and kings.
Yea, when the sick world cries, how can he sleep?
Too many peasants fight, they know not why,
Too many homesteads in black terror weep.

The sins of all the war-lords burn his heart.
He sees the dreadnaughts scouring every main.
He carries on his shawl-wrapped shoulders now
The bitterness, the folly, and the pain.

He cannot rest until a spirit-dawn
Shall come;—the shining hope of Europe free:
The league of sober folk, the Workers' Earth,
Bringing long peace to Cornland, Alp, and Sea.

It breaks his heart that kings must murder still,
That all his hours of travail here for men
Seem yet in vain. And who will bring white peace
That he may sleep upon his hill again?

*From Vachel Lindsay's "Collected Poems," Macmillan & Company, publishers.

They Don't Believe in Mortgages

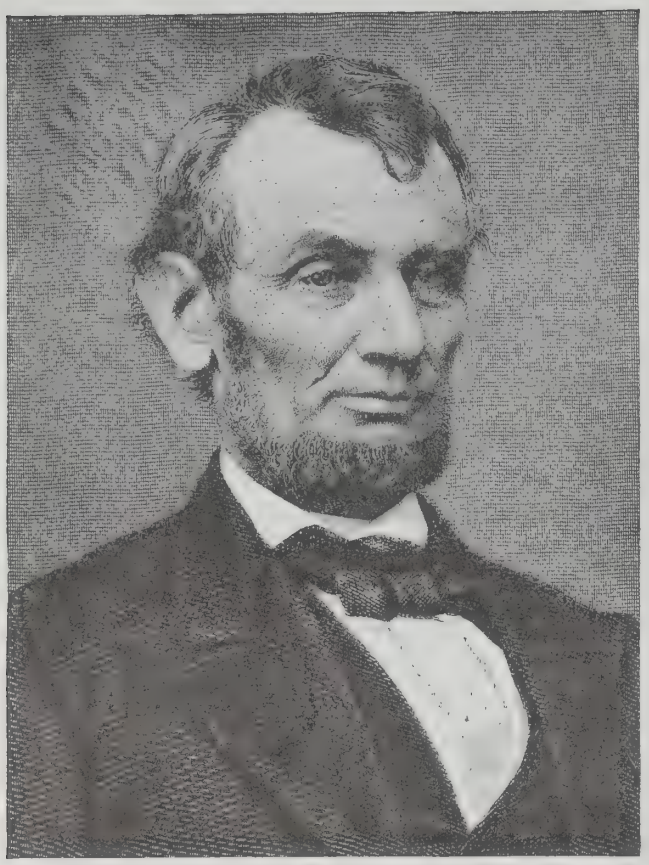
Concluded from page 6

of their homes. But the vast majority have all the comforts that money can buy.

What is true of Lancaster, where the largest settlements exist, applies to those scattered about all over the country in the other states named. The most of the people are of Dutch, German, and Swiss origin, but in the West there are several settlements of Russian Mennonites. Back in the earliest days of the denomination the simple faith of the Mennonites was carried to Russia by refugees from the Palatinate. It took root among the peasant folk, and later many of them followed the Dutch and Germans to the United States and migrated to Nebraska and other western states.

The name Mennonites is derived from the founder, Menno Simons, a native of Witmarsum, a small town halfway between Bolsward and Harlingen. Simons was born in the year Columbus discovered America. In 1534 a massacre took place in his home town of the Munsterites. Simons, who was a priest, had written a book against the Munsterites, but the massacre seems to have changed the course of his life and soon he left the church, became an Evangelical preacher and attained wide influence. Historians differ as to whether his own eventual huge gathering of followers were the Munsterites or an entirely new group. He was called to the bishopric of the Old Evangelical Baptists in 1537 and then began to tour Northern Germany, much of the time being compelled to adopt various disguises because a price had been placed on his head.

Mennonite leaders of today say that the rules which have made them successful were formed in these early days of persecution. Followers of Simons in Germany, Switzerland, and various other countries were aided by the "Committee on Foreign Needs" formed among their co-religionists in Holland, where religious liberty prevailed. This committee put up the funds for a large part of the early migration to the new land. In the early days the rules of the creed were extremely simple. The chief point of issue with the old church authorities seems to have been the insistence of the Mennonites on adult baptism. Ministers of the denomination were chosen from among members of the flock and served without pay. This custom is still followed in some of the settlements. In Europe and America for many years divine worship was held in private homes, and this custom is also followed still by some of the branches in some settlements. Churches, when they are built, are plain.



Mrs. Hutchins' favorite picture of Lincoln, which, she says, "Looks most like him when I saw him."

And Lincoln Said to Me:

"You cannot fly a high kite unless you have a long string."

When Little Betty Smith—"Chestnut Curls"—Received Advice Which Changed Her Life

By ELIZABETH G. HUTCHINS

(As told to a Dearborn Independent Interviewer)

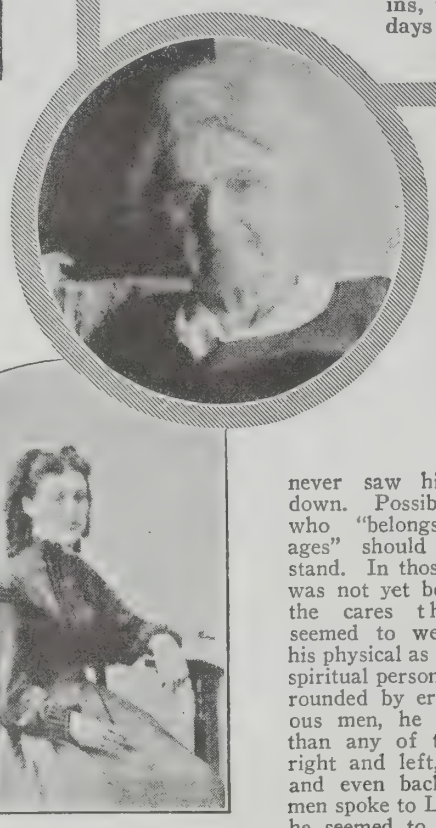
Out in Oakland, California, lives a woman who was a young school-teacher when Abraham Lincoln started from his law offices in Springfield, Illinois, to the Presidency of the United States. Though she is 86 years old, and has lived a life filled with hard work, her memory is still clear, and her personal recollections of the Great Emancipator are as distinct as if she had seen him yesterday. She is Mrs. Elizabeth G. Hutchins, though in Lincolnian days she was Betty Smith.

MY FIRST memory of Abraham Lincoln is of seventy years ago, when I, a girl of sixteen, was living in Oakville, Illinois, and is sustained by a series of events which, even today, are clear in my memory. My family was of the large and infrequently distinguished clan of Smiths, and I was little Betty Smith, with long and real curls of chestnut hair, and what my Scotch father often warned me as a "roving eye." Dressed in one of those high-collared, long-sleeved, tight-waisted, wide-skirted combinations that passed for the dressmaker's art in those days, I followed father through the state fair early in October of 1854, at Springfield, and heard much talk of a Senator Douglas, who had come out to defend his action in supporting the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, which had been passed by the Congress in May of that year.

Opposing Senator Douglas were a "Mr. Lincoln" and Lyman Trumbull. We saw Lincoln at the fair, and, later in October, after we had returned home, read his now-famous speech, delivered at Peoria. My father said, one night after he had read this speech for the third time: "Yon's a mon, wha'll bear watchin'. He hes th' gift o' thocht."

In November of that year, when Lincoln led in the formation of the Republican party, my girlish—I might say, "childish"—heart and mind flamed up in a desire to see this man, whom other men were beginning to name as a possible President. Yet it was seven years—not until 1861—before I saw him again. Meanwhile, I had received my "schooling," and had been granted a certificate to teach, was teaching, in fact, over in Hillsboro, Missouri. As a great holiday, when vacation came, I went to Chicago, with a family of friends. We stopped at the Palmer House, then the leading hotel of the Middle West, and there, as we came downstairs from our rooms to the old dining hall, we saw Abraham Lincoln, standing in the lobby.

To me, though I saw him afterward on several occasions, I always picture Lincoln as standing; indeed, I never saw him sitting down. Possibly a man who "belongs to the ages" should always stand. In those days, he was not yet bowed with the cares that later seemed to weigh down his physical as well as his spiritual personality. Surrounded by erect, vigorous men, he was taller than any of them. To right and left, in front, and even back of him, men spoke to Lincoln, yet he seemed to talk little, replying in a few words, a greeting here, an affirmative or a negative nod and a word there. Yet there was a smile for everyone.



Circle—MRS. ELIZABETH G. HUTCHINS today, in the parlor of the boarding house with which she supports her blind husband and herself. Below—Mrs. Hutchins, as a sixteen-year-old girl, 70 years ago, in Oakville, Illinois, before she met Lincoln.

Girl-like—and girls were not different then, except in dress, from the girls of today—I seemed to see an opportunity, and I took a few steps forward, impetuous, perhaps, the least bit curious, not a little determined. The father of my girl friend, with whose family I had gone to Chicago, said, "Wait a minute, Betty, an' I'll present you." He walked across the lobby to Mr. Lincoln, who greeted him with a widening of the ever-lurking smile. They chatted a moment, and I was called over, with the daughter of the family. A huge hand took both of mine, and a deep voice, way above my head:

"Well, well, little Betty, the school-teacher. If I had a teacher like you, I would be in school yet."

Imagine my confusion, when the men gathered around began to laugh with the booming laughter that came from above. Quick to sense my embarrassment, Lincoln said, softly,

"Never mind, Chestnut Curls, teaching is the most important work to be done in the world; keep at it."

Then he talked to me, asking me questions about my work and my ambitions. When I told him that my greatest hope was to teach some day in a "seminary," he replied:

"Then you'll have to study while you teach. You know, you can't fly a high kite unless you have a long string."

The sight of Lincoln, the touch of his hand, the friendly, honest glances of his eyes, changed my entire life. While I was in Hillsboro, I had become engaged to Albert Hagen, who, forming a company for the Confederate cause, became a captain in the southern army. After I had seen Lincoln, after he had talked to me, I *knew* that he was right, that slavery was wrong, and that any man who supported it never could be my lifelong companion. I returned to Hillsboro to my teaching, and broke my engagement with Captain Hagen. He went through the war successfully, and later became a judge in Santa Cruz County, California, but I could no more have married him than I could have doubted the word of Abraham Lincoln.

Public sentiment in Hillsboro was strong for the Confederacy, to which my "loyalty" was seriously doubted. To test my attitude, the people of the town appointed me to present the flag to Captain Hagen's company. That night I slipped out of the window of the house where I was boarding, walked four miles to the station and took a train back North to Illinois. I never presented that flag, and I never resigned from that school, but I kept an unspoken pledge to the tall man with the honest face, who had warned me to get a long string before I attempted to fly my kite high.

Later, I saw Lincoln several times in Washington. Once on the street, he remembered me and called me by name. I had the good fortune to become quite well acquainted with some members of his family. I recall, one day, going to the White House on an errand from my father to Secretary of War Stanton, an errand similar to several which I performed from our section of the country to Washington. Mr. Stanton read the papers I had brought him, and, while he was reading, the President came in. Stanton was a man of quick temper, and, after he had spent some time in reading the documents, said, rather sharply:

"There are other things more important than these reports; they can wait until tomorrow."

"Stanton," said Lincoln, dropping a hand on the shoulder of the Secretary, "did you ever hear that story about the swearing driver?"

"No, Mr. President, I never did," Stanton replied brusquely.

"Well, Fisk tells it on himself. It seems that Fisk started out as a colonel in Missouri, and when he had enlisted a regiment, he informed the men that he would do all the swearing done in that organization. They agreed, as they had to, and for some time no one heard any profanity around that camp. Then, one day, John Todd, a teamster, encountered several miles of mudholes, each one worse than the one before. About midway along this road, Todd let go a flood of cussing that reached even Fisk's ears.

"The Colonel called John into his tent, and said:

"'Look here, John, didn't you agree to let me do all the cussing for this regiment?'

"'Yes, Colonel, I did,' John answered, 'but this job of cussing had to be done right there and then, and I couldn't see you anywhere around to do it.'

"The point of that story is, Stanton, that anything which comes up today in this war must be done today in order to finish this war."

Stanton took the papers with a hearty laugh, and in a few minutes had a reply ready for me to carry back to my father in Illinois.

To me Lincoln lives just as really, just as vividly as he did seventy years ago. I believe that his influence, as well as his memory, comes down to us today, just as full of uplifting hope and sustaining helpfullness as it was when he stepped from the law offices of Lincoln and Herndon, down in Springfield, to the White House.

Winged Kings of the Coronados

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company three priests, pilots, cosmographers, soldiers and sailors, set out from the port of Navidad, about twenty-five miles from the present port of Manzanillo, on the west coast of Mexico, on June 27, 1542. The flagship, commanded by Cabrillo in person, was the *San Salvador*, while the other vessel, under Ferrer, was *La Victoria*. Both were hardly more than sloops, and would be condemned as fishing smacks today if they were offered to any offshore fisherman.

They first saw the Coronados on September 26, 1542, and occupied that day and the next in passing them, and sailing around them. Noting their barrenness, Cabrillo named them "Las Islas Desiertas," and Ferrer observed in his diary that they were uninhabited and apparently never had been inhabited. As an example of the inaccuracies of the observations of those days, it is worth noting that Ferrer declares these islands to be *three* in number, whereas there are five of them; that the largest is two leagues (approximately six miles) in length, whereas it is actually only *two miles* long; and that the group is three leagues (about nine miles) from the mainland, whereas the actual distance is seven miles. Then comes Vizcaino, who places the islands as "six leagues from the mainland," or some eighteen miles, and finds that there are *four* islands, in place of the *three* Ferrer saw, and instead of the five which actually exist. Vizcaino further declares that he named these islands the "Coronados, in honor of Francis Coronado, governor of the province of Xalisco, under Hernan Cortez." This province gave the name of "Jalisco" to a state in the present Republic of Mexico.

On his chart, however, Vizcaino names these "Las Islas de San Martin," and places an anchorage on the north side of the largest, which anchorage does not at present exist. Whether two islands have risen in this group since Ferrer passed, or one since Vizcaino saw them, is a question for geographers, geologists, oceanographers and historians to determine. So far, they apparently have not come together on the subject. To add to the complications surrounding the Coronados, Cabrera Bueno came along in 1734, nearly 200 years after Cabrillo discovered them, and renamed the group "Las Islas de San Martin" (the Islands of Saint Martin), following the chart of Vizcaino, and describes the group as consisting of one large island and *three* small Farallones.

Cabrillo survived his discovery of the Coronados by only a few months, dying in the lonely harbor of Posesion, on San Miguel Island, some 250 miles northward along the California coast, in January, 1543. Where he was buried no man knows, and his bones never have been found, unless some sheep herder or fisherman on San Miguel has found them while wandering about this picturesque island. Thus, one more mystery is added to the many which hang like a fog around the half-submerged mountain tops which constitute the coastwise islands of California and Lower California. It is said that a considerable amount of gold, taken from the coastal Indians, was buried with Cabrillo, but if this be true, which is doubtful, the Portuguese navigator left no map and his companions, though living for some years, told no tales whereby the treasure could be recovered.

When Lincoln Said, "I Am Master"

Concluded from page 2

vited them to come again and meet in person the members of the Cabinet and tell them frankly what they were saying to him. They came again, and the entire Cabinet was present except Seward. Senator Collamer presented to the President in writing the view of the Republican caucus. The President invited the members of the Cabinet to reply. Their answer took the wind out of the sails of the report:

> Chase, Blair and Bates made speeches—the others said nothing. The purport of the speeches was to prove that the Cabinet did hold meetings, and that there were no dissensions among them—Mr. Chase among others stating that they were all harmonious.

That must have been a surprising statement for Chase to make in the presence of Wade! The committee could not say very much after that, nor does it appear that Lincoln said much of anything. He had no need to say much.

If the committee was astonished at this information, so was the caucus when the committee made its report. "I asked Judge Collamer," wrote Browning, "how Mr. Chase could venture to make such a statement in the presence of Senators to whom he had said that Seward exercised a back-stairs and malign influence upon the President and thwarted all the measures of the Cabinet." Collamer could only growl out an angry answer concerning Chase. That answer was in two words—"He lied."

With such a report before it, what could the Republican caucus do? It did not see that it could do anything. It heard the report of the committee, learned that it could not depend on Chase to repeat in the presence of the President and the rest of the Cabinet what he had said to Wade, and the caucus ingloriously adjourned.

That night Browning called again at the White House. He was ready with suggestions for the new Cabinet which he hoped Lincoln would appoint. He suggested as Secretary of State, first Collamer, of New York, and then Ewing, of Ohio. For Secretary of War he would have General Banks. If Lincoln took Collamer as Secretary of State, then Ewing would be a good man for Secretary of the Treasury. For one of the other places he suggested Guthrie, of Kentucky. He did not propose himself as a member, but it is scarcely possible that he thought of a new Cabinet with himself out of it.

Lincoln told him frankly that he did not propose to have any new Cabinet. He said that if he got a new one, the same men would attack it who were now opposing the old one. He said he would rather get along with the one he had than try a new one.

By this time, he had Browning half-convinced. And then Browning recalled, and mentioned to the President, that the men who had instigated this revolt were partisans of Chase:

> I told him that their game was to drive all the Cabinet out, then force upon him the recall of Mr. Chase as premier, and form a Cabinet of ultra men around him.

Lincoln understood this quite as well as Browning did, and assured Browning that the Senate would not be allowed to compel him to adopt any such measure. When Browning went to the White House that night, December 22, 1861, he told the President "that this was a time of more peril than any we had encountered" and wanted him to make up a new slate for a Cabinet. He left convinced that the President was right in his determination to keep the old Cabinet, and let his opponents howl.

"He said with a good deal of emphasis that he was master," wrote Browning.

He said the truth. He was master, and he knew it, and those who opposed him were to learn it.

Let us pause for a moment to consider this emergence and ascent of Lincoln from out of the depths. Perhaps in no other crisis of his Presidency is there a more complete and significant example.

He had promised God that if General Lee was driven out of Maryland, he would issue the Proclamation of Emancipation. He issued that proclamation against the judgment of several members of his Cabinet, believing that it would commend itself to the favor of the people and to the blessing of God. Apparently it did neither. Lincoln never felt more completely God-forsaken than in the weeks after that proclamation bore its fruit. It seemed to him, as he told Browning, that God was against him, and it seemed also that the people, whom he trusted next to God, had also cast him adrift. Repudiated at the polls, he was deserted by Congress and betrayed by members of his Cabinet. The ballot failed him; the army failed him; the heavens above him were brass. Never was he nearer despair than on the night when the committee from the Republican senatorial caucus was on its way to the White House.

He met that committee courteously, and received their report requesting him to dismiss his Cabinet and change his entire policy. He dismissed them with a request that they leave their report with him for consideration, and come again. When they came he had his Cabinet there, save only Seward, whose presence might have provoked them and led Seward to indiscretions. He shrewdly kept still and let Chase speak for himself, following the wisdom of the Arab proverb, "When the wind blows your fire, save your breath." He sent the committee back, discomfited, but with no occasion for anger against any one but Chase. Again he could chuckle, as he did when Buchanan and Douglas were fighting each other—"Go it, husband, go it bear!"

Then, when the committee had gone back to the caucus, and the caucus, having exhausted its oratory and accomplished nothing, adjourned, Browning, thinking the President would now gladly do voluntarily what he could not with good grace have done under compulsion, went over to assist Lincoln with the new Cabinet, and found Lincoln adamantine, and went away more than half-believing that Lincoln was right. That lonely man, no longer despairing, no longer forsaken of his God, no longer hesitating between opposing counsels, calmly declared that he was master of the situation. Though his army was defeated and without a general, his Cabinet divided and without heart, his Congress rebellious and his friends in despair, Abraham Lincoln stood calmly, with a new faith in God and the cause for which he was fighting.

That faith was justified. The Proclamation of Emancipation raised up new friends in Great Britain, and drove the last nail in the coffin of Europe's recognition of the Confederate Government. It gave a new moral definition to the conflict. Again the armies prepared for battle, singing as they marched:

> "We will rally round the flag, boys,
> We'll rally once again,
> Shouting the battle-cry of freedom."

The fortunes of the administration were at a low ebb. One thing, however, was becoming apparent; so far as any one in Washington was in control of the situation, it was not Congress, nor the Committee on the Conduct of the War, nor the Cabinet, nor the army, nor even, as Chief Justice Taney was to learn, the Supreme Court; it was the President. They who had thought him a weak man, easily controlled by stronger natures, were learning that Abraham Lincoln could be almost despotic. They did not hesitate to say this of him, and to declare that under his administration the United States had become a military despotism The country was beginning to learn who was at the head of the administration. There was one man who never had any doubt who was master. That was the man who was accustomed to receive stacks of letters and telegrams and editorials requesting or demanding that he do this or refrain from doing that, and to stuff them all into a pigeonhole, saying, "I know more about it than any of them." That was the man whom some people thought self-distrustful, and many now call modest, Abraham Lincoln.

"He said with a good deal of emphasis 'I am master.' "

What "The Mark of the Scalpel" Tells

Concluded from page 11

dience and in the full blaze of light he flourished aloft in a stage-like attitude a dagger and proclaimed, 'The South is avenged!' and not until he had given this theatrical exhibition did he cross the stage and fly. Would any sane man have acted in this way?"

Dr. May reaches the conclusions, therefore, first, that the murder was committed by a man of abnormal mentality and second, that the body brought back to Washington was, beyond doubt, that of the assassin.

In the Library of Congress, along with Dr. May's remarkable little manuscript, are hundreds of other papers bearing on the life of Abraham Lincoln. There are many letters written to his Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton. There is a part of his last annual message to Congress. There are the first and second autograph drafts of the Gettysburg Address and an autographed copy of the Second Inaugural Address. There is a manuscript by the judge who presided at the trial of the Lincoln conspirators. Of especial interest is a collection deposited by Robert T. Lincoln, son of the martyred President. This will not be open to inspection until twenty-one years after the donor's death.

But among all the original manuscripts of such priceless historic interest, there is none that tells a more dramatic story than "The Mark of the Scalpel," so graphically written by Dr. May.

Lincoln's Secretary Talks of His Chief

Concluded from page 12

score and ten recounted the incidents of the exciting Civil War days stored away in his splendid memory, "I read every letter that went to the President or Mrs. Lincoln. I am still happy when I remember it was I who kept most of those letters from their eyes. Many of them were fanatical, abusive, directed not only to the President but to the First Lady of the Land as well. I never let either of them see those abusive ones.

"The office-seekers were our second greatest pest," continued Mr. Stoddard, referring to a presidential liability which still prevails under our party system of government. "The Executive Mansion was a curious study during many days and weeks following the inauguration. Its halls and offices were literally packed with human beings. There were days when the throng of eager applicants filled the broad staircase to its lower steps; the corridors of the first floor; the famous East Room; the private parlors; while anxious groups and individuals paraded up and down the outer porch, the walks, and the avenue. We could dispose of abusive letters by throwing them in the wastebasket, but those persistent applicants for jobs, who took up entirely too much of our time and by various strategems sometimes got by us to the President himself, could not be got rid of in that way."

A charming picture of Mrs. Lincoln hangs in the Stoddard home, given to him by Mrs. Lincoln herself. "Sometimes they joked and called me 'Mrs. Lincoln's secretary,'" Mr. Stoddard chuckled, "while at other times they called me 'Lincoln's devil!'

"Mrs. Lincoln," he added, "was one of the most intelligent of women. I shall never forget my acquaintance with her."

Mr. Stoddard continues:

"There was something phenomenal in the way Lincoln could arise to the occasion. Outwardly he would often appear indifferent, vacillating, or floundering in indecision, but when the real crisis came his whole face would light up as from a fire, while his whole body, driven by the force of a sudden spiritual urge, would straighten up from its gaunt awkwardness ready to execute the dictates of his unconquerable will. I have seen him undergo almost complete transformations, at various times, from an attitude of apparent calm and indecision to one of spiritual storm and electrical performance. The whole personal appearance of Lincoln changed, when the 'inner man' was called out for some great reason.

"The crowd only saw Lincoln from the outside, with his jokes, with his speeches, with his settled plans, but I saw him struggling for decisions, searching himself, analyzing his problems, praying for guidance, like Jacob wrestled with the Angel, when suddenly, as one inspired, he would find a solution and his whole being seemed to concentrate on the way out, while his face illuminated from the fire of his soul.

"Abraham Lincoln was a calm man with a fire inside of him. He had a temper, too, but he had it well under control as a rule. I recall one time particularly when he was getting very impatient about the readiness of an offensive campaign. He was alone in his room when an officer of General McClellan's staff was announced by the doorkeeper and admitted. The President turned in his chair to hear, and was informed, in respectful terms, that the advance movement could not be made.

"'Why?' he curtly demanded.

"'The pontoon trains are not ready—'

"'Why in ——— ain't they ready?'

"The officer could think of no satisfactory reply, but turned very hastily and left the room. Mr. Lincoln also turned to the table and resumed the work before him, but wrote at about double his ordinary speed.

"The outer body of Lincoln was only a shell for the 'inner man.' He paid little attention to his appearance.

"After a night of wrestling with the angel of despair, I can remember sitting talking cheerfully with him and others, when John Hay would come in.

"'John, tell that funny story over again,' Lincoln would say, and Hay would tell it, while the President would lie back in the chair they called Andrew Jackson's and laugh. And then, when the President and his three secretaries were thus relaxing, Secretary of War Stanton would appear at the door. It was the war which always broke into everything."

As secretary to the President, Mr. Stoddard had opportunity to meet all the prominent men of Washington of that day. One of his duties was to be in attendance upon Mrs. Lincoln at all public and private receptions and he often received with the President. Among those he knew in more than a casual way, then and later, were General John A. Dix, General Burnside, General Joe Hooker, James A. Garfield, James G. Blaine, Grover Cleveland, General Ottis, General Grant, General McClellan, Colonel Kit Carson, John C. Fremont, and Carl Shurz. Among his literary acquaintances were G. W. Curtis, Whitelaw Reid, the Harpers, Richard Watson Gilder, Mark Twain, and William Cullen Bryant.

Mr. Stoddard, after the close of the war, was appointed Marshal of Arkansas, where, as one representing Lincoln, his life was one of peril and romance. He was in Arkansas when Lincoln was assassinated, but left shortly thereafter on account of ill health, resulting from deadly malarial fever of the swamps. He was not expected to live. But, lo, here he is, still with us, a pretty hale man yet in his ninetieth year.

He is an author, having written seventy volumes in his time. He wrote the first "Life of Lincoln," "Lives of the Presidents," many books for boys and girls, while contributing to such periodicals as *Harper's, The Post, Examiner,* and New York *Weekly,* some of which have already passed away. Mr. Stoddard was active along literary lines until seventy years old. Since then he has spent a quiet old age with his son and daughter at Madison, New Jersey. In his tone, in his gestures, with his dramatic pauses, he reminds us of the men of the old school, strong, energetic, and individualistic, with still a good deal of fire in his own soul.

February, Mother of Seven Immortals

Concluded from page 5

their wives, one of them (Lincoln) wanted to marry another girl, and before he married his wife had, apparently, to be watched, so strong was his bent toward suicide, and one of them (Pepys) was by his own account continuously unfaithful. Four of them (although in different degrees) were influenced by their mothers (Ruskin, Lincoln, Washington and Edison) and both Pepys and Dickens were also influenced by their fathers, but perhaps more in a negative than a positive manner. This negative influence, indeed, in the lives of all great men, must not be overlooked. It may produce greater results than appear.

Washington was undoubtedly influenced thus by his mother and his relatives. Dickens held up his father as Micawber always "waiting for something to turn up." Lamb's whole life was a repression, due to what may be termed the negative influence of his own physical defects. In terms of psychoanalysis, it is the pressure of inferiority, no matter where the inferiority is shown.

What a month is this fickle February, to produce such diversities of gifts! It took her three centuries to range from Samuel Pepys to Thomas Alva Edison, but from 1732 to 1809 she produced three of our tallest immortals—all of them over six feet.

There were giants in those days!

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BRIEFLY TOLD

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. The set includes: "The International Jew," Vol. I, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

A highly prized gift of a Laplander to his sweetheart is the inside of a seal's stomach, for there is usually something green in it to be eaten.

The gum from the roots of the Kauri pine of New Zealand is dug by Dalmatians from the ground in the same way as placer gold is gleaned from gravel pits.

No cases of rabies have been reported in England and Wales since 1921.

The importation of pins into England was forbidden in 1483. They were expensive and, with ladies at that time, "pin money" was a consideration.

Divorces are more numerous in the western states where women are scarce, than in the eastern states where women outnumber the men.

More than a fourth of the Swedish-born farmers in the United States are in Minnesota.

Hydraulic cement was first made by Canvass White, of Rochester, New York, in 1818. This liquid rock was used to hold together the huge under-water blocks of stone set in place by the builders of the aqueducts and locks of the Erie Canal. This claim is made as against that for Joseph Apsdin, a stonemason of Leeds, England, who was widely acclaimed when recently a monument was raised to him as the first cement maker.

The subscription price of the Russian *Pravda* is thirty poods, or more than a thousand pounds of rye, per annum. A farmer would pay practically one-fifth of his farm income for his daily paper.

Natives of the Gold Coast use nickel coins with a hole drilled through the center, so that these folk, who possess no pockets and few clothes, may string their money round their necks. The coins are made by the Royal Mint in London.

The oldest leather makers in the country is the firm of J. W. Rhoades & Sons, Philadelphia, established in 1702.

The William Penn Charter of Liberty was exhibited under strong guard at Independence Hall, beginning the first of the year, until it could be transferred to the state archives at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

So great has been Irish immigration into Scotland of recent years that Scottish publications are beginning to print articles about "The Irish Menace."

Stilton cheese, named for the village of Stilton, Huntingdonshire, England, was first made by the village innkeeper, and travelers calling at the inn soon spread its fame.

Hats were once worn only by freemen; slaves went bareheaded. A freeman voluntarily removed his hat as a symbol of respect and service, which in time became a common courtesy. Thus we take off our hats to ladies.

An Indian, who once wore the blanket and received government rations, is today guiding the Senate of the United States. He is Charles Curtis, of Kansas, who has taken the place formerly filled by Henry Cabot Lodge.

Mackay, a mountain town of Idaho, has two water supplies—a cold spring for summer use and a piping-hot volcanic hot-water stream for winter.

The "hochdneckkondensationsdampflokomotive" has at last been invented—in Germany, of course. It is not merely a word of thirty-seven letters, it is a "high-pressure-condensing-steam locomotive."

A new gooseberry as large as a plum has been discovered in the woods of Northern Florida, a region where gooseberries have never before been known to grow.

A Kansas man pawned a ten-dollar bill for nine dollars. The broker told the police that the bill was a present to the borrower who needed some money but did not care to relinquish his rights to the bill by spending it. The bill is genuine.

The "Phage" is a parasite which feeds on disease bacteria. Its deadly power has already been demonstrated on pneumonia, typhoid, diphtheria, chicken cholera and anthrax bacteria. It may also prove a solution for the tuberculosis bacillus.

Statistics prove: that the number of deaths from tuberculosis is decreasing; that the number of deaths from cancer is increasing.

When the volcano Krakatao exploded in 1883, dust, which was thrown into the air to an estimated height of nearly 20 miles, was detected in sunset colors all over the earth for more than three years after.

The earliest wooden coffin in England was that of King Arthur who was buried in a hollow log.

With 46.2 per cent of her male population over 15 years of age still single, Nevada has the highest percentage of single men of any state in the Union. On the other hand it has the lowest percentage of single women, only 19.3 per cent being unmarried.

The southernmost permanently inhabited spot in the world is Laurie Island in the South Orkneys, where employes of the Argentine Meteorological Service live.

Out of twenty-six precolumbian Indian mummies examined at the American Museum of Natural History, sixteen had head lice or nits of some kind.

Half of the foreign-born women and one-third of the foreign-born men in the United States are still aliens.

New York City, with a population of 5,620,084 at the time of the last census (1920), has as many people as thirteen of the least densely populated states combined.

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"I Read in the Papers—"

I read in the papers that old Henri Geeraert is dead. Didn't know him? He is the man who headed off 1,000,000 soldiers. Antwerp had surrendered and the German army was marching victoriously across Belgium, everything flying before it, the General Staff's plans coming off to the tick of the clock. The Belgian army was within its grasp, Calais just within reach. Then old Henri Geeraert thought it time to do something. He turned on the water. For 48 hours the flood poured in, but the Germans did not see it; the water was soaking into the spongy ground and turning it into treacherous bogs of slime. Then the water began to show on the surface. It rose and rose. The Germans were effectually stopped. The whole line of campaign was halted. A sluice-keeper had changed history. He died the 17th of January. Poets will sing him and artists paint him in the future. But despotic folly will continue to forget that by little things are the mighty confounded.

I read in the papers that cadet troops, the future officers of the Argentine Army, did the goose step when they were paraded before General Pershing. The goose step may be gymnastic or political—according as one views it. As gymnastic it gives the user several miles of exercise in a quarter-mile's walk; as politics, it spells German influence. Occurring in South America it emphasizes our unpopularity there. Not that the South Americans know us (whom they call the North Americans) but they know hordes of aliens who have gone down there in our names and practiced their own arts. South America is more a moral problem than anything else. Our Government as a rule has been wise and generous in its dealing with the countries of South America, but there is an uneasy sense of un-Americanism when the activities of our American section of international finance is concerned. The root of most of the dislike existing against the United States is money, and the money does not belong to the United States, either. Will the Government wake up one day and shake off the incubus of International Finance that now winds around it?

I read in the papers everywhere accounts of political graft—in city councils, in boards of education, in public utilities, some of it the most picayune graft, some of it exhibiting big crook ability, but all of it shattering our illusion that in these good days public men had got beyond that sort of thing. The fact is, political life in the United States continues rotten, and this goes for Washington as well as for municipal government. And another fact is, that men who make politics their business are, sixty per cent of them, morally inferior to the people they would represent—not necessarily morally inferior in their personal conduct, but in their whole philosophy of life. Set even Congress down in any average small town in Central United States, and let Congress (not as a body, but as some 400-odd individuals) continue their usual recreations and voice their usual daily practical philosophy and the small town would be scandalized into Vigilance Committee action. Our politicians are simply not representative. It is rather a tough thing to say, and doubtless enough exception could be raised to dull the point of it considerably, but as a statement of general survey it will stand. Lord Bertie, in his diary, wrote (Sept. 8, 1915) "Politicians are everywhere a rotten gang," and he was writing of politicians who did not graft. It is not enough for members of government to be responsive to the people's demands in legislation, they should also be *representative* of the average moral temper of the people. As it stands now, the people collectively have higher standards than do their lawmakers collectively.

I read in a letter from an appreciative reader of Mr. Ford's Page this interesting bit: More than 25 years ago I was walking along the streets of ———, with Captain ——— and as we were nearing the Court House the Captain asked, "Would you like to look through our Court House?"

"Why, no," I replied, "I have been in dozens of Court Houses and they are all very much alike. It would be a waste of time."

"That's true," mused the Captain, "for in every Court House you will find a force of men and women figuring—figuring industriously every day, except for the time they loaf on the job."

"But, Captain," I commented, "what are they figuring?"

"Oh," he replied, "they're figuring how much each one of us must contribute."

"Contribute to what?"

"To a fund."

"A fund for what purpose?"

"Why, a fund to pay them for figuring how much we each should contribute."

"But, Captain," I protested, "don't you get anything out of the taxes you pay except this figuring service?"

"D———d little," he snorted. "Oh, now and then a small culvert or maybe an occasional bridge, but by and large, about all that bunch in there does is to figure how much each of us ought to contribute toward keeping them at work figuring."

Mr. Ford's reference to "paper work" reminded me of the Captain's quaint idea. "The high cost of maintaining cost systems" is an epigrammatic statement of one of the causes of the high cost of living. At times I think we have gone accounting mad.

DEA

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses Progress—is it our achievement, or our test? Is it Progress, or their use of it, that insures a people's continuance?

ARE we Americans acting like Skylocks toward our foreign debtors? We are so often told that we are, that we sometimes believe it. But what we are told is often what interested parties want us to think. Beware the propaganda bug. On page 4 you will find some straight stuff about the whole business.

WE ARE witnessing the early stages of Woodrow Wilson's progress into the Valhalla of history. The man is better known today than when he lived. Huston Thompson was a student under Professor Wilson, a friend and confidant of Governor Wilson, an appointee to a high office under President Wilson. On pp. 3 and 4 he commences a real contribution to Wilson literature.

ONE of the tragedies of life is to get what we want and then discover that we don't want it. Emma Goldman used to regale us newspapermen with visions of the blessings of anarchy. One of us, Judson Grenell, hunted her out in her London refuge after she had tasted the "blessing." It's a human document—page 5.

THE exasperating element in modern degeneracy is its cleverness. It is usually combated with bad temper, not with equal cleverness. Mr. Mencken is a clever writer but decadent; with equal cleverness and greater power Professor Sherman takes the hide off the Mencken literary pose. Menckenites, who yet retain their taste, will enjoy page 6.

THE ancient charm of Oxford towers (p. 9); China's ancient doctrine of many sons, which accounts for China's teeming millions (p. 12); the ancient origin of Scotland's kilt which links that people to ancient Israel and Egypt (p. 15), are all interesting and informative in their way; they widen one's horizon.

IN OUR shop the other day I saw an "inch" that cost over $1,000—a little cube of steel which measures the absolute inch. Do you know what an inch, or a quart, or a pound is? Do you know how important they are as affairs of state and history? It's partly told on page 11.

ANIMALS have common sense; they think; they act on reason. But it takes patience and insight to be sure of that. If you like the animal life of the planet, or mind anywhere, you will like page 10.

Woodrow Wilson and Kipling's "If"

Are the Americans Like Shylock?

Emma Goldman Talks of "Freedom"

Sherman Severely Flays Mencken

Magdalen—Ancient Oxford College

Some Marvels Revealed in Nature

All About Weights and Measures

Why the Chinese Are So Numerous

Art of Anna Pavlowa, and Others

The Evolution of the Philabeg

When Woodrow Wilson Quoted "If" and How He Lived It

"Tired Out and Discouraged" by Attacks He Found Consolation in Kipling's Philosophy

By HUSTON THOMPSON

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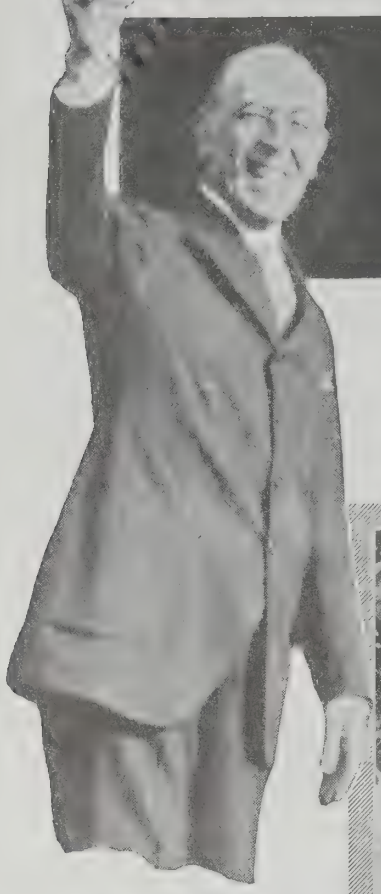

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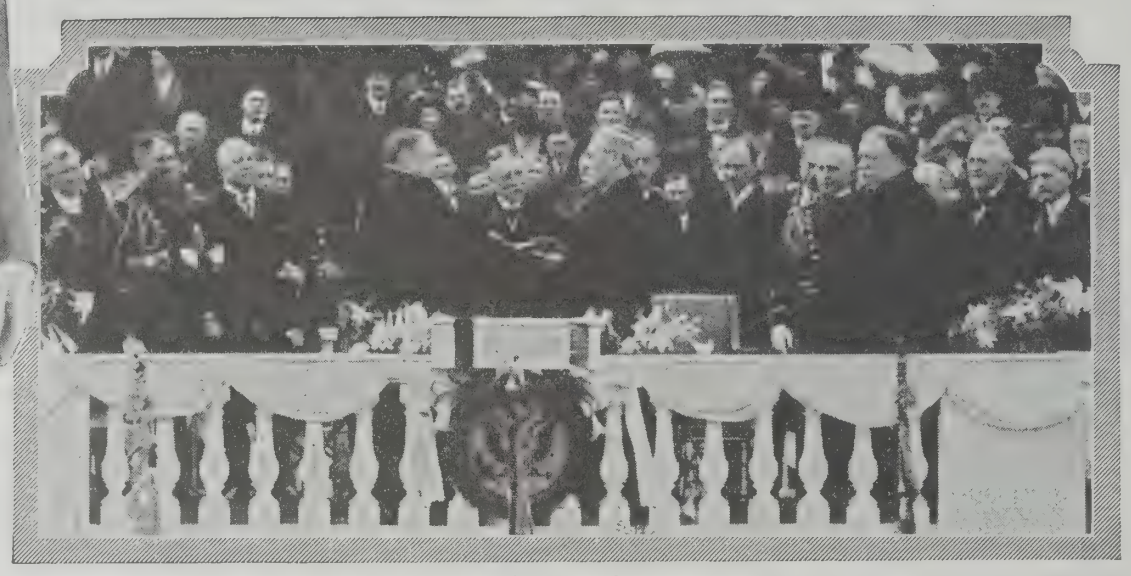
PRESIDENT WILSON

An excellent likeness of President Wilson photographed at St. Louis on his trip around the country.



Inauguration of President Wilson, 1913. (C) Underwood & Underwood

WOODROW WILSON had finished one of the great speeches of his career. His subject had been the Tercentenary of the King James Version of the Bible and he had spoken at the vast auditorium in Denver before a capacity audience. This was one of a series of speeches that he had been making across the country and was the second of the day. He had retired to the sixth floor of the Brown Hotel in Denver and was stretched full length resting on a lounge. As he relaxed in easy conversation, he paused for a moment as if an unexpected thought had occurred to him, and drew from his pocket a wallet from which he extracted an old stained newspaper clipping. Turning to me he asked if I had ever read Kipling's "If," and on my replying in the negative said, "Well, let me read it to you." In that peculiar soft cadence for which he was known he started the poem, warming up as his imagination responded to its inspiring lines. He paused as he read:

"If you can meet with triumph and disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same:"

and added with a grim smile, "Are they not well described, those two rascals?"

Probably he was thinking of his own recent career when rising to the heights of university leadership in America, he had come in conflict with the aristocratic tendencies of the hour, and meeting with defeat, and the disappointment following the failure of his cherished ideas was almost propelled down out of Princeton and up into the gubernatorial chair of New Jersey.

Again he paused to read a second time the fol lowing lines:

"If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves
to make a trap
for fools:"

By this time the grimness had faded out of his countenance and a look of joy lighted his eye when he said: "Here are the best lines of all":

"If you can make
one heap of all
your winnings
And risk it in one
turn of pitch-and-
toss, and lose,
And start again at
your beginnings and
never breathe a
word about your
loss:"

"Well," I interjected, timidly, as one would who had been a student under him, and was still unable to blot out the picture of the teacher wrapped in dignified scholastic atmosphere, "I never realized that you had the gambling spirit."

"No!" he replied, "nor has anyone else. Yet I think I can get more zest out of risking all on one throw for a cause than from any other experience."

Little did he dream at the time that a whole nation and, in fact, the whole world would one day witness him gambling his all in a "solemn referendum" on the League of Nations.

When he had finished reading the verse, he said:

"When I am tired out and discouraged by the attacks of others, I often read this poem over. I find it is very stimulating, and it has the effect of stiffening up my backbone so that I am ready to go on with the fight."

On other occasions Wilson spoke of this poem to some of his classmates and other friends and commented on its lines in a similar vein.

Few persons except those who were his intimates ever realized how slow Woodrow Wilson was in making up his mind, and how much like Lincoln he was during the period of mental gestation of a subject. In such a time, he mentally browsed around, was open to suggestion, and literally squeezed the sponge of information dry. Often he would throw out arguments to draw light from the minds of those conversing with him. It was during this period that he could and did easily change his views. In fact, he could think and "not make thoughts his aim." But once having reached a final conclusion, if forced into action, he deemed it a mistake to change. This was not due to what people generally understand as stubbornness, but was supported by reason and logic.

Shortly after his first inaugural, I called on him at the White House at the request of certain business interests in the West, who, relying on my acquaintance with Mr. Wilson, had asked me to bring up a proposed change in the Payne-Aldrich tariff law which these interests asserted would have a very damaging effect not only upon them, but also their competitors, and the farmers in the West.

Ever since his election in November, he had been giving a good part of his time to the subject of the tariff, and a great deal of study to this particular schedule. He had interviews with many experts and with members of Congress who would have charge of fashioning the new tariff law. Finally a bill containing his views had been drawn up for the consideration of Congress.

In the preliminary part of our conversation, I explained that I had no personal interest whatsoever in the matter, but was only acting at the solicitation of those who were financially interested and who had given me all the arguments that I would present to him. With patience he permitted me to elaborate the subject, giving no intimation of his views until I had finished.

Then with a look of determination he said kindly, but emphatically: "No. I cannot do it. I have given this matter full consideration, and have sought every bit of unbiased information obtainable. I believe that the rate in the tariff bill is based upon the best light that we can get on the subject. Should I yield at this time, and open the door for reconsideration the interests will sense the fact at once and having broken through, they will be upon us like an avalanche. Once they get us on the run, they will seek to undermine the whole bill, and we will have an experience with the tariff such as the previous administration encountered. No, so far as I am concerned they can take the bill as it is in its entirety or leave it."

His words were spoken with a friendly finality that left no room for continuing the subject on my part.

But he was not through with the conversation for he switched to the subject of Mexico which problem had been left on the new administration's doorstep by its

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Birthplace of Wilson, Staunton, Virginia.

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Where modern pilgrims go. The Woodrow Wilson home in Washington has become a shrine for thousands who believe in the ideals of the former President.

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The Wilson home from the rear, showing the beautiful formal garden, shut off entirely from public view.

predecessor: "Some of those who have concessions in Mexico," said he, "have already been pressing me to take action down there. If they think that I will use one ounce of force in aggression toward that helpless country for their private gain, they are badly mistaken." Here again there was every indication that his mind had closed.

It was on this occasion that President Wilson also launched into an attack on the monopolists of America that was as severe in its stricture and language as anything Washington ever uttered toward "these pests." It may be recalled that some of Washington's language was almost ferocious. This hatred of privilege continued with Wilson until his last day. Even on his sick bed, he did his utmost to fend off the approaches of the representatives of the interests. In some instances, he took active participation, as the records of the Federal Trade Commission bear witness.

While the subject of special privilege roused him like a call to battle, he was always able to joke about it. During the 1913 campaign, he was sitting in a dining-car traveling through the State of Kansas, when Victor Murdock, who was then campaigning for Congress and whom Wilson in after years appointed to the Federal Trade Commission, happened by accident to meet him there. As Mr. Wilson was sounding the note of the "New Freedom" which was nothing more than releasing the people and the government from the control of monopoly, and Murdock was also talking along this line, the subject came up for discussion and Murdock put this question to him:

"Well, Governor, after all is not the chief purpose of democracy to allow the multitude as much freedom as possible?"

"No," laughingly replied the Governor, "its chief purpose is to keep some individuals from having too much freedom."

His interest in the competitive system which he saw as the chief safeguard against monopoly aside from the "bread and butter" effect that it had on the economic life of the day, appealed to him with great intensity because as he said he felt that "combinations of business units closed the door to opportunity in commerce for the young man who was coming up to take a place in the business world, and thereby cut down the chances for our youths to express their own individualism in independent competitive units."

But despite his militant attitude toward special privilege, trusts, and monopolies, Woodrow Wilson always recognized the right of natural growth in business no matter how large it might become. His battle was not with this but with the combinations which were artificially created by absorbing competing plants and lessening competition, and with those corporations that combined to fix prices.

Had the European war not come upon us during his first term, it was Woodrow Wilson's plan, having finished his legislative program and secured the necessary machinery for contending with monopoly, to make a drive against it through governmental agencies. One of the agencies that he expected to be used more than any other was the Federal Trade Commission. In fact he used it just as much as it was possible in those trying days before we entered the war. It was he who set in motion the investigation by the Federal Trade Commission of the meat packing industry of this country.

Never for a moment, when because of this investigation the commission was attacked from every quarter, did he waver in his support of it. In fact, he went so far on one occasion as to request the Attorney-General of the United States not to act in the matter of a certain decree without the unanimous approval of that decree by the Federal Trade Commission. As late as January 12, 1922, he wrote me as follows:

> "I have, of course, from the first, had the success of the Commission very much at heart and shall always follow its work with the greatest interest."

One thing in particular that was a constant source of worry to Woodrow Wilson was his appointments upon various commissions. He gave vent to this trouble on numerous occasions. I particularly recall an instance, which occurred on December 1, 1916, when I had an interview with him in his study room on the second floor of the White House. This is the same room that was occupied by Lincoln and his successors for intimate work in connection with matters of state apart from the executive offices. Of course, during the Lincoln Administration and up until Roosevelt's time, there were no executive offices and most business was transacted in this study room. On entering I saw the President sitting close to an open fire. He was suffering somewhat from a cold and was quite hoarse, and had cut off most of the ventilation so that the room was very warm. The matter which was brought up for discussion led to the subject of the encroachment of big business upon governmental functions, and the part that the Federal Trade Commission was playing in the business world. As if thinking aloud, he said:

"I am almost loath to appoint lawyers on any one

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Wilson's newspaper cabinet.

of the commissions, and the Federal Trade Commission in particular, for immediately they become members, they begin to tie up the processes of the commission in technicalities, and limit the scope of its jurisdiction by reading limitations into the act. Then again they are so influenced by precedent, whereas these commissions should be dealing with every subject as a new problem in this rapidly changing economic world. Working from

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WOODROW WILSON.

the lawyers' angle, if they dominate its membership, commissions soon become helpless. Take the case of our courts and their attitude toward the Sherman Act. They have been so fearful of temporarily deranging business that they halt on the doorstep of monopoly and insert the word 'reasonable' before the phrase 'restraint of trade' so that we now have so-called 'reasonable restraints of trade' when the test should never be based upon the reasonableness of the restraint. There may be restraints of trade so insignificant as not to be worth considering, because they do not involve the competitive system, or the restraint may offer protection to the competitive system, as in a case where a group of small concerns are forced to combine to meet the onslaughts of a great combination which by its use of power threatens to wipe out the individual companies. Here, instead of restraining trade, the combination of smaller units, so long as it does not restrict the rights of other corporations, may be effective in preserving competition. Of course, one must be careful that the small combination does not suddenly grow into a great combination but that is where the discretion and good judgment of the members of the commission can operate. Where the courts failed was in substituting language of their own for that of Congress and in seeking to base the test on the reasonableness of the restraint, whereas the test of Congress was intended to turn on whether the restraint lessened competition."

As a student under Mr. Wilson, I recall his great emphasis upon the subject of representative government. After graduation, I had the pleasure of hearing him reiterate his views in a way that left no room for doubt that he was still thinking on this subject as he had spoken in the classroom. But here again his mind was only in a period of gestation, and he had been merely theorizing upon the subject. It was not until he ran smash up against the failures of representative government and the combinations of interests that blocked the people from getting responsive action from their representatives that his mind transferred its point of view from the theoretical to the practical. This he did apparently without regard to the criticism that might be hurled at him.

An instance in point was his change from being a strong advocate of the representative form of government to a belief in the initiative and referendum. Immediately upon his declaring his attitude in his Inaugural Address to the legislature of New Jersey, his enemies and the unthinking challenged him for having deserted representative form of government and those who were hostile impugned his motives by saying that he was playing for political favor with the modern trend of thought among the masses.

This charge was, of course, absolutely false, for Woodrow Wilson by advocating the adoption of the initiative and referendum did not intend it to be used as a customary action in political life. In fact, as he expressed it at a "Mile High Club" dinner in Denver on one occasion, it was to be used simply as "the gun behind the door" when recalcitrant legislators who had been influenced by special interests refused to respond to the will of the people. Just as the gun behind the door in the pioneer home was seldom brought out to attack the enemy, but its presence was a constant warning, so the initiative and referendum were to be useful more through the knowledge of their existence on the minds of those who were opposing the desires of the majority.

The sudden change by Mr. Wilson startled many of his former students who in their complete admiration for his knowledge of representative government, and his ability to translate its virtues to his pupils, had been persuaded to follow these teachings after they had left college. Subsequent to his inaugural address he was queried by many of his former students. In answer to a letter from me on March 21, 1911, he wrote as follows:

"My attitude toward the initiative, referendum and recall is this. My judgment was first very much against them, but I have been very much impressed by the success with which they have been used in Oregon and in my inaugural address to the legislature, I commended the Oregon system very strongly to their study and consideration. The adoption of these measures in any particular state is, of course, a matter to be based upon the conditions obtaining in that state. The people here are certainly justly tired of their inability to secure the fulfillment of campaign pledges because of the intervention of machine management and control, and I think the universal feeling is that it may be necessary for them to assume upon occasion, at any rate, direct control of legislation themselves."

Here we see the world of ideals combating with the world of realities in Woodrow Wilson's intellect and a mentality that was facile enough to grasp the practical means as they existed and use them, if only occasionally, to secure that which was Woodrow Wilson's hobby, "responsive government."

One of his most interesting reversals in point of view was on the question of woman suffrage. It will be recalled that in 1911, when governor of New Jersey, he crossed the continent on a semi-political trip, the purpose of which, according to those who were engineering this event, was to feel out the country on its attitude toward Wilson as a possible candidate for the Presidency in 1912. On this trip he was accompanied by Frank Parker Stockbridge, a writer, and McKee Barclay, a representative of the Baltimore *Sun*. Both of these gentlemen were of great assistance in helping Governor Wilson to meet people with whom he wished to confer, particularly the newspaper fraternity. With these

(Concluded on page 4)

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First cabinet

Are We Shylocks?—As the French Say

Motives Behind the Measuring of Sacrifice in Dollars—Thrift of France

By ALLAN L. BENSON

WE AMERICANS are Shylocks, the French say. They do not like it because our government has let the French Government understand that we want them to begin paying back the two billion or so that we lent them during the war. The French Government, very proud, but very poor, hardly knows what to say. Officially, it intimates acquiescence, though it actually promises nothing. Unofficially it repudiates the entire debt. The French call us Shylocks and we are beginning to wonder whether the French are deadbeats.

We are not Shylocks, of course. But neither are the French deadbeats. The French are quite as sure they are right in this matter as we are. I know this because a number of times, when I was in Paris last summer, I discussed the subject of the French debt to America with officials of the French foreign office. I don't recall that I discussed it with Premier Herriot whom I met but once, but I did have conversations about it with Count de Chambrun and other high officials of the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Count de Chambrun, by the way, is the great grandson of our own Lafayette. He has lately been appointed Minister to Greece.

From Different Angles

IN NO instance did I, as a visitor to France, mention the subject of France's debt to America. Frenchmen, both in and out of office, however, broached the subject to me. The matter was too delicate for me, as a visitor, to do more than listen to the French official point of view which, boiled down, came to this: "France will pay America when France's debtors, including Germany, pay her. When that will be, nobody knows."

It was perfectly plain to me, even so far back as last summer, that this was but a polite way of sidestepping the whole American claim. It has since developed that, even then, other French statesmen were telling their American friends that France would never pay America anything. The French feel that morally they owe us nothing for the reason that they fought our battles for us for almost three years before America went into the war.

It seems to me that the French, from their point of view, are entirely justified, both in seeking to avoid the debt and, in the event of resistance, in calling us Shylocks. It is equally plain that we in America are, from our point of view, justified in trying to collect the debt. The unfortunate fact is that something happened, years ago, that gave the French one point of view and the Americans another.

The first thing that happened was that, by maintaining silence when we should have been rebuking others, we permitted ourselves to be jockeyed into the position of a great national slacker.

We permitted the press and some of the public men of France and England to discuss the "tardiness" with which America "recognized her duty" in coming into the war. We permitted ourselves to be inferentially rebuked innumerable times because we were so "late" in going into the war. We said nothing when we were told that the war, from the beginning, was as much a war against America as it was against France and England.

Worse than that, when America did go to war, President Wilson placed our participation on the ground that we had been menaced, that democracy throughout the world was at stake and—it isn't necessary to repeat it all. In short, to the extent that Mr. Wilson's statements could be interpreted as utterances in our behalf, we pleaded guilty to the French and English charge of slackerism. Because nothing can be more nearly certain than this: If we were menaced in 1917, we were menaced in 1914. If we were menaced in 1914 and did not go in until we were beginning to lose hope that France and England would be able to win "our" war for us, we should indeed be Shylocks if we were now to demand that the moneys advanced to finance the fighters be repaid. Indeed, to call us Shylocks, in such circumstances, would be to libel Shylock.

Slackers and Shylocks

OF COURSE, the truth of the matter is that the American people never for one moment were conscious of the slightest guilt for their failure to enter the war before they did.

From the time the war started, the American people never felt that they were menaced and never wanted to go into it.

President Wilson, in 1916, was re-elected only because, having "kept us out of war" for two years, those who supported him believed he would keep us out of it to the end.

There is no use pressing this point further. The French and the English had gained the admission of the President of the United States that it was, in part, "our" war. The English continued, as they still occasionally do, inferentially, to call us slackers because we entered the war "so late." They, too, called us Shylocks when they came to settle, but they settled. Give the English credit for that.

But the French being by nature great realists, and, by the fortunes of war, very poor, have not yet settled, and we are unofficially told they do not consider they owe us anything. It is plain as a pikestaff to the French that they have good grounds for feeling that their debt to us should be canceled.

Of course, the French case falls at this vital point. The American people feel that France, as soon as she can, should pay the billions they lent her, because they are conscious of no debt whatever to France. On the contrary, they feel that France should thank her lucky stars that there was an America to save her from defeat.

If Americans had a sense of guilt because of the "lateness" with which they entered the war, they could not—*and they would not*—ask France to return a cent that was advanced to her.

And that is all there is to the conflict of French and American opinion with regard to France's debt to America: The French believe they did us a favor by fighting our battles for us from 1914 to 1917; we believe we did a favor to France by going into the war at all. Every American who believes otherwise thereby automatically and inferentially places a charge of slackerism against the American people and justifies the present unofficial French accusation that we are Shylocks.

The chief reason for the French being so anxious to repay as little as possible of what they borrowed from the United States and Great Britain is that their burden of external and internal debt is back-breaking. *The second reason* is that the French are constitutionally opposed to the payment of taxes. This applies particularly to French peasants. When I was in Paris last summer I read of peasants throwing a tax-collector into a river.

I asked a Parisian if there was an income tax in France.

"Oh, yes," he replied, *"but nobody pays it."*

Good Tax-Dodgers

I ASKED Count de Chambrun the same question and he had an assistant prepare for me a list of the various taxes that are imposed upon French business and French incomes. The list was very impressive. It did not touch the peasants, because their incomes are too small to be taxed, but it seemed as if nobody else in France could escape. The question as to why the French Government nevertheless remained poor was answered, however, in the total at the foot of each kind of taxation. These totals were small.

In other words, *the French are good at dodging taxes.* They apply the laws rigorously against foreigners, but laxly toward themselves. A foreigner no more than sets foot in France before he begins to pay taxes. French law requires hotel keepers to collect certain sums from foreign guests and turn these sums over to the government. The tax bears, of course, a definite relationship to the amount of the foreigner's expenditures.

The French peasants go untaxed, for the most part, because their incomes are small and for the further reason that they are violently opposed to the payment of taxes. If taxed they might become politically very troublesome.

A high official in the French foreign office said to me, with a smile: "No Jew hangs on to his money more tenaciously than our peasants."

Another Frenchman told me that he had seen two peasant women haggle for half an hour over a matter of two or three cents in the price of a chicken.

Yet the French peasant, viewed in all of his aspects, is a very admirable citizen. An Englishman—an Oxford graduate—who likes France so well that he has long lived there—once described French character and particularly peasant character so vividly that I asked him to let me sit at his typewriter and take down what he said as he said it. This is what I wrote in Paris last summer as he talked:

The French Viewpoint

"NO NATION is so well informed about international affairs as the French—and so little affected by them.

"The French peasant is essentially a pacifist. His fear of war is his deepest instinct. That is why a war occurs every generation. Most wars are made either by fear or by hatred. More wars are made by fear of war than by love of war.

"The French peasant, though himself a product of the great French Revolution, is hostile to all revolutionary tendencies. Communism in France is impossible while France remains an agricultural country. But how long France will remain agricultural depends upon factors of which the peasant is ignorant, and which may change the country before he realizes it.

"Cynicism with the Frenchman—even with the best type of humanitarian, enlightened liberal and educated—is a natural state and not an acquired and fashionable pose.

"Cynicism with the Frenchman means his philosophic acceptance of things as they are. The world as it is is the best possible world, though not necessarily a good world. The French, more than any other people, *live in an intellectual world between good and evil.* Their civilization they consider to be, without affectation and with all sincerity, the greatest civilization in the world since the Greek and, in some respects, superior to the Greek. France, to them, is the spiritual home of every liberal and of every revolutionary movement; and yet although they have been nursed in the liberal and the revolutionary tradition, they remain essentially conservative and anti-revolutionary.

"The French are not imperialistic, yet they deny the right of any other people to claim to be superior to France in any domain—military, economic, or cultural. Briefly, the Frenchman of today is the Roman of 1,900 years ago. Outside the empire of French thought and influence, the world, to the French, is a world of barbarians. The English and the Americans they consider interesting—even charming—yet nevertheless to be treated with a pitying condescension as belonging to a race gifted in commerce but inferior in culture—in short, less civilized.

"This attitude is tempered with anger when inequality of the world's exchanges appears to put France in a position of undeserved inferiority, but over this humiliation the more philosophical triumph easily.

"The art of living has been raised in France to a philosophy which, in the minds of the average Frenchman of every class—from the professor to the peasant and from the aristocrat to the small bourgeoise—places the national life of France in a category far above that of the mechanical civilization of America. France is an island, insulated from the rest of the world by a sea of infinite condescension.

Fear of Germany

"THE Frenchman is interested until he is 25 years of age in getting as much enjoyment out of the world as he can without paying for it. After 25, he begins thinking, either on his own initiative or at the suggestion of his parents, about marrying and founding a family. He then marries, not the woman of his choice but, generally speaking, the daughter of a family of his class who is able to bring to the altar a dowry equal to his own, both dowries to be invested for the benefit of the fruits of the union. By that time, his youthful emotions have been modified by his experiences and he brings to the marriage relationship degrees of wisdom and experience that make him a considerate husband, a wise father and an industrious partner in the business relationship that he calls marriage.

"There is nothing astonishing that the fruits of such unions should be equally industrious. Most French children appear to be the offspring of old or prematurely old parents. They are usually precocious and wise beyond their years."

One pities the French when one goes to France and realizes how great and how real is their fear of Germany. This pity becomes more acute when one is told that the peasants, who constitute the bulk of the population, are all but pacifists. Leon Blum, leader of the French Socialist party, which is the main support of the Herriot government, told me that fear had been "inked into" the French consciousness by the war. He said Napoleon inked so much fear into Europe that it lasted for years after he died. Present French fear is, in his opinion, merely history repeating itself.

When Wilson Quoted "If" and How He Lived It

Concluded from page 3

traveling companions he frequently discussed, in the long jumps between cities, the subjects which were uppermost in his mind, and one of these was woman suffrage.

On this particular subject, his mind had not closed. In fact, from the manner of debating the pro and con of the subject it was evident that while his tendency was quite strongly against the vote for women at that time, he was seeking light and he kept throwing out arguments for the purpose of having his companions battle the question back and forth with him.

In a subconscious way, Woodrow Wilson probably had a feeling at this stage of his career that his life had been centered in a more or less idealized atmosphere and he was reaching out for the reaction of the more real attitude of the workaday world, such as these newspaper men would know.

When he arrived in Denver, I was given to understand that his general attitude was against suffrage. As the subject was being keenly advocated in the West, I suggested in a mild way that it be not thrust into the political arena. However, this was not to be, as was soon revealed.

One of the invitations which Mr. Wilson accepted was to a luncheon where, as a guest of honor, he was seated next to a lady, then probably the most outstanding suffragist in the West, a woman of remarkable charm and attainments, who was born to leadership. The conversation between her and the Governor sparkled with repartee and epigram, and all was going nicely when suddenly she leaned over to him and said:

"By the way, Governor, for my own private information, may I ask whether you are for woman suffrage?"

My thoughts halted, fearful of the reply. The Governor, however, undaunted by the question, and with an engaging smile, said:

"Mrs. ....., since you ask me so directly and for your information, I will reply in the same manner: No, I am not for woman suffrage."

Then this remarkable woman who saw in Woodrow Wilson the possibilities of a great progressive leader put aside temporarily her feelings for the cause which was dear to her heart and said:

"Well! Governor, don't say anything about it. We are for you anyway."

It is, of course, a matter of history how gradually Woodrow Wilson, revolving the suffrage question over in his mind, finally arrived at the conclusion that the cause was a just one and became one of its strongest advocates. It is said that the influence of members of his own family had a great deal to do with his reaching this conviction.

Tastes Bitter Fruit of Her Philosophy

Emma Goldman Visited in Her London Refuge—Prefers America

By JUDSON GRENELL

"I'M GLAD to see you; I'm always glad to see Americans," said Emma Goldman, as my wife and I shook hands with her in her comfortable apartment, 3 Titchfield Terrace, London, England, a short time ago.

Emma Goldman is known to the Bolshevik in Russia, and to the police of Berlin, Paris, and London as "E. G. Kershner." The name is hers by right. Many years ago she married a Kershner, presumably an American citizen. At that time both were living in the United States. One day Mr. Kershner disappeared, and with him went any proof that he had been duly naturalized.

In those days the citizenship of the husband attached to the wife. When brought into court, Emma Goldman Kershner was unable to prove that her husband had ever been naturalized. Having been born in Russia, she was deported to that country when the court decided that she was an obnoxious foreigner.

There is a newspaper axiom, which generally works out effectively: "If you know what you want, you can find it," that is, in the way of news. Wanting to find where Miss Goldman was living, in a city of seven million other persons, I set the machinery in motion to discover her whereabouts, without asking the help of Scotland Yard, or any other detective agency.

The process was simple. Jo Labadie, Michigan's philosophical anarchist, who has shortened his Christian name of Joseph Anthony to just "Jo," had given me the address of a British anarchist friend of his, asking me to see him when in London.

I hunted up the address. It led me to a dirty street in an unfashionable part of the city. The number was over a narrow passageway into a still dirtier court. On one of the doors opening into the court was a sign cut from a newspaper heading: "F-R-E-E-D-O-M." Entering the door and going up a stairway I found myself in a small printing office, with everything in a sort of disorderly order, as if the very type and proof press and cases had demanded freedom to stand and lie around as it best pleased them.

Here was the headquarters of a group of philosophical anarchists, in touch with the movements of their traveling comrades.

But concerning giving the address of Emma Goldman to a stranger—that was something to think over. Finally, with some hesitation, it was agreed that Miss Goldman should be given our name and address, and she would write us if an interview was agreeable to her.

The very next day a note came to our apartment from Miss Goldman, stating that she would be very much pleased to receive a call from us. She had just arrived in London the day before.

Left—Emma Goldman at her writing desk. Right—The rear of one of her Paris shelters. The man in the picture is Max Nettlan, a resident of Austria.

This was not my first interview with Emma Goldman. As a newspaperman, and interested in economics, especially as affecting the social welfare of the masses, I seldom missed an opportunity to listen to her when she visited Detroit on her anarchistic propaganda tours. And when it was possible I continued my study of her and her philosophy in some nearby restaurant where beer was served, for Miss Goldman is ravenously hungry and thirsty after a lecture. To me her theory of what were proper social relations were fanciful and impractical, but I never made the blunder of thinking that she did not believe in them herself.

Much to my surprise the world-known anarchist looked younger than when I saw her, half a dozen years ago; younger than she looked when she was deported, December 21, 1919.

Europe had dealt kindly with her. Her skin had a rosy complexion, and her eyes were bright. Face wrinkles had disappeared, and her long hair, done up in a becoming manner, gave her an appearance of matronly vigor. Should an observing stranger have met Miss Goldman on a London street the day I was with her, he would have taken her for some contented German frau, with nothing on her mind more important than the proper conduct of her household and family duties.

Titchfield Terrace is a pleasant locality in which to live. London's East Side, the home of London's poor, is far removed. It overlooks the upper end of Regent's Park, and is close to the great London Zoo. In fact, so close is it that at times the roarings of the lions, the screechings of the seals, and the hyenas' laughs can be heard, mingled with those other sounds common to a locality where wild animals are confined.

Yes, as a residence district, Titchfield is decidedly middle-class. Here can be found neither the very rich, nor the very poor, and a bus line, which passes the door, will take one in a few minutes to the very heart of the city.

Emma Goldman is not averse to talking of her experiences in Russia, where she spent two years trying to reconcile her theory of what is governmentally expedient, let alone right, with what she actually saw.

"I wasn't at all averse to being deported to Russia," she told me. "In fact I decided not to appeal my case to a higher court simply because I thought I would find in Russia economic and social conditions somewhat in harmony with what I believed to be right. I did not expect to see an anarchistic society in full bloom; that I knew was an impossibility; for anarchism is a growth; it matures slowly; but I did expect to find in Russia greater freedom than elsewhere in everything that did not interfere with equal freedom for others."

"And the awakening?" I queried.

"Oh, that was a sad awakening," Miss Goldman resumed. "It slowly, very slowly, dawned upon me that in Russia there was not freedom, but slavery. Liberty? Justice? Both were nonexistent under the rule of the leaders of the Communist party. Workingmen in Russia today are more slaves than they were under the reign of the Czar.

"Think of it. Under the 'dictatorship of the proletariat' men and women are drafted to tasks irrespective of fitness or inclination. An educator, who ought to be teaching, may be sent to the mines. A mechanic may be given a task in which his skill and experience are not available. For political reasons, to strengthen the hold of the Communist party, totally unfit men are elevated to positions of power and importance. Useless bureaus are everywhere, with their miles of red tape. Grafting officials are common. Here and there have been established manufacturing plants and schools for the benefit of visiting delegations from other countries, and they are shown nothing else.

"I cannot adequately describe to you how badly everything is being done. The Marxian doctrine of the supremacy of the state—something to which I am utterly opposed—is the cornerstone of the Bolshevik rule. Everything is subordinated to this. Then the maxims 'the end justifies the means,' and 'during a revolutionary period there can be no free speech,' are worked to the limit. Everywhere you hear these dropping from the lips of high officials.

"As an example of how everything is subordinated to the idea of a centralized government, here is a fact. There is plenty of wood less than 70 miles from Petrograd. It needs only to be cut and transported to that city to supply the people there with the fuel they so sadly need. I suggested to an official that the idle men of Petrograd be employed to supply this fuel, but it was vetoed. 'Should we grant this in Petrograd,' I was told, 'the same demand would be made by other localities. It would create communal competition, which is a bourgeois institution, and it would interfere with our belief in nationalized and centralized control.'

"Were you not in government employ in Russia?" I asked.

"I was connected for a considerable time with the Commission collecting material for the Museum of the Revolution," Miss Goldman replied. "I had nothing to do with the enforcing of laws or decrees. My connection with the Commission took me far afield and gave me opportunity to talk with all classes. Among others I had a talk with Korolenko, a Russian revolutionist who has done much and suffered much in the endeavor to relieve Russian injustice. Speaking to me of the present Russian régime he said substantially that if the gendarmes of the Czar had been given the power not only to arrest, but also to shoot, the situation would have been like that at present in prostrate Russia.

"'That is what is happening before me every day,' he told me. 'The Bolsheviks claim that such methods are inseparable from the revolution. I cannot agree with them that persecution and general shooting serve the interests of the people of the revolution. It has always been my conception that revolution meant the highest expression of humanity and justice. In Russia today both are absent. A gag has been placed upon the whole people. To dare to question the wisdom and efficacy of the so-called dictatorship of the proletariat or the Communist party leaders is considered a crime. Russia will have to pay dearly for this experiment. It may delay for a long time fundamental changes in other countries. The bourgeois will be able to defend its position by pointing to what has happened in Russia.'"

Miss Goldman did not say so, but my opinion was that Korolenko also voiced her own belief.

"I cannot speak too kindly of the peasants of Russia," Miss Goldman continued. "They are unsophisticated, even crude. Suspicious of strangers, they must be carefully approached. I was successful in this by coming to them as an 'American.' Once put at ease, they will open their hearts to you. They are unspoiled and possessed of a deep faith in elementary justice and equality. Really, these Russians are a peculiar people, saint and devil in one, manifesting the highest as well as the most brutal impulses, capable of almost everything except sustained effort."

"And how about your own treatment by Russian officialdom?"

"I was at first cordially welcomed, but finally there was more or less distrust," was the response. "I received many favors; I could not have been better treated had I enthusiastically joined the governing powers. This makes it difficult for me to criticize them. Yet is not silence consent?

Noon having arrived, I invited the party, by this time augmented by a visitor from Boston, out to lunch. Taking a taxi, the four of us went to a famous kosher restaurant on Tottenham Court Road and were served an excellent dinner. Afterward we returned to Miss Goldman's apartment, where she served delicious coffee in a wonderful percolator, alcohol heated, which has been her constant companion in her European travels.

After leaving Russia Miss Goldman first went to Berlin. Here she wrote her book on her Russian experiences. From Berlin she went to Paris, principally because the cost of living in the French capital was within her means. But as conditions there were not favorable for earning a living, in September she went to London, where she was pleasantly situated at the time of my interview.

"Do you desire to return to the United States?" I asked Miss Goldman, while enjoying her coffee.

"It is natural for one to desire to be free to go anywhere," she finally answered, taking thought to formulate her reply. "I was unjustly, as I believe, deprived of my American citizenship. For this, if for no other reason, I should like my American citizenship restored to me. Besides I have a multitude of dear friends there. They understand me, and I understand them. And I should wish to tell them, face to face, why the Communist party of Russia, as now run, is impossible in a free society.

"I want all countries, including the United States, to be a land where liberty and justice are the foundation stones of a free society, where one is free to do as he or she pleases, so long as this freedom does not interfere with the equal freedom of all others."

Resuming her account of her European experiences, the past four years, Miss Goldman told of her stay in Berlin, which was the first place she stopped after leaving "impossible Russia." "At first the cost of living in Berlin was wonderfully low. I had a good five-room apartment for four dollars a month, American money, and the price of food was in proportion to the charge for rent. But finally prices took an upward turn, and before I left that same apartment was renting for $65 a month.

"Then I went to Paris, but I stayed only a short time. No objection was made to my presence, either there or in Berlin. On no occasion, so far as I know, were my footsteps dogged by the police. I was as free to come and go as was any other tourist. But I saw no way of earning a living in Paris, so I came to London. Here I expect to be allowed to work in my own way for what I consider to be right."

"To lecture on anarchy?"

"We shall see. What I desire is equal freedom, with the rest of the world, to advocate the best way in which, in my opinion, all can lead happy and peaceful lives."

Miss Goldman is "against the government"—all governments. To her, government means coercion—the invasion of individual liberty—terrorism. Here, in conclusion, one may properly quote from her published utterances:

"Today oppression and terrorism rule Russia. Tyranny is masked by a world-stirring slogan. Because I am a revolutionist, I refuse to side with the master class, which in Russia is called the Communist party."

Sherman Takes Hide Off Mr. Mencken

Unmasks "Civilized Minority" and Shows Them as Literary Mountebanks

THE juxtaposition of the two names, Mr. Brownell and Mr. Mencken, is ultimately due neither to the editor's whim nor to the reviewer but to destiny. It is symbolical. It represents what the critical effort of the last ten or fifteen years has been striving to bring to pass, namely, a confrontation of the literary aristocracy with the literary proletariat. Hope of an exciting engagement, however, will once more be frustrated, as it has been many times in the past, by the cause which kept the fight between Sebastian and Sir Andrew Aguecheek from really coming off: one of the combatants, as soon as he discovers himself in the presence of a competent adversary, ignominiously shuns the conflict, contenting himself, as he retreats, with administering a few cuffs to an unknown man who has just dashed up to the scene from Texas. Perhaps this sounds a little mysterious. I shall stay just long enough to make it clear. (I am not reviewing either of the books here mentioned but am merely discussing a point raised by bringing them together.)

Mr. Brownell is a critical representative of our literary aristocracy, and nowhere is his theory more blue-blooded than in his latest book, "The Genius of Style." By a literary aristocracy I mean that small highly civilized minority of writers who love perfection and seek it, who love truth and pursue it, who love beauty and create it. These quests are all so difficult that even to undertake them implies seriousness; to persevere in them involves fortitude and renunciations; to succeed in them denotes a fine and rare faculty, the faculty of discrimination, the talent for recognizing excellence, and a nature so constituted that the joy which it experiences in embracing the best compensates for the loss of all inferior pleasures. Since the best has no exclusive partiality for any time or land, the seeker of it, the true literary aristocrat, avoids chauvinism and the heady infatuations of the hour. Inevitably he is a citizen of the world, with the historical sense, the culture, the civility of the world's best citizens. If he often invites polemic, it is always with adversaries who use the weapons of the civilized minority and observe the code of duelists.

Though "civilized minority" is Mr. Mencken's favorite catchword, he is, as a matter of fact, obviously the critical champion of our literary proletariat; and the object of his polemic has often appeared to be the destruction of the civilized minority and the merging of all in one undistinguished rabble. By literary proletariat I mean that very large body of barbaric, uncivilized, or semi-civilized writers who shy dead cats at perfection, who like a little truth in a great bulk of libel, and who love the ugly and create it in abundance. These quests are so easy that they may be carried on with a minimum of seriousness and discrimination. For many years now Mr. Mencken has talked about an intellectual aristocracy and has given himself out as its champion. There was a time when I thought that he was a bad critic because he was incapable of discrimination. I have gradually abandoned that conception of him, to substitute for it the notion that he is a nearly first-rate all-around comedian. For to present himself as the spokesman of the civilized minority, as he does, and then to bring all the power of his example and his trenchant rhetoric to bear upon the task of teaching his fellow countrymen to affirm their ordinary selves with all their might—this seems to me the height of bourgeois comedy.

Here and there in the writings of Mr. Mencken you will find touching pages in which he intimates that he is about the only critic living who dares to tell the truth. If his courage is as great as he vaunts, it is hard to understand why he does not indulge himself in the pleasure of accurate and scrupulous veracity more frequently. Mr. Mencken talks about truth as if she were his mistress but he handles her like an iceman. The only reasonable explanation that occurs to me is his proletarian insensibility to distinctions. Like the ordinary two-fisted husky proletarian, he seems quite unable to appreciate the fact that total disregard of all the shades of truth becomes in the long run tantamount to total disregard for truth. In esthetic matters and in human relations generally, truth is not a thing to be got at with a sledge hammer or a steam shovel. Mr. Mencken seldom employs more delicate instruments than these. More and more he shuns the fine work of literary criticism: he cares to tackle nothing smaller than the devastation of a literary generation by gas attack, or the destruction or heroization of an order of society. No one who ever set up in these states as a literary critic before his time, no one, certainly, who conceived that he had an audience of civilized men to listen to him, ever attempted to get away with such wholesale misrepresentation as Mr. Mencken attempts in the opening essay of his fourth series of "Prejudices."

This essay is entitled "The American Tradition." Now it is transparently clear that what Mr. Mencken desires to accomplish by this essay is to bring the American tradition, as represented by the American Academy and in particular as interpreted by half a dozen such more or less academic persons as Mr. Brownell, Mr. Erskine, Mr. Boynton, Mr. Matthews, Professor Beers, and myself—to bring this tradition and its exponents into even greater disrepute with his readers than they now enjoy. Possibly that is a very desirable and praiseworthy object. I, for one, should be perfectly willing to discuss the matter with him. I see no particular reason why he should dread to discuss it. He is not without acumen and he has a strong flow of language. In all probability, if he applied himself to the task, he might discuss the matter very well. But Mr. Mencken with a kind of proletarian cunning and caution greatly prefers to get behind a wall and heave decayed vegetables at the objects of his aversion. Contrary to his practice, I shall illustrate precisely what I mean.

> Perhaps you have asked "What is happening to our modern American literature?" and have sometimes wondered at the alien tone of it. Stuart P. Sherman, who represents the American standard in letters, has asked the question, too, and found clues to its answer.
>
> By permission of the *Bookman*, a literary monthly of high quality, in whose January number this article appeared, THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT reprints Mr. Sherman's estimate which adequately expresses a growing judgment of one of the "new lights." The title is "Mr. Brownell and Mr. Mencken."
>
> Mencken's absurd assumption of the championship of an intellectual aristocracy is here dealt with as it deserves and its thrusts will penetrate the unusually thick literary hide of that individual.
>
> With a deftness that Mr. Mencken must envy and a plain labeling of things which Americans will applaud, Professor Sherman performs a duty to deluded Menckenites in particular and American letters in general.

He begins his essay in the following fashion:

"Ever since Dr. William Crary Brownell, *de l'Académie Américaine,* published his little volume 'Standards' in 1917, a vast hullabaloo has been going on among the native, white, Protestant *Gelehrten* of the Republic, particularly in the open spaces of the South and the Middle West, in favor of what they call the American tradition in letters. Perhaps I libel Brownell, a worthy if somewhat gummy man, by hinting that he started this whooping. . . ."

Now Mr. Brownell has published a number of books, including "Standards," thus thrust into the front of Mr. Mencken's two-fisted essay in fustigation. These books of Mr. Brownell's are not "out of print." They are accessible to the public. If Mr. Mencken has any appetite for the truth about Mr. Brownell's position, he is quite at liberty to discover what it is, and whether he has libeled Mr. Brownell. But no, Mr. Mencken backs circumspectly away from that dangerous quarter, without adducing a single sentence to justify the overture to his essay. He backs away from the real object of his assault and backs into an obscure article by a Mr. Doughty, of Texas, dealing with current literature. That article he describes in detail and deigns to quote from freely.

It does not appear to have been written with great delicacy. It has, indeed, something of that over-robust manner which we have come to associate with Mr. Mencken's own disciples. Mr. Doughty is quoted as characterizing the current American literary product and its producers as "swept-up rottenness and garbage," "a horde of chancre-laden rats," "a devil's crew of perverted drug addicts," engaged in a "flabby and feeble assault . . . . upon that ancient decency that for unnumbered generations," and so forth. In brief Mr. Doughty maintains, thus Mr. Mencken concludes his report, "that the whole movement is no more than a foul conspiracy to tear down the flag, uproot the Republic and exterminate the Nordic Blond, and that, in consequence, it is the duty of every American who is a member 'of a white Nordic race, save the Teutonic' to come sliding down the pole, grab the tarpot, and go galloping to the alarm."

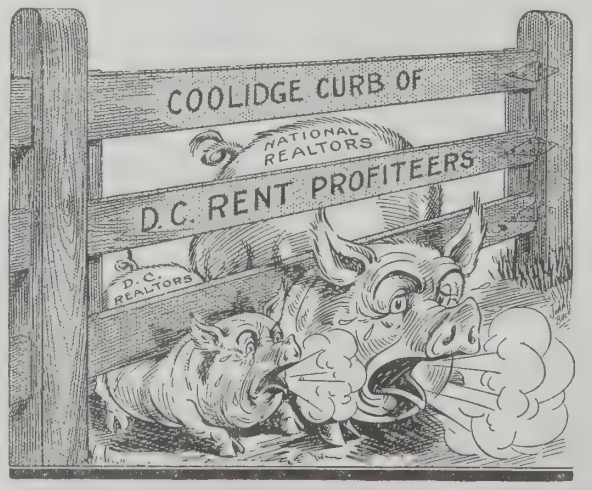
Not having read Mr. Doughty's discourse myself, I have, of course, not the slightest notion whether Mr. Mencken has correctly represented it. Mr. Mencken boasts, with obvious reason, that he is quite above any such petty business as faithfully interpreting another writer. No one, so far as I have heard, has ever charged him with any such picayune performance. But that is not now the point. The point is that immediately on the conclusion of this summary of Mr. Doughty's views, Mr. Mencken remarks: "The doctrine thus stated in harsh terms by the dreadful Doughty is, in its essence, precisely the doctrine of his more urbane colleagues—of Brownell *de l'Académie Américaine,* of Brander Matthews *de l'Académie Américaine,* of Sherman *de l'Académie Américaine,* of Erskine *de l'Institut National,* of Boynton, of old Beers, of all the rest."

If this is to be regarded as some of Mr. Mencken's fun, very well, let us all laugh, and magnanimously concede that his comedy not infrequently rises to a higher level. But if one is really asked to regard such stuff as criticism, if one is asked to regard such tactics as sportsmanship, then one must be allowed to observe that our "spokesman for the civilized minority" has here been moved by "the eternal spirit of the Populace." My own growing suspicion is that, despite all his professions of tough-mindedness, despite his oft-avowed joy in glorious battle, Mr. Mencken is at heart a confirmed pacifist with as profound a distaste as Sir Andrew's for cold steel.

The President Attacks the Rent Hogs

Initiates Bill to Fix Fair Rentals in D. C.

WHEN Calvin Coolidge was elected President of the United States his legal residence was one-half of a double house in Northampton, Massachusetts. The rent was $32 a month. As Vice-President he lived with Mrs. Coolidge and their two sons in a Washington hotel suite;



they could not afford to rent a house. As the President, Mr. Coolidge doesn't pay rent, of course, but he hasn't forgotten the viewpoint of the rent-payer. Washington real estate dealers discovered that fact recently when Mr. Coolidge sent to the House of Representatives and the Senate the Whaley bill, together with a letter recommending its passage.

This bill, if enacted into law and upheld by the Supreme Court, will give a commission of the President's choosing the power to determine fair and reasonable rentals for apartments and dwellings in the District of Columbia. Among other things, it declares that all such buildings are "clothed with the public interest." In other words, President Coolidge, aware that rents in general are burdensome to government employes, with their small salaries, has decided that Washington rents must come down. The President's rent control bill isn't yet through Congress, but it is evident that he has started a housecleaning in the real estate business at the National Capital. He is also setting an example for state legislatures throughout the country.

Most of the government workers in Washington are tenants. And rents in most apartments and dwellings are now approximately 100 per cent higher than they were eight years ago. Mr. Coolidge realizes that if this condition is not remedied, there is likely to be a general demand by government workers for higher salaries, which, if granted, would put a dent in the Coolidge economy program. Moreover, the President knows that if the government is to get efficient service from its employes, it must see that they live in fair circumstances at moderate cost.

Washington differs from any other city in the country. It is a Federal District, in which Congress is supreme. No other city will be directly affected by the passage of the Whaley rent control bill, for no other city has such a paramount interest in the government. The precedent created, however, is sure to have an indirect effect upon the entire country, for landlords, in league with bankers and real estate dealers, have in the last few years evolved a popular indoor sport—that of "pyramiding," by means of fake sales to dummy purchasers, the value of a building. By doubling the paper valuation of buildings they "justify" a similar increase in rentals. This practice has been so flagrant in Washington as to attract the attention of the Executive, who believes that the rather drastic action he has taken is essential for the welfare of the government itself.

We have read a great deal in recent years about the police power of the states. The government has a similar power in the District of Columbia. Several states have enacted rent control laws as drastic as the one which President Coolidge now sponsors; the government has the right to do likewise, for the District of Columbia contains the seat of government and because much of the land within its borders is devoted to government use. The national interests are paramount. And one of the government's first duties is to keep the city a fit place of residence for Washingtonians in general, and government employes in particular. Such details as the regulation of real estate rentals, therefore, become a legitimate exercise of the governmental police power.

—Burt M. McConnell.

Mr. Ford's Page

PROGRESS is measured by the ambitious according to the increase in opportunity which it brings; by the vegetative according to the amount of ease and comfort it permits; by the contemplative mind according to the number of the problems it creates; and as it rarely occurs that any mind is destitute of all these qualities but possesses more than one of them in some degree, it comes to pass that mankind is alternately praiseful and critical, sometimes fearful and sometimes boastful of Progress.

What we call the problems of progress may be its poisons, or its good fruits; we should arrive at some clear conclusion which. Progress has its price in change and struggle, but this is also true of life; and nothing is more evident than that there is often change and struggle that does not spell progress. And there is a Progress that does not progress, but seems to go backward, which is really fruitful in the regathering of experience once passed through but not absorbed. Progress is a mystery, and for that reason the few items we may assuredly know about it should be known through and through.

It is clear, for one thing, that we are not the only race to experience progress. The remains of our early predecessors on the earth indicate that some of them outdistanced our present record in certain fields. That is, in what they *knew*. They discovered facts and made knowledge. They seem to have discovered some facts that are yet beyond our most eager grasp, and to have made a knowledge the most distant confines of which are not yet within our vision.

Yet they are gone. They left nothing, hardly the memory of their names. They passed on no torch, not even an improved plot of ground. "Our debt to the past" does not run as far back as our knowledge of the past; if there is any debt it is the past's debt to the present for giving it life again in human thought.

What we know is this, their progress did not save them from extinction; their progress did not serve to thrust the world forward. All their glory is like their works, forgotten dust.

Another thing we know is that the glory of progress is not ours, but something not ourselves that enables us to go on. There is a sometimes amusing and sometimes pathetic element in the airs which man takes to himself upon making a discovery. Now, discovery is the simple act of seeing what is. It is simply coming to be conscious of what was there all the time. In a baby we call it "taking notice." Man is beginning to "take notice" of the things in the Room of Life in which he finds himself, and one measure of his babyhood is the number of things he does not notice as yet. But *the* measure of his babyhood is the manner in which he plumes himself on his discovery, as if discovery were creation!

Take the atom. It is one of the big things in what we call the invisible world—that marvelous world which our eyes are too clumsy to behold. Well, the atom has always been there. In the atom we come near that dim transition ground where what we call matter is in contact with something for which we have no such definite name. And we are vastly interested in all these efforts to see what is there—but, after all, what is it but perceiving that which we have nothing at all to do with, so far as the creative glory of it goes?

Strictly speaking, man has contributed nothing whatever to progress; yet he has a tendency to take all the praise for progress having occurred. Man created none of the elements on which progress is based; he formulated none of the laws, a knowledge of which enables us to see where progress is moving; and he created none of the faculties of mind or personality that becomes the tools or vehicles of progress. He contributes nothing—not even the urge to know is his; although it may be said that the *will to use* his faculties may be his own, and to be credited to him. Everything that we have, whatever its latest and most amazing combination of forms or element, was here all the time. We made nothing. But in these our first waking periods, we have "noticed" a little, and have even reached out to touch a little. All the stuff of progress is outside our sphere of boastful pride.

A third thing of which many are becoming more convinced in their thought about this matter is that progress is not so much an achievement of man as an intellectual entity, as it is a test of man as a moral being. The progressive civilizations of the past, why did they disappear? Did their physical vitality fail? Did their intellectual life, like a flower, come full bloom and die of the effort? Is there a law that civilizations shall rise and fall, that races shall come full circle and disintegrate? Apparently there is no such law, and those who assume it take far too much for granted. Occurrence in the past is no warrant for repeated recurrence in the future.

The point to which attention is increasingly directed in ancient civilizations is *the use that was made of them.* Progress was assuredly given; *what use was made of it?* Power was given; *to what end was it used?* Wealth was accumulated and widely distributed; but to what ministry was it devoted? Knowledge is wrested from mystery; do its possessors use it to further liberate or further bind men? These elements of progress were all present in ancient times; *what was done with them?*

These questions open up the court of history's judgment hall. We know something of the case that was tried there. The elements of Progress were all given to some of the ancient peoples that were ready for them, but the use they commonly made of them was to exalt human pride, establish tyranny, enslave poverty, further degrade human deficiency—in brief, to call all Progress *gain* and call none of it *responsibility.* Their failure was not physical, as a race; not political, as a nation; not scientific, that is, it was not because of their inability to learn and use; *their failure was moral;* they used their Progress to develop further those social evils which in the end are destructive of the society that is deceived by them.

Now, if this is true (and full consideration will dispose the mind to favor it), then Progress is moral. If there is no moral progress, there is no Progress at all. If it can be said that Progress has a purpose, that purpose seems to be to test man's reaction to it. We have ample grounds for saying that it is man's immoral reactions to Progress that changes his progress to be his doom. A primitive society undergoes few of the tests that a progressive society has, and it is the progressive forms of society that furnish the larger number of failures.

It is safe—in the prudential sense, anyway—to say that our modern progress is the test of our ability to attain a moral greatness equal to our other achievements. The lack of balance between a people's *power* and their *justice,* between their *knowledge* and their *wisdom,* between their ability to *accumulate* possessions and their ability to *use* them wisely—it is that which causes downfall. The downfall is therefore perfectly natural; it is not retribution, it is simply failure to achieve normal conditions. Justice is the normal condition of power.

We *are* using *our* power with a larger admixture of justice, we are extracting from our knowledge more of the essence of wisdom, we are using our progress for liberation rather than for bondage, in greater degree than any civilization that has preceded us. To the degree that we do this, we lengthen the life and justify the existence of the worthier elements of our civilization.

IS PROGRESS a poison thrown off by the action of life, to which man must be immunized? Is it the fine fruit of the human spirit? Or is it a test of humanity's fitness to survive? Each of these views of progress has its apostles. The first offends reason and ends in pessimism. The second incites to boastfulness and tends to littleness of mind. The third has at least this mark of truth, that it compels a broader view and a more wholesome attitude. Progress is the greatest test any civilization has confronted, and most of them have fallen before it. Progress is a gift of material power and requires a moral development for its government and use. Power without justice passes away. Progress unmixed with moral responsibility ceases. The fact is fairly clear. Human advance is governed in the end by right use of what is won.

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Not Necessarily Alarmists

FROM the beginning of the world there have been men who have scoffed at the possibility of danger. From the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah to the outbreak of the Great War scoffers at warnings before the event have considered themselves wiser in their generation than "the children of light."

Face to face with the poignant facts of the still quivering past, it ill becomes public officials to enact again the role of "foolish virgins" which made European statesmen the dupes of folly. The literature of forewarning concerning the Great War was very full and may still be read, men of vision jeopardized their reputations by adding their voices to the solemn warning, but the "blind guides" of the people said: "Peace, Peace; these be but wild tales," and so the nations walked unprepared into the ghastly surprise of war. Everything was foretold; nothing was believed by the destined victims.

It is therefore somewhat disquieting to read in the papers that Secretary of the Navy Wilbur has characterized present-day warnings as "bedtime bogey stories." So did Lloyd George before him when Lord Roberts was foretelling the German attack. So did fatuous British editors when Maxse was writing his now literally fulfilled prophecies based on long-continued observation and amply confirmed facts, yet British editors set him aside as a calamity monger. However, the leaders were wrong and the prophets were right and two-thirds of the toll of war was paid, not to militarism but to pacifism, not to preparedness but to unpreparedness.

Therefore who shall say that the prophecies of poison gases far more deadly than before, of disease germs that carry death in their train, of engines of war more terrible than has ever been dreamed of are "bedtime bogey stories"? Who will seriously believe that informed investigators seek to terrorize the people merely for the sake of terrorizing them? The thesis that some of our most able technicians and publicists are so many Dickens' fat boys trying to make the people's "flesh creep" is most futile and nonsensical. It is equally futile for Secretary of the Navy Wilbur to say that "to have a war one must have a defense and that the means of defense should be commensurate with the offense." If he is quoted correctly, his words come near to being meaningless. Belgium had no defense, yet Belgium had a war. Adequate defense is only possible when the nature of the attack is known in advance. In modern warfare the nature of the attack is usually known only to those who are dubbed calamity howlers and makers of "bedtime bogey stories" for their pains in telling us what the nature of attack is to be. What is wanted are means of defense up to the limit of intended aggression, and this cannot be attained without full discussion of every possible contingency.

The "Debt" Is Wiped Out

THE President has pricked one bubble that has floated too long—the bubble of our debt to France for Lafayette. President Coolidge informed the French Ambassador that the debt has been paid. So that should be the end of that. In view of the insistence with which that gratitude gag had been worked, to lure us to war and to cheat us of peace, to get our money and befog repayment, it was about time that something definite was said, even if it seemed harsh.

In strict speaking, the President rather stretched a point when he assumed that there ever was a debt. Lafayette was better treated in America than in his own country; and but for the reputation given him here, his reputation in France would not have been lustrous. Lafayette owes America a debt of thanks for preserving his name. And we on our side have long since forgotten with what effort the infant American republic disentangled itself from the hold which French republican freethought tried to fasten on it. Our debt, in truth, dwindles until it seems there was no debt at all. Yet, such is the power of a reiterated slogan, "our debt to France" has more or less confused our thinking since 1914. Not that America is sorry for what she did. But she is not asking any European country to "remember the debt to America" in a sentimental sense. If Europe is not aware of any debt to us for the help we gave, certainly we shall never be crude enough to insist on it, even though we are rather short on "European politeness."

Get the Facts

THE controversy between aircraft men and naval men has reached the liar stage. Either Brigadier-General Mitchell has talked very loosely, or the naval men have departed from their long-established standards of rectitude. The claims of the airmen in the recent tests were denied by the navy's reports. The claim is now made that something was wrong with the conditions set by the navy and with the reports. These things are difficult to believe, and will not be believed until they are established by more than individual say-so. But because the controversy has been able to enlist so many relay stations, steps should be taken to determine the matter of fact at once. If our navy is preventing the arrival of a new and necessary arm of defense, we want to know it. If interested parties have not scrupled to attack the honor of the navy, in an over-zealous effort to forward their own ideas, we certainly should know that. Let the investigation go on. Put a few hard-boiled civilian business men on it who will choke forth the reluctant facts, whatever they may be.

It Is Done, But Not Forever

IN WHAT guise it may now be impossible to foresee, but certain it is that the action of the Republican majority in disciplining a minority because it criticized the party will come back to plague it. Strength always has its weakness, and the indication is that the weakness of the present administrative power will be exhibited in personal suppression of independence. There is no question whatever of the *right* of a party organization to do what it pleases within its own partisan organization, but there is a very large question about the *wisdom* of some things which are done. And when the action takes the form of preventing legally elected representatives of the people from taking their full share in the work of the government, it becomes serious. There is now no doubt of Republican intention and Republican agreement on what has been done. Let the matter therefore be filed away with a note attached: "Observe in what manner this returns to notice." Power misused is strangely thwarted by unexpected occurrences.

A Triumph for Golf

ANOTHER triumph for golf. The Lord's Day Alliance, in a bill offered to the New York legislature to ban various commercialized forms of Sunday amusements, have made an exception in favor of golf. Thus is the royal and ancient game lifted above the common rut of box-office sports and pleasures; but "the employment of caddies, attendants and other help about golf links" is prohibited.

In that land of "brown heath and shaggy wood," which is the ancestral home of golf, certain ministers and elders o' the kirk strengthen their lungs and clear the cobwebs from their brains by a round or two of the links, even on the Sabbath, and are regarded by most people as the better for it; and this apparently is the view taken by the Lord's Day Alliance of New York.

There is as yet no word that the inventor of golf has been canonized. Probably this is because he lived in such a remote antiquity that he antedated the Christian Era; but if some day his bones are miraculously discovered beneath some sod-covered mound when a new hazard is being dug, there is no doubt that a strong effort would be made to have the word "blessed" put before his name at least.

After all those apocryphal tales about golf as a begetter of profanity on such occasions as the "foozling" of a ball or the missing of a short putt, it is refreshing to find that the game has retained reputation enough to be given a Sunday bill of health, as it were, by such an influential body. It should serve to make clear to the public that the agitation to preserve the American Sunday is not the labor of "kill sports." Infringement of freedom of the people in the open is not in any contemplated plan. But the rank prostitution of the day to alien commercial interests is sought to be curbed—which is eminently proper.

Inauguration Simplicity

THE decision to keep the Inauguration as simple as possible has nothing to do with the ceremony itself, which is the essence of simplicity. The election of a president being certified, he is sworn into office upon the expiry of the preceding term, and that is all there is of it. It may take place in the front parlor of a Buffalo residence, as did Roosevelt's, or in a Vermont farmhouse as did Coolidge's. The rest is all extraneous and save when it is the spontaneous ebullition of a people's rejoicing it is apt to become showy. Of recent years it has degenerated into sheer commercialism.

Still, there is value in public demonstrations of loyalty and rejoicing. The Fourth of July was once the occasion of great national recollection of American history and American principles; and the Inauguration was once an occasion for the American clans, the States, to gather about their chief. But until the spirit returns, the picnic atmosphere of commercialized trivialities will remain. And it is just as well that they have as little government countenance as possible.

Washington is open to all who wish to attend the Inauguration. The central event itself will be in no way diminished. All the high dignity required by the induction of a Chief Magistrate into office will be observed. There is really no reason why Washington should have fewer visitors because the gewgaws are cut out.

Publicity or Propaganda

DR. H. E. WOOLEVER, a Methodist syndicate editorial writer, in a recent letter to his readers regarding the Child Labor Amendment to the Federal Constitution, has passed the line of fairness.

"The only opposition," he says, "comes from sources interested in cheap labor and those opposed to popular education."

It is such statements as this that have destroyed the influence of the clergy in public matters these recent years. They are the mouthpieces of certain standardized opinions supplied to them wholesale by propagandist distributing centers, and being only mouthpieces their service consists in noise and not in power.

In the case of a man like Dr. Woolever, whose position gives him space in a hundred or more Methodist papers (a centralization which Methodism will have cause to regret and change ere long as contrary to its genius) this traffic in propaganda is reprehensible.

There are three considerations he misses: first, the rising tendency to dent the Constitution at every opportunity. The Constitution defines and establishes the sovereignty of the States, and this amendment attacks that sovereignty. Worse than that, it attacks sovereignty on the false assumption that the States have failed in the duty which the Amendment would pass on to the Federal Government. Of 48 States, 46 have stringent child labor laws. All the States have stringent school laws. Eight States fix the school age at 18; five at 17; twenty-eight at 16; one at 15, and six at 14. The States have done their duty, but their duty does not provide for another Socialistic Bureau at Washington, hence this new attempt at Government by Amendment.

Another consideration is the child. Loafing has come about too widely through our national prosperity, to be further encouraged by law. The boy and girl under 18 have the right to begin their career without an American law curtailing their liberty. There is no useful American today who would not have been handicapped by a legal barrier against initiative in his youth. This Amendment *does not regulate child labor* as its proponents with knowing and deliberate misrepresentation assert; it *regulates the child.* It gives the child over to the United States Government until he is 18.

It is quite easy to succumb to angry indignation which Americans feel at such a suggestion. But, there is a third consideration: this Amendment's proposal will never come to pass. Easy-going legislators may pass it, just as easy-going clergymen may indorse it, but it will be a dead letter in the Constitution. And it is playing into alien and revolutionary hands to fill the Constitution with dead articles that inspire disrespect in the people. This country has too many undigested Amendments as it is.

The opposition to this Amendment is not fostered by those whose interest is in cheap labor, as Dr. Woolever misinformingly says. The opposition is from those whose interest is in Home Rule, in Constitutional integrity, in the liberty of initiative in American youth, and in keeping the country as free as possible from an overloaded, incompetent and too easily handled centralized control.

In an Oxford College

Magdalen, Where Medieval and Modern Meet

By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

DRAWINGS BY L. PERN BIRD

The Tower, Magdalen, from the Cherwell.

WHAT about Oxford? Matthew Arnold wrote that it was "the home of lost causes," or words to that effect. So is everywhere. But more so almost than anywhere else is Oxford *the birthplace of new causes;* some of them stillborn, some rickety; some of them dying young; some few growing to maturity and power. This is natural, for where youth is gathered together there are the foundations of the future well and truly laid.

This, and much else, thought I, as I wandered once again down the gray High street. To me there is no more beautiful Main street than this and no city more lovely and lovable than Oxford. By Jove, it is more than forty years since I first paraded here, as young then in body as I am still at heart; a well-conceited youngster, but hiding shyness beneath a bravado mask of cocksureness. Much of the arrogance of young folk is armor for diffidence. But, Lord! it is as if it were yesterday that I bought my first cap and gown off an obsequious tailor, and, that I might not be recognized and smiled on as a freshman, promptly tore my gown up the back and smashed the corners of my cap. But none the less was I smiled at!

This half-sunny, half-cloudy day I set forth from my hostelry, The Mitre, a house of great age and equal repute. The High, as is all Oxford, is a mingling of old and new buildings, the latter with few exceptions being abominable in design and built of a hard stone that even this damp atmosphere will not weather or molder. There, opposite the hotel, is the new front of Oriel, erected out of the funds left to that foundation by Cecil Rhodes; alas, neither fire nor earthquake are likely to come to destroy it!

By the way, we speak of Oriel not of Oriel college, and so with all colleges except New, which from the lips of the seemly always receives its full name, New College, though it is really very old. Oxford, the university, consists of various colleges and halls wherein the particular dons reside, unless married; also the undergraduates for usually their first two years of residence.

I refuse, however, to be guidebookey. I am out for a ramble to please myself and my comrade, whose first visit it is. The gray-green city is not for the sightseer; that way you cannot learn to know her, or to love her. Wander aimlessly about her broad and her narrow ways, following the mood of the moment; loitering here, lingering there; thus shall you absorb her atmosphere and be taken to her heart.

Therefore, we vagabondized; pausing for a few minutes to look at the memorial to Shelley that adorns University (college), from which he was "sent down," that is to say, was dispatched into outer darkness and disgrace, because of his wanton atheistical ways. There he is now counted as one of the greatest of her sons. So wags the world away!

Passing old buildings and new, until we stood in the shadow of the tower of Magdalen, pronounced "Maudlin," why so, nobody seems to know. Tall, graceful Magdalen Tower, from the top of which on sunrise upon May Day ring out the clear notes of the famous choir, singing a Latin hymn to the Trinity. Well do I remember sitting through the last night of a very chilly April and then in the cold misty morning standing in the High, awaiting the sound of the voices from above and the watery sunrise. Then back to my rooms, to coffee and to bed!

Beyond the tower is Magdalen Bridge, across the sweet waters of the Cherwell. Over this bridge a century ago most men made their way into Oxford atop the coaches, accompanied by jangling-tingling of harness and too-tootling of horns. Today we mostly approach the mean modern side of the city by train.

My friend and I had but two days to spend in Oxford. I told him we would wander about, seeing "bits" here and there, and would explore one college as thoroughly as we could. For this purpose I selected Magdalen, of which I am not a son but a lover only; who could harden his heart to her enchantment, the most beautiful of all places here or elsewhere?

Desiring to ramble about at my own sweet will, unhampered by an official or by any sort of guide, I called upon a don, whom I had known in the golden days long ago. We are gray-headed now. What matter? We chatted gaily; today faded away, the past became the present; he once more a young don and I an undergraduate. He said we might go where and do what we liked; to the full we availed ourselves of his kindliness. It was the long vacation, early in September; most all dons and undergrads "gone down." But there were tourists galore, many of them Americans.

In plan the typical Oxford college is either on the lines of a monastic building or of a lordly Tudor mansion. There is a quadrangle, or "quad," which sometimes is a cloister, a chapel, a hall, a library, the house or the apartments of the head of the college, who at Magdalen is called president, and the rooms in which dons and undergraduates reside, generally consisting of a sitting and a bed room.

In vacation Magdalen is a home of ancient peace; during "term" it is an abode of busy youth. My friend could not grasp this to the full—this silence here; but it hit me rather hard, for I recalled many merry days and nights I had spent here when "all the world was young." But I did not allow the faint perfume of the past to fret me; I renewed my joy in the glorious buildings and their lovely setting. Gray, green Oxford!

We looked at the quaint open-air pulpit, where on Saint John the Baptist's day is preached a sermon, rain or shine.

We visited the chapel, much and sorely restored, but still very beautiful; dim lit and colored with "storied windows richly dight," the brass eagle lectern standing out a splash of sunshine amid the dusk. All is silent save for our chastened footfalls; I cannot, dare not, attempt to describe how different all is when the organ and the choir make music, the seats are filled with old and young, and the candles shed soft light that seems to make the darkness above a mysterious immensity.

The kitchen, Magdalen.

Then into the cloisters. In monastic establishments the cloisters were the center of business and work; in an Oxford college they are a thoroughfare, never greatly crowded except before "chapel" and before dinner in hall, when in couples and triples men stroll around, gossiping. These cloisters date from the latter part of the fifteenth century, and are among the most lovely stone things in the world. Stand on the north side, look through the gray unglazed windows, across the green grass, close cropped, at the battlemented south side, above that the windows of the chapel and the hall with its delightful oriel window; above them the worn pinnacled buttresses; and the great Tower presiding in dignity over all. Cold words these and hopelessly inadequate; but was there ever writer save John Ruskin who could paint Oxford in words? No more can a black and white drawing. Walk with me next to the eastern side; look over at the stalwart mass of the Founder's Tower, partly creeper clad, wholely impressive. Trespass a little way onto the grass, and glimpse up at the series of grotesque figures that stand on top of the cloister buttresses; set up there four hundred and more years ago; most of them looking uncommonly like bad dreams; battered and worn; their significance subject of controversy: some of them allegorical, some heraldic, some—only their carvers could tell us what!

A corner of the hall, Magdalen.

Many illustrious personages have walked and talked here in these shady ways; I don't know that there are very many of them that I would have cared to meet and greet; certainly not James I, his Queen and rather too admirable son, Prince Henry; or Thomas Wolsey, Cardinal, and founder of Christ Church in this university; or Dean Colet, who I rather fancy was a bit too schoolmasterish for my liking, though I should have loved cracking jests with his friend Erasmus. But I do regret not having held converse with Joseph Addison, perhaps after a bottle—or two!—of good port wine talking of Sir Roger de Coverly, or with Charles Reade, if he were in good humor, writer of the finest English historical romance, "The Cloister and the Hearth."

Out of the south walk of the cloisters open the Fellows' common room and the hall, in both of which we shall be wise to linger. The former a gracious, comfortable chamber; with dark paneling and dark portraits; outside the sun blazing. Here after dinner in hall do the dons foregather, comforting their inner men with wines and other liquors. In the days that are gone, when to be a three-bottle man was a distinction, they were not so sober as they are today when it is the feast of reason rather than the flowing bowl that here attains.

Open-air pulpit, Magdalen.

Here is the menu of a typical dinner as served at the High Table in the hall: "Crème Marie Louise; Sole Cardinale; Sirloin of Beef, Légumes; Péche Melba." And here one which shows the Spartan fare allotted to the members of the college eight when in training: "Fried Soles; Noisettes of Veal, Légumes; Sago Pudding, Compôte of Fruits." Poor fellows! Happy fellows!

I sat at another table in the empty hall, while my comrade sketched through an open panel in the oriel window, looking over the roofs of the cloisters at the Founder's Tower. In the center of this window are portraits of Charles I and his Queen, which escaped the attention of the irate Roundheads, who wreaked some mischief here when they were in power. To Oxford the King came after his mishap at Edgehill; his ordnance and guns were "driven into Magdalen College grove," where now the deer quietly browse; he begged and got from the college almost all their splendid plate to be minted into very necessary cash. Later, the King and Prince Rupert from the roof of the great tower watched the movements of the Royal forces as they maneuvered against the enemy outside the city walls. But I did not worry about dead kings, queens, princes, princesses; or even about dead doctors of divinity and other matters. Not a bit of it. I did think of many nights, when a guest here I sat at these tables; eating, drinking, laughing, jesting, taking no thought or care for yesterday or tomorrow, sufficient for the day being the joy thereof. Out of that past came echoes of great merriment and the memories of great friendships. There is one fault only to be found with the days of one's youth at Oxford; they never will be equaled; they cannot come again. Youth! Health! Friends! Carelessness! Are not these the chiefest ingredients of happiness? Who knows of any better?

We went into the ancient kitchen: immense, heavy tables, a huge pestle and mortar, splendid spits, pewter dishes centuries old, dish covers of famous Sheffield plate, copper pots—a wonderful cookery battery for turning out the hundred and fifty dinners daily served in "term" time.

Out again into the sunshine; strolling along the walks, which encircle the island meadow made by the waters and backwaters of the Cherwell; shadowed by trees and innumerable shrubs, overlooking the green shaded river. A fairyland of green, brown, yellow, golden—aye, golden—leaves. Through the thick branches I gazed at what I think the most beautiful view of Magdalen Tower.

My friend had been almost annoyingly silent; asking a few questions; making no comment. But at last, as we stood here, he looked up and said: "This is great."

The Founder's Tower from the hall, Magdalen.

Nature Does Not Favor Easy Jobs

And Flowers, Insects and Animals Teach Us Lessons in Efficiency

By ROBERT SPARKS WALKER

THE twenty-one years that I was editor of a horticultural magazine brought me in touch with many people, who each year became greatly alarmed over the appearance of some insect, or fungus pest that threatened the destruction of the fruit and vegetable crops. In meeting with many growers, it was not always that my optimism was rewarded with a hearty response. But one thing I learned was that when given a peaceful sea, man is by his very nature a very lazy creature!

As a general rule, man dreads to face new problems. Growers of fruits and vegetables naturally fear new diseases. After years of fighting insect and fungus enemies, I am compelled to say that thus far the most of the crop pests have proved a blessing to the human race, although it is to be admitted that they have destroyed their millions in food products!

As human beings, we are prone to overlook the fact that man progresses only as he is able to conquer nature. Therefore, were it not for so many of these pests which both laymen and scientists have branded as serious, man would have grown stupid instead of alert, shrewd and efficient. What few unconquered pests remain are here and uncontrolled because man has yet to go farther in his scientific thinking and research. The fact of these pests being here will push mankind farther into the field of conquering knowledge.

Nature, examined from one angle, seems to be very severe and unmerciful. She takes good care of the infant, whether it be plant or animal, but as soon as its infancy is past, she casts it into a whirlpool seething with diseases and dangers, and it must struggle hard to save itself. All this is necessary for the preservation of the species, for in the triumph over dangers comes a victory over the extinction of species.

Nature does not favor easy jobs. She abhors walkovers in every game in life. She has so impressed her creatures with this one fact that they do not take risks in providing for the safety of the next generation. Yet, there are some marvels in the stunts that Nature cuts which may well be characterized as haphazards. We find this well illustrated in the fertilization of the flowers of the common eel grass. In this common aquatic plant, the male flowers are borne near the base of the plant, deep under water. The foliage is also submerged. The pistillate, or female flowers, are borne on the tips of the spiral stems which lengthen at will, as the water grows deeper, and they coil up as the water grows shallow, thus making the flower that floats on the surface comfortable at any depth.

Consider the Orb-Weaver

THAT the eel grass may multiply, and that its race may prosper, the pollen that lies at the base of the plant must come in contact with the pistillate flowers that float on the surface of the water. Nature performs an interesting feat here. When the pollen has ripened down in the water, and the pistils that float are ready to receive it, the submerged male flowers break off and float to the surface. The wind blows the loose flowers round and round the female flowers, and the pollen grains are scattered on the pistils. Some stunt!

Compare this haphazard method of fertilizing wild flowers to the large orb-weaver mother spider, who spins a silken bag for holding her eggs. Then a gauzy layer of webs to keep out the heat, cold and moisture, and finally a large balloon-like covering for the whole, which is waterproof, frost-proof, storm-proof, fool-proof! This she ties on the side of a building, or else she anchors it securely to a limb. She knows enough not to fasten it to a leaf that will tumble to the ground when frost comes. But she has not finished the job yet. Her dying moments are spent in spinning and stretching a barricade around the precious treasure, that the vilest enemy will find it difficult, if not impossible, to reach her eggs. She pauses over the finished task, and doubtless believes that when the next season comes her babies will march out healthy, strong and alert. Worn out, she takes a last look at the silken bag and barricade, and then falls exhausted to the ground, a dead mother!

The Hog as Co-operator

IN THE close study of certain animals, very little difference is to be observed between their habits and man's. They think, they plan and execute, all to meet their immediate and future needs. The hog looks to his immediate needs, and sometimes becomes expert at finding food. The dog will not only provide for today, but will build a cold storage plant to preserve his perishable foods for the future. In fact, the dog built and operated cold storage plants long before man had the conception of such an enterprise! If man had heeded the example of the dog, fruits and vegetables would have been put on cold storage decades before the practice was begun.

Let him who believes that a hog does not think, give these noisy four-legged friends another chance. When I suspended a smooth, round watermelon to a swinging limb of a tree that was growing in the middle of a pen occupied by eight good-sized hogs, each one made a dash for the tempting refreshment. As each hog tried to bite the melon, it slipped from his mouth and came bounding back with such force as to give him a hard thump on the head. They finally gathered in one corner of the pen with eyes firmly set on the elusive melon. The next effort was a concentrated one: Each hog had been guided by a selfish or "all-hog" motive before, without securing satisfactory results. Now they were going to co-operate, and when they surrounded the melon and came together in a body, the melon was crushed and each hog received his share. How long were men learning the advantages of co-operation?

Hogs have conservative ideas. They conserve strength, too. It is true that a hungry hog will sometimes dig a hole in the ground his full length, and more, to obtain a small edible tuber or root, but nevertheless he has some good ideas of what conservation means. As an illustration, I know a certain farmer fruit-grower, who lives in the Cumberland Mountains. He keeps many hogs, some of them being the old-fashioned patriotic breed known as razorbacks.

This fruit-grower's house is inclosed in a fence set within the hog ranch. In his own scheme to conserve time and strength, he has suggested to the hogs a plan for utilizing that of his own as ingeniously as he himself employs it. So that he may know at all times the whereabouts of his grunting animals, he keeps a cowbell strapped to a lank long fellow, whose name is Cicero. The farmer has found this very practical, but the hogs have surpassed him in the utilization of the scheme. The bell leads the owner to his herd at any time, unless they are napping by the side of some shady brook.

The farmer often feeds his swine at intervals during the day with scraps of grain or fruit that accumulate in the kitchen. Before Cicero, the old reliable hog citizen, was belled, the entire herd wasted a great deal of precious time and energy racing to the house every time they heard the back door open.

After Cicero was belled, they left the job to him. In the meanwhile, they trained their ears to a keen understanding of every tinkle of the bell. In fact, they soon became experts in identifying every motion of Cicero's head from the tone produced by the clapper in the bell.

When the hogs are in hearing distance of the house and the back door is heard to open, Cicero takes to his hoofs, and his galloping soon puts him on the spot to meet and to greet the person who is supposed to dispense the food. If, perchance, he meets no one at the back door, he assumes that he or she must have passed out at the front door, so in a minute he has circumloped the premises. The other hogs ply their trades, although they maintain a keen ear for every sound of the bell. Should Cicero be successful, the champing of the food produces a peculiar sound of the bell which every hog in the herd quickly recognizes, and, although they may not be in sight of the house, they make a wild race to reach Cicero and usually arrive before he has consumed all the food!

Sometimes a naturalist witnesses the behavior of a certain animal or bird which requires a stretch of the imagination to interpret correctly. When, however, it is found possible for investigation, the curtain is lifted and the mystery disappears. One observation made in the year 1921 caused me much speculation until I was able to visit the spot where the bird's queer antics had been performed.

The Gnat-Catcher's Dance

IT WAS in the spring when the birds were merriest. Our road led through wooded land. I had been calling to a cheery chewink when a little gnat-catcher flew ahead of me and poised in the air near the ground under an oak tree. There it danced for a number of minutes. I had never before seen a bird behave in such a curious manner. After resting on a nearby limb for a few seconds, the little fellow flew down and resumed his dance in the air. When it had taken flight to a nest which it seemed to have under construction, I made a visit to the identical spot, and there to my great surprise found that the bird had been poised in the air facing the large web of an orb-weaver. The spider's web had many large holes torn in it where the gnat-catcher had removed the silken threads for use in building its own nest!

The closer we get to Nature's heart, the quicker we will be convinced that every animal beneath man is a mental, physical and spiritual fragment of a loftier creature, and that loftier creature is man. Therefore, man is the sum of all animal life beneath him. He is the Creator's masterpiece production in the animal world, complete with all the experiences and keen observations that the Creator acquired in the long-drawn-out process in making the lesser animals.

The Fight for Higher Postal Wages

By BURT M. M'CONNELL

IT WILL come as a distinct shock to most Americans to know that the biggest single business of the richest nation in the world—our own Post Office Department—is probably the most niggardly in the treatment of its employes. There are 351,000 of these, and their salaries range from $1,400 to $1,800 a year for post office clerks and carriers and from $1,600 to $2,150 for railway postal clerks. They must be men of intelligence and character, for their exacting employment demands honesty, alertness, and accuracy.

They are on duty every hour of the twenty-four. In fact, it is estimated that 70 per cent of the postal clerks' work is done at night, handling letters that are mailed at the close of the day. They must be honest and efficient. The letter carrier must make from three to five trips daily, regardless of weather, over a route varying in length from two to six miles. He must buy his own uniform.

The growth of such services as the parcel post, insured parcels, and C. O. D. packages have doubled his duties in the past ten years, yet in that time he has had but a single small increase in salary. In fact, there have been increases amounting to but $600 a year in the maximum salary of postal clerks in forty years, while the cost of living has doubled and even tripled in that time.

The maximum salary of a postal clerk is $1,800 a year, yet the Department of Labor's minimum budget for a family of man, wife, and three children is $2,043.73 in Washington, D. C. In many cities the figure probably would be still higher.

In the last ten years the postal employe has watched the purchasing power of his dollar shrink from one hundred cents to sixty-four cents; he has watched the wages of different classes of private employes increase from 70 per cent to 130 per cent, and the cost of living increase from 60 per cent to 100 per cent, while his own wages have increased but 30 per cent. Unable to make both ends meet, he has seen his children, as soon as they were physically able, forego educational opportunities to earn a few dollars to add to the meager family income.

Postal employes are not only poorly paid, but there is practically no opportunity for the advancement which ordinary private business automatically would provide as an incentive for faithful service. As family cares increase, therefore, the postal employe is obliged to engage in outside occupations. This, of course, unfits him for his government duties.

No one denies that our postal clerks and carriers are the most poorly paid of all government employes, service considered. The ordinary semi-skilled day laborer receives a higher wage. The present postal salaries, ranging from $1,400 to $1,800 a year, were fixed in 1920, when it was expected that the high cost of living would recede, but the cost of living is still about 72 per cent above that of 1914. From the standpoint of the postal employes, the problem is how to make both ends meet. The problem of the Post Office Department is how to get efficient clerks and carriers at the starvation wages now paid by the government.

The fact is that conditions in the service are such that it is not attracting the high class of men that it did ten years ago. The turnover in personnel is enormous—and it is said to cost from $50 to $200 to break in a new man. This is a tremendous drain on the government. Moreover, it lowers the efficiency and the morale of the men.

It would be infinitely better to appropriate from general revenue the additional money required to pay postal employes a larger salary and to put the postal service on a basis substantial enough to attract and retain a better class of workers. American citizens are entitled to first-class postal service, and such service cannot be maintained by disgruntled, underpaid, and constantly shifting government employes.

At present the Post Office Department faces a yearly deficit of approximately $24,000,000, but this is not alarming. It is not essential that the department be absolutely self-sustaining, as service, rather than profit, is the object sought. And an increase in postal employes' salaries need not necessarily be a drain upon the government; it could be financed by a slight increase in the parcel post rates. There is a growing belief that the parcel post service ought to pay its own way, and not forever continue to "sponge" on the first-class mail service and its equipment.

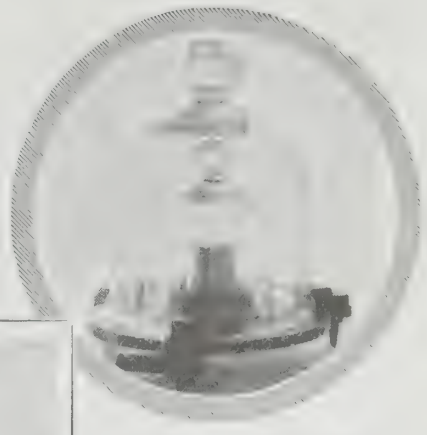
The Post Office Department estimates that the revenues from parcel post service are $150,000,000 a year. This means that 70 per cent of the mail handled brings in about 35 per cent of the revenue.

If the parcel post service were compelled to pay its legitimate share of the expense, it would furnish enough revenue to give every one of Uncle Sam's postal workers an increase of $400 a year. But whether the money comes from taxation or is derived from an increase in parcel post or other postal rates, the employes of the Post Office Department should receive a decent living wage. The service they render is indispensable to the public, and it should be maintained at a high degree of efficiency.

Do You Know What 'Full Measure' Is?

What is a pound? A yard? A gallon? A bushel? What is it fundamentally? No use saying a pound is sixteen ounces—What is an ounce? No use saying an ounce is 437½ grains—What is a grain?

By S. R. WINTERS



The kilogram weight at the Bureau of Standards is carefully guarded and protected. Note that it is covered by double-walled vessels.

Units of measurements, and their variations, in the metric system. Note the meter bar and the kilograms, which are standards.

THESE standards of weights and measures have become such commonplace things in our daily lives that we wonder if their true meaning and significance are fully appreciated.

These definite quantities of mass, length, and volume have become so fixed in our ordinary affairs that it is difficult to imagine our existence without them.

What did people do before standards of weights and measurements were introduced? They have had crude means of determining quantities since the earliest times. The Bible is replete with such references as "full measure" and "meting out." It was "about an ephah of barley" that Ruth daily gleaned out of the fields of Boaz—ephah is a Hebrew dry measure equal to a little more than a bushel.

At one period of history, an "inch" was the length of a finger joint; the "yard" was the length of outstretched arms, and a "foot" was expressed in the distance of the ordinary step. Even now, these crude methods of measurements may be employed where more accurate ways are not convenient or necessary.

But it is a long way from the ancient methods of weights and measures to the standards of precision of today. For instance, there is apparatus at the Bureau of Standards, in Washington, that will weigh accurately to the fineness of one part in 100,000,000. The weighing balance of this instrument is so sensitive that the body warmth from a human being will influence its action; and, therefore, it has to be controlled at a distance which body heat does not cross. This same scale will deguarded is illustrated by a true story of the circumstances surrounding its carriage to and from Paris, France, in 1920, where it was compared with the international standard of length. It was taken to Paris by Dr. Samuel W. Stratton, then director of the Bureau of Standards, and was brought back by L. V. Judson, chief of the Length Section of the Bureau. These are some of the precautions taken on the return journey: The bar was placed in a velvet-lined wooden case, which was wrapped in cotton batting and the case was inclosed in a tin container. The latter was packed securely and the entire outfit wrapped in several thicknesses of paper. The package was registered at the American Embassy in Paris and bore the embassy seals. Mr. Judson, in carrying the precious package in the taxicab to the train, held it in his lap, and on the steamer coming across the Atlantic Ocean gave it berth reservations. On the last lap of the journey, from New York to Washington, Mr. Judson slept in one berth of a Pullman car and the meter bar occupied the other. No human hand is permitted to touch this device, lest grease accumulate thereon.

The precision with which a thing may be weighed and the fact that the gallon of milk you buy in Maine is gauged by the same standard as that in California is a uniformity that has developed from the standards of weights and measures since the founding of the original thirteen colonies. These standards of measurements had their origin in England, and, as now, the principal units were the yard, the pound, the gallon, and the bushel. Then, however, there were variations, doubtless due to the lack of instruments of precision such as we have today. The following clause in the Articles of Confederation apparently recognized this lack of uniformity:

"The United States in Congress assembled shall also have the sole and exclusive right and power of regulating the alloy and value of coin struck by their own authority, or by that of the respective States—fixing the standard of weights and measures throughout the United States." This power was bestowed upon Congress by the Constitution of the United States in Article 1, Section 8, the wording being as follows: "The Congress shall have power: * * * *To coin money, regulate the value thereof, and of foreign coin, and fix the standard of weights and measures."

Congress, quick to act in regard to coinage, seemed dilatory with respect to the subject of the pound, the yard, the gallon, and the bushel. Therefore, President George Washington in his first annual message to Congress, January, 1790, indicated the significance of the matter when he said, "Uniformity in the currency, weights and measures of the United States is an object of great importance, and will, I am persuaded, be duly attended to." Accordingly, the subject was referred to a select committee of the House of Representatives, with instructions to prepare a bill, and it was also ordered that the subject be referred to Thomas Jefferson, then Secretary of State. The latter submitted two plans for action. The first was to "define and render uniform and stable the existing system * * * to reduce the dry and liquid measures to corresponding capacities by establishing a single gallon of 270 cubic inches and a bushel of eight gallons, or 2,160 cubic inches." The second proposal was "to reduce every branch to the same decimal ratio already established for coin, and thus bring the calculations of the principal affairs of life within the arithmetic of every man who can multiply and divide plain numbers."

Action, however, was deferred by the House of Representatives until it was necessary for George Washington to broach the subject again, in his second message to Congress, on December 8, 1790. This time the House of Representatives ordered that the original report of Thomas Jefferson be communicated to the Senate. A committee from the latter branch of this lawmaking body reported its inability to authorize a change in the weights and measures at that time because the French and British governments had been consulted with regard to formulating an international standard. This report remained *status quo*, although Washington in his third annual message to Congress stated: "A uniformity in weights and measures of the country is among the important objects submitted to you by the Constitution and if it can be derived from a standard at once invariable and universal, must be no less honorable to the public councils than conducive to the public convenience."

A committee of the Senate, on April 4, 1792, recommended adoption of the decimal system proposed by Thomas Jefferson, but Congress still declined to take action. Consequently, the first act regarding weights and measures was not passed until the second session of the Fifth Congress in 1794, when it was ordered that each surveyor of the ports of the United States should examine and try the weights, measures and other instruments used in ascer-

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Railroad master scale equipment of Bureau of Standards for testing the accuracy of commercial railroad track scales.

termine, with utmost precision, the weight of a signature, distinguishing between the signature and the paper upon which it is written. That is, weigh a blank slip of paper, then write your name on it and weigh it again, and this instrument will give you the added weight of your writing. So great is the precision required in making measurements that in certain instances the telescope is displaced by an instrument known as the interferometer, which is accurate to *one-millionth of an inch.*

A meter bar or the national length standard in the possession of the Bureau of Standards is one of the interesting devices for maintaining standards of measurements, this bar having been designated for this capacity by President Benjamin Harrison in 1889. The jealous care with which this length standard is

Above—Hake gauge blocks, precise measurements which were extremely valuable during the World War. By means of interchangeable parts the same machine units could be used on automobiles or airplanes. Below—Precision weight. One part in one hundred million. This weighing balance is so sensitive that the operator controls it from an adjoining room, so that body warmth will not effect its action. It will weigh a signature.

China's Doctrine of Many Sons

So Fathers' Graves May Be Kept Green; Ancestor Worship—Secret of Population

By CARROLL K. MICHENER

WE HAD been aware of China's poverty and overpopulation ever since grade-school acquaintance with geography. But the why of it was another matter. Not until we were in the midst of China's pullulating hordes did the question trouble us. Then it became imperative. We asked our friend, Li Zuk Van, holder of the degree of bachelor of arts from St. John's University, Shanghai, and of master of arts from the University of Chicago. With Li we had just threaded the human rabbit-warrens of the native city of Shanghai. The mystic figure of four hundred million was in our minds vividly as we rubbed elbows with what seemed a large segment of that fabulous number. And we had emerged from the teeming narrow streets of the city upon a desolate field pocked and scarred with countless dun-colored grave mounds. Unnumbered dead millions, as well as the living, seemed to encumber the tired soil of old China.

"There are too many of you Chinese," we complained to Li. "Too many for your own good at least. How do you account for it?"

Li uttered an explosive group of Chinese monosyllables.

"Pu hsiao yu san, wu hau wei ta," he replied.

"I'll translate," he added, with a smile. "It's one of our oldest proverbs: 'Not filial is three; no descendants is greatest.'"

"I see," one of us rejoined. "Ancestor worship, you mean."

"You might," Li amended, "call it the doctrine of many sons."

He nodded toward the rabble of urchins at our heels, and over their heads addressed a woman of amorphous proportions and costume as she sat in the doorway of a mud and bamboo hovel.

"How many sons, great mother?"

Her reply was muttered in shy confusion.

"Ten forked tongues, she says," he reported to us, laughing. "She means ten daughters. No sons. That's a great disgrace. Her husband will give her one more chance. If the next child's not a son, he'll probably take a younger wife. He's got to have one son at least—and as many more as possible."

"Yes?"

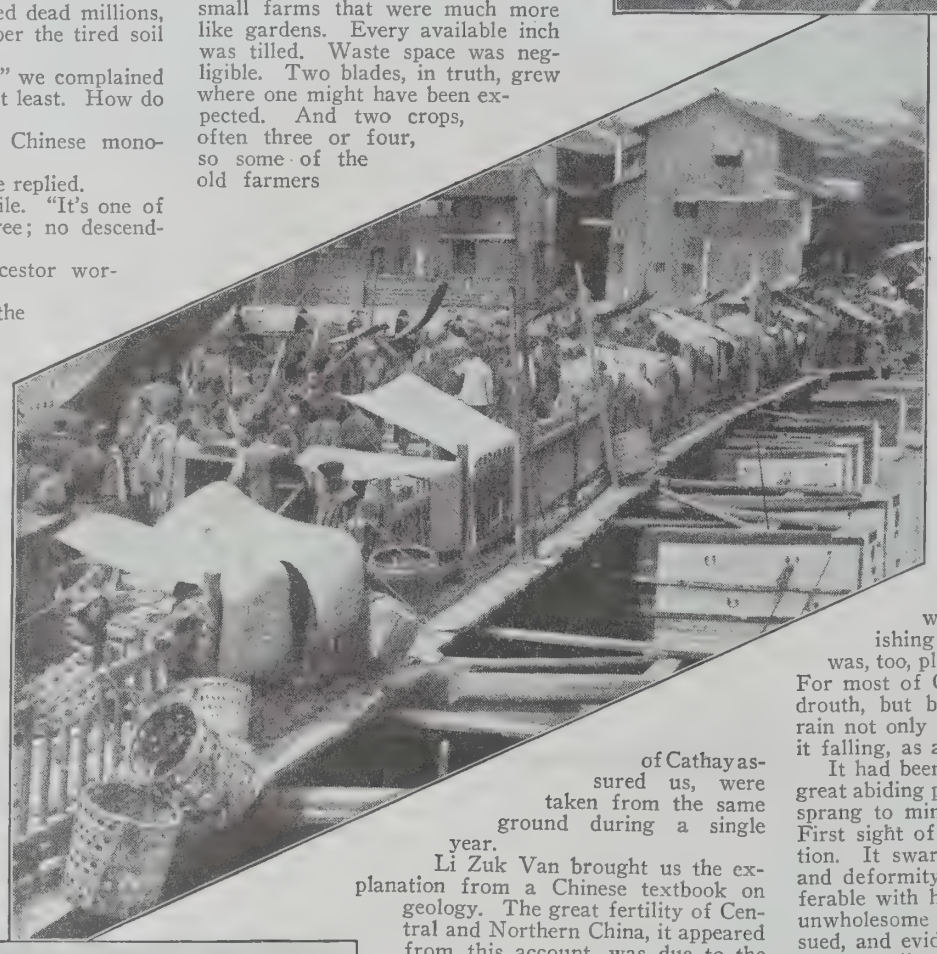
We had a vague idea of the reason, but wanted it clarified.

"To keep green his grave, as we Chinese put it. Ancestor worship."

This we amplified later from the collected lore of Bishop Bashford:

"The first and perhaps the chief human cause of the immense population of China grows out of a strange mixture of spiritual conviction and of the strongest passion of man. It is a religious conviction of the Chinese that no man can be at peace after death unless he leaves behind a son to perform the ancestral rites for the repose of his spirit. Future felicity is of such vital concern that every man old enough for marriage is determined to have a son before his death; and as death is no respecter even of youth, the earlier this young man marries, the safer his eternal interests. But the matter is of more than future and individual concern. All the dead members of the clan are supposed to be unfavorably affected by failure in the performance of ancestral rites; and the penalty for neglect of ancestral worship falls not only upon the individual but upon the family, and upon all members of the clan, usually coming in the form of drought, flood, or plague. Hence not the young man alone, but his father and mother, brothers and sisters, cousins and uncles, and aunts, are interested in his early marriage and the birth of a son. And for the same spiritual and yet intensely practical reason, namely, to placate the ancestral spirits and avoid calamity to the clan, the first and supreme duty of women in China is motherhood."

There were, of course, other causes for China's dense human encumbrance. These became evident to us as we explored the great fertile plain of the Yangtze Valley. This was a vast and fruitful empire, though it was but a segment of the country's cultivable soil. It lay like a continuous, unfenced field, but was made up, in fact, of a multitude of small farms that were much more like gardens. Every available inch was tilled. Waste space was negligible. Two blades, in truth, grew where one might have been expected. And two crops, often three or four, so some of the old farmers of Cathay assured us, were taken from the same ground during a single year.



Habitations of China's teeming millions—part of the great task imposed upon China's heroic soil.

At left—Market crowds on a pontoon bridge across the Grand Canal at Soochow.

(C) Underwood & Underwood

Li Zuk Van brought us the explanation from a Chinese textbook on geology. The great fertility of Central and Northern China, it appeared from this account, was due to the loess formation. The coastal plains, in other terms, were built up of dust blown away during the course of centuries from the shifting deserts and corroding mountains of Turkestan, Mongolia, and Siberia. Moist breezes from the Pacific caught it, brought it down and affixed it with vegetation. As a result there was an average depth of this fine deposited material estimated at thirty-five feet. Its fertility seemingly was inexhaustible. Its columnar structure enabled the rain to penetrate it easily and the roots of vegetation to push readily through it in search of nourishment.

But no soil, we knew, was capable of retaining its virgin qualities unassisted. Some other agency must have been at work here, for the soil of China had been under the plow, possibly, for three times the length of the Christian Era. A glance at the tremendous energy visible in the fields told the rest of the story. Necessity and industry put spurs to the land. Irrigation, fertilization, constant, laborious attention, brought it to the utmost pitch of production. It fed every possible mouth—and more.

Human energy and soil fertility, therefore, had had their important part, we concluded, in the upraising and nourishing of China's enormous population. There was, too, plenty of rainfall; too much of it, frequently. For most of China's many famines were caused, not by drouth, but by overflowing, uncontrolled rivers. The rain not only was plentiful but well distributed, most of it falling, as a rule, in the crop seasons.

It had been our impression, always, that China was a great abiding place of disease. Bubonic and other plagues sprang to mind at thought of the great purulent East. First sight of China did nothing to correct this conception. It swarmed with beggars and poverty, with filth and deformity. Shanghai in midsummer seemed insufferable with heat, fetid and miasmatic with all sorts of unwholesome bacilli. Yet more temperate seasons ensued, and evidence grew of the general salubrity of the Chinese climate. Disease, epidemic and casual, was carrying off its millions, as it had been doing through the centuries, but this was largely because of human ignorance and neglect. And we found the savants agreeing that China's climate was healthier than that of any similar area in the world!

The Chinese, at any rate, seemed to us the toughest and perhaps the most virile of any people under the sun. This was at once a reason for their vast numbers and a possible evidence of the favorable influence of climate.

Geographically, too, China appeared to us most fortunate. Including Manchuria, its latitudinal range paralleled not only that of the United States, but of Mexico and part of Central America as well. This wide dispersion gave the country a correspondingly wide variety of products, and its generally favorable location with reference to the Equator made possible the process of multiple cropping.

Second only to the firmness of our grade-school conviction that there were four hundred million souls in China was the belief that China was the most thickly settled country in the world. We had thought of the Chinese as overflowing the land, literally, and dwelling, for want of ground space, in cities of boats.

All this was true, but with reservations. There were spots in China, undoubtedly, that could claim more human beings a square mile than any other similar areas in the world. And the rivers and canals swarmed, in fact, with boat dwellers. But taking an average figure China fell far below the population records of half a dozen other crowded countries.

It was in this connection that we came nearest to heresy in the matter of the legendary four hundred million. Away from the teeming coast and river ports, with their densely inhabited surrounding lands, were great sparsely peopled places. Westward and northward were dry lands and deserts awaiting irrigation, mountain regions unexploited; in the southwest were Szechuen and other re-

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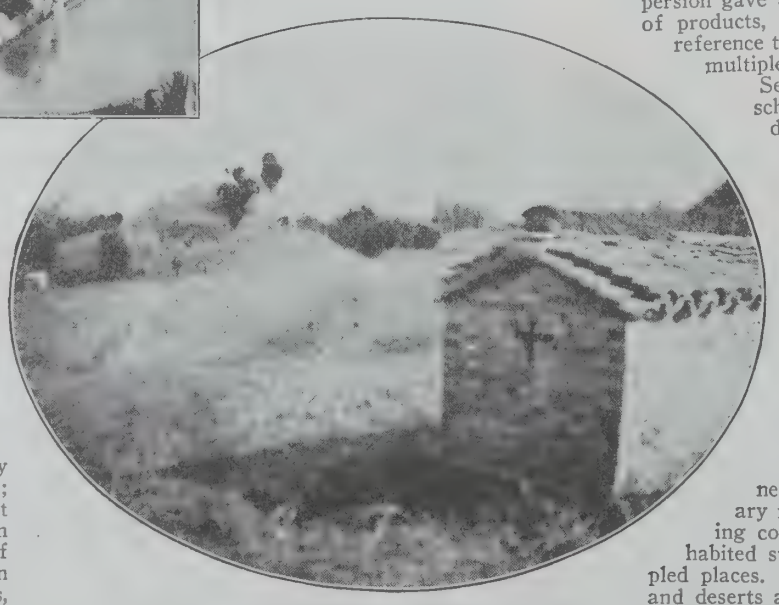
One of the boat cities of China.



Grave mounds and bricked-in coffins disfiguring the agricultural lands of Central China.

Pavlowa the Peerless and Her Art

Is It Really Farewell This Time or Merely One of Those Patti Gestures?

By PETER SCHUYLER

THE present tour of Anna Pavlowa is announced as her "farewell" appearances. That does not necessarily mean that they are her last. "Farewell" tours were given an immortal black eye by the late Adelina Patti who probably made more "positively final" appearances than any other stage artist that ever lived. Taking her ultimate bow became such a fine art with Patti that it was just as important a part of her program as "Home Sweet Home."

Like the man who was such a notorious and confirmed liar that when he died no one would believe it, "farewell tours" are looked upon nowadays as a veiled threat to get the stay-at-homes to come out for the event announced. Shrewd judges of popular psychology as the managers of public entertainers are, they know what the reaction will be in the minds of those who read an advertisement telling of the "farewell" appearance of Madame So-and-So at the local palace of amusement.

"Of course, I know that all this goodby stuff is a fake," says John Jones to his wife, "and that Madame So-and-So will be back here next season doing another 'farewell.' But something might happen to her in the meantime and some day one of these swan songs will be on the level. You can't tell. Anyway, to be on the safe side, I'll stop at the theater and get a couple of seats for tonight on my way to the office."

That is the reason we have so many "farewell" engagements. Everybody wants to be in at the death.

But if Pavlowa's announcement that she is going to retire at the end of the current season and spend the remainder of her days "in her beautiful home in Golders Green, London," is a bona fide promise, something should be done to stop the catastrophe. She is too great an artist to be permitted to retire so long as the stage is cluttered up with so many counterfeit dancers. If only as a model to the steadily increasing swarm of maidens who are bent upon getting a living by dancing on their tiptoes she ought to be forbidden to retire to "Golders Green, London"—or any other place. Not only is Pavlowa needed as an exponent of beauty in motion and perfection in accomplishment, but she is wanted as a counter emmollient to the stage dancing of the hour.

Laying aside for a moment all other considerations of her work, the most striking quality of her appearance is her bodily reticence. Even in ballets where she is obliged to modify her costume for efficiency's sake there is never for an instant that suggestion of raw flesh which has come to be the hall mark of the specialty dancer. Lacking the spark of genius, the ladies of the prancing foot depend upon some other claim to notice. What they lack in talent they make up for by taking off a few more layers of covering, so that the more meager the ability the less the clothes. At the dear old Shubert Winter Garden, where a great pretense is made along the lines of ballet numbers, this fact is demonstrated irrefutably night after night. If Pavlowa ever gets into an ordinary show and shows the clientele what is the real art of Terpsichore, there will be a whole horde of dance fakers seeking jobs as scrubwomen. Therefore, as a moral force, as well as an artistic inspiration, it is to be honestly hoped that the announcement of Pavlowa's "farewell" tour is just one of those Patti gestures.

* * *

The essential beauty of Pavlowa's art is not that she is mechanically perfect in her technique, that she has a pair of steel feet incased in cobwebs, or that she uses her hands, her eyes, and her body with supreme intelligence and speaking quality—a few other dancers are like her in these particulars, although in greatly inferior degree; but they all dance with their bodies; Pavlowa dances with her soul. In doing that she is unique. She has color and dignity as well as being grace incarnate.

Even the dullest intellect cannot help being stirred to enthusiasm at the sight of her dancing. It is not remarkable that some things she does are more effective than others, making allowance for the varying capacities for appreciation which she encounters in her audiences, but it is remarkable that everything she does is received so completely and understandingly.

The ballet "Amarilla," in which she assumes the character of a poor gypsy girl in love with a careless young nobleman who treats her contemptuously, is not a bit more effective than her own choreographic poem "Autumn Leaves," which is pure symbolism. In connection with the latter number the program carries a stupid interpretation which shows that its writer can scarcely have seen the ballet, so unlike is it to the action. Why will these apostles of "Art" never let well enough alone! The thing that matters in "Autumn Leaves" is the indescribable gifts of the dancer, not some foolish story she is supposed to be trying to tell by dance motion.

In the exquisitely thought-out, spontaneously executed, and marvelously presented "Coquetterie de Columbine" Pavlowa is at her very best. No need here for a blundering interpreter to tell the watchers what the dancer means. Her art in this particular divertissement is actually vocal, and it was received with a storm of applause which, for duration and genuineness, this witness has scarcely ever seen equaled in a theater. The enthusiasm roared and surged, and roared and surged again, and each encore introduced a fresh bit of beauty.

As her male assistant, Pavlowa has in Laurent Novikoff a worthy successor to Mordkin. Novikoff is a great dance-actor, and he proves conclusively that one can look, act, and work like a real honest-to-goodness man even though he is a dancer. He has not the burly, strong-man physique of Mordkin, but he has true grace, a virile and winning personality, and makes a magnificent foil for the incomparable Anna.

Since Genee's day of greatness no one has approached Pavlowa.

* * *

It is more than thirty years ago since Arthur Wing Pinero opened the gates for the flood of "problem plays" by writing "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." It is not to be inferred that his was the first drama which concerned itself with ladies of a hectic past. But it is certain that after all this time it is the best of the lot from any angle. The perennial "Camille" continues every now and then to make onslaught upon theatergoers with easily touched tear ducts, but there is a wide gulf between the Lady of the Camellias and Paula Tanqueray. The genus is the same, and ever will be, but the species is different. Scarlet is always scarlet when it becomes the favorite moral wearing apparel of women. It is only the cut of the attire which makes

Photo, Carlo Leonetti

MME. ANNA PAVLOWA in "Snow Flakes."

the nonessential difference. The peculiar fate of plays dealing with the weak sisters seems to be that they become the vehicles for popular actresses who are growing slightly passé and who unconsciously acknowledge that fact by their appearance in them. They seem destined to attract attention only when "revived," and a theatrical revival of an age-old success is more often than not an expression of conceit on the part of producer and player. The producer wishes to show the world that he is doing the play much better than the man who first put it on the stage. The player is anxious to prove that he, or she, can "play the part" much more expertly than the person who "created" the rôle. Comparisons are inevitable and usually disastrous—to the moderns.

Such certainly was the result of Arthur Hopkins' "revival" of Pinero's best play. The unfortunate feature of the presentation was that Pinero, who did not deserve it, got all the abuse. The critics united in the declaration that "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" creaked intolerably, that it was "old-timey," and interesting only as a stage antique. As a matter of fact it was the acting which creaked, or, to be quite exact, groaned distressfully; and the unhappy audiences, when they were composed of those who had seen the piece at its best, groaned also. Not, however, for the same reason. "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" is a fine play technically, morally, and histrionically. It must be to have stood up under the treatment it got. Nothing less than a real masterpiece could live a second under such handling.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell was the original "Paula." Her fame and fortune were established by her performance of the part. Prior to her appearance in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" with George Alexander, who played Tanqueray, and H. V. Esmond, who was Cayley Drummle (and who afterward wrote the delightful "When We Were Twenty-One"), Mrs. Campbell was practically unknown. She had appeared in a wild military melodrama, called "The Trumpet Call," as the lady assistant of the villain of the play. There was a scene wherein behaving like a true scoundrel—or a present-day divorce-court husband—the villain dragged his sister conspirator around the place like a sack of potatoes and with about as much consideration.

On the opening night, through some accident, the fastenings of Mrs. Campbell's dress failed in the struggle and she was transformed instantly from an abused assistant lady villain into an interesting anatomical exhibit. The resultant mouth-to-mouth advertising, which the episode received from those who had witnessed it, was not, as the catty-minded have suggested, the reason for the smashing success which the embarrassed assistant lady villain won a little later as Mrs. Tanqueray. Mrs. Campbell's "Paula" had everything which its revival lacked—fire, contrast, tenderness, the smear of her past, palsied anxiety for rehabilitation and acceptance by decent women as one of them; and heart-reaching piteousness in her tragic failure.

Underneath the Campbell characterization one always saw the conflict between the two creatures which were Paula Tanqueray; one, the mistress of many men, case-hardened, cold-blooded, viciously jealous, remembering involuntarily, like a reformed drunkard, the pleasures of bygone excesses; the other, the born gentlewoman craving with a passionate hunger a place in the heart of the innocent, convent-bred daughter of the man she had married, who automatically recognized in her what she had been and turned from her. There was none of this in the Hopkins revival.

If "Paula" was (to be quite gentle) altogether inadequate the work of the supporting players was worse. The men talked and acted as if they were not human beings at all but demonstrators of the fact that this was an "old-style" play. The least semblance of spontaneity or naturalness would have uncovered the indestructible vitality which the play possesses. But the gentlemen were apparently under the conviction that they were stage antiquities not living breathing men, and were determined to be just that. They were unpleasantly successful in carrying out their convictions. A more stilted, stiff, and stagey set of people it would be difficult to imagine. The Cayley Drummle of Lionel Pape, a light comedy part which offers scope for the powers of any actor, was as colorless as the work of the remainder of the cast. Yet the part was taken by a competent and experienced player. In all probability he was a victim of the delusion that the play was merely a parade of mechanical figures and not flesh and blood human beings.

There is an unwarranted belief among producers and directors that any play in which the characters indulge in an occasional soliloquy is perforce an antiquity. They imagine because "Hamlet" was written so many years ago and the Prince of Denmark soliloquizes, that any other play in which a character does the same thing is just as old as "Hamlet." They forget that the habit of talking to oneself did not cease with Shakespeare's day. People still do it, as any intelligent observer may prove to himself by taking a short walk in a crowded street. But Mr. Hopkins probably thought that because Aubrey Tanqueray once or twice in the course of the play's action speaks his thoughts out loud he was a kind of late-Victorian "Hamlet." That determination to be old-fashioned sticks out all over the presentation of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" as played at by Ethel Barrymore and her associates, and destroys both play and players.

* * *

No dread of ancient things hampered the Four Marx Brothers—count 'em—in their musical goulash, "I'll Say She Is," which has been running at the Casino Theater since early last spring. The older the jokes the better for the purpose of the Marxian quartet. Explicit and implicit reliance in gags at which the founders of the human race shrieked with delight among paleontological mists have impelled them to make them the warp and woof of the garment they have been selling so successfully at the Casino. The word garment is used advisedly since the show is geared to satisfy the intelligence and taste of the cloak-and-suit trade.

The Four Marx Brothers—Herbert, Leonard, Julius, and Arthur—served for long in the vaudeville wars and the sign of it is on them. They know that The Great Shine Way is just as countrified as the densest jungles of the variety circuits, and if they laugh in Belle Plaine, Missouri, they will laugh even harder at the rococo playhouse at the corner of Broadway and Thirty-ninth street.

Hence the method pursued by the four brethren. They fire their stuff at the onlookers without the slightest fear and as if they were pulling the trigger of a bell-mouthed fowling piece.

The dependable specialties with which the four youths earned their livelihood in the continuous houses are incorporated into the brightest section of the entertainment.

This is a travesty of "Napoleon's First Waterloo" and has to do with the Empress Josephine and her string of admirers. During the running time of the skit two of the Four Marx Brothers play the piano and the harp and generally disport themselves as true courtiers of the First Empire. The fun is roaringly funny but clean, and in commendation it must be said the performers do not go to the dirt heap for their material. There is nothing that is new in the piece except cleanliness. That, in the present state of the theater, is a genuine novelty, especially so in an evening which should be formally dedicated to the people whose life is just one basting thread after another.

Do You Know What 'Full Measure' Is?

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taining the duties on imports, and so forth. In the case of discrepancies and errors, the surveyor was instructed to make reports to the collector of the port. This act, in the absence of adopted legislative standards, was not put into operation until 35 years after its passage. Following the War of 1812, weights and measures again came to the fore in Congress. Such references as these are found: Compare the length measure with the length of the second's pendulum and also with that of an arc of the terrestrial meridian; to connect them by determining the weight of a certain bulk of distilled water, and to define the bushel and the gallon by the weight of the water which they contain. Congress again failed of action.

John Quincy Adams, in 1821, when he was Secretary of State, submitted an exhaustive report to the House of Representatives on this subject.

Meanwhile, most of the American states had adopted independent standards, most of which had been imported from England. Confusion existed abroad at this time. For instance, in England both the ale gallon of 282 cubic inches and wine gallon of 231 cubic inches were in use until 1824. After that date, the new imperial gallon, containing 10 pounds of water and of a capacity of about 277¼ cubic inches, was adopted.

Confusion in the buying and selling of commodities in the United States continued until May 19, 1828, when Congress acted specifically in the matter. The uncertainty with respect to coinage largely influenced action at this time. On the date just mentioned, the troy pound came into use, and from this emerged the avoirdupois pound universally used today. The troy pound, consisting of a brass weight, had been obtained in 1827 by Albert Gallatin, Minister of the United States at London, and it was delivered by special messenger to the director of the Mint at Philadelphia. This weight was a duplicate of the imperial troy pound of Great Britain. The casket and packages containing this troy weight were kept under seal until President John Adams visited Philadelphia and verified the authenticity of the seal. Formal ceremonies were conducted on October 12, 1827, when President Adams expressed belief that this brass weight was a duplicate of the pound weight of Great Britain. The Act of Congress of 1828, however, only made this pound the standard for coining money, but this in effect became the fundamental standard of weight for this country. From this was developed the avoirdupois pound, and whether you buy a pound of meat or a pound of dirt today you are governed by this standard of weight.

Two years after the troy pound was legalized for coining money, the Senate authorized a resolution directing the Secretary of the Treasury to make a comparison of the weights and measures then in use at principal customhouses. Discrepancies, to be sure, were found, some of the weights and measures being too small and others too large. The Secretary of the Treasury, then, in obedience to the Constitution requiring that duties, imposts, and excises shall be uniform, assumed the responsibility of standardizing weights and measures. First, certain units or definite representations of quantities were adopted, namely, the yard of 36 inches, the avoirdupois pound of 7,000 grains, the gallon of 231 cubic inches, and the bushel of 2,150.42 cubic inches.

The basis for the standard yard was the 36 inches comprised between the twenty-seventh and sixty-third inches of an 82-inch brass bar, which was made for the Coast Survey of the United States Treasury by a man in London. This bar had been brought to this country in 1813 by F. R. Hassler, superintendent of the Coast Survey. The 36-inch space on this bar was assumed to be identical with the English standard at 62 degrees Fahrenheit, although no direct comparison had been made. The avoirdupois pound adopted by the United States Treasury was derived from the troy pound in the Mint at Philadelphia, in accordance with the equivalent that one avoirdupois pound equals 7000/5760 pounds troy. This is in keeping with standards in England.

The units of capacity—liquid and dry measures—at that time, were the wine gallon of 231 cubic inches and the Winchester bushel of 2,150.42 cubic inches. The wine gallon was introduced in England, in 1707, during the reign of Queen Anne, but this measure was abandoned in 1824 in favor of the new imperial gallon, containing 10 pounds of water. This was also applicable to the bushel of 2,150.42 cubic inches. And, by the way, the bushel is the earliest capacity measurement of which there is a record, a copy of it being made in obedience to an order of Henry the Seventh. This, too, has been abolished in England in favor of the bushel of eight imperial gallons. Thus, strangely enough, the gallon and bushel in England and America still vary, those in this country being 17 per cent and 3 per cent smaller, respectively. R. W. Smith, in charge of weights and measures administration of the Bureau of Standards, tells this writer that these differences naturally create confusion in commercial transactions conducted by citizens of the United States on the Canadian border.

The establishment of fundamental standards of weights and measures had made such progress as to cause Congress to pass the following resolution on June 14, 1836: "Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he hereby is, directed to cause a complete set of all weights and measures adopted as standards and now either made or in progress of manufacture for the use of the several customhouses, and for other purposes, to be delivered to the governor of each State in the Union, or such person as he may appoint, for the use of the States, respectively, to the end that a uniform standard of weights and measures may be established throughout the United States." And, although there is no law prohibiting such a procedure, the different states have not varied from these standards of the pound, the yard, the gallon, and the bushel. "Fortunately," indicates Mr. Smith of the Bureau of Standards, "there is more or less uniformity in weights and measures throughout the United States." Consequently, by 1850, most of the states had been supplied with sets of these standard weights and measures. A complete set of these representative units are inclosed in a glass case and located in the hall on the second floor of the administration building of the Bureau of Standards. These units include a brass half-bushel, a yard or meter bar, and capacity measures from a gallon to half a pint.

The most important legislation enacted by Congress, with reference to weights and measures, was the legalizing of the metric system in 1866. This, in effect, means that the Bureau of Standards has accepted the meter and kilogram as fundamental standards. The meter is a bar made of iron, with a cross-section of 9 by 29 millimeters. The original meter was constructed by the French committee of weights and measures; hence, it is frequently termed "Committee meter." The kilogram, called the Arago kilogram after a distinguished physicist, consists of a platinum cylinder with flat bases, the edges being slightly rounded. There is no mark or stamp on this weight, other than a faint mark of ⊙ near the center of the base.

Not only does the Federal Government maintain, through the Bureau of Standards, jealous supervision of the standards of weights and measures, but states, cities, and counties employ sealers of weights and measures. Both Federal and State governments are now largely concerned with the administration of laws governing the biblical principle, namely, "that full measure shall be meted out to you." That is to say, these governmental agencies are concerned with the problem of seeing that both buyers and sellers shall receive equitable dealings when trading in pounds, gallons, bushels, or yards. There are, however, numerous instances of fraudulent practices in the applications of the instruments of weights and measures.

Nature is a dependable source in searching for these standards; something that is unchangeable. And, having established these units of representatives of the pound, yard, bushel, and gallon, it is necessary that the government sees to it that these standards are scrupulously observed.

Finally, as you have doubtless noted, the standards of weights and measures are arbitrarily fixed by Congress. This same power could, if it so deemed, arbitrarily destroy these units of value. That is to say, Congress can enact legislation that would seriously affect the gallon of milk, the bushel of wheat, the yard of cloth, or the grains that make up the American dollar.

China's Doctrine of Many Sons

Concluded from page 12

mote inland empires capable of supporting vastly larger populations. A commercial statistician phrased the situation for us: "Six-sevenths of this enormous population of four hundred million Chinese is living on one-third of its area; the other two-thirds awaits the awakening voice of the locomotive to begin a development which will mean a new era in China"—and, of course, more millions of people!

The Taiping Rebellion, more than half a century ago, depopulated thousands of miles of land between Nanking and Hangchow, the approximate region of the civil warfare of 1924. Intelligent observers declared that the long-drawn and hideous carnival of slaughter that followed in the wake of a fanatic Christian pretender to the throne brought more than three million deaths. But not long after the "long-haired rebels" had been scattered by the "Ever Victorious Army," organized by the American General F. T. Ward, and at last led by the English Major C. G. Gordon, the hero of Khartum, the ranks closed up. City after city was repopulated, the land about them reclaimed, within the space of a generation. The recuperative powers of the Chinese people seemed unlimited.

Infanticide—the slaughter of unwelcome girl children—had gone on relentlessly for ages; was still going on under the republic. Only a man child was of use in "keeping green the graves." A girl was lost, completely submerged, in the family to which she went as a bride, or as a chattel. But this did not seem to have had noticeable effect upon the steady growth of population. It was an increase that was going on, and would continue to go on, probably, in spite of time and change and the new, insinuating influences of the Western World.

The changes that were most likely, we concluded, would be practical, physical ones—industrial and educational. They would affect, but make no great impression upon such spiritual forces as the doctrine of many sons. More than a century of foreign mission work had netted little progress against it.

Li Zuk Van, an Episcopalian, had long ago eschewed ancestor worship, of course, but he would not scoff at it. He preferred, indeed, to call it filial piety rather than worship of the departed. It was a philosophy, he said, an essential part of Confucianism. But in the end he agreed that, so far as the mass of the Chinese people were concerned, it was as near to their essential religion as it was possible to get. This religion, he was convinced, would change slowly.

We had heard China characterized as a vast graveyard. This came home to us at our first glimpse of a Chinese landscape. We saw no neat, walled, close-packed cemeteries, as in the Western World, with narrow lots and slender, compact slabs. Chinese tradition appeared to prescribe that the dead should lie in open fields, under mounds varying from three or four to twenty or thirty feet high. We saw them scattered over the cultivated fields, a vast army of the departed, impeding the efforts and stinting the meager rations of those who struggle to live. Every inch of tillable land was expected to grow its blade of vegetation, and even four or five; and yet, in the midst of all this admirable husbandry there was an appalling waste.

Mounds of the dead might be seen, not infrequently, in a fairly close family group, but usually they were scattered prodigally over cultivated fields, in such a manner as to occupy the maximum of tillable soil and to interfere as greatly as possible, seemingly, with agricultural work. From a distance these protuberances from the surface of a Chinese landscape suggested the sky line of a distant city, or from their number and shape a field of gigantic grain shocks. An occasional goat cropped the thin grass growing upon the ancestral hillocks, otherwise the consecrated land was of no practical account in feeding members of the family who had not yet reached the venerable estate of death. Trees sometimes inclosed the mounds, and not infrequently pretentious stone and mortar tombs relieved the funereal monotony of the open country.

The economic waste involved in this promiscuous encumbrance of graves could hardly be computed, yet it was easier, after seeing, to believe the old exaggerated saying that the dead in China required more room than the living. Some of the fields in the most populous regions of the central provinces were more than 50 per cent graves. The proportions dwindled, of course, in the less sparsely peopled interior. But at any rate the grave lands seemed to represent, to us, the fatal margin between adequate nourishment and practical starvation for hundreds of thousands of Chinese.

Historians reminded us that when Kublai Khan, the great Tartar conqueror, established his dynasty over the Chinese in the thirteenth century, one of his first acts was a decree commanding the leveling of graves. For a few generations China benefited from use of thousands of idle acres. Then old custom reasserted itself. The graves reappeared, multiplied, more numerous than ever before.

Modern ideas, we were assured, had done something to overcome this incubus, but plenty of wordy battles, both public and private, might still be heard over ancient graves, the identity of which was sometimes all but lost. Railroads, and the logical courses of many a public improvement, were not infrequently diverted to humor the tremendous sentiment that clung so stubbornly to these relics. There was, for example, the classic fate of the first railroad in China, between Shanghai and Woosung. The old empress dowager of Boxer days had it dug up and transported, to the last tie-spike, to the Island of Formosa, her reason being that it annoyed the good spirits of land and water and disturbed the venerable repose of Chinese multitudes long dead.

All this, as Li Zuk Van reluctantly reminded us, had its origin in the doctrine of many sons. It was a result of the system of filial piety, which worked two ways: it decreed the necessity for numerous progeny to "keep green the ancestral graves," and the more sons there were the more numerous became the graves to "keep green." The tomb had acquired the odor of sanctity, as a place for the expression of perpetual solicitude for the dead.

Li was authority for the assertion that this custom had resulted in the whimsical practice of choosing, occasionally, a temporary burial place. This was the explanation of many of the uncovered coffins cumbering the fields and crowding upon the very cart wheels of the highways. They were waiting for final translation to native soil; either that or for a mercenary and procrastinating Buddhist priest to determine by a process of necromancy just what spot was most propitious, and toward what point of the compass the deceased's feet should lie.

For choosing a burial place there could have been no logical process, judging from the heterogeneous location of mounds and coffins. With Li for translator, we consulted a scaley, mendicant, opium-sodden Buddhist temple attendant in Soochow. This was the wisdom gleaned from the priest's utterances:

Wind and water demons governed the digging of graves. A grave should not have a hollow near it. The wind would blow into it from that hollow and gradually disturb the bones and the coffin. In ten years they would be half-turned over. In twenty years or so they might be entirely turned over. Posterity of the dead, in that case, would certainly suffer from some material necessity or deprivation, probably a famine.

Great care must be exercised by the priest to conform to the intricate requirements of the deities pertaining to water. If water flowed past a certain point of the geomancer's fanciful compass, it caused prosperity, but if past another it caused poverty. If the branching point of water be at the northeast, to be more particular, it was possible that there might be prosperity for the deceased's progeny, but if east-northeast anything at all that was opprobrious and undesirable might then come to pass!

But whether we speculated thus over the graves, wandering among them and occasionally dangling our feet from the tiled abiding place of some defunct mandarin, or whether we chafed with the good-natured, mischievous hordes of children that were at our heels in every village, we could not escape the vital problem of the East. It dominated our minds like an evil dream. We could not cease to consider the possible future effect upon our own Western World of this growing monster of a race—a people in which the doctrine of many sons had subordinated every human instinct to that of replenishing the already grievously burdened earth, bending the whole life force of a virile race to expending itself in its stupid frenzy of reproduction.

How the Highlander Got His Kilt

Evolution of the Philabeg Can Be Traced From Eden Through the Ages

By VICTOR MITCHELL

PERSONALLY, I dislike the word "Kiltie" as applied to a Scotsman who dons the philabeg. The word is not Scottish and never will be, and was possibly the invention of some alien newspaperman who tried to be original. There is more truth as well as more poetry in the appellation of "Petites Jupes," chosen by the Ursuline nuns at Quebec when they first beheld the Fraser Highlanders who came with Wolfe. "Petite Jupe" means little skirt or petticoat, and petticoat means little coat, and little coat is exactly what the kilt is. It was very little to begin with, something less perhaps than the khaki aprons which the Highland troops first wore instead of their sporrans during the South African war; for, according to the Mosaic narrative, the forerunner of this garment was that which was fabricated when "they sewed together fig-leaves, and made themselves aprons." Skins of animals were not then available; these came later when Nimrod and other mighty hunters went into the fur business, and this form of apron or kilt, made in the simplest style of sartorial art, still survives in the garment made of the skins of beasts which is worn by sundry African tribes whose primitive habits have not yet been touched by the missionary and the rum-runner.

Like Unto Joseph's Coat

AT FIRST the kilt in the form of an apron of fig-leaves was merely tied round the middle by a tough fiber taken from one of the numerous plants with which Eden was plentifully supplied; but as woman's vanity grew, so did the garment, and in the course of time it was fitted with a waist, and was supported at the shoulders with straps, its length being prolonged almost to the knee. The waist belt was still retained, however, and the garment became in a way somewhat stylish, simplicity being the keynote. As the women did, so also the men. The kilt became for the time being a sort of little coat or tunic, supported at the shoulders with straps, and bound at the middle with a belt or girdle. This was the one and only garment worn by the Eden family and their antediluvian successors, and so it continued until after the deluge when the great dispersal took place on the plain of Shinar. There is no doubt that one of the languages spoken on that momentous occasion was the Gaelic, and that those who spoke it were afterward called Celts. Now, it is well understood by all students of the Celtic language that Celt should be pronounced Kelt, and it is, therefore, more than probable that to strangers the name of the people became confused with the garment they wore, and so we have the word kilt, although its Gaelic form is really philabeg.

In spite of the confusion of tongues which arose at Babel, and the diversity of language which ensued, the inhabitants of the earth still retained their love for the kilt, and in its various forms it was worn by almost every tribe and nation. It was the "petite jupe," the little skirt or coat, and the world was still quite young when the patriarch Jacob made a present of one of these useful garments to his favorite son Joseph. Jacob, it must be borne in mind, like many of his race at the present day, was apparently no mean exponent of the sartorial art; in other words, he was, like his ancestors of the fig-leaf period, a bit of a tailor and dressmaker, and so he made Joseph a coat of divers colors because he was his favorite son. The material for this work of art was undoubtedly spun by Rachel from the wool of her husband's numerous flocks, and was dyed by her or by some of her handmaidens in many colors; in fact, the material was tartan, and of this the patriarch with rare skill made a habiliment which at once aroused the envy and jealousy of Joseph's brethren, who afterward stripped him of it when they sold him to the Ismaelites and were likewise mean enough to dip it in the blood of a kid and make the old man believe that his favorite boy had been devoured by a wild beast. But, like men who have worn the tartan in much more modern times, and have emigrated or been transported to distant lands, Joseph showed wonderful shrewdness and adaptability, and prospered in the land of the Pharoahs; so much so indeed that when his brethren wandered that way in after years in search of provender, he aided them so powerfully that they were able to exclaim, "Wha's like us?" or words to that effect.

King Tut Also Wore It

NOW, as almost all the world knows, Egyptian civilization is the most ancient on the face of the earth; the farther back one goes the more civilized it is, and on the wall paintings, and hieroglyphics of the most ancient period, you will find the people wearing a form of the kilt. It was a very simple garment, and was dyed with many colors, and what is more likely than that it was introduced to the notice of Pharoah by Joseph, and that it at once became the fashionable garment of Egypt, and later the common attire of the people. Then along came the Medes and Persians and Assyrians, and other wise as well as warlike people from the East, and conquered the Egyptians, and they too adopted the kilt. That Assyrian who came down like a wolf on the fold was a kilted warrior, and when in their turn the Greeks came along, under the leadership of Alexander the Macedonian, and conquered the Persians and the Assyrians, they too arrayed themselves in this becoming raiment.

Anyone who has seen the Elgin marbles—in other words, the sculptured figures from the frieze of the ancient Parthenon at Athens—will have noticed that almost every man in the procession, whether mounted or on foot, wears the kilt if he wears anything at all; and exceedingly fine and graceful those Greeks of long ago look. It was a dress particularly useful for horseback riding—although the majority of moderns may not think so—allowing the nether limbs lots of freedom for the guidance of the horse. The wild Indians who used to scour the western plains were not unlike those mounted Greeks of a former age, and although the modern Highlander does not as a rule favor the kilt for horseback riding, there are instances where he has reverted to it when occasion demanded. When the great European war broke out, there came to the depot of the Gordon Highlanders a sturdy Jock, fresh from the plow and eager for a crack at the Germans. "What regiment would you like to join?" asked the recruiting officer.

"What regiment. Oh, havers. Gie's a horse an' a kilt, and let's awa t' the war."

There spoke the kilted horseman of a couple of thousand years before. To this day the Greeks wear the kilt, as all may see who visit Athens and admire those picturesque looking fellows.

Then in the march of conquest and civilization, Imperial Rome took up the standard—and the kilt. Before Caesar's legions landed in Britain, conquered Egypt, or swept the Near East, the kilt was a recognized article of wear among the men, as anyone knows who has seen the picture of a Roman soldier, or a Roman citizen of any kind for that matter. This garment was in many respects similar to that worn by the Scottish Highlander today, although the material was different. The heart of Caesar did not warm to the tartan, but this may have been because some of his legions had seen enough of it at the battle of Mons Grampius, or when his soldiers crossed into Gaul. But the "garb of old Gaul" was probably worn by the ancient Caledonians long before the Roman legions ever tried to fly their eagles over the Grampian Mountains. The clan system, however, was of later growth, as were the distinctive tartans by which the clans were identified. They say that Margaret, that sweet queen of Malcolm of the big head, took a great interest in the weaving and dyeing of the fabrics which in her time came to be called tartans, but which some at the present day call plaids; but a plaid is in reality not a material but a garment. Like Rachel of a much more remote generation, Queen Margaret both spun and dyed the wool which went to the weaving of these fabrics. The Scots got her canonized as a saint, and she may be called the saint of the cult of the tartan.

The Cult of the Clan Tartan

THEN came the period when the Scottish clans began to wear colored tartans of distinctive designs. The colors and checks in the material began to be as distinctive as the totems of the Indians. It is now by this means as easy to pick out what clan or regiment a Highlander belongs to as it is to tell whether a horse is a Clydesdale or an Indian mustang; the pattern of the tartan of his kilt is all that is necessary. For example, the Gordon tartan with its yellow stripe on a dark ground of green, blue, and black, is unmistakable, and the same dark tartan without the yellow stripe is that of the Black Watch, a still older organization. Then there are the Seaforths who wear the tartan of the clan Mackenzie, which, instead of the yellow stripe, has a red one and a white one; and then there is the Cameron, with its brighter display of red and yellow, which is perhaps the showiest tartan of them all. There are scores of clan tartans of divers other hues, just like Joseph's coat of many colors, and these are all quite as distinctive. Perhaps one of the best known is that which is called the Rob Roy, which was worn by the proscribed members of the clan Gregor. It is a red and black check of simple design, and is noticeable because it bears no resemblance to any of the others.

But it is a mistake to suppose that all Highlanders who live in the Highlands wear the kilt, Sunday and Saturday, all the year round. This used to be the fixed belief of Englishmen and foreigners, and it is not yet dead. A few years ago an opulent Chinaman astonished the natives of the good town of Nairn by appearing in their midst in the full panoply of the kilt and sporran. His ambition was to learn to play golf, and he had heard that the kilt was the correct costume to wear on the links. So, too, with those wealthy members of the Jewish race who wander among the mountains in the grouse-shooting season, determined to back up their assumption (for business purposes) of good old Scottish clan names by the adoption of the kilt, and at the same time maintain the tradition of Joseph's coat of multifarious tints. But of all people that on earth do dwell, in which the notion that all Scotsmen wear the kilt is firmly implanted, there are none who stick to the idea more tenaciously than the cockney tourists who come to climb hills and ramble over the heathery moors in search of deer—or rabbits. Their idea is that if the kilt is an essential part of the national dress they are bound to wear it to secure the good will and approbation of the unsophisticated natives. But they invariably put it on the wrong way, and their pale and trembling knees proclaim that the penance is severe.

The kilt is, however, very comfortable when one is accustomed to it, and allows a freedom to the limbs which is impossible in the modern form of that bifurcated garment called trousers. For those who imagine that the kilt possesses the element of femininity it may be pointed out that, although at first it was worn by both sexes, it became essentially a man's dress at a very early period. The fashion of wearing trousers came from the East, and it was not the men who first wore this garment, but the women. The women of the East wear trousers to this day; and now some of their sisters of the Occident are following their example.

Should Be Properly Worn

LIKE other articles of attire, no matter of what design, there is a right and a wrong way of wearing the kilt. It should neither be too long nor too short, and great nicety is required in its proper adjustment. The hem should come just as far as the middle of the kneecap and no farther, and it ought to be of the same length all round. When donning a kilt a test of its correct length may be found by kneeling, and if when in this position the hem of the kilt touches the ground all round it is properly put on. An improperly worn kilt is like a badly played tune—its expression and harmony are gone. As an orderly officer in one of the Highland regiments, it has been my duty to stand by while the guard was being mounted and see that every man composing the guard wore his kilt in the correct manner. In this philosophy of clothes, as Carlyle calls it, there is more than the uninitiated might think. A man may put on a pair of trousers and have them just right at the first trial, the crease coming down the center and all complete; but it is quite a different thing with the kilt. If the kilt is not put on neatly and is not hanging in the recognized manner, "That man is not properly dressed," thunders the adjutant. Civilians who wear the kilt often have an undervest or body attached to it which is suspended at the shoulders, just as it was done long ago, but in the Highland regiments it is bound at the waist leaving the shoulders free. A narrow belt is then passed round the middle from which depends the sporran or purse. The sporran is usually made of goat or horse hair, or the skin of some fur-bearing animal; it is the lineal descendant of the apron which was worn in the garden of Paradise.

No advocate of the kilt claims that it is suitable for all sorts of climates, but it is good enough for the most of them. "Do you not have to wear something warm to supplement the kilt?" asks the curious. The answer is in the negative. It has been worn by men in all climates and almost under Arctic conditions, just as it was in the Crimea and in Canada. It has been found equally useful under the burning sun of India or of Egypt. During the winter following the siege and capture of Quebec a number of the Frasers were quartered in the Ursuline convent, and, says the historian, "the unsophisticated nuns were so distressed at the bare legs of the Highlanders that they begged General Murray to be allowed to provide the poor fellows with raiment"; but the "poor fellows" only smiled. There is also a story told of one of the Macphersons of Badenoch who found his son asleep in the snow, during the arduous expedition, with a small heap of the frozen element for a pillow. "Let me see none of that luxurious spirit," said the chief as he spurned the frozen pillow from beneath the head of his degenerate offspring.

Once It Was Forbidden

AMONG the Highland Scottish the kilt is, of course, not nearly so much in evidence as it was under the old clan system, just as the national costumes of other nations of the earth are being lost sight of in the march of modern conditions; but this does not mean that they have discarded it or have less affection for it; and it is still the dress of the Highland soldier, be he Black Watch, Cameron, or Gordon. After the disastrous ending of the '45 on Drumossie Moor, the wearing of the kilt was forbidden by the government, but King George III was obliged to rescind this order, and wherever the expatriated Scot is to be found, there will you also find the philabeg.

Nevertheless, there have been Sassenach secretaries of state in recent years who have ventured to suggest, on the plea of economy, that the kilt should be abolished in the Highland regiments, because a kilt takes far more material to make than a pair of trews; but signs of mutiny and revolt in the ranks of the descendants of the men who have worn it for eons have been sufficient to bring officialdom to another way of thinking. And so the wearing of the kilt will continue until the end of all things, just as it originated at the beginning thereof

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BRIEFLY TOLD

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. The set includes: "The International Jew," Vol. I, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

"No non-Christian nation has ever preserved its liberties."—*William Matthew Holderby.*

Newspaper reporting of divorce cases in France is forbidden under severe penalties.

Today's iceberg is composed of snow that fell in Greenland more than 5,000 years ago.

Bees are infallible storm prophets, seeking shelter before the approach of a storm is noticed by human beings.

Formerly, great Athenians were buried in cedar chests.

The average life of a dollar bill is six months.

A rattlesnake *will* pass over a hair rope. The ostrich *does not* hide its head in the sand. The bat *does not* tangle itself in women's hair. The eagle *does not* carry away babies. The shark *does not* eat human beings. The toad *does not* make warts on the hands.

Cockroaches are the Methuselas of insects. They do not reach mature size until two or three years of age.

Because a robin was rearing her young near the top of the only pile of white oak planking belonging to the Birch Valley Lumber Company of Tioga, West Virginia, the company refused to fill a Philadelphia lumber concern's order for white oak until the brood had flown.

Glass-bottomed boats are used at Catalina Island that passengers may view the marine gardens. Now special glass-topped railway carriages are to be used on the railway line through the Romsdal in Norway that passengers may view the mountains which tower thousands of feet above the track.

Nearly twenty thousand Mexican children attend public schools in Los Angeles.

Of the 5,000 automobiles in the city of Rio de Janeiro, nearly 6,000 operate for hire.

There is one divorce to every eight marriages in the United States.

The French Government is thinking some of limiting immigration as a result of the ever-increasing number of foreign working-men entering France. Italy, Poland, Spain and Belgium furnish the bulk of the immigration of 2,000,000.

Bicycles are the bane of pedestrians in The Hague where the streets are narrow and tortuous. A set of anti-jaywalking regulations has been issued by the police exhorting pedestrians to watch out for approaching bicycles, to cross at right angles, not to encumber the highway and to keep to the right.

The most popular name for a public-house in London is "King's Arms," which appears forty-eight times in the directory.

Once the finest instrument of its kind in the world, the great pipe organ of Notre Dame, in Paris, is now reported to be perishing from dry rot.

In the Salem *Gazette* for August 19, 1783, the weights of the principal Revolutionary commanders were given, "as weighed in the scales at West Point," as follows: General Washington, 209 pounds; General Lincoln, 224; General Knox, 280; General Huntington, 132; General Greaton, 166; Colonel Swift, 219; Colonel Michael Jackson, 252; Colonel Henry Jackson, 238; Lieutenant Colonel Huntington, 232; Lieutenant Colonel Cobb, 182; Lieutenant Colonel Humphreys, 221—an average of 214 pounds.

A world flight embracing all five continents is planned for early in 1926 by the instructor of the Soesterberg military airdrome of Amsterdam.

Texas has less than 25 per cent of her farm land under cultivation.

A physician of Stanford, Kentucky, piled $80,000 worth of unpaid doctor bills in public and set fire to the heap. He said, "I couldn't bear to have people grow up knowing that the stork's account was never settled."

Berlin newsboys' cries are "verboten," according to a new ordinance. They disturbed business men in downtown offices.

Ten million dollars' worth of pocketknives, requiring 1,250 tons of steel, are made in the United States each year.

A plant substance nearly two hundred times as sweet as cane sugar has been found in the desert regions of eastern Paraguay and is being propagated by the Bureau of Foreign Plant Introduction.

The annual drink bill of the British Isles each year is more than the total annual interest on the Nation's national debt, which was 305,769,000 pounds for 1923.

From 85 to 90 per cent of the total population of Egypt are tillers of the soil.

Rev. Thornton Mills, son of the late B. Fay Mills, roused his fashionable Chicago church by making Ben Reitman, King of the Hoboes, head of the Adult Bible Class. Returning the compliment, the Rev. Mr. Mills became a lecturer at Hobo College. Mr. Mills does not favor an exclusive church.

The windmills of Holland are fast passing away and no new ones are built. They were intricate wooden machines and the art of making them is being lost. A windmill costing $10,000 develops 11½ horsepower, and the wind blows with sufficient strength only 1,440 hours a year. Motors are supplanting windmills.

The women of Burma believe that they must be reborn as men to join the noble order of the yellow robe and so attain humanity.

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CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

"I Read in the Papers—"

I read in this paper last week an interesting series of Lincoln stories. Dr. Barton's excerpts from the Browning Diary throw light on the serene and final quality of Lincoln's political wisdom in turning personal enmity to the service of his cause. This recalls that Dr. Barton has a two-volume work on the press which will contain much new Lincoln material, the fruit of a lifetime of research. The Step-Mother of Lincoln—in how lowly a guise the great call came to Sally Bush, and how nobly she fulfilled it! That is an article worth pondering. The article on Lincoln's City of Springfield is marked by the inclusion of an hitherto unpublished letter of Mrs. Lincoln. In "Lincoln Encircles the Globe" is a vivid picture of the impression which Lincoln's spirit has made on the nations, East and West. Two articles of personal reminiscence of an unusually interesting character are found in the interviews with William O. Stoddard, the aged and still-surviving one-time secretary to the great President, and the recollections of Betty Smith who met Lincoln in the old Palmer House at Chicago and preserves for us a characteristic Lincoln saying, "You can't fly a high kite unless you have a long string." Then there is a contribution to that much debated question, Was the assassin of Lincoln really killed or did he escape and die thirty years after? Taken altogether, this Lincoln issue of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT is worthy of preservation for the intrinsic value of its contents.

I read in the papers and magazines many articles about that apparently strange race, the Americans. In foreign reviews we simply would not recognize ourselves. And when our American scholars attempt to interpret us to the intellectuals of Europe, the result is just as bad. The attempt at internationalism, in this respect at least, is not a success. It is a little late, anyway, isn't it? Nations are not the whole thing, as they seemed to be twenty-five years ago. European nations were so often mere political divisions of the same race, that when Austria threatened Serbia, Russia's reaction in Serbia's defense was not national so much as it was racial; and a war beginning that way has had the effect of bringing racial facts to the fore. Nationalism is now justified only as it affords conditions for racial development. The old optimism that if we only knew other peoples, we should love them, has not been proved by experience. Our doughboys disliked their French allies and liked their Saxon-German enemies. It was race speaking. Here in America we have provided conditions favorable to certain race developments; that was the purpose in America's planting, and is the justification of America's will to live. Until our savants begin to include this element in their interpretations, their efforts will but add to the world's present confusion.

I read in the papers that Lord Cecil—we gave him the Woodrow Wilson Peace Prize of $25,000 the other day—is valiantly fighting for the continuance of the opium traffic. He is not a pacifist on that point. He fights. And in a very bad cause. Moreover, he indulges in slander when he is off United States soil. He accused the Americans of being the foremost opium users in the world. After our United States Representative Stephen G. Porter got through with his lordship, there was nothing left but a craven apology and immovable determination not to agree to any practical steps toward suppression of the opium traffic. What I find it hard to understand is this: that Americans are so badly misinformed as to the foreigners they honor. Of course, professional pacifism in this country is one with professional pacifism abroad, and it is perhaps as inaccurate to describe the one as American as it is to describe the other as British, or whatever it may be. Anyway, there should be a line against handing out Woodrow Wilson prize money to men who have it in them to slander the plain people of America.

I read in the papers that the bricklayer is still quite a man overseas, or would be were it not for the absurdities of trade unionism. In England, for example, with housing a bitter problem, and 36 per cent of every dwelling being a bricklaying job, the number of bricks laid per day grows smaller. In 1914, with a 10-hour day, 900 bricks were laid per man per day, or 90 per hour. In 1920, with an 8-hour day, the number of bricks fell to 200! This is 25 an hour! Of course, as the output falls, the cost increases, and as the cost increases, building ceases—and the policy of making more work by doing less results in no work at all. Yet these are the people who want to tell America how to run world affairs.

I read in the papers that King Alfonso is getting tired of keeping a kingly silence under attack. The Ibanez attacks appear to mean little in Spain. What is true in them has long been known and what is untrue has long been charged. Alfonso says, "Nobody asked me whether I wanted to be King. I was placed upon the throne and here I must remain, to do good." He expressed the hope that his detractors, meaning Ibanez, "instead of writing pamphlets, would write some interesting romances which we all can read and admire."

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The Ford International Weekly

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MR. FORD'S Page discusses the moral responsibility which Progress brings, with special care to rid the term "moral" of its unnatural associations. The moral in the sense of the practical commands attention.

"TOO proud to fight." "Peace without victory." Every statesman's diary published since the war testifies how great was the jar when President Wilson let loose those unparalleled ideas on the world. Huston Thompson asked Woodrow Wilson, before he died, what, precisely, he meant by "peace without victory." Mr. Wilson wrote the reply, which is now in Mr. Thompson's possession. It is quoted here this week. Woodrow Wilson as an orator has never been more ably and intimately presented than here. (Pp. 4 and 5.)

GEORGE WASHINGTON may never have told a lie, but he was not averse to "stringing" the over-credulous. A downright lie in one connection is "Yankee humor" in another. We don't think of the dignified Father of His Country as a Yankee, but he had all the traits; humor being one. Another sidelight on the First American—page 11.

HAVE you worried about the younger generation? If not, you are a lucky exception. So many people have worried that it is a national question now. One opinion is just as good as another; some say that we are headed for the devil; others say that the scions of our stock have as much sense as we had and will round to all right. But what Luther Burbank says has special value. He has been thinking about the Young Generation, and studying it. He says, "I have learned to suspect facts that look too dark." That's good—the worst is never true. You will like this article of pure common sense—page 2.

"Dollar Diplomacy" says some important things in an authoritative way. The substitution of Dollars for Bullets—page 6.

THE so-called "liberal" magazines are breaking out in a race rash. Members of the one race that insists on racial exclusiveness are busy writing (for the instruction of other races) that there is no such thing as race. (Anthropologists heard softly laughing in the background!) Well, there is a fact of race, a big fact. It is not recognition of the fact, but wrong interpretation of it that causes all the trouble. The "Nordic" race is just now much to the fore—the northern white race. What Dean Inge, of London, thinks of it may be worth your while—page 14.

What about all the French dukes and counts? Where do they stand in a Republic such as France is?—page 12.

THERE is no mystery about the prohibition failure. Enforcement officers are largely personal foes of the law. In one enforcement office which was studied the ratio was 16 against the law to one in favor of it. This is a matter of facts and figures. See page 10.

Another delightful George Washington item is the sketch of his "home town"—page 3.

American libraries (p. 9), Benjamin Franklin (p. 12), the Moffat tunnel (p. 13) are interesting American notes.

Luther Burbank on Youth Today

THE LIBRARY OF THE
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UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

In Washington's Home Town

Woodrow Wilson, the Thinker

Dollar Diplomacy—Its Uses

America's Vast Book Treasures

Why Is It Not Prohibition?

George Washington as He Was

Modern French Aristocracy

About the Big Moffat Tunnel

What of the Nordic Race?

Modern Youth—Will It Land Right Side Up?

When Youngsters Emerge From Their Fake Life Will They Be Able to Face Real Life? Burbank Thinks Probably They Will

By LUTHER BURBANK

WHEN I was a boy and for forty years afterward, children were not generally appreciated, in some cases were regarded as nuisances and it was quite generally held that children owed everything to their parents. Out in the country, boys as young as 12 years were frequently "bound out" to a neighboring farmer until they were 21 years old. It was practically slavery. The boys worked hard, went to school in the winter, for a year or two, and received nothing but their board, washing and a few poor articles of clothing. Usually a small sum of money was paid in addition which went to the father.

I think that a book I wrote 25 years ago, entitled "The Training of the Human Plant," had something to do with changing the attitude of parents toward children. I tried to show the importance of children and the racial advisability of giving them every possible chance to develop whatever good might be in them. At any rate, the attitude of parents toward their children has undergone a great change and the change is in the direction that I urged.

But something else has changed. The attitude of children toward their parents is no longer what it used to be. Children, always quick to accept the views of their parents whether they act upon them or not, have emphatically accepted the view that children are not a nuisance, that instead they are the most important things in the world, and that they don't owe everything to their parents. The young people of today fully know their worth, and, while they honor their parents, they feel that their lives are their own, that they owe their parents little or nothing, and that their parents owe them a great deal—maintenance in their youth, at any rate, and the best opportunity the parents can provide to give the youngsters an education.

The Young Can't Think, Only Feel

THE young people of today are so different from the generations that preceded them that we may well search our minds in an effort to discover the causes and foresee the results.

I can see a number of things that appear to me to be causes, first of which is the changed attitude of parents toward their children and children toward their parents. This is a part of environment and it is to environment that we should look because the young people of the present day are fundamentally what their ancestors were.

But what a different world it is in which they live. The world is changing so very rapidly that it is difficult for all of us to adapt ourselves to the changes, but it is probably more difficult for the young than for the old. The old can think a little and perhaps solve some of their difficulties. The young can't. They can only feel.

How do they feel? Chiefly, they feel restless. The young people of today prefer to be almost any other place than in their own homes. The boys have address books filled with names, take their fathers' cars and call nightly on young women for 20 miles around. Boys from 18 to 22 do this. They may not and probably do not care particularly for any one girl. The prettiest girls and the best dressers are the favorites chiefly, it would seem, because they are the most desirable to take to dances. The young fellow who has the belle of the ball immediately becomes a personage of great mesmeric powers in the eyes of all the other young fellows. This feeds his vanity and he races around to find more well-dressed beauties to take to more dances. There is no end to it until the boy's father makes an end to it—for a night or two. Then the father is told, respectfully but firmly, that he is all right, well-meaning and wise about things in his own field, but hopelessly out of date as to the affairs of the young. The boy cuts out dances for a night or two and then takes the car and goes to burning up gasoline again.

Boys and girls a little younger are hypnotized by the movies. Why? Because they are eager for thrills. The picture that has the most thrills draws the most young people. The more persons there are shot, cut in two in sawmills, dropped out of airplanes, run over by railway trains or forced to jump from the upper stories of burning buildings the better the youngsters like it. All too frequently they see pictures that present problems, situations and occasions that the young might better not see, and as they sit in silence one may wonder how much of it they understand and what they are thinking about.

Thrills Burn Out the Nerves

MOTION pictures might have done a great deal of good for the young, but as far as I am aware they have not yet done them any good. That is because a crowd of unprincipled persons have gained control of the movies and use them solely to get money.

A thrill of one sort or another being about the easiest thing to get across to a young person's brain, plenty of thrills have been put in. And they are bad for children—bad for everybody.

Each thrill, as it travels along our delicate nerves, is like an overload of current on an electric wire. Load a wire too heavily and it melts, perhaps setting fire to the house. Load nerves too heavily with thrills and they burn out.

We were never intended to live on thrills—and we can't do it. We can only die on them if we keep them up long enough. A good many of the young people of today are preparing early graves for themselves.

Now what are these and many other similar activities doing to the young people? They are doing just what a poor cook does to the food he serves when he spices it too highly. Good food tastes flat after one has fed too long on condiments. Home life seems flat after young people have had too many dances, too many movies, too much excitement, too many thrills.

Real life does not flow along like the movies. Real life rises to great heights only upon rare occasions. Usually it is like a broad stream flowing to the sea.

The artificial life that has been made for the young has a Niagara every block, with perhaps two boiler explosions and a murder in between—at the movies.

No wonder real life seems dull.

"Real Life" Has Its Dull Moments

NO WONDER young people are restless and do not care to stay at home.

Yet in a little while, all of these young people will have to face real life and deal with it. The young women will go to housekeeping and the young men will go to work to prepare a home, probably not so good at first as the parental home that they considered so dull.

But it will be "dull" because it will be real; no movies, no dances, no thrills, just life as human beings are ultimately required to live it.

How well are the young people of today likely to be able to adapt themselves to what must soon inevitably be their new surroundings? It all depends upon how expert they are in turning a square corner at high speed. They will not be able to turn it easily unless they suddenly develop resources within themselves that are sufficient for their own entertainment. One of the glaring defects of the youth of today is its utter reliance upon the outside world for the joys and satisfactions of life.

Young people can no longer entertain themselves. They must be entertained by others.

That is why they do not want to spend their evenings at home.

They want the movies or their friends to entertain them.

As far as enjoyment is concerned there are no longer any "self-starters."

No young person can be contented or happy unless the impulse to be so comes from outside himself.

Forty years ago each country boy was a host in himself. He needed nobody to entertain him. He could think of plenty to do because he had to think or do nothing. Thinking is more or less painful. All the country boys that ever lived would have preferred to obtain their pleasures without thinking if they could have been obtained that way.

But it requires no thinking to watch a movie. The movie thinks for those who see it.

The young people of today are losing much that is of the highest value by depending upon others for their happiness and failing to use their own resources. *They are cultivating dependence instead of independence.* Great men and women are not made by such training.

"What to Be When I Grow Up"

LOOK at our young men. They reach 20, and some of them more, without knowing what they want to do in the world. In this age there are more kinds of interesting occupations than ever before, but it is a rare thing to find a young man who has been strongly attracted by any of them. He may have a vague idea that he would like to do this or that, but he does not know. He flounders about because he cannot find himself.

Why can't he find himself? Why has none of the unprecedented number of interesting occupations attracted him? First, because he has been living in such a whirl of artificial excitement that he has *seen* nothing. The real world has not attracted him because the lure of the artificial world has been so strong Second, because the real world looks flat and uninteresting after one has lived so much in the *fake world* of thrills. Bread tastes flat after cake. Third, because he has neither taken the time to *think* nor develop the *capacity* to think.

In my day it was not so. Thirty years ago it was not so. Smart boys, almost from infancy up, thought they knew what they wanted to do. They changed their minds as they grew, but they always had something in mind. Why? Because their minds were fresh and quick to receive impressions. Fake worlds had not made the real world seem dull. Every new thing as it came along was interesting. The 5-year-old boy who saw a railway train soon became seized with the determination to be a locomotive engineer. A little later something else flashed across his vision and he forgot the locomotive to turn to a different occupation. By the time such boys became 18 they generally knew exactly what they wanted to do in life and perhaps were started on the way toward doing it.

One thing is certain—*the young men who do not prepare for life will have to take life unprepared.*

A good many of the young men of today who look forward to pleasant lives are going to find the years after 30 pretty dusty unless they look out.

But perhaps they will "come to" in a rush in the twenties and find themselves. I don't know. Nobody knows. The world of young people, as we see it today, is an entirely new world to all of us. Nobody ever before saw anything like it.

Partly because of reason, partly because of a faith that goes beyond my understanding, I believe the young people of today will in some way solve the problems that will soon confront them and come out all right. The facts in their case look somewhat dark, but *after a long life I have learned to suspect facts that look too dark.* A good many times something is the matter with such facts. They may be true as far as they go, but they may not be complete. Perhaps we do not sufficiently understand the latent powers of the young who are so beset by the clamor and whirl of the present age. Great allowance must always be made for the common sense of human nature. Without some common sense *we* should never have been able to go as far as we have gone.

Certainly no other generation within my knowledge ever had so much need for common sense as the young people will have who are, so soon, to take over the world's affairs and carry with them, for a time, human destiny. They will need an unusual amount of common sense because, according to all past standards, they know very little about real life. They can't know much about it because they have spent their youth in a world of thrills and artificiality.

Small Town Life a Great Incubator

WHEN we talk about what any untried generation can do we are venturing upon ground the topography of which is almost unknown to us. We have always believed that the farm was the place to raise brains and that the city was a bad place in which to bring out whatever qualities of greatness children may have in them. We have proceeded upon this assumption because so many of the great men whom we could recall came from the country. We had no facts whatever; nothing but our random recollections.

In the current edition of "Who's Who in America" may be found some facts bearing upon this question. The editors of this work sent a questionnaire to the men and women whose names appear in this volume asking them to tell, for statistical purposes only, whether their fathers were professional men, skilled or unskilled workers, whether the subjects themselves were reared on a farm, in villages, cities or the suburbs of cities, what their educational advantages had been, and so on. Inasmuch as nobody was asked to sign his answers, the editors felt that they could get, with this questionnaire, not only the truth but the whole truth.

The answers utterly destroy the great-man-from-the-farm theory. The farm is revealed to be the worst place in the country in which to produce men and women capable of achieving enough to get their names into "Who's Who." Small villages are better, cities better yet and the suburbs of cities best of all.

Of course, it is not to be assumed that what a man or woman is capable of achieving is solely dependent upon where he or she was reared. More depends upon who and what their parents were. Heredity comes first, environment second. But environment is a powerful factor and, as far as we know, the environment of the farm is not, as a rule, stimulating.

The exceptional mind only soars in silence. Most of us have need of a powerful environment to which to react.

The Darkest Facts Are Never True

THOSE who are to come after us may therefore see what we do not now perceive—that the world of the young, as it is now whirling before us, did not *destroy* but only *retarded.* It may even be disclosed that what has seemed and still seems to us to be a cessation in the development of the young was but a period in which a greater head of steam was gathering—a period in which, unconsciously, they were mustering their latent forces for a drive against the world!

It is all guesswork. The facts are against the young but I don't believe the facts. Nobody knows what is going to happen to them, but I cannot believe that it is going to be anything bad. I believe they will develop the ability to meet life as it will soon present itself to them. Not all of them will win in the struggle. All do not win in any struggle. Some will fail. The most adaptable, the most intelligent, and the most energetic will pull through.

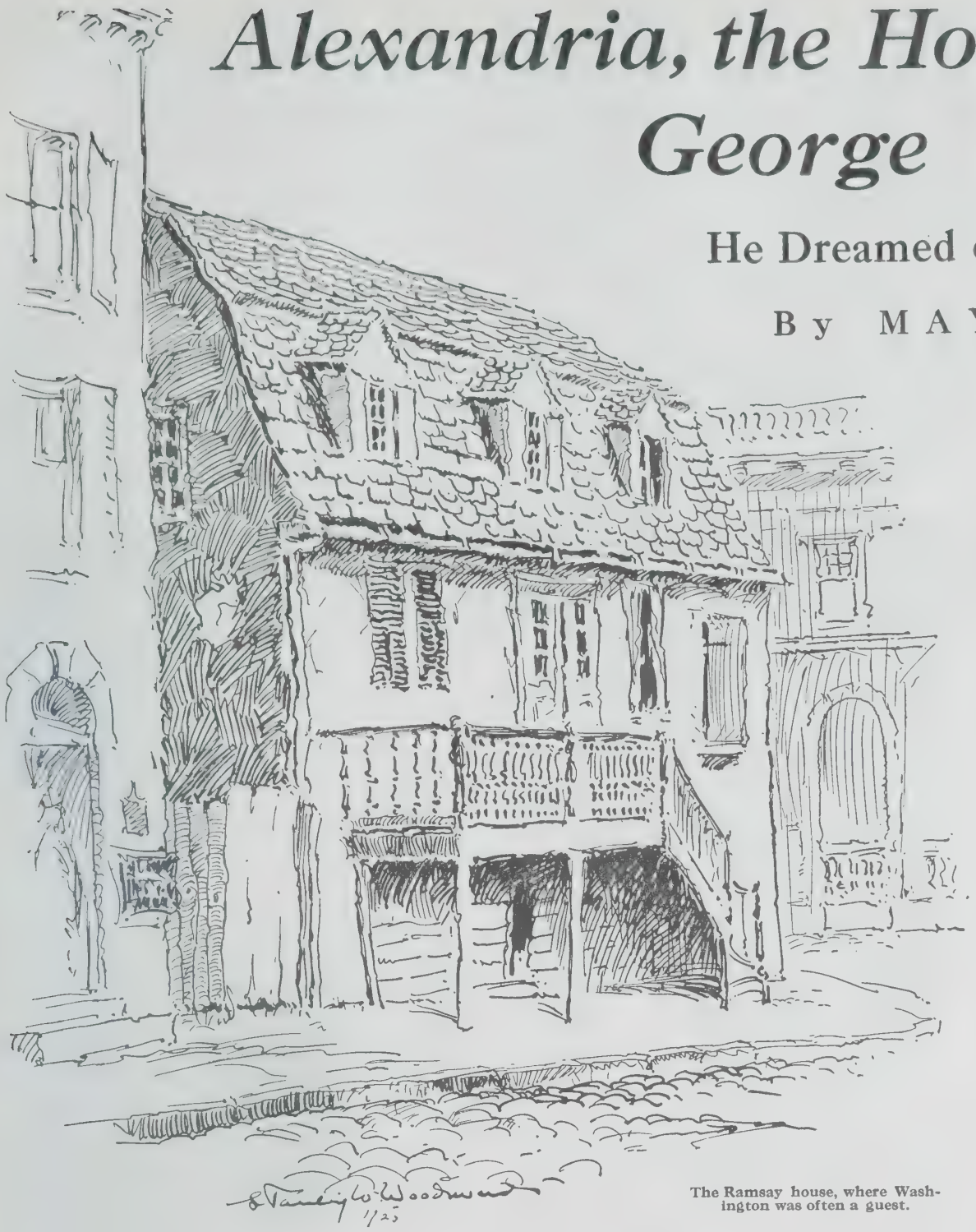
In some ways, this young generation is perhaps the best that ever lived. For one thing, it has better health because scientists of one kind and another are teaching people how to live.

I cannot say that I am an optimist about the rising generation—I can see too many unprecedented difficulties, obstacles and handicaps confronting it and surrounding it to be an optimist—but I am hopeful and confident. I believe that, as the English say, some way or another it will "muddle through."

Alexandria, the Home Town of George Washington

He Dreamed of It as Nation's Capital

By MAY B. WHITING



The Ramsay house, where Washington was often a guest.

WASHINGTON loved Alexandria all his life. As a boy he rode through its lanes and helped survey its streets and in manhood he dreamed that it might become the nation's capital. It is well for us that such a vision was not realized, for if it had been the landmarks that knew the hero as a man, not a half-mythical figure, would have been swallowed up by public buildings which, although handsome, have no soul.

Happily grandeur passed it by, and it remains one of those border cities where the trimness of the North melts into the geniality of the South. Aristocratic colonial houses are elbowed by uncouth dwellings, each amiably tolerant of the other, and, rattling beside the modern sight-seeing bus, are strange equipages drawn by rawboned horses. Friendliness and courtesy are the rule. Nowhere was the struggle for freedom keener, and today the chief ornament of the public square is a monument to the Confederate soldier.

As the conflicting tides of history swept by, they left their traces in the names of the streets. At first the town was the metropolis of British rule, winning the title "Old Dominion," and the names Royal, King, Queen, Prince, Duke, Cameron, and Fairfax, attest its loyalty. Rolling Road was the highway to Williamsburg along which hogsheads of tobacco were rolled to market by passing a bar through them and hitching oxen to it. But George III would not sanction any measure of advantage to the town. The marshlands outside the city are called King George's meadows because His Majesty refused to drain them, and the new generation named its highways for Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Franklin. Patrick Henry had two streets named for him.

In this town Washington, the youth, made his friends. As a lad he was smitten by the charms of a "Lowland Beauty," Miss Betsy Fauntleroy, and he writes of his "poor, restless heart, wounded by Cupid's dart." When he was sixteen he journeyed into the wilderness to help survey the vast estate of Lord Fairfax, Baron of Cameron. This nobleman was the first to perceive remarkable qualities in the young surveyor, and became his patron and lifelong friend.

Lord Fairfax, with Lawrence Washington, half brother of George, was among the founders of Alexandria, and there are mementos of the two families at every corner. To stroll through its streets is like turning the pages of Thackeray's "The Virginians."

The oldest dwelling is the Ramsay house, built in 1751. Mrs. Ramsay was a Washington, and frequently entertained at dinner her cousin George and his wife Martha. It is a charming little home in spite of its age, with dormer roof and gable windows. One can more easily picture Mrs. Washington a guest here than the mistress of many lands. I am sure that the music of the dancing class which met in the front room did not disturb her, nor the rollicking laughter of the young folk, among whom Sally Ramsay, Sally Carlyle, and Patsy Custis, her own daughter, were the belles. She and her husband often attended the assemblies by candlelight at the Royal George. Jefferson praises Mrs. Ramsay as one of the most patriotic women of Virginia. When Congress neglected to raise money for the army, Mrs. Ramsay collected thousands of dollars through the South for the benefit of the soldiers.

More pretentious than the Ramsay home is the Carlyle house, built by a Scotch merchant who married a Fairfax. It stands, it is said, on the foundations of an old fort built a few years after the coming of Captain John Smith in 1638. This house was one of the great social centers of Virginia. Here Washington, a young man, was introduced to General Braddock, and here, on the balcony overlooking the Potomac, he whispered sweet nothings to Sally Carey who, all unheeding, gave her love to a Fairfax of Belvoir, just below Mt. Vernon. Jefferson, Franklin, John Paul Jones, Aaron Burr, often resorted here, and, in the gloomy vaults of the cellar, the Hessian soldiers were imprisoned before they were set to work paving the muddy streets with cobblestones which still remain.

The most noted of all the colonial landmarks is Gadsby's Tavern, called, until 1792, City Tavern. Coaches started from its courtyard for Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, and south for Williamsburg, Richmond, Charleston, and New Orleans. Its stables were full of horses and outriders bearing messages from colony to colony. Lafayette and Baron DeKalb stopped there on their way to join Washington. They were having some difficulty in ordering a relay of horses when a stranger, John Paul Jones, stepped forward to help them.

Before the arrival of Braddock, in 1775, Washington had his headquarters here, recruiting his first command and starting out on his first expedition to confer with the French and Indians on the western border. From its steps he delivered an address to his neighbors before leaving for his first inauguration. Here, in his youth, he danced merrily in honor of royalty at the famous "Birthnight balls," and here he attended also the first public celebration of his own birthday, in 1798.

But the old Tavern, with its plain front of dark red brick, almost sullen in color, revives few jovial associations. More in keeping with its somber aspect is the story of the "Female Stranger," a mystery as strange as that of the "Man with the Iron Mask" in Europe.

One evening there arrived at the inn a gentleman and a lady, very ill. The gentleman gave no name and issued his orders in the fewest possible words. After the death of his companion he purchased a lot in St. Paul's churchyard and erected a tomb, nameless, but bearing the following verses:

> "How loved, how valu'd once avails thee not,
> To whom related or by whom begot,
> A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
> 'Tis all thou art and all the proud shall be."

There is also this verse from Scripture:

> "To Him gave all the Prophets witness that through His name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins."

Today the tomb is surrounded by an iron rail, and is known as that of the "Unknown Female Stranger." Some have tried to connect the lady with royalty while others have conjectured that she was the daughter of Aaron Burr, whom he mourned as lost at sea.

During the latter years of his life Washington frequently dined at Gadsby's when he was in town on business, and from its doorstep he issued his last military command to his own company of "Independent Blues."

Washington was never above helping in town affairs. At one time he was trustee of Alexandria and he urged that it be kept clean, but it was not until 1793 that hogs and geese were deprived of the freedom of the streets. He was anxious that the public market be of excellent quality and sent vegetables from his own garden at Mt. Vernon, insisting that the scales be of standard measure. He gave a fire engine to the town, and, when quite an old man, he jumped from his horse and went to work at the pumps, rebuking others who stood idly by. Alexandria was his post office and his voting place. The townspeople affectionately called him "the General." They were his friends in life, they formed the escort for his funeral, and members of the Alexandria Lodge of Masons performed the last rites at his grave.

Alexandria-Washington Lodge No. 22 was founded in 1788. Governor Randolph signed the charter and Washington was the first Grand Master. Today the lodge possesses and uses, on special occasions, many of the appurtenances of that time, the Chippendale chair of mahogany inlaid with white holly in which Washington sat, the lesser lights, and the hourglass. In addition, there are many relics of the first Grand Master, his wedding gloves, his pocketknife, a gift from his mother which he carried fifty-seven years, his pruning knife, and the trowel with which he laid the cornerstone of the Capitol. There is also the clock from his bedroom at Mt. Vernon which still marks the hour of his passing, twenty minutes after ten. Dr. Dick, who was in attendance, cut the cord of the pendulum when the General breathed his last.

Most priceless of all its possessions is the Williams portrait of Washington, painted when he was 63 years old. The Lodge ordered this picture and Washington sat for it and approved the likeness, and indeed it portrays a man, not the benign cherub of the popular ideal. There is no especial beauty. There is the scar on the right cheek and the roughness of the skin left by smallpox, but there is also the soul of one who passed through great struggles alone, who suffered the desertion of friends in the hour of need, but whose purpose and indomitable courage bore its burden to the end.

Washington had few intimate friends, but in Alexandria there were men whom he knew and loved all his life. It is a pleasure to walk by their houses and to realize that these are the dwellings of the wise and the true.

On Duke street is the house of Dr. Craik, the companion of Washington from youth. He went with him on his expedition to the Ohio Valley under orders from Braddock, and in the Revolution he stood by in every battle. He dressed Lafayette's wounds, was with Mrs. Washington's son when he died after Yorktown, and he attended the General in his last illness. On Prince street is the home of Dr. Dick, a Quaker and a staunch friend. He officiated when Washington laid the cornerstone of the Capitol and was Grand Master at his funeral. On Cameron street is the Lee house, the home of madcap "Light Horse Harry."

Time has dealt very gently with Alexandria in preserving for us so many memorials of a time long past. Washington founded here the first free school in Virginia and the building is still a public school. The old drug store, Leadbeater's, which he patronized, is still flourishing, as is the Alexandria *Gazette*, the oldest newspaper in the country, which recorded at the time of the General's death that the sad news produced "dismay and consternation."

Two of the pallbearers at Washington's funeral are buried in the yard of Christ Church. This was his own church, where he attended regularly and of which he was at one time a vestryman. His pew remains as he sat in it, with that of Lee a few seats back, while the altar rail, the chairs, and the chandelier are of that day. At the church door, while talking with some friends, he publicly expressed the opinion that the colonies should not submit to George III. After the war, when irreligion and skepticism were the fashion, he never failed to express his belief in the need for a spiritual life.

Woodrow Wilson, Man of Thought

What He Meant by His Famous "Peace Without Victory" Declaration

By HUSTON THOMPSON

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This is the second of a series of articles giving intimate glimpses of the life of the war-time President.

(C) Harris and Ewing.

WOODROW WILSON.

WOODROW WILSON'S characteristic trait of thinking a thing through before acting, but of refusing to turn back after he had made his decision is well illustrated in his famous "peace without victory" speech. I do not know the precise time that he decided to make a drive, by entering a wedge between the German people and their government through the series of notes that he wrote, but it must have been sometime before the date of his "peace without victory" address. His strategy contemplated a rear attack on the German Government while the allied arms were attacking on the front. In this rear attack, through notes which were given more publicity than has ever been given to an utterance of a human being, he hoped to break down the confidence of the German people in their government. If this were successful its effect would eventually reach the morale of the army at the front and undermine it.

He also saw that which few persons realized at the time, that if a break did come on the front, the tension and bitterness that was being aroused among the Allies would be so great that acts of vengeance might be wreaked on the German people, in addition to the destruction of their army. This he feared would only make for future wars.

As these possibilities unfolded themselves, after many solitudes of thoughts on the subject, he came slowly to the conclusion that the only way to avoid such a result was to have a "peace without victory," so he flung out this famous phrase in a speech before the Senate on January 2, 1917.

It will be recalled that in this address he had declared for a league of nations and a "peace that must be grounded upon Democratic principles." There were to be no more conquests by force nor bartering of unwilling populations. Such a peace must be guaranteed by a league of all the nations and if America was to become a part she must be given assurances that it was a peace that was worth guaranteeing. Then he compressed the whole idea into the phrase "peace without victory."

Probably no words uttered by President Wilson ever caused so much debate, query, and criticism, yet as far as I am able to learn, he never deigned to offer any other explanation than was contained in his senatorial address until shortly before his death. It came about in this way.

In the autumn of 1923, I had returned from a trip to many countries of Europe. As I observed the people struggling to arise from the depression and destruction of the war, this phrase "peace without victory" kept recurring to me. On my return I wrote Mr. Wilson telling him how his language had seemed to fit the situation that I saw in many countries, and hence kept bobbing up in my mind. The only countries which seemed to have a peace without victory were those nations such as Finland, Czecho-Slovakia, and the republics of Esthonia and Latvia, where for the first time in hundreds of years they were enjoying the exercise of their own spiritual and national aspirations; that in England and France they had peace of a certain kind but without victory and that in Germany they had neither mental nor spiritual peace nor victory. In view of these observations, I asked him just what he meant by the phrase "peace without victory," and whether it had been thought out before he uttered it. In reply he said:

> "The phrase, 'peace without victory,' was intended by me as a warning against a vindictive triumph such as too many seemed at that time to desire as an outcome of the war. Their idea was to punish the Germans and not merely to put a final check upon the reckless and arrogant German Government. What I meant to say, therefore, was we must beat them for the sake of the principles involved but not in order to humiliate and destroy them."

In the light of the recent discussions on the subject of peace that have been held at Geneva where the words "peace without victory" have been used constantly in describing the present European situation, it would seem as if Woodrow Wilson had coined a prophetic phrase.

The interesting thing about the character of Woodrow Wilson is the manner in which he kept silent and was willing to let the future reveal what to him seemed obvious about this language. He undoubtedly intended to fashion it in a way that would set people to discussing the words, and through discussion, he hoped to make them attempt to consider and prepare for the future. Moreover, he probably calculated on the rebounding effect of such a phrase in quickening the debate on the means of bringing about a world peace. At any rate, while the phrase was being battled about by friend and enemy, having detached his personality from it, he watched with keen interest its effect. Trusting himself when as Kipling says "men were doubting" him, he was making "allowance for their doubting, too."

There were some subjects to which Woodrow Wilson constantly hearkened in his speeches from his college days to the end of his public career. One of these was "responsive government," as he phrased it in his professorial lectures, in his campaign days and in some of his books.

As far back as 1893 when I first met him, I found his mind thinking about responsive government. It had fallen to my lot to help select a subject for commencement debate at Lawrenceville Preparatory School, an academy located five miles from Princeton. In search of a subject, I was brought in contact with Professor Wilson through my brother who was attending the university at the time. When I stated my troubles to him, he suggested almost immediately that we debate the subject of *responsive* government in America. He added that he thought we could bring out its strength and weakness by comparing it with the British system of government. His interest did not stop with the mere suggestion of the subject, but he went so far as to give a list of books that might be used in preparation for the debate. Is it any wonder that government and its *responsiveness* having been uppermost in his mind all these years, he chose for his battle cry during the 1913 campaign, the phrase "new freedom" as it applied to government?

Once in the heat of political battle, Woodrow Wilson's mental tactics bore considerable resemblance to those of the late John G. Johnson, well-known Philadelphia lawyer, who was noted in his arguments before the Appellate courts of the United States, for giving little if any heed to his opponent's side of the case. His tactics usually were to select the one point which he thought was the most formidable and important to his side, bear down upon it with emphasis and give little recognition to his opponent's argument. The records of our courts indicate that Mr. Johnson's methods were in the main very successful.

Likewise Woodrow Wilson after he had given thorough study to the principle involved, and to the location of the battle ground, would concentrate on the forces which he could bring to the attack and did not like to spend too much thought on his opponent's strength. This may have been due to a consciousness that his lively imagination might permit a fear to creep in that would undermine his own confidence.

In the 1912 campaign his attention was called to the situation in one of the politically important states where the opposition seemed to be strongly intrenched and the personality of the Democratic candidate for governor was thought to have weakened the cause and hurt the chances of the national ticket more or less. In the discussion that followed in the Governor's private car, those present urged that something be done to bolster up the weak spot. This discussion led to a long debate on the strength of the opposition, and the thought was emphasized that we should not underestimate it. The writer having had some experience in coaching football teams back in the nineties was in the act of suggesting that whatever success he may have had in that line of endeavor could be attributed to the fact that he never discounted the strength of the other side, when suddenly Governor Wilson, who had been listening to the debate in silence, broke in with some warmth, and took a diametrically opposite position, saying:

"I don't believe in this idea of dwelling too much on the strength of the opposition. There is too much danger of undermining your own morale. The time for considering the opposition is before you get into action. Once in the battle, I believe in dwelling entirely on the strong points of your own side. In thinking of the other fellow's powers, you will discount your own, or lead other people to think you are doing so."

I have said that Woodrow Wilson browsed around a subject before he closed his mind on it. As he grew in political stature, he expanded this habit of thinking a thing through before he started into action, and once he openly advocated a cause, he believed in bringing every legitimate resource to its aid.

No one realized the necessity for educating the masses on a subject before launching a political policy more than did Woodrow Wilson. How he ever sensed this practical necessity in political action after having lived the cloistered life among intellectuals is a mystery. It must have been a thing born of his Scotch caution and instinct. In 1914, this phase of his character was revealed to me in a way that brought surprise.

It is an historical fact that long previous to his political career and during it, he was a great advocate of civil service reform. In fact, he had been a leader in this movement during his presidency of Princeton University.

When I approached him on the possibilities of legislation that might improve the position of the great army of Civil Service employes in the government, he gave immediate, sympathetic, and studious consideration to the plans presented. To those who have given any consideration to this question, a comparison of the opportunities for promotion and methods of promotion in the Civil Service as compared with opportunities for advancement in our Army and Navy, or the British Civil Service where the humblest individual has at least a chance of reaching knighthood, and receiving magnificent emoluments, this "waiting on dead men's shoes" for advancement in American Civil Service comes as a shock. Moreover, the result of our system produces a deadening effect, despite the fact that there are

(C) Underwood and Underwood.

Where Woodrow Wilson looked out from his sick room.

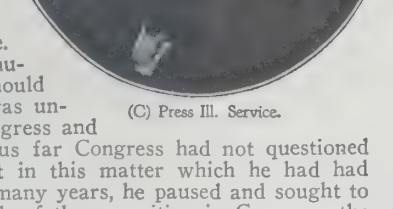
many public servants who on meager salaries render signal service to the government.

My plan contemplated the advancement of Civil employes automatically after passing annual tests successfully, increase of salary upon advancement and presidential recognition of those in the service who had accomplished or performed some great work or act for the government and the public.

Our interview again took place in his study in the White House. At this time, the President was in a marvelous physical condition, the result of the care of Dr. Grayson. He was in an exceedingly happy frame of mind owing to the fact that his legislative program had been put through with a success that astonished even him.

When I had laid the matter before him, and we had discussed in detail the kind of machinery that would be necessary to carry the plan into effect, he leaned back and, seeming to project his mind into the past, said: "You are no doubt aware of my position respecting the Civil Service. Long ago, I became one of its advocates and since I have been in the White House I have jealously guarded my discretionary power in making executive appointments. In fact, I have made fewer of them than any of my predecessors during a like period of time. So far they have numbered less than a hundred and the Senators in our party have become so disgusted with my strictness in this matter that they have about given me up as hopeless. Now while I am keen for action, I am wondering whether you have given full consideration to the treatment that a bill such as the one you suggest would receive. How about our Democratic southern members who are not enthusiastic over the Civil Service? What support would they give? You know that there are some Senators who would welcome the opportunity of destroying everything that we have gained in all these years in this reform. In order to get a sufficient backing from the public that would override the opposition, it would be necessary to have the masses educated up to the necessity for the changes you suggest. Would we, without a period of discussion and instruction, be able to crystallize public sentiment in a way that would be effective in Congress?"

As he flung these questions at me, I saw this President, whom but a short time before many with sardonic words had charged with being only a professor and an idealist, in a new light. Here was a leader who had put through more constructive legislation in a shorter period of time than had ever been accomplished before. By all the rules of human weakness, he should have felt that he was unbeatable before Congress and the country, for thus far Congress had not questioned his leadership. Yet in this matter which he had had upon his heart for many years, he paused and sought to measure the strength of the opposition in Congress, the inertia and ignorance of the public. Finally he calculated the time and study that would be necessary to sow the seed and prepare the way before instituting legislative action. It would take in his judgment twelve months of educational propaganda among the masses before he might dare to throw the strength of the administration behind such a bill. He concluded our interview by saying:



(C) Press Ill. Service.

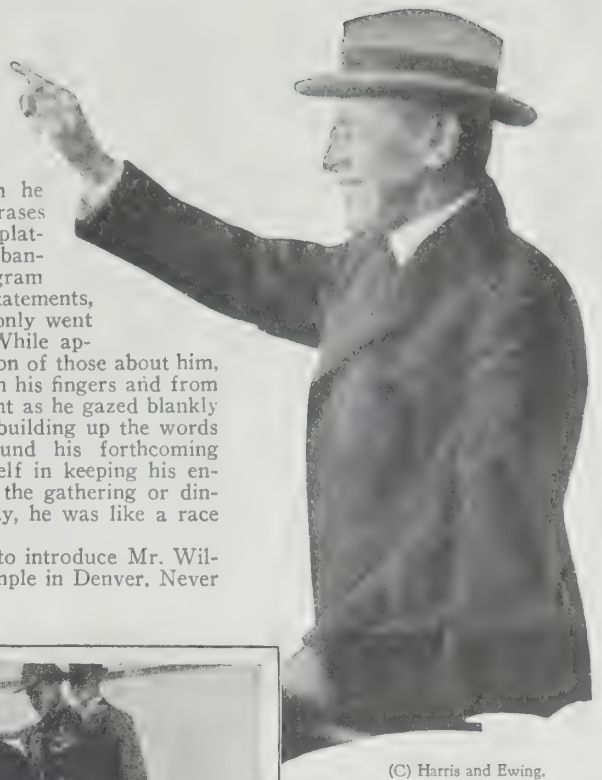
"Give this matter further consideration and sound out as many people as you can who are accustomed to sense the attitude of the public mind and let me hear from you within the next few weeks."

I followed his instructions and the more I investigated and considered the subject, the more clearly did I see that he had diagnosed the situation correctly. At this juncture, the turn of affairs in the European situation became so critical that Civil Service Reform, important as it was in peace times, could not take up the mind of the President. He was then seeking to sail the ship of state "between the Scylla and Charybdis" of neutrality, and so I sent him a note suggesting that the matter wait for a more propitious time.

Judging from outward appearances, when he appeared on the stump, or before Congress, he was calmness and confidence itself, yet the inward Wilson was a thoroughbred in every sense of the word, sensitive, nervous, eager, sympathetic.

Few people realized the strain he underwent when the mellifluous phrases which sounded the perfection of platform speaking fell from his lips at banquets. When he was on the program for an address, according to his statements, his food lost all its savor and he only went through the motions of eating. While apparently listening to the conversation of those about him, he would drum upon the table with his fingers and from time to time lose himself in thought as he gazed blankly out over the audience, meanwhile building up the words and phrases that were to surround his forthcoming thoughts. He was punctuality itself in keeping his engagements, and if for any reason the gathering or dinner was slow in getting under way, he was like a race horse at the barrier.

Back in 1911, it fell to my lot to introduce Mr. Wilson at a gathering in El Jebel Temple in Denver. Never



(C) Harris and Ewing.
Opening the baseball season at Washington.

(C) Harris and Ewing.
Above—Leaving Daughters of the American Revolution Hall, 1916. Circle—President Wilson talking to Thomas Watson, the sole surviving member of the Sunday School conducted by the President's maternal grandfather.

was there a more enthusiastic gathering assembled. It was almost entirely composed of college graduates with each college having a table of its own, and more than thirty colleges represented. All were alive to the record that Governor Wilson had made as President of Princeton and Governor of New Jersey and as the occasion had been worked up by tremendous publicity, they awaited the entertainment of the evening which was to be chiefly an address by Mr. Wilson on politics.

As most of the men were contemporaries and knew me too well, I was extremely nervous. In searching for sympathy I turned to the Governor and asked: "Do you ever get nervous before speaking?"

"Yes," he replied with considerable feeling, "I usually do."

Not having expected this reply, as he seemed so certain of himself at all times before the public, I pressed for a reason, saying that I could not understand how so experienced a performer could have any fear of forgetting his subject.

"Oh, it isn't the fear of forgetting which makes me nervous, and I no longer rely on my memory," he answered; "in fact, I have little confidence in it since I do not have a good photographic memory. Moreover, my mind has a trick just when I am about to utter memorized phrases of suggesting that I rearrange them. This has the effect of upsetting my train of thought or making it halt. No, the thing which makes me nervous is an idea that when people come out to hear me, I am under obligation to tell them something worth while. It is the fear that I may fail to get my ideas over that sets me on edge for I never can tell until I am on my feet and looking into their faces whether I shall be successful."

When he became President and arose to supreme heights of oratory, he told me that he found the fear of saying a thing which might be misconstrued to be a dreadful strain.

During the 1913 campaign one morning he had begun his speaking at eight o'clock, and before facing an audience of about twelve thousand persons at eight o'clock in the evening, had made ten political addresses. The evening engagement was the main one of the day. I had arranged a small dinner of party leaders in honor of Mr. Wilson at a hotel. It fell to my lot to see that he should be on time for the coming meeting. During the dinner Governor Wilson frequently turned to me and asked how soon we would start for the hall. When we finally left the table and were coming down in the hotel elevator from his room, he said with perceptible worry, "Somehow my mind will not work tonight. I cannot think of anything to say." This was due no doubt to his having been on a continuous speaking tour for many days which, with the work of the day, had brought on great mental fatigue.

As we approached the auditorium, we saw thousands gathered outside. Inside, not only was every seat taken but the aisles were jammed, and the atmosphere so close that during the evening several women fainted.

As the roar that greeted Mr. Wilson's appearance on the platform subsided, and the audience cut short the introductory speech by suggesting all sorts of methods of retreat for the one introducing him, the Governor stepped forth. Then a strange thing occurred. Here we were in the height of a political campaign with partisan lines drawn tightly and an audience eager to respond to a blood-raw attack, and hoping that the enemy would be quartered by the speaker. Almost any kind of an assault on the opposition would have unleashed the partisan enthusiasm that was pent up.

It is said that frequently when a prize fighter appears overtrained that he has left his best fight in the training quarters. Just so with Governor Wilson, who, having already spoken along political lines on ten different stops during the day, had evidently left his fighting spirit behind and could not make the political grade that night. The more expectant the audience became in its hope for a chance to applaud an attack the farther Governor Wilson seemed to drift away from such an idea.

Somehow the thought that he was on the brow of the Continental Divide had caught his will in its grasp and set in motion a train of ideas that would not let him descend to political discussion. That night he was lifted up to the very heights of idealism for America and its place of service in the world.

To one who knew him well, it was plain that there was a conflict going

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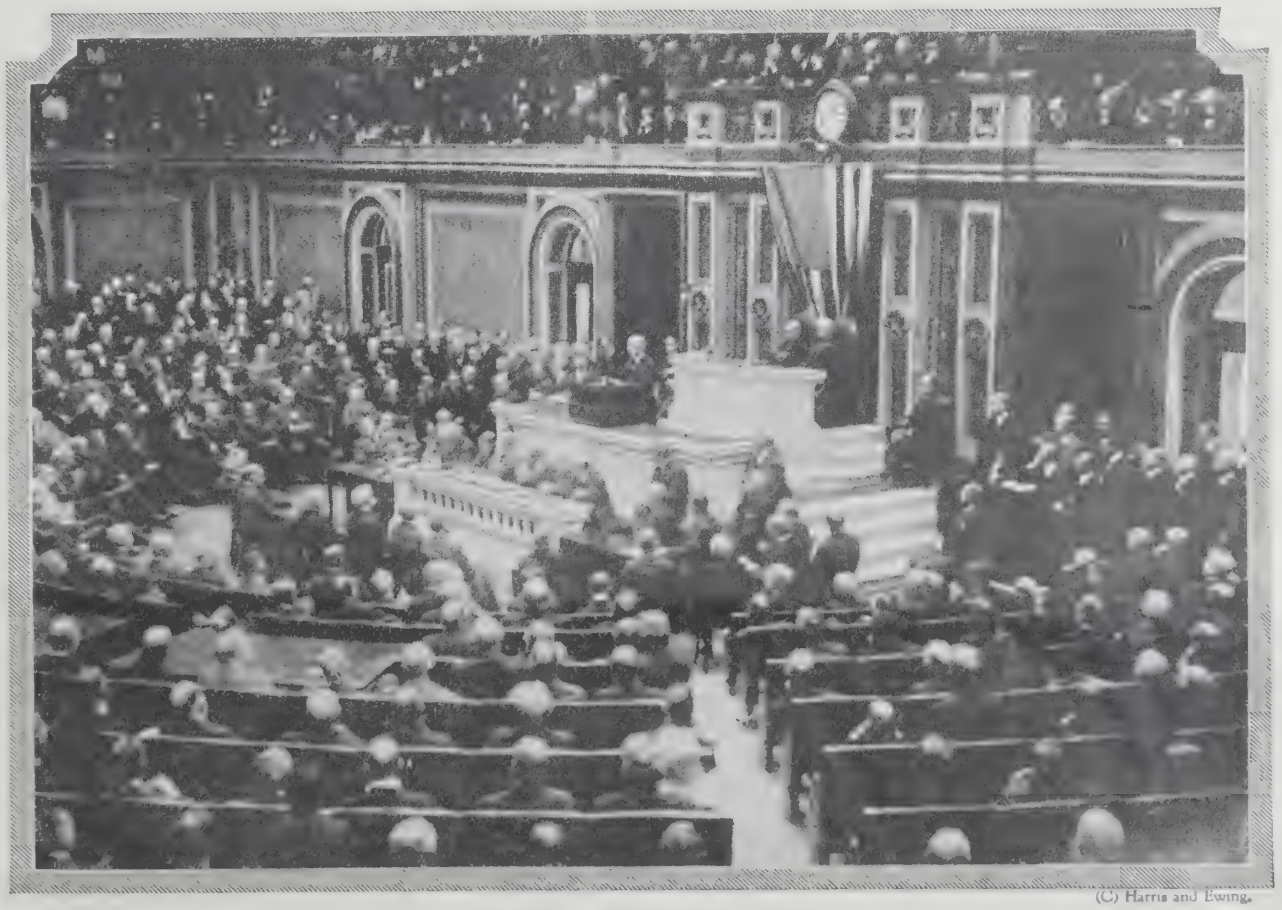

(C) Harris and Ewing.
President Wilson addressing Congress.

Dollar Diplomacy—What Is It?

International Tangles Straightened Without Blather and Bullets

By A. R. PINCI

TIME was, not so very long ago, either, when even our changing presidents did not disturb foreigners beyond a few lines of news, whereas nowadays the mere shifting of certain officials jolts them—and volubly so. More or less subordinate departments, commissions and bureaus cannot suffer a change of personnel now unless both great powers and little nations feel, or pretend to feel, its effects.

For the day has come, by destiny's little joke, when no foreign official can successfully weather the storm and strife of his own bailiwick without American cooperation. That sounds unbelievable but nevertheless is so.

"What are Americans going to do about it?"

"What is the United States thinking?"

"Will America co-operate or object?"

Intrinsically those questions have become to foreign diplomacy what "Watch your step!" means to subway passengers. One reads them in the newspapers every day; one is sure to read of diplomacy's failure unless by and with the aid of the United States. This aid is all the more conjured with and sought and urged because so sparingly and carefully doled out.

There is no doubt whatsoever that ambitious or aggressive American hands could have made the United States a greater power, in point of force and arbitrariness, than we are today. This statement is made here especially for the benefit of those who assert that this country is cruel and exacting toward debtors dislocated by the war. It should be remembered that any other power in our place would not only have imposed more severe terms on the enemy but also decreed a secondary status for her associates. Be it understood that the United States had no allies in the war, and this term popularly prevailed because of its brevity, a no mean fact and influence in misinformation unwittingly caused by the exigencies of newspaper-making. A case in point will prove it.

In our foreign affairs there is a generic term today known as "dollar diplomacy." A few years ago it was a very popular byword; suddenly it became an object of obloquy.

Dollar Diplomacy is the idiom that put the State Department on the front page of newspapers, after the Portsmouth Treaty was forgotten, and kept it there until other agencies helped to make space. I may say that I am the newspaperman responsible for this popularity. The Taft-Knox foreign policies became famous the world over through the instrumentality of a phrase that could be discovered in newspapers of every language, and I found it so in Berlin, Paris, London, Rome and elsewhere at the very time that political stigma began to attach to it here in America.

In the office of the Secretary of State I have interviewed, but seldom for publication, Hay, Root, Knox, Bryan, Lansing and Hughes. I had popularized Knox's diplomacy before I met him, because the key to it had been furnished to me years before by William H. Taft, when he was Secretary of War. In turn Secretary Knox reciprocated by granting an interview for publication which bore the title of "The Achievements of Dollar Diplomacy," he officially adopting the title that I had devised journalistically. A year or so afterward Secretary Bryan, his successor, acquainted me with the fact that dollar diplomacy was thenceforth dead and would stay dead. Thus it was my peculiar and amusing privilege to witness the official birth and official death of a compound word that bore no relation to the thing described other than that which any name bears to the thing carrying it.

Secretary Bryan evidently did not distinguish between hypnotism and death. Despite the Wilson Administration's attempts to destroy dollar diplomacy, it was at this political period that it grew more dollary than ever, outgrowing its natural parent of 1910, so that by the end of 1924 thirty foreign governments had borrowed money in the United States since and independently of the war!

Thus what is Dollar Diplomacy?

In 1905 Mr. Taft read our foreign policy in these words, in the course of an interview I had with him:

"Our relations with foreign peoples, in these days of friendly commercial intercourse and competition, consistent with the principles and ideals of our government, should none the less express a logical and beneficent program in which American dollars must perform a high moral duty."

What is, and was, that duty?

Here is how Secretary Knox described it to me:

"Our diplomacy, when not directed toward the reconciliation of the turbulent elements warring or threatening war in some of the smaller and weaker southern republics or otherwise largely occupied in conducting our foreign relations with the nations of the earth and in endeavoring to establish peace among mankind, has found opportunity to advance the commercial interests of the American people in foreign markets, to encourage the use of our abundant means in assisting less forward countries to develop their resources and to advance reforms necessary to national stability and progress in regions aspiring toward a higher civilization."

Following that principle, and although moved by the fact that the United States should not be cheated out of collateral influence, Secretary Knox reasonably demanded of the German, French, and British governments that if their nationals would finance and build railways in China, American rights and American interests in the development of China, based upon the Treaty of 1903, should be duly recognized. After some negotiation the claim of the United States to equal participation with other powers, in all respects, was admitted by the foreign governments and financiers concerned. The project was the Canton-Hankow Railway.

Because it meant the then considerable sum of $50,000,000—a huge treasure in 1910—banking houses were naturally interested, whereupon critics pounced upon this fact that dollar diplomacy was for and in the interests of plutocrats, the malefactors of great wealth, the owners of tainted money.

The failure of that loan, which in later years gave rise to plans about a Chinese consortium that has never materialized, did not hurt American bankers. But its failure did infringe upon the Chinese Government's liberty of action to covenant with foreign bankers for loans on terms that, so long as they were satisfactory to Pekin, Washington could not logically veto. It is true that the bankers of Wall Street, who in turn were and would be responsible to the ultimate consumers, namely, the investing public, would continue to seek "their share of the loan under the proposed agreements only if expressly requested to do so by the government," but what does that mean?

Merely to put the other great powers on notice. What kind of banking would America's be if our leaders underwrote a loan of $50,000,000 and—*without* government protection—consolidated it with equal shares underwritten by foreign bankers *with* government protection?

Privately—and this is revealing some novel views for the first time—it was felt that American bankers of international reputation *might commercialize the government's approval as a selling point*—an item of immense importance in the disposal of securities to the public. How preposterous this conviction was the war itself demonstrated, when the United States Treasury, backed by the whole administration and the emergency of war, encountered difficulties in marketing government bonds—and never did loans go "over the top" until private bankers did it. Dollar diplomacy has been too frequently confused with financial hegemony.

Today the potency ascribed to American participation in international conferences, irrespective of their name and scope, lies in American dollars and not in American opinions. Our moral support unaccompanied by billions of dollars, cash or credit, is immaterial, is not desired.

In this respect our diplomacy is easy. Foreigners make it so for us, rather than we ourselves. A very well-known foreign official—to whom a few of us independents would not voluntarily concede the title of statesman by which he is generally known—said recently that "the wise diplomatist will recognize that our reputation in America is of greater importance than a temporary advantage in Europe and Asia."

But that does not mean, of course, that the foreign diplomacy should recede into the canonical or evangelical, as it has been at times.

It is only ten years since the byword of Washington diplomatists was:

"Hurry, get the prayerbook, we are going to the State Department."

Now the European cry is:

"Hide what you don't want seen, because the American observers are coming."

Perhaps the greatest fault with our diplomacy is that we have patterned it too finely after the European

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Woodrow Wilson, Man of Thought

Concluded from page 5

on in his mind between the wish to gratify the audience with an attack on those who controlled the opposition, and the desire to make this great audience see the opportunity that opened to America for leadership in the world. I venture to say that there never was such a speech made under similar circumstances. There were many able speakers in the audience that night who were also competent critics and they were almost unanimous in declaring that they had never heard an orator reach greater spiritual or poetical heights, as he called upon the people of the Rockies to guide the rest of the country up the paths of national life among nations to the summits. Yet there was no politics in this speech in the "low brow" sense of the phrase. After forty-five minutes, the Governor closed with one of his most beautiful perorations and a mystified audience slowly turned and filtered out of the hall, leaving the speaker conscious that he had not given them what they had come for.

We made our way out of the hall to an automobile in the rear. As we drove down to the depot to the Governor's private car, in a weary and dejected way and almost in anguish, he exclaimed several times, "Oh, what a miserable failure! How terrible!" His depression could not be softened by words of encouragement and only a humorous incident at the car broke the spell.

Along toward midnight his train was to leave. The usual crowd had been there and gone, and there were only a very few standing around the rear end of his car saying goodby to him as he stood on the platform. Just as the train started, a tall, grizzled ranchman with high boots and Stetson hat came swinging along the platform with something of a roll to his walk. He stepped down between the rails, reached up and grasped Mr. Wilson's hand so firmly that he caused him to be pulled forward as the train moved. At the same time, the ranchman hurried his steps. Then too full of admiring emotion to give utterance to a commonplace, and his feelings accelerated by a few drinks, this plainsman, looking up in mingled agony and admiration exclaimed with intense emotion:

"Goodby! Governor Wilson, Goodby! God damn you!" and let go the Governor's hand. The situation was too much for the latter. Whatever disappointment he may have felt over his speech gave way to uncontrollable laughter, and as his train was swallowed up in the night, I could still hear sounds of merriment. The plainsman whose tongue had tripped unconsciously over the phrase "God bless you," well satisfied with his farewell, retraced his steps, muttering words of praise. Frequently afterward, Mr. Wilson repeated this story to friends and cited it as the most humorous incident that had ever occurred to him in public life.

But if Mr. Wilson's mind sometimes refused to come under the spell of his will, there was one combination of circumstances that never failed to synchronize his will and his imagination. That was when he was facing an audience that was hostile or in opposition. It was then that the subconscious Wilson revealed itself, and he rose to his greatest heights. Opposition, undoubtedly, was a thing that his abilities fed upon, and, had it not been that his life was one continuous effort to surmount opposition and obstacles, he would never have reached the immortal heights he attained. In his college days, if he had been a football player, he would probably have made a poor showing in practice games where only the scrub was to be beaten back.

An unexpected situation in the pre-convention campaign days of 1912 offered the kind of opportunity that President Wilson delighted in. In the State of California, both parties contained hostile camps. In each there was a progressive and a conservative wing, and when Governor Wilson was making a tour that was not partisan so far as parties were concerned but in which he was arraigning those who were enemies of the government generally, he was captured by the conservatives in San Francisco who executed a coup which had left the progressives out in the cold. The conservatives were to have him as a guest of honor at the Fairmount Hotel. Those who were in control of this occasion numbered among them a group who represented the special interests and monopoly. They saw to it that when the invitations came out there was a complete absence of progressives. The situation was extremely delicate for Mr. Wilson. While he was not an avowed candidate for office, his political future was being weighed in the balance and there was the possibility of the Presidency.

Because of his early Princeton connections and views, there was somehow a lingering idea that despite his progressive actions as Governor of New Jersey, he was not a simon-pure progressive. When the information reached the Governor that the progressives would be on the outside, he at once determined that if they could not get in they at least would not lack comfort. Knowing that representatives of special privilege would be there in numbers, he had the very incentive needed for the type of speech that he made. That night he delivered an address that is a classic in its description of the trend of modern business corporations that seek to remain just "within the law," or go beyond it in their desire to monopolize industry. It is fortunate that this speech was taken down in shorthand, and is still in existence. It should be reprinted and scattered throughout our colleges and institutions of learning, among our farmers and labor organizations, for there never has been a more enlightened discussion of this subject, so prominent in the business world today.

The speeches of Woodrow Wilson on the subject of the interplay of the special interests in the business world leave one like the writer, who has for five years had a close-up observation of their actions, in amazement as to how he could have obtained such a realistic understanding of the subject, as he showed immediately after leaving the cloistered university life.

The anatomical way that he handled it that night in San Francisco with a dissecting scalpel that laid bare the fibrous growth of monopoly in our markets, under laws which permit men to come together in artificial groups called a "person," and exercising most of the privileges of a natural person without being subject to many of his responsibilities, was superb. He left no doubt in the minds of his hearers as to whom he was hitting. Even the materially blind had the mirror held up to them in a way that revealed the unfair advantages taken by artificial growths such as some of these corporations had developed into. Yet no one present could dare take open offense at what was said.

Woodrow Wilson knew before he arose that night that he was going to surprise his audience and some of them unpleasantly, and that he would probably not be the recipient of much applause. Yet there he was rejoicing over the opportunity of meeting monopoly face to face and letting it know how contemptible he thought its practices were.

It would have been very interesting to have sat at the breakfast table the following morning with the progressives who did not get an invitation to that banquet but who read what was uttered there by Woodrow Wilson. Suffice it to say his appearance in California was not soon forgotten, and the lasting impression of that speech not only affected the 1912 campaign but etched itself on the minds of the progressives in California in such a way that it had an influence in the 1916 campaign.

Mr. Ford's Page

IN LAST week's Page it was said that "it is man's immoral reactions to Progress that change his progress to be his doom," and, "modern progress is the test of our ability to attain a moral greatness equal to our other achievements." The idea is that Progress tests the people.

This idea is not doubted, indeed it is confirmed everywhere. But wherein does Progress test the people? Physically, in their muscles or their nerves? Mentally, in their brain power? These tests have been met and easily sustained—muscularly and nervously men are better equipped today, and brains are more than common, although a sustained and systematic use of them is not.

The records of the dooms that have overtaken progressive peoples do not indicate that they fell through physical or mental failure. They collapsed morally. "Prosperity was too much for them," as we sometimes say of individuals. Too much for them in what way? Too much for their moral balance; they could stand it physically, mentally, but they could not stand it morally. They went to pieces through their inability to permit the moral law to become constructively operative in their life, and the natural consequence was that it became destructively operative. That is one thing we know about the moral law—it operates; for us, if we will; against us, if it must; but it operates.

There exists in our day the pretense of a curious prejudice against any view of life that presupposes moral laws or values. It may be the word "moral" that is objected to; it conveys a wrong meaning, and no wonder, so badly has it been misused. Like the word "ideal," the word "moral" has been made to serve as the opposite of "practical." However, it is not the opposite of practical, for until it is recognized as a basic element of the practical, then what we call practical is of all things most impractical. For nothing "works" unless it is right, whether it be a matter of machinery or men. Unless the relations and proportions are right, they become ineffectual and self-destructive. Human relations are no exception to the rule.

The difficulty has been that so many people have thought that the term "moral" meant something like "trying to be good." There is a very understandable and somewhat healthy protest against the idea of merely "trying to be good." *Good for what?*—that is the vital end of it. An average experience of men convinces us that there are many very good persons, undeniably good persons, who nonetheless are "good for nothing."

And again the term "moral" carries with it a sense of sacrifice, as if the gain would be much larger or the opportunity more promising, if only one were not required to be so moral, so good. The ethical value is treated as if it diminishes the material value.

This is an entirely wrong view. Wrong, in the sense that it contradicts the facts. There are no material values where there are no ethical values. Look at Central Africa. If material values are ever recognized there, it will be because of the arrival of people who have ethical values. The thief carries off value in his hand because the ethical qualities of the unthieving community have given value to what he carries. Without that, his loot would be rubbish. We may talk about the materialism of the world all we like, but you never see material values except where there are ethical values; the barbarians and savages, who are pure materialists, suffer a lack of all materials.

There was a word once spoken which throws light on this: "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven, and all these (material) things shall be added unto you." That is in the Sermon on the Mount. It does not mean religiously trying to save one's soul and get it into heaven; it means what it says, the reign, the rule, the law of the highest relations. Get that, work by that, and you have the world—a world without poverty, without injustice, without need.

Will the poverty and injustice and need of the world be a pressure to force us to adopt this law of the higher relations? If so, fortunate are we. If not, it will be the ancient doom of those who failed to bring human interior progress up to a level with exterior progress. The human race is absolutely unnecessary to the existence of this planet, which can get along without us; its use to the race seems to be the giving of experience; and unless experience enables us to progress in human relations and in the establishment of social systems which will "work" in the equal service of all, then the purpose of progress has failed.

So that when we speak of "morality in progress" we mean the maintenance by man of his control of the situation, not his being overwhelmed by the situation. We mean that he shall mold progress to his highest concepts of what is "right" between man and man and what will "work" for the service of all; and not merely consent to be molded out of moral shape by the pressure of progress upon him.

Now, a man can make a soap, or a phonograph, or a car, or a gas, or a magazine, and he can say, "I want to make the best article I can, of equal quality all the time, easily procurable by all who want it, and all so good and satisfactory that people will never want anything but my product." Would you say that he was showing morality? No, you would say that he was just showing sound business sense. Well, that is morality. If the man had said, "I want to make a soap that will cheat and injure every purchaser, of unequal quality, hard to procure and never wanted again," we should not stop to consider his morality but his sanity.

Morality is doing the sound thing in the best way; it is the larger view and the longer view applied to life. For what we are doing is not making this or that, we are making life, and the opportunity of life, and the conditions of life; and the measure of our morality is the measure of our wisdom—how well are we doing it? Let us say of life as we say of soap—"We want to create for everybody the best life conditions possible, a high level of possibility and opportunity for all, a satisfactory life easily procurable, and one that people will be glad to live and bring their children into"—and we are merely applying sound sense to life. It is the highest morality, but it is not merely "trying to be good."

The heart of the matter is that this is the only way that life can be made. The advantage of what we call the "moral" is that it is the "natural"; it represents the way that life must go if it is to go at all. Morality does not represent a saintly and sacrificial effort to bend the bad natural to the unnatural good. It is the bad that is unnatural, because it will not "work." It is the good that is natural, because it will work. Morality is a part of good management. The good manager may resent the word as applied to his work, he may retort that it is only common sense; but that is what morality is, the plain, practical development of life according to its nature.

The signs are that we shall recognize more widely than other civilizations this pressure toward morality. Nations and civilizations are not destroyed because they do not see the need and place of the moral view of Progress, but because, having clearly seen it, they reject it. We have not yet done that. We are, on the whole, quite receptive of the moral implications of Progress, and we are waiting mostly for demonstrations that it can be done, and how. These demonstrations are more numerous now than they have ever been in all the ages of mankind. Whether we name the movement moral or not, morality is surely moving to practical recognition.

THE right way is the only way, and the rightness of an attitude or method goes down through all its relations. Rightness in mechanics and morals is basically the same thing. We make a great error in regarding "moral" as meaning "trying to be good"; it means trying to be right. Unless the parts of a machine are right, power cannot be delivered, service cannot be rendered. The only kind of precision that fits society together is moral precision, which is the science of right relations. We make no progress as long as we deny this. Our motive in this is not the attainment of some kind of goodness which is apart from life itself, but the attainment of inherent rightness so that this complex instrument which we call society may efficiently function. Morality is the mechanics of rightness.

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Our "Diplomats"

GREATER frankness, and more willingness to instruct the people in the points at issue, must characterize the Department of State to prevent ugly misunderstandings in this country. The Department was recently jarred from its pontifical attitude and spoke twice to the people (without looking at them), but the distance was very great and the frigidity extreme. The feeling persists that even though our signatures at Paris do not involve us, the opinion of Europe is that they do. If we say they do not, as our Department of State has said, then they do not; the signature of the United States never means any more than we say that it means. But Woodrow Wilson would have met this point in a better way: it comes to mind what he did when we were trying to "interpret" the Panama Canal Treaty in such a way as to make it mean what we wanted. Woodrow Wilson's words on that occasion should be carved on the walls of the innermost office of the State Department, as the principle which this Republic must follow in matters of this kind.

The conviction grows that the United States is better off on the old lines of its diplomacy, when it made no pretenses to skill or style. It begins to seem as if our importance in world affairs were having the effect of throwing us off that old-time balance by which we came to that power, and that we are not cutting such a swath in professional diplomatic circles as we seem to think. We notice that it is the other boys who regularly go home with the bacon, and that our men have to be satisfied with "recognition" and "acknowledgment." This would be perfectly all right, if we did not attempt to make it appear to be something else. Our diplomats would be just about as we desire them to be, if they were not so easily moved by the older hands abroad to believe that they are real European diplomats. We don't want real European diplomats in our affairs. We want American representatives of American common sense. The old shirt-sleeves diplomacy did not possess a very taking name, but it represented something that was American and that was respected for its individual character and strength. In other words, it would not be a bad thing if Calvin Coolidge would rub a little Vermont soil on the hands of our diplomats and inject a little Vermont sap into their veins.

Child Labor vs. the Amendment

THE case against child labor has been won, but the miscalled Child Labor Amendment to the Constitution has been lost. The dishonest efforts of the proponents of the amendment, to have it appear that opponents of it were actuated by a desire to exploit the labor of children, have failed and the truth succeeded in getting itself heard in time. The people of this nation are heartily tired of passing up all their duties to Washington to perform (the Government having so many duties now that it performs most of them badly), and they are tired of trotting out their Constitution every little while for remodeling at the hands of those political women who have proved to be the easiest way of ingress for alien ideas that masquerade as socially ameliorative but which in the end are perversive of American rights and destructive of the American tradition.

Weightiest of all, of course, was the instinctive resentment of the people against handing the direction of their children over to Congress until they became 18 years of age. Americans simply will not do that. It is easy enough to comprehend the state of mind in which this proposal arose—in the childless, sovietized, de-Americanized minds of overexcited feminists; but it is next to impossible to understand how such a proposal got past Congress.

Does Congress want to take over the direction of children until they are 18?

Ask Congress. Poll Congress. Congress says NO! Then why did Congress propose it by submitting the amendment? Because of pressure—from women who pretended to "represent millions of American mothers," but who do not. Such mothers as have been led on humanitarian grounds to approve the amendment, think that the law will apply to *some other mother's children, not her own;* the children of the cotton country, or the mining country. *But it will apply to your children—everybody's children.* That is what the people will not stand. A country that would brook no interference with its tea will not tamely submit to hand its children over to any political authority.

"But," say our women lobbyists, "can't you trust Congress to do the right thing?" No—for this reason: put this amendment across and the next thing would be the handing over of its authority to a new department of government comprised of these same women who sponsored the amendment. If Congress kept this authority in its own hands, the people could make themselves felt against aggression. But Congress will get rid of the responsibility at once. A Congress that will succumb to pressure in submitting such an amendment will succumb to further pressure as to how the amendment is to be applied. We don't feel like passing the children of America over to a Washington Bureau; the record of the one existing now is a warning against any more.

This amendment has been most cunningly drawn in all its particulars to defeat the people's right of expression on this vital matter. No period is fixed as the time in which it must be ratified, so that it can drag on and on for years, with perhaps ratification won here and there where negative action had previously been taken, and by means which have been exposed as contrary to the mind of American women.

That is to say, 48 States may turn down this amendment today and not settle anything, because an endless period has been shrewdly devised for it. Too shrewdly devised, perhaps, for it may lead to a very definite ruling on this point.

Two things are urgently needed in the matter of amendments; first that they should be submitted to the people, or to constitutional conventions chosen by the people with the amendment in view. Second, a definite period fixed wherein to accept or reject an amendment, after which the proposal, if unratified, is dead.

As for the children of the Nation—the best we can give them is the widest liberty to develop their own careers along natural lines, by study if they choose that, by work if they choose that, with no Prussianized goose stepping and no sovietized regimentation of their budding powers, by a Washington bureau of feminine socialists.

Red China?

A GLANCE at the map will show that Mongolia lies immediately south of Soviet Russia, and that China proper lies immediately south of Mongolia. A Mongolian Soviet Government has recently been formed which has become an integral part of the Soviet Union. Moscow rejoices, for this is part of the dream that the Red International hopes to realize: a World's Union of Soviet Republics, with dictators of mixed Semitic breed ruling its destinies.

Somewhat to Moscow's chagrin, America and the European Powers have not worried much over the conversion of Mongolia; its effect on the world is not immediate nor sensational. The effect on the future of China, however, is an important matter.

There is ample evidence that Moscow has had much to do with the civil strife that has in recent months caused a certain liveliness in the Chinese Republic. Russian officers and men have helped to render efficient the fighting forces, and Russian munitions of war have figured in the fighting paraphernalia. Dr. Sun Yat Sen and his Cantonese are admittedly helped and directed by the Reds, who are gradually extending their influence over a vast territory in the Far East. Let this continue, and it is only a matter of time until East becomes West and North becomes South.

Indeed, what was yesterday Northern China has in a sense become Southern Russia today. The effect of this on the western world, and in the struggles to come, will repay careful observation.

The Hidden Hand in Egypt

BEHIND the unexpected and sensational occurrences that upset the world, there is usually a hidden purpose. The average report records the event without shedding much light upon it. The intelligent reader is never really satisfied that these events are of individual origin or for personal purposes.

The intelligent reader is particularly right in regard to those events which from time to time rob the world of some of its best men. The hand of the fanatical assassin is usually the instrument of some hidden plot. In this way America lost a Lincoln—whose death appears to have been desired on more than military or political grounds—and Europe some of its greatest statesmen.

The *Patriot,* a British magazine, cites the recent shooting of Sir Lee Stack, the Sirdar of Egypt, in the streets of Cairo, as an instance of the power of "the hidden hand." The *Morning Post,* advancing the same idea, says: "The question now animating Cairo is: 'Who is maintaining this gang? Who is instigating the fanatical youths to commit these crimes?'" The *Patriot* gives a brief history of a secret organization known as the "Clarte," which is described as an "Internationale of Intellectual Bolsheviks," on the committees of which are to be found leading members of the Zionist movement. It is pointed out that "when a branch (of the Clarte) was formed in Egypt its direction was placed in the hands of a well-known Jewish Communist and agent of the Soviet Government there. Of the Egyptian Council of Five, three were Jews"—a German Jew, an Italian Jew and a Russian Jew.

The *Patriot* concludes with the following received from one of its correspondents:

> "Among the Bolshevist agents stirring up sedition in Egypt, Jews, as everywhere else, are playing the most important part. 'One of these, the Hebrew who has himself called Rose, but whose name is Abraham Rosenstein, has been arrested and expelled; as also another Hebrew, Salomon Saslawski, and a third. But for three who depart a hundred remain.'"

There is in every country at the present moment an element whose object is to subvert laws and undermine constitutions. This element is composed of men who own no nation and belong to no nation. They are the foci of the next outbreak which will occur in the Orient, involve all powers, and definitely settle some matters that will not yield to reason.

The Younger Generation

HOW is it with our boys and girls, our young men and women? The question has become an anxious one throughout the land. The young themselves begin to feel the perturbation which they cause in their elders. The elders, on their side, begin to wonder whether they are rightly judging their young. Thus it emerges that the two generations are conscious of their being two peoples, and they seek the reason for it.

It follows that children whose playthings are the miracles of motion pictures and radio, who can take a ride in the sky more easily than their forebears could procure a ride in a train, are bound to be somewhat different.

The long approach to mystery and reality has been greatly shortened, in its more superficial aspects, for the young. Some of the reticences which we formerly deemed the mark of rectitude have disappeared, but we catch ourselves with a subtle misgiving when we conclude from this that with the reticence has disappeared the rectitude also. We cannot believe that. One mark of the younger generation is frankness, and this coexists with natural decency. The younger group talks more freely perhaps than its elders did, but that this results in looser conduct has not been proved. The younger group dallies with philosophies which would mean ruin if the poison really took effect, but it seldom does; the young, no matter what their airs may be, are not philosophers. They have pretended to dump overboard some of the old reverences, but it is mostly pretense, inasmuch as one cannot get rid of what one never possessed, and reverence may be a thing pretended rather than consciously possessed by younger minds.

Taking it altogether, Luther Burbank's conclusion, in his article printed in this issue of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, is a natural one.

Mr. Burbank points out some of the dangers, and they are real. But he also points out the possible avoidance of the danger. In any case, Mr. Burbank has a shrewd suspicion that the blackest facts are never true, and he is right. Extremes are always wrong. The truth of pessimism is always temporary. The younger generation will land right side up.

American Libraries Lead in Service

Millions of Rare and Useful Books Available for Use of Citizens

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

THE American Public Library is a truly representative institution of our American democracy. In American libraries prevails the finest spirit of service to the community as a whole, from the least to the greatest. The library serves the past by conservation of the written record, the present with books, and the future through the children by inspiring in them a love for books. In service to the whole community, in speed of service to readers, and in placing books in the hands of the multitude, the American libraries stand first among the libraries of the world.

Three centers of American culture contend for first place with respect to library facilities: New York, Washington, and Boston, with Chicago making rapid strides to stand alongside these three. Washington is on record as having more than seven million books in the Library of Congress and other government libraries. The numerous large private libraries of New York would doubtless place the metropolis first, if any fair approximation could be made.

The New York Public Library more than any other great library of the world offers service to the public. Standing as it does at the main port of entry into the United States, this institution of an enlightened democracy is an honor to the metropolis, to the State of New York, and to the Nation.

No library system in America has received over long periods of time such munificent gifts as the New York Public Library. These gifts bear eloquent witness to the love for the library felt by citizens of New York; they indicate an enlightened and progressive management. Incorporated with this institution are three foundations which unite to make the library truly great. The inscriptions above the noble entrance read as follows:

THE LENOX LIBRARY
FOUNDED BY
JAMES LENOX
DEDICATED TO HISTORY,
LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS
MDCCCLXX

THE ASTOR LIBRARY
FOUNDED BY
JOHN JACOB ASTOR
FOR THE
ADVANCEMENT OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE
MDCCCXLIII

THE TILDEN TRUST
FOUNDED BY
SAMUEL JONES TILDEN
TO SERVE THE INTERESTS OF
SCIENCE AND POPULAR EDUCATION
MDCCCLXXXIII

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
MDCCCXCV MDCCCCII

The gifts of John Jacob Astor and those of his sons and grandsons totaled $1,700,000 at a time when even rare books were comparatively cheap. The Lenox Library was formed by James Lenox (1800-1880), one of the most ardent book collectors of the world, whose library enjoyed for a long period of time the services of the most learned American bibliographer, Dr. Wilberforce Eames, now of the New York Public Library. The Lenox volumes in the field of American history, in particular, are numerous and of fundamental importance. The estate of Samuel Jones Tilden in 1886 yielded to the New York Public Library not only his large private library but also an endowment fund of two million. In 1909 John S. Kennedy left some three million to the endowment fund which was augmented during 1923 by six million further, the gift of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Payne Whitney, and Edward S. Harkness. No other library of the world is today so well endowed as the New York Public Library; and no library system returns more to the great public.

Oval—Library of Congress. One of the most majestic buildings of the world and a treasure house of learning. Below—The Distribution Room in the Library of Congress. Arranged for the convenience of the readers.

As far as the branch libraries which serve the city of New York are concerned the most notable gift was by Andrew Carnegie, patron of learning. In 1901 Carnegie contributed $5,200,000, which enabled New York City to build thirty-seven fine branch libraries. Through these and the great Central Building, the New York Public Library achieves the proud record of first in use among all the libraries of the world. At the New York Public Library you will find scholarly attendants to help you find the book which you have in mind and to suggest a dozen other books to throw further light on the subject. Here a numbered table is assigned to you, the reader, and the books are brought with amazing celerity direct to your elbow.

To the library resources of New York was recently added the magnificent collection left by James Pierpont Morgan, together with notable additions made by his son, J. P. Morgan, Jr. The value of this collection is estimated at ten million dollars, including many manuscript treasures. Here one may see Dickens' "The Cricket on the Hearth," as it was written; with Thackeray's "The Rose and the Ring," Holmes' "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," and a host of other manuscripts of equal interest. Here, too, are to be found many of the rarest early specimens of printing, and particularly early works in English.

The Hispanic Society of America and the American Geographical Society, both ornamenting Broadway at 156th street, furnish two outstanding collections in special fields. As far as rare Spanish and Spanish-American items are concerned one would seek them in New York in the fine library of the Hispanic Society. For early atlases and maps, and later ones, too, the American Geographical Society with one thousand atlases is second in America only to the Library of Congress.

The list of special collections in New York City and Brooklyn would run into the hundreds. Hebrew works printed before 1500 are found in the Jewish Theological Seminary in a collection not to be equaled elsewhere in the world. Textbooks of arithmetic and early schoolbooks in all subjects are found in an incomparable collection gathered by George A. Plimpton, the active head of Ginn and Company, and president of the Ginn Peace Foundation; The General Theological Seminary, Columbia University, with a million books and pamphlets; the Union Theological Seminary, and a dozen other institutions have libraries which contribute to make New York the center of literary America. Wealthy New Yorkers, of whom there are a few, have for years been distinguished as a group by the fact that among their number are many discriminating book collectors with amazing achievements in their hobbies.

The oldest library in the United States is the Harvard College Library. In 1638, two years after the founding of the College, "The Reverend Mr. John Harvard sometimes Minister of God's Word at Charlstown, by his last Will and Testament gave toward the erecting the abovsd School or Colledge, th' one Moiety or halfe parte of his Estate," with all of his books, totaling 370 in number. In 1667 the first librarian was appointed, Dr. Solomon Stoddard, an author and preacher. In 1655 Sir Kenelm Digby sent twenty-seven books, valued at £60, largely because of his friendly relations with Governor Winthrop, also a patron of the library.

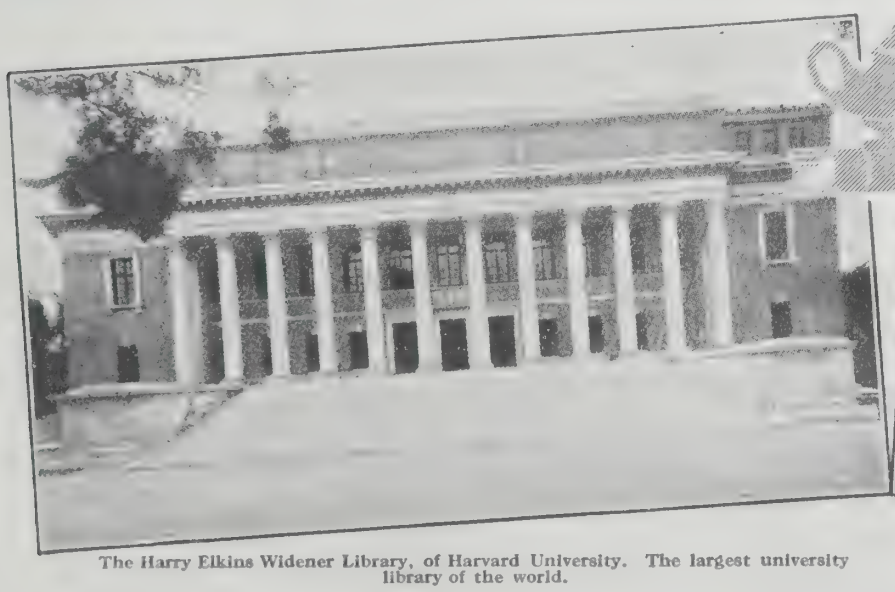
In 1764 the library, grown to include 5,000 volumes, was burned and only a few books were saved. Only one of John Harvard's original library is known, being John Downham's "Christian Warfare Against the Deuill World and Flesh."

The destruction of the Harvard Library awakened in the colonists a renewed sense of its importance. Thomas Hollis of Lincoln's Inn whose family had before then made many gifts to Harvard sent over forty-one cases of books between 1765 and 1770; Governor Francis Bernard gave more than 300 volumes, the Province of New Hampshire appropriated £300; various religious societies sent large donations and with more than two hundred other contributors united to make the library better than it was before the fire.

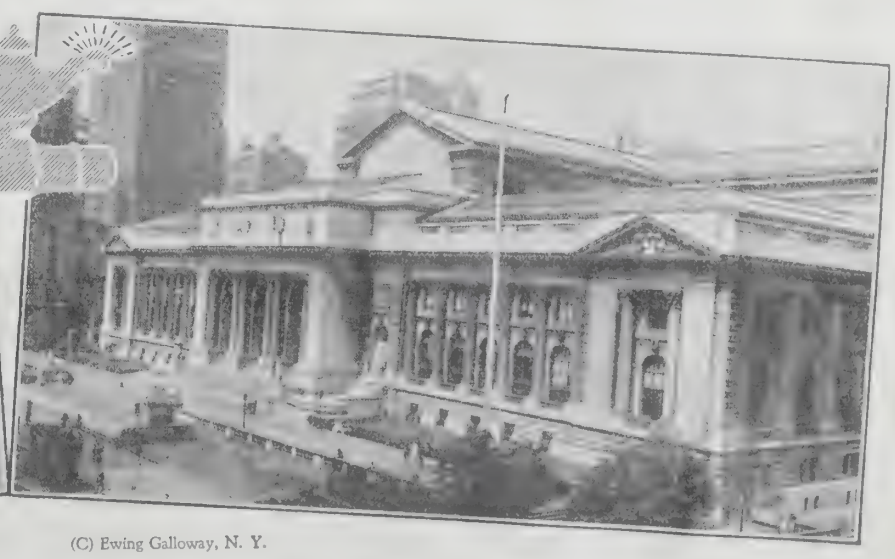
The Harvard College Library now possessing more than two million books and pamphlets is housed in the most modern building of the great American libraries. This building was completed in 1915, a memorial to Harry Elkins Widener, an ardent book lover and collector who perished in the *Titanic* disaster of 1912.

Harvard Library possesses probably a greater variety of fine special collections than any other library with the exception of the British Museum. Most of these are of a scholarly character like the botanical libraries of the Arnold Arboretum and the Gray Herbarium, Andover-Harvard Theological Library, the Ebeling American History Collection, The Widener Rare Books,

(*Concluded on page 15*)



The Harry Elkins Widener Library, of Harvard University. The largest university library of the world.



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What Is the Matter With Prohibition?

Is the Law Enforced? Is the Prohibition Personnel as It Should Be?

"Observer at Close Range" Seeks to Analyze the General Situation

By MONTFORT T. STOKES

LAW enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment has fallen far short of complete success.

As there is a cause for every condition that exists, there are ample reasons why two national and many state administrations have made more or less of a failure of this formidable task.

Having had an opportunity for fifteen consecutive months to observe at close range the operations of one of the largest Federal enforcement offices in the country, the writer feels that he knows at least some of the most potent reasons for the failure.

In the state director's office there were approximately eighty employes on January 1, 1923, with a monthly pay roll of about $11,000. Attached to this office and under the control of the director were also eight "group heads" distributed at different points in the state, and at each point was located from five to twenty enforcement agents. To pay the salaries and expenses of this outside force of about seventy men, with their office assistants, including clerks and stenographers (agents drew the cost of their travel and maintenance when not at their post of duty, which was much of the time), required at least $18,000 more a month, or a total pay roll of about $325,000 on an annual basis.

Of these employes, totaling about one hundred and fifty, not more than 6 per cent were true friends of the law they were being paid by their country to uphold. For every nine standing squarely for strict law observance, there were one hundred and forty-one opposed to honest enforcement and at least half of these favoring the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. These astounding facts were obtained by actual personal interviews and daily contact with these persons.

Sixteen-to-One Against Law

THIS ratio prevailed among all the employes, men and women, including secretaries, clerks, filers, stenographers, typists and accountants—about a sixteen to one proportion as between the enemies and friends of the law. Not only that, but the very few of the latter were tremendously handicapped in their work, as they were ridiculed by the great majority and designated as "cranks." They were not as a rule trusted with important matters, and rarely ever assigned to a case where there was danger of the refusal of a permit. They were usually given applications where no doubt existed as to the regularity and reliability of the applicant.

Thus it is shown that of the annual salaries of $325,000 paid by the government into this one office for enforcement in a single year, $19,500 went to those honestly interested in upholding the law, while $205,500 went to those who were much better pleased when it was successfully defied and defeated.

During this same period, there was also stationed in the same state a divisional chief, in command of a force of from twenty to fifty general prohibition agents drawing higher salaries than the Federal agents, and constituted of a personnel not even as favorable in their regard for the law as those under the state director. This, because they generally came from other states and were not in the slightest degree controlled by local conditions.

The cost of this branch of the service in this state was at least $100,000 a year, with an annual total outlay of $425,000 by the Federal Government, with only 9 per cent of the total, or $25,500, going to the friends of the law, and 91 per cent, or $399,500, to its enemies; which surely discloses one very significant reason for farcical law observance.

Occupying the front offices and drawing the major salaries in the director's office were state director, assistant state director, Federal supervisor, legal advisor, state group head and chief permit inspector, drawing salaries respectively of $5,000, $4,000, $4,000, $3,600, $4,000, and $3,000 annually.

An Unfriendly Attitude

IT IS the Federal supervisor who is the special representative of the Washington office and whose duty it is to keep the National director in touch with what is doing. In this instance a very unobtrusive little man held this position. He did not care much whether the law was enforced or not, but was sorry it was ever enacted. He did not believe in prohibition but disliked argument, and was quite apt to agree with the opinions of the one talking to him—always wanted to travel the road of the least resistance. He has been in the internal revenue service for many years and remains, evidently because he is always willing to do things that will please his superiors.

He is supposed to be an expert on all office rules and existing Federal statutes pertaining to his department, but when he was asked two years after the Volstead Act went into effect "if the buyer as well as the seller of illegally sold liquor could be properly charged with the violation of this act," his reply was: "Well, now, that is a new question and I will have to look it up very carefully before I can answer." This in spite of the fact that every other employe in the office knew there was no provision in the law for the prosecution of the buyer. However, every true friend of the act believes there should have been. In fact, proposed amendments are now pending in Congress, which, if passed, will make the buyer equally guilty with the seller.

Perhaps the official in an enforcement office, possessed of the greatest opportunity to do good or evil, is the legal advisor. He presides at all hearings of complaints filed against alleged violators, and is presumed to be counsel for the government. Defendants are represented by their own attorneys. While the legal advisor does not make a final decision he files with his report in each case his recommendation as to how it should be disposed of, and in most cases his suggestion is approved.

In this office the legal advisor did not hesitate often to express his unfriendliness to the Eighteenth Amendment, and some of the most sincere and effective workers among the agents often complained of his manner and method at hearings, charging that he appeared to them much more friendly to the cause of the defendants than that of the government. This writer is satisfied that because of the prejudice of this official, rank injustice often resulted and many real criminals escaped.

Thousands of Permits

IT IS the chief permit inspector to whom go the original applications of those desiring to sell liquor, claiming a legal right to do so. It is his duty to assign to the various inspecting agents these applications for investigation and upon the receipt of their reports, made after interviewing the applicant and visiting his place of business, to make his recommendation as to whether the permit to sell should be granted.

In this case the holder of this job was an uncompromising friend and patron of the liquor traffic and often so expressed himself, when sitting at his desk, in most vigorous language, and many times with profane emphasis. Before his appointment, he was a small-town politician of the ward heeler type, with known intemperate habits. He boasted that he secured his appointment through the influence of a nearby city boss, who happened to be a distant relative. His name appeared with that of the assistant director in the agent's report of official irregularities and soon thereafter he was transferred to a far-away station, but was not at the time discharged—simply sent to a new field of operation.

With such an organization in control, aided by nearly one hundred assistants constantly at the command of their superior officers, of whom not more than 6 per cent were genuine and loyal supporters of the law, is it surprising that there were thousands of permits in the hands of bootleggers and other law violators, and that in a single city in one year there were nearly 45,000 arrests for drunkenness?

There are fundamental reasons for the existence of these conditions. Among the more important are: an inactive public sentiment—lack of co-operation of town, city, and state officials, particularly mayors, prosecutors, justices, police chiefs, policemen and constables; duplicity of side-stepping politicians, with appointive power and want of sympathy; and co-operation of those high in command, who are really responsible for enforcement; actual interference when, in spite of all handicaps, the few sincere agents make an effort to bring violators to justice; spineless backbones of many who should be and who pretend to be friends of the law, and who are responsible for all kinds of ridiculous and harmful actions, particularly in the making of appointments.

What of the Patrons?

BEFORE prohibition enforcement can be made effective without unnecessary hardship for the officers charged with this duty, the law should be strengthened in at least two particulars: Patrons of bootleggers and all others engaged in illicit liquor selling should be made equally guilty with the seller. This provision should apply without fear or favor to the ordinary citizen, officeholder, political boss, church leader, workman, business man, the poor and the rich.

The buyer goes about soliciting the services of the bootlegger, paying him to violate the laws of his country. But in the judgment of Congress as reflected in the Volstead Act, he who is primarily responsible for every violation is a good citizen and absolutely immune from prosecution.

In one year in the city of Philadelphia, the police made nearly 45,000 arrests for drunkenness and only nine arrests for bootlegging, although the place was swarming with all kinds of illicit liquor sellers. If the law provided for the prosecution of the buyers, each one of these thousands of "drunks" would have learned that there was mighty little profit in patronizing bootleggers. If they had been faithful to their oaths to defend and support the laws of their country, these city officials could have made use of each of the thousands arrested as direct sources of information regarding from whom the liquor was obtained and, instead of making nine arrests for illegal selling, could have increased the number by more than forty thousand.

Enforcement agents should not be required to make garbage buckets or poisonous-booze containers of their stomachs, successfully to secure evidence of violations. This is one of the burning injustices of the requirements in the government enforcement service.

Instead, the law should give the agent the authority to visit any place where he has reason to believe the law is being violated or against which a charge has been filed and sworn to by a reputable citizen, and demand from the person in charge a sample of any beverage being offered for sale, which he thinks may not conform to the provisions of the law. Any refusal to deliver this sample, upon payment being tendered, should be made punishable by fine or imprisonment, or both, according to the circumstances. Such an amendment would make the life of the agent more bearable and rid it of much of the embarrassment, humiliation and danger which is now encountered at almost every step.

No one who is not engaged in selling a law-forbidden beverage would object to furnishing a government representative with a sample of anything he is offering for sale, and the seller who is a law violator should be compelled to afford officers every opportunity of doing their duty without hindrance or interference.

Many agents, while trying to conceal their identity in whisky shops, have been suspected, and pounced upon and beaten up by the violators and the mobs usually hanging about such places. In a few instances non-drinking agents have got by for a time by using a small atomizer, sucking up the liquor from the glass while the barkeeper has his back turned making change. But sooner or later the seller unexpectedly turns round and makes the discovery. Then there is trouble, often a cleaning out, and sometimes bloodshed.

Many sober, clean, and honorable young people have refrained from making application for employment in the Prohibition Enforcement department of the Federal service, because of the requirement to test the liquor by drinking it in the effort to secure evidence of violations. When they have drunk the liquor and know what it is, they are often required to produce a liberal sample for the chemist to test.

As to Selecting Officials

IT IS a disgrace for this great country to put any young man or woman in the way of becoming an inebriate to assist in enforcing a great moral reform, already a part of the laws and constitution of the land. Common sense and justice should have some place in compelling law observance.

With the law strengthened in the interest of efficiency, comfort and safety of the state and Federal enforcement officers and at the same time depriving violators of some of the special privileges they now enjoy, every good citizen would be amazed and delighted with the difference in results. Then if there should come from some "higher up" official with the necessary authority, a positive order to those having the selection and appointment of all enforcement officials, high and low, that no one should be given a place in the department, not at heart in sympathy with its duties, not a genuine friend of all laws and not an ardent supporter of the Nation's constitution. This should include all employes from the least responsible clerk and stenographer to the executive and legal department heads. Not even excepting United States judges, who must preside at the trials of the violators.

More than a year ago an eastern attorney was made a United States Judge. He had been so active in his opposition to the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act that he was an officer in one of the many organizations formed and maintained to do all possible to discourage law observance and encourage defiers of the law. The United States Senators, from the state in which he lived, urged his appointment, arguing that he was a well-read lawyer and that they believed him honest and big enough to rise above his personal whims and prejudices in making decisions from the Federal bench. The appointment was made and this man had served as judge but a few months when the opportunity came to him, and he embraced it, so to construe a technical provision of the law that his holding proved a great damage to the prosecution and of much advantage to the defense in an important liquor law violation case.

Facing Both Ways

ON THE bench he was the same man as when he was fighting the law as a citizen. Then the many thousands, who protested against his appointment to the then attorney-general and others having to do with the appointing of United States Judges, were heard to exclaim, "We told you so." One of the Senators insisting on this appointment is often quite loud and enthusiastic in making declarations in favor of strict law enforcement. Yet he very often endorses persons for the service known to be openly hostile to the law.

What is the just judgment on the merits of one so powerful in this government as a United States Senator, who with his left hand swears that he loves the law and will do everything to protect it and then with his right hand uses all the influence and power he possesses to name as its guardians and protectors those who are its sworn enemies and have been openly engaged in doing everything they could to cripple, ridicule and defeat it? This is certainly a shoddy sample of consistency—even for a member of the foremost law-making body of the world.

The concluding section of this article will appear next week.

Did Washington Rival Munchausen?

About That Tale of a Mosquito Which Bit Through the General's Boot

By ROY H. FRICKEN

GEORGE WASHINGTON: first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen—And first American nature faker!

Could George tell a lie? It very much appears that he could, despite that pious old fraud, the Reverend Mason Locke Weems, who first set into circulation the story of the cherry tree and little George's hatchet, without which no series of school readers is quite complete.

After these many years, when everyone has been taught to believe that Washington was just a little short of being human, because of this alleged inability to deviate from the rigid and exact truth, it is indeed encouraging to learn that he was not above venturing into the provinces and domains of that delightful old spoofer—the Baron Munchausen. Not only did he perpetrate a plausible bit of fakery, but it appears to have been told with the solemn gravity essential to complete belief.

Washington's falsehood is found in the account of the travels of the now little-known but once widely read Isaac Weld, Junior, a British traveler who visited the United States in 1795. Weld published a series of letters detailing his experience in the states during his three years' travel, and he describes a number of meetings with the First President.

Weld, traveling on horseback, by stage or on foot, had arrived at the village of Skenesborough, New York, then a little clearing at the end of Lake Champlain, with a population of about fifty persons. He writes as follows of his experiences in the village:

"Skenesborough is most dreadfully infested with mosquitoes; so many of them attacked us the first night of our sleeping there, that when we arose in the morning our faces and hands were covered all over with large pustules, precisely like those of a person in the smallpox. This happened, too, notwithstanding that the people of the house, before we went to bed, had taken all the pains possible to clear the room of them, by fumigating it with the smoke of green wood, and afterward securing the windows with gauze blinds; and even on the second night, although we destroyed many dozens of them on the walls, after a similar fumigation had been made, yet we suffered nearly as much.

"These insects were of a much larger size than any I ever saw elsewhere, and their bite was uncommonly venomous. General Washington told me, that he never was so much annoyed by mosquitoes in any part of America as in Skenesborough, for that they used to bite through the thickest boot."

Fifty years later an American author, Miss Eliza Leslie, in a book on manners, criticized Washington for misleading the English traveler.

"English strangers complain (and with reason)," she writes, "of the American practice of imposing on their credulity, by giving them false and exaggerated accounts of certain things peculiar to this country, and telling them, as truths, stories that are absolute impossibilities; the amusement being to see how the John Bulls swallow these absurdities. Even General Washington diverted himself by mystifying Weld the English traveler, who complained to him at Mount Vernon of mosquitoes so large and fierce that they bit through his cloth coat."

"Those are nothing," said Washington, "to mosquitoes I have met with, that bite through a thick leather boot." Weld expressed his astonishment (as well he might), and, when he "put out a book" inserted the story of the boot-piercing insects, which he said must be true, as he had it from no less a person than General Washington.

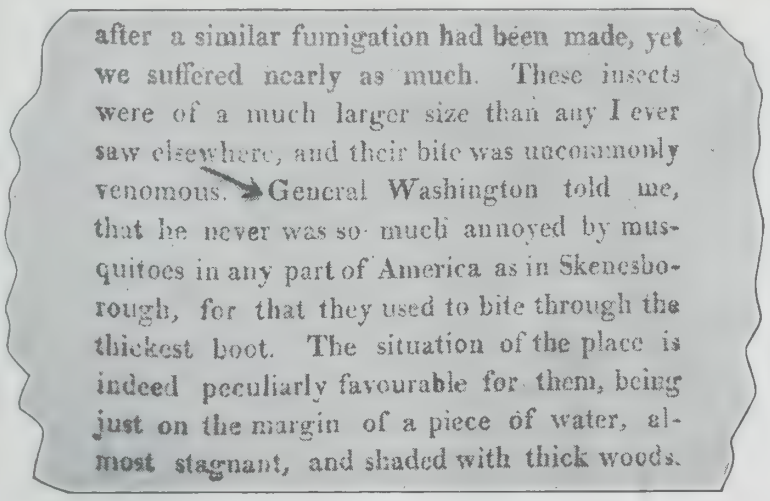
"It is a work of supererogation to furnish falsehoods for British travelers," Miss Leslie informed her readers. "They can manufacture them fast enough. Also, it is ungenerous thus to sport with their ignorance, and betray them into ridiculous caricatures, which they present to the English world in good faith."

It is interesting to note that George Washington, now universally revered and respected, was once the subject of the most bitter enmity from his own countrymen. Even on such an occasion as his birthday, which was celebrated throughout the entire country while he was yet living, there were Americans who refused to drink the President's health after dinner.

"Not one town of any importance was there in the whole Union," Weld writes, "where some meetings did not take place in honor of this day: yet singular as it may appear, there are people in this country, Americans, too, foremost in boasting to other nations of that constitution which has been raised for them by his valor and wisdom who are either so insensible to his merit, or so totally devoid of every generous sentiment, that they can refuse to join in commendations of those talents to which they are so much indebted: indeed to such an extent has this perverse spirit been carried that I have myself seen numbers of men, in all other points men of respectability, that have peremptorily refused even to pay him the small compliment of drinking to his health after dinner.

"It is true, indeed, that they qualify their conduct partly by asserting that it is only as President of the United States, and not as General Washington, that they have a dislike to him: but this is only a mean subterfuge which they are forced to have recourse to, lest their conduct should appear too strongly marked with ingratitude.

"During the war there were many, and not loyalists, either, who were doing all in their power to remove him from that command whereby he so eminently distinguished himself. It is the spirit of dissatisfaction which forms a leading trait in the character of the Americans as a people which produces this malevolence at present, just as it did formerly; and if their public affairs were regulated by a person sent from heaven I firmly believe his acts, instead of meeting with universal approbation, would by many be considered as deceitful and flagitious."


after a similar fumigation had been made, yet we suffered nearly as much. These insects were of a much larger size than any I ever saw elsewhere, and their bite was uncommonly venomous. General Washington told me, that he never was so much annoyed by musquitoes in any part of America as in Skenesborough, for that they used to bite through the thickest boot. The situation of the place is indeed peculiarly favourable for them, being just on the margin of a piece of water, almost stagnant, and shaded with thick woods.

AND GEORGE NEVER TOLD A LIE!

Entomologists are agreed that George Washington, famed for his cherry-tree exploit, stepped over the line of strict truth and veracity when he told Isaac Weld, Junior, a well-known British traveler, that he had seen mosquitoes that bit right through his boots. The photograph is a facsimile of the page on which Weld perpetuated this Munchausian tale of the first President, from his volume, "Travels Through the States of North America," published in 1797.

Washington made a festive affair of his own birthday, Weld records, and the city of Philadelphia, then the capital of the United States, was gay with the excitement of the sessions of Congress, the state assembly and the Supreme Federal Court.

"On General Washington's birthday, which was a few days ago," Weld writes, "this city was unusually gay: every person of consequence in it, Quakers alone excepted, made it a point to visit the general on this day. As early as 11 o'clock in the morning he was prepared to receive them, and the audience lasted until 3 in the afternoon. The Society of the Cincinnati (an organization of American officers who had served in the revolutionary war), the clergy, the officers of the militia and several others, who formed a distinct body of citizens, came by themselves separately. The foreign ministers attended in their richest dresses and most splendid equipages. Two large parlors were open for the reception of the gentlemen, the windows of one of which toward the street were crowded with spectators on the outside.

"The sideboard was furnished with cake and wines, whereof the visitors partook. I never observed so much cheerfulness before in the countenance of General Washington; but it was impossible for him to remain insensible to the attention and the compliments paid to him on this occasion.

"The ladies of the city, equally attentive, paid their respects to Mrs. Washington, who received them in the drawing room upstairs. After having waited on the general, most of the gentlemen also visited her. A public ball and supper terminated the rejoicings of the day.

"On this day General Washington terminated his sixty-fourth year; but though not an unhealthy man, he seemed considerably older. The innumerable vexations he has met with in his different public capacities, have very sensibly impaired the vigor of his constitution, and given him an aged appearance. There is a very material difference, however, in his looks when seen in private, and when he appears in public full dressed; in the latter case the hand of art makes up for the ravages of time, and he seems many years younger.

"Few persons find themselves for the first time in the presence of General Washington, a man so renowned in the present day for his wisdom and moderation, and whose name will be transmitted with such honor to posterity, without being impressed with a certain degree of veneration and awe; nor do these emotions subside on a closer acquaintance; on the contrary, his person and department are such as rather tend to augment them. There is something very austere in his countenance, and in his manners he is uncommonly reserved. I have heard some officers, that served immediately under his command during the American war, say that they never saw him smile during all the time that they were with him.

"No man has ever yet been connected with him by the reciprocal and unconstrained ties of friendship; and but few can boast even of having been on an easy and familiar footing with him.

"Mr. Stuart, the eminent portrait painter (whose portraits of both Mr. and Mrs. Washington are the best known) told me that there are features in his face totally different from what he ever observed in that of any other human being; the sockets of the eyes, for instance, are larger than what he ever met with before, and the upper part of the nose broader.

"All his features, he observed, were indicative of the strongest and most ungovernable passions, and had he been born in the forests, it was his opinion that he would have been the fiercest man among the savage tribes. In this Mr. Stuart has given proof of his great discernment and intimate knowledge of the human countenance; for although General Washington has been extolled for his great moderation and calmness during the very trying situations in which he has so often been placed, yet those who have been acquainted with him the longest and most intimately say that he is by nature a man of a fierce and irritable disposition, but that, like Socrates, his judgment and great self-command have always made him appear a man of a different cast in the eyes of the world.

"He speaks with great diffidence, and sometimes hesitates for a word; but it is always to find one particularly well adapted to his meaning. His language is manly and expressive. At levee his discourse with strangers turns principally upon the subject of America; and if they have been through any remarkable places his conversation is free and particularly interesting, as he is intimately acquainted with every part of the country. He is much more open and free in his behavior at levee than in private, and in the company of ladies still more so than when solely with men.

"General Washington's self-moderation is well known to the world already. It is a remarkable circumstance, which redounds to his eternal honor, that while president of the United States he never appointed one of his own relations to any office of trust or emolument, although he has several that are men of abilities, and well qualified to fill the most important stations in the government."

Madrid and Blasco Ibanez

MADRID—After weeks of campaigning, pamphleteering, threatening, prophesying and denouncing, Blasco Ibañez, the world-renowned author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," is still safe and well in Paris, and King Alphonso of Spain, the object of these denunciations, is safe and well in Madrid. The French and the English are unmoved. The promised revolution, or even the overthrow of Primo de Rivera and his Directorate of generals, has not taken place. "The sequestrated Nation" is still more or less sequestrated. "Alphonso the thirteenth unmasked" remains unmasked, and no one in Spain cares a hoot.

The military Directorate was disturbed at the beginning of Blasco Ibañez's campaign. Admiral Magaz, who is in charge of affairs now General de Rivera is in command in Morocco, felt obliged to call the editors of the monarchist papers together and to beg them to defend the King at all costs. "We will slacken the censorship and let you attack the Directorate, but you must defend the King," the Admiral said. Next morning all the articles attacking the Directorate were blue-penciled, so no defenses of the King appeared. Ultimately two of the papers of the extreme Right began a campaign which noticeably was less a defense of the King than an attack on Blasco Ibañez. One or two authors of the lowest literary and of doubtful personal reputation poured forth their wrath on the head of Ibañez. But monarchists came on lamenting the type of defenders with which the King's cause had been saddled. Various public meetings were organized but as they were attended only by his fiercest supporters, no converts were made nor were any waverers roped in. Blasco Ibañez's films have had to be withdrawn in Madrid. His summons by a military judge in Valencia for *lèse-majesté* and on other charges was meaningless, since he is safely over the border, and the summons, a merely patriotic fiction, has been withdrawn at the King's request. His pamphlets have entered Spain in the smallest numbers. Some have been dropped by airplane in Burgos. Anyone found in possession of one of these pamphlets is liable to imprisonment.

The result of this campaign, as of all campaigns in Spain, is nothing. The attackers and counter-attackers have brought off a splendid haul of self-advertisement, with Blasco Ibañez at their head. The whole affair has now degenerated into a vulgar controversy. The King, who has preserved an apparent calm, has just broken silence. He says, "I wish Blasco Ibañez would stop his campaign against me and write some interesting novels which we could all enjoy and praise."

Madrid has taken the whole business very philosophically. Blasco has never attained in Spain to the wild reputation he has in the United States, South America, and England. "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" is believed here to be one of his worst books. He is looked upon as one of those fantastic creatures of the Mediterranean coast—an extraordinary mixture of Don Juan Tenorio, Don Quixote, Sancho Panza and the wild picaros, a creature whom no one can take seriously. Republicans, Socialists, all the people of the Left, who agree with every word he has to say about the King and the Military Directorate, have been laughing at Blasco Ibañez's latest adventure. He has merely said in his pamphlets things which are everyday gossip in Madrid. He has added nothing to the information of the enemies of the King and of the Military Directorate, and has certainly not given these enemies a new weapon. The whole affair has been a great bubble. It has now burst.

French Aristocracy Today

By PHILIP CARR

EVER since the Third Republic came into existence, the French nobility has sulked in its tents and refused to have anything to do with the government. It has consented to hold commissions in the army and the navy—more especially the navy—and, as regards the army, more especially the cavalry. It has even condescended to enter the diplomatic service. Only in recent years, however, have a few of its more adventurous younger members made up their minds to present themselves for election to a Republican Chamber of Deputies or Senate, and then with a rather vague and quite harmless hope of eventually getting rid of the Republic altogether. For the nobility, France has meant the fighting services, the Quai D'Orsay—up to a point—and, of course, the church, which has always been at more or less open war with the secular republican state. For them, France has never meant the existing government of the country.

When I say that the nobility has sulked in its tents, I mean that it has retired rather to its country chateaux, and to the ancestral hotels, or family mansions, which are to be found surrounding quiet courtyards, with large and heavily closed carriage entrances of carved wood in most of the older streets of Paris, but especially in the Ile de St. Louis and the Rue de l'Universite. The ancient and princely houses in the latter street no doubt accounted for the name of Faubourg St. Germain being given to the whole of this retired and exclusive aristocratic society, which is not really localized in any quarter of Paris, and has acquired the character which now goes with the name long after the neighborhood of St. Germain des Prés has ceased to be a faubourg or suburb. It belongs quite appropriately, however, to that district on the south side of the river, rich in ecclesiastical and learned associations, through which the long Boulevard St. Germain runs.

Chateau at Chenonceaux with moat and gardens.

The aristocracy certainly still possesses some very comfortable tents to sulk in, both in Paris and the provinces; for the Revolution, though it abolished all noble titles, destroyed and confiscated far fewer noble houses than is generally supposed, and many, even of those which were confiscated, were recovered by their traditional owners under one or other of the succeeding régimes. The variety of these régimes in the last hundred and fifty years accounts for the extraordinary mixture of the titles of different vintages, which exist side by side today, with no officially or even generally recognized handy reference Burke to tell the sedulous snob whether they are valid or not. The Republic has never conferred any titles, but all the other governments, from that of the great Napoleon onward, sprinkled them freely. Napoleon very nearly succeeded in turning the whole thing to the ridiculous by making washerwomen into duchesses and sergeant-majors into hereditary princes.

After him, on each of the three occasions on which France was fitted out with a monarchical government, the event was celebrated by a goodly crop of titles, and Napoleon III gallantly followed the tradition by creating a dozen dukes and forty counts, viscounts and barons. Add to all of these the titles which French subjects have acquired from the Papacy on business terms, whose open frankness cannot be too highly commended, and it will be seen that the waiter who wants to be sure whether he ought to call his customer *"Monsieur le Comte"* has a difficult task of discrimination.

It need hardly be said that the several vintages do not recognize one another. The *ancienne noblesse,* which existed before 1789, thinks nothing of the *nouvelle noblesse,* whose mushroom growth dates from the Empire or later. The *noblessé titrée,* or possessors of a title which has descended to the head of the family, is far above the *simple noblesse,* who are given by custom what in England would merely be called courtesy titles, but are given them much more freely. For instance, supposing the eldest brother to be the Comte Durand —if a name as vulgar as Smith could be imagined ever to be that of a comte at all—his younger brothers would be called Comte Robert Durand. Comte Gilbert Durand, and so on. Moreover, the elder brother can apparently transfer his hereditary title to his junior if he happens to have acquired a better one. Thus I knew a man who was a baron by right, but had bought the Papal title of comte, and consequently passed on the baron to his *frère* cadet. The courtesy titles seem, moreover, to follow no rule. For instance, in England the eldest son of a duke would carry no higher rank than marquis, but the eldest son of the Duc d'Uzès is Duc de Crussol.

As for the *"particules,"* or persons who have been given the right to put "de" before their family names, I will not seek to discuss them, for their name, besides having "de" before it, is also legion. Napoleon III conferred the right on 368 families, whose members are by now presumably fairly numerous; but they are as nothing to the men whose "de" has mysteriously grown on to them in a night and has suddenly appeared on their visiting cards.

At the time of the French Revolution, a large number of the aristocracy found refuge in England, and during the Reign of Terror lived in absolute security separated from the scene of their troubles by the waters of the channel. A large proportion of these did not return to France at the restoration of the monarchy, but remained in the land of their adoption, dropping their titles, which were now really useless, and becoming English citizens in every sense.

A number of them also emigrated to the newly formed republic of the United States of America, where they found a ready welcome from the country which the Marquis Lafayette had helped in its great struggle for freedom, while others again joined their fellow countrymen in Canada, or New France, as it was formerly called.

Some of these refugees were of the best blood that France could produce, and a large proportion of the counts and countesses, and other titled persons who are now so much perturbed by the new laws being framed in their country, are unable to trace their ancestry nearly so far back as those refugees of the Revolution.

After all, the time does not seem to be far distant when titles will become a thing of the past over the whole of Europe. Men are being more and more assessed by their real value these days, and not by the numberings of quarterings on their escutcheons.

I have said that the republic grants no titles. Its only way of satisfying the greedy is to nominate them to the Legion of Honor; but although I have heard of the wives of British officers who, on learning that their husbands had received the complimentary appointment of Chevalier—the lowest grade in the Napoleonic Order—wondered whether they had acquired the right to call themselves "Lady," the Legion of Honor adds no title to the name, and its only outward expression is the red ribbon or more important rosette always worn in the buttonhole and giving the wearer the right to have a larger gratuity expected of him from railway porters.

The republic has never granted any titles, but it has hitherto recognized and even registered—for a small fee added to the revenue—those who considered that such a registration gave an added security to their nobility. An office of the Ministry of Justice, called the Bureau du Sceau, has for some time been in existence for the purpose. What will make the noblesse of all kinds sulk more than ever is that the republic has decided to refuse even this limited recognition and to abolish the registration altogether.

If a bill which has just been introduced by the minister of justice passes through Parliament—and there is no reason why it should not—public officials will be definitely forbidden, under pain of punishment, to mention any title in a public document. In future, therefore, when a Duc marries a plebeian damsel from Chicago, however much the lady will become a Duchess by the religious ceremony, the proceedings before the Maire, which alone make the marriage legal, will record merely that she is the wife of a simple Monsieur, and that she herself is no more than a Madame.

One would think that the Herriot Government would be tottering to its fall. But it is not.

The great tower, Amboise.

Turning Points in the Life of a Great American

Benjamin Franklin

By FRANK DORRANCE HOPLEY

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN often told the story of a call which he made, when a young lad, on Cotton Mather. Franklin was tall and lanky for his age. As he left the house he hit his head against a beam. "Stoop," said Mather. "You are young and have the world before you. Stoop as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps."

Franklin never forgot this advice, and all through his life profited by obeying the injunction of his friend.

Emma L. Dana, in her book "Makers of America," tells how Franklin came on the first turning point in his life, and became a printer:

"After two years of schooling, Benjamin went to work, at the age of 10, in his father's shop. Mr. Franklin was a soap boiler and a candle maker, so the small boy spent his time cutting wicks and filling molds for candles, tending shop and running errands. He hated this work and longed to go to sea. Swimming and pottering about boats, all his spare moments were spent near the water.

"At last, his father, fearing that Benjamin would run away to sea, as an older brother had done, took him to see men of different trades at their work, hoping to arouse in the boy an interest in something that would keep him on land.

"Always Franklin had a passion for books. He says in the story he wrote of his own life: 'I cannot remember when I could not read.' Because of this love for books, his father finally put Benjamin, when he was 12 years old, to work with his brother James, who was a printer."

When He Got a Silver Spoon

FROM the first day the boy delighted in the art of printing and soon became proficient in it.

Franklin's brother, however, was harsh to the boy and it was not long before he left his employ and went to Philadelphia. There, after several years of work for others, he established his own printing office.

At the age of 24 another turning point came in the life of Franklin, and that was his marriage to Deborah Read, which he always asserted was the one great factor in his future success.

Speaking of his marriage, Franklin said:

"We have an English proverb, 'He that would thrive must ask his wife.' It was lucky for me that I had one as much disposed to industry and frugality as myself. She assisted me cheerfully in my business, folding and stitching pamphlets, tending shop, purchasing old linen rags for the paper makers . . . . My breakfast was for a long time bread and milk, no tea, and I ate it out of a two-penny porringer with a pewter spoon. But mark how luxury will enter families, and make a progress, in spite of principle: Being called one morning to breakfast, I found it in a china bowl with a spoon of silver. They had been bought for me without my knowledge by my wife, for which she had no other excuse or apology to make but that she thought her husband deserved a silver spoon and a china bowl, as well as any of his neighbors."

Another hour when the road turned for Benjamin Franklin was when he was persuaded to go into politics. "The public," he writes, "now considering me as a man of leisure, laid hold of me for their purposes."

He was elected to the Pennsylvania assembly in 1752, and was made postmaster-general of all the colonies. By his genius he completely changed the whole system of the post office department, and gave a better postal system than had ever been known before.

What Joshua Did

FROM that time, down through the stormy days of the revolution, Franklin faithfully served his country, in varied capacities, and was chosen envoy to France to ask aid for his struggling countrymen. Miss Dana tells of his reception there:

"Paris went wild over him. The greatest writers, philosophers and scientists of France—men of all classes welcomed him as no foreigner had ever been welcomed before. People crowded the street to see him pass. His portly figure, his heavy walking stick, his head without a wig, such as French gentlemen wore, but covered with a heavy cap of marten fur; his shrewd eyes twinkling through his great horn spectacles, his spotless linen, his simple brown suit of colonial make, all marked him as Franklin, the American. People of fashion began to copy his dress. They hung his picture over their fireplaces."

Franklin's ready wit always stood him in good stead, and helped him to win many friends. At the close of the war, Franklin, the English ambassador and the French minister, were dining together at Versailles, and a toast from each was called for. The British minister began with:

"George the Third, who, like the sun in its meridian, spreads a luster throughout, and enlightens the world."

The French minister followed with:

"The illustrious Louis XVI, who, like the moon, sheds his mild and benignant rays on, and influences the globe."

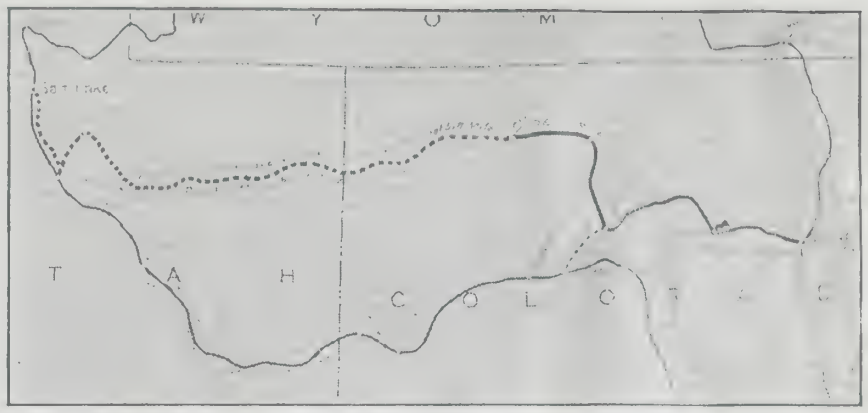
Franklin slowly rose, and lifted high his glass.

"To George Washington," he said, "commander of the American armies; who, like Joshua of old, commanded the sun and the moon to stand still, and they obeyed him."

The Moffat Tunnel

Boring Through Mountains; World's Longest Short Cut

By E. L. M'COLGIN



Map showing existing railroad routes between Denver and Salt Lake City, with comparative mileages, when the Dotsero cut-off and the Denver and Salt Lake extension shall have been completed.

THE city of Denver and several associated counties in Colorado are boring what will be the longest railroad tunnel in America through the Continental Divide a few miles west of the city. This huge project, the so-called Moffat Tunnel, will be a twin railroad and water bore 6.1 miles long under James Peak. It will be 9,000 feet above sea level and replace the present crossing of Rollins Pass at an altitude of 11,660 feet.

As a public undertaking the Moffat Tunnel can best be compared with the Hoosac Tunnel under the Berkshires, built by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the railroad between Cincinnati and Chattanooga, built and owned by the city of Cincinnati and leased to the Southern Railway. They all represent efforts of communities to open up new trade routes.

The Moffat Tunnel, which is more than one-third completed, will enable the people of Denver, the largest city between the Missouri River and the Pacific Coast, to realize their long deferred ambition to be on a short, direct railroad route across the United States.

The Denver & Salt Lake Railroad, upon whose line the tunnel is being built, will, through its use, be able to eliminate 23 miles of curving tracks with a 4 per cent grade over Rollins Pass. The improved line will permit heavy freight and passenger trains to use the road and justify the construction of a "cut-off" or connecting link with the Denver & Rio Grande Western at Dotsero, Colorado. The joined railroads will create a new transcontinental route.

This new 572-mile route between Denver and Salt Lake City will be 173 miles shorter than the present Denver & Rio Grande Western line via Pueblo, and it will also be about fifty miles shorter than the Union Pacific route between Denver and Salt Lake City.

Especially significant is the fact that the new route west of Denver will provide the Burlington and Rock Island railroads with a connection that will give them through routes between Chicago and Kansas City comparable to the present Chicago & Northwestern-Union Pacific short line via Omaha and Cheyenne, which passes more than one hundred miles north of Denver.

Professor E. Z. Ripley, in his famous report to the Interstate Commerce Commission upon the proposed consolidation of the railroads, mentioned the necessity in the public interest of "a more evenly matched rivalry" as a check against "the dominant key line, the Union Pacific."

A unique feature of the operation of the Moffat Tunnel will be the conveyance through it of automobiles upon ferry trains of flat cars. The highways between Eastern and Western Colorado cross passes over the Continental Divide that are closed by storms and snows during about six months of the year.

Loop, where Denver and Salt Lake Railroad four per cent starts, in foreground. Circle—16 feet by 24 feet railroad tunnel, right; roundhouse for electric locomotives, center; water tunnel snowshed, left.

The 8 feet by 8 feet water tunnel which parallels the 16 feet by 24 feet railroad tunnel will divert the waters of the Fraser River, which flows down the western slope of the divide, to the east side of the mountains. These waters will supply irrigation and municipal needs in Denver and the surrounding country embraced within a fifty-mile distance from the east portal of the tunnel to Denver.

About fifteen miles west of Denver the crest of the Rocky Mountains with many peaks more than 14,000 feet in height and passes averaging ten thousand feet are encountered. As the Medicine Bow Range it extends north, unbroken for more than one hundred miles. Southward, as the Rampart Range it is a solid wall for the same distance.

The Union Pacific, the first transcontinental railroad, wanted to build its main line westward through Denver, but could not find a feasible and economical crossing of the mountains there. The line was built through Cheyenne and Laramie, Wyoming, because it could be finished in time to win the land grants offered by Congress. No tunneling of the main ranges of the Rockies was necessary upon the Wyoming location.

The Denver & Rio Grande Western Railway between Denver and Salt Lake City has to proceed 119 miles south to Pueblo before it can start through the mountains. It then threads the tortuous Royal Gorge of the Arkansas River and climbs over the 3.3 per cent grade of the Tennessee Pass near Leadville and is again as far north as Denver before the westward trend can be resumed. It is 745 miles from Denver to Salt Lake City, and 343 miles from Denver to Dotsero via this route.

West of the tunnel a 42-mile line will be built along the Colorado with but one-half per cent grades, joining the Denver & Salt Lake and the Denver & Rio Grande Western roads together at Dotsero. It will reduce the 745-mile line between Denver and Salt Lake City to 572 miles by cutting the distance between Denver and Dotsero to 170 miles, a saving of 173 miles. The circuitous Pueblo route will be circumvented. The steepest grade on all of the new routes will be but 2 per cent.

Professor Ripley in his consolidation report has described the Pueblo gateway of the Rio Grande road as "physically impossible for the stem of a great national railroad."

The completion of the Moffat Tunnel and the transformation of the Denver & Salt Lake Railroad into the keystone of a new transcontinental rail route will realize the dreams of David H. Moffat, one of the outstanding figures in the upbuilding of Colorado.

For a generation or more Mr. Moffat was the controlling power in Denver's business and financial existence as the president of the First National Bank. However, it was as a railroad builder and mining operator that Mr. Moffat first obtained prominence. Coming to Denver from upstate New York he obtained a foothold by selling Eastern papers, brought by the Pony Express, at 25 cents each. Later he entered banking, he had been a bank clerk in the East, and also became the owner of about one hundred silver mines.

Moffat employed his capital by participating in the building of the first railroad to enter Denver, and also the Colorado & Southern, and other lines. He was president of the Denver & Rio Grande for eight years and broad-gauged its narrow-gauge line through the Royal Gorge.

The last ten years of Moffat's enterprising life of 72 years were devoted to planning and building the Denver & Salt Lake Railroad, which like the new tunnel has always been known by his name. He gave his fortune to further Denver's efforts to obtain a short line to the Pacific Coast. David Moffat would doubtless have become a national figure had he settled in New York or Chicago.

Work upon the new road began in 1902, but it was nine years later before it reached Steamboat Springs, 214 miles from Denver. Moffat's resources became exhausted. Colonel D. C. Dodge, a famous Colorado pioneer, then contributed his fortune and enlisted other Denver capital in what was regarded as a civic enterprise. Mr. Moffat died in harness in 1911. Later the road was extended to Craig, 40 miles from Steamboat Springs.

The Denver & Salt Lake Railroad was built to a maximum grade of 2 per cent, the equal of any other railroad crossing the Rocky Mountains, except for 27.63 miles of what was termed the "temporary line" over Rollins Pass, 11,660 feet above sea level. Seventy-eight per cent of this section is composed of curves, and 31 per cent of it is on curves of 16 degrees or more. This segment has 4 per cent grades. It will be entirely eliminated by the tunnel.

A locomotive pulling uphill encounters a resistance of 20 pounds a ton of load for each per cent of grade, and sharp curves also impede the train. It requires four big Mallet engines to haul 22 freight cars "over the hill," as the summit of Rollins Pass at Corona is termed.

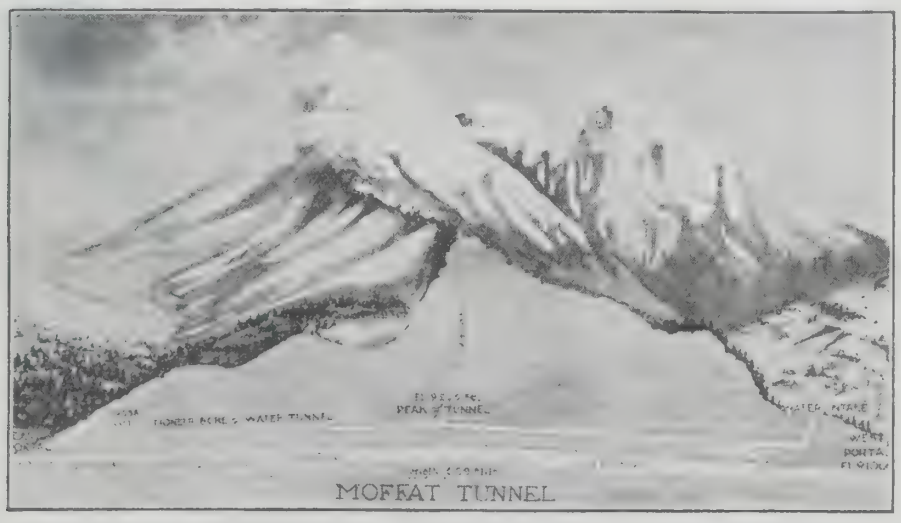
The Moffat Tunnel will replace the entire line over the pass and effect a reduction of 23 miles of track by converting the existing maze of curves and loops into the 6.1 mile tangent (straight line). An ordinary consolidation locomotive can then haul a 22-car train between the terminals of the old Rollins Pass line in half the time four larger engines now require. Long, heavy passenger trains, now impossible, can then pass swiftly over the Denver & Salt Lake road.

Forty-one per cent of the operating expense of the "Moffat Road" has gone in fighting snow, most of it at the pass. During the winter the road is often tied up completely for thirty or sixty days. Even when it is open in winter the cold and winds at the top of the exposed pass make it impossible to ship livestock and perishable merchandise to and from Denver.

The new tunnel, whose portals will be below the timber line, will avoid the snow handicap of the present high mountain crossing. Incidentally, most of the passes over the Continental Divide are not narr[illegible] between towering walls. They are usually [illegible] saddles between the higher range that can be more or less easily reached from the lower country.

In addition to carrying rail and water lines and furnishing a ferry train service for motor cars, the Moffat Tunnel will perform other public services. Telephone, telegraph, and electric power cables will be laid through the tunnel. It is difficult and expensive to maintain pole lines over the mountain passes where the winters are long and the frequent storms furious.

(Concluded on page 15)



Drawing illustrating engineering features of the tunnel by means of a cross section of the Continental Divide. Elevation of Rollins Pass where the road crosses is 11,660 feet.

Nordic Race, Its Quality and Place

Distinguished by Creative Energy, Love of Freedom and Common Sense

THE purest Nordics are to be found in Sweden; next to the Swedes in racial purity come the Norwegians, Danes, Dutch, and English. Elsewhere the Nordics are an aristocratic type, differing markedly from the masses, especially in the towns. Has the Nordic race the superiority which has been claimed for it? And are racial differences, apart from nationality, a very important factor in European history? Race and nationality are quite different things. The only definition of a nation is a large group of people who wish to belong together. The French, for example, are intensely national, but racially they belong to three different stocks.

Mr. Lothrop Stoddard, who is well known as a prophet of racialism in the interpretation of history, has lately put his theory to the test by visiting almost every country in Europe, and has given his experience to the world in a brilliant and extremely interesting book called "Racial Realities in Europe." It is, of course, a defense of a particular theory, which may be only one of several keys for unlocking the mysteries of national life; but I cannot doubt that the author has opened a very fruitful line of study, and that the philosophy of history will in the future have to pay more attention to the factor of race than it has done hitherto.

The main facts of race distribution are well known, and there is no longer any serious difference of opinion among experts. Europe contains two long-headed races, the Nordics and the Mediterraneans, and one round-headed race, the Alpines. The Nordic is tall and fair; the Mediterranean shorter and more slenderly built; his hair and eyes are dark, his skin olive, or swarthy. The Alpine is broad and sturdy, clumsily made, and usually dark. The Swedes, Spaniards, and Russians supply typical examples of these three types; though we must not select an aristocratic Russian, who may be a pure Nordic, nor the Mongolized type, which is very common, as an impolite proverb about scratching a Russian and finding a Tartar indicates.

Differences of mind and temperament are as well marked as variations in height, figure, and color. The Mediterranean is emotional, passionate, wanting in tenacity. He is sociable, but undisciplined, and rarely founds a stable or strong government except under Nordic leadership. He excels in the arts, and in the joy of living. From various causes, the Mediterraneans of today are racially impoverished, and are sometimes, as in Portugal and South Ireland, of very poor quality.

The Alpines are the typical peasants, sturdy, tenacious, stolid and unimaginative. They are not warlike, but have a gift for peaceful penetration, soaking in among Mediterranean populations and supplanting them. The Nordics have conquered them, but have gradually been absorbed by their dogged subjects. In Germany the Alpines have spread at the expense of the Nordics, in France at the expense of the Mediterraneans. Both countries are now predominantly roundheaded. The ruling class in an Alpine population is seldom of the same breed as the ruled.

The Nordics are essentially a northern race. They are distinguished by a restless creative energy, which carried them far to the south and east of their homes. The Aryan conquerors of India, Homer's Achaeans, the ruling class in ancient Rome, the Franks and Normans, were all Nordics. Today their chief hope of racial predominance lies in the United States and in the British Dominions. The Americans have resolved, just in time, that they will not allow themselves to be swamped by alien immigrants. The Nordic has political ability, and is too sensitive of his personal rights to tolerate tyranny. Toward other races he is proud and exclusive; he will not willingly mix his blood with theirs. He loves good living, and is therefore a high-standard man—a doubtful advantage for his survival value. The Nordic is also penalized by his fighting qualities. In every war he is the first to volunteer and the first to fall. Every great war has diminished the Nordic stock. Perhaps the three most disastrous struggles, from this point of view, were the Thirty Years' War, the American Civil War, and the recent Great War.

Common Sense a Characteristic

IT IS probable that the hatred of the privileged class, which has several times led to violent revolutions, has a racial origin. One of the cries against the aristocrats in the French Revolution was "Send them back to the German marshes whence they came." And nothing delighted the small, dark mob who gathered round the guillotine more than when the executioner held up the head of a lady by her long blond hair. In Russia the aristocracy which has been massacred by the Bolsheviks was largely of Nordic origin, and the same is true of Ireland. . . .

Mr. Stoddard's theory makes him a good friend to this country. He considers that we are a very homogeneous nation, since the Alpine roundheads are not represented in our population. This is the more curious, because there was once a roundheaded race in Britain, who buried their dead in round barrows; but they seem to have died out, after leaving (according to one theory) [illegible]d Celtic language behind them. The British, before the English conquest, he regards as pure Mediterraneans, who made their way far north of their usual limit, tempted by the mildness of our climate. To me, however, it seems probable that these Mediterranean invaders mingled with an earlier Neolithic stock, of which nothing is known. The island was inhabited before the coming of the Mediterraneans; and the non-Nordic parts of the population, such as the Welsh, are surely different from the pure Southerners, sturdier in build, and unlike in feature. The Nordic invaders, including the Normans, were all of kindred race, and fused readily with each other.

> In a series of articles in the *Morning Post*, London, the Very Rev. W. R. Inge, dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, under the heading of "Europe Today," makes the following references to the Nordic, the Slav, and the Latin races, and their influence in molding the destinies of the Old World continent.

The homogeneity of our people is a great safeguard against revolution. A foreigner is struck with the quiet, temperate way in which political possibilities are discussed here. Nobody seriously believes that a revolution in England is probable. "The British workingman," Mr. Stoddard thinks, "is about the poorest material for a red revolution that can be imagined." He also finds abundance of coolness and common sense, which he regards as Nordic qualities, in the English character. "Englishmen rarely waste time spinning elaborate logical theories of what may happen in the future. Instead, they look at what is happening in the present, see what is amiss, get after it, and keep their eye on the ball. This is why in the long run they usually come out on top."

Our American friend noticed, when he went to France, the almost universal disposition to belittle England, to deny our achievements, and to predict our downfall. It is very much like what the Germans did before the war. A German once exclaimed indignantly, "Why do you English all look such fools? You deceived us entirely; it was not fair." The French ought to know us better, after fighting by our side; but it appears that they do not. The situation is serious, because we are grappling with gigantic difficulties, from which no way of escape is yet visible. But Mr. Stoddard found that few Englishmen doubted that we shall win through somehow.

I entirely agree with his unstinted admiration of the three Scandinavian nations. He notices the farseeing wisdom which prevented the Swedes from declaring war upon seceding Norway, a war which would have left both at the mercy of Russia; the moderation of the Danes in claiming only the purely Danish part of Schleswig-Holstein, and their good-natured concession of autonomy to the 90,000 inhabitants of Iceland; and lastly, the prudent statesmanship of the Swedes in not taking the purely Swedish Aland Islands from Finland. They knew that a friendly Finland might be very useful to them in the future.

Central Europe Balkanized

WHEN I talked to Mr. Stoddard last year, he was just leaving England for Paris. In France he found a nation intensely unified in government and habits, but very diverse in racial qualities. The reason the French are always stressing their unity and favoring complete centralization is that they are conscious of having no racial unity. Nationality is with them a conscious principle, hardly won and jealously prized. Clemenceau said: "Regionalism (local autonomy) might correct those evils of excessive centralization from which we still suffer so cruelly. And yet somehow we feel that if we relaxed our unifying bonds, France might well be lost." We can understand why the doctrine of race is unpopular in France. Speaking very broadly, Northern France is mainly Nordic, Central France Alpine, and the South Mediterranean. But the Alpines have steadily gained at the expense of the other two. The result is that the French spirit now is very different from what it was in the Middle Ages. There was then a fierce self-assertiveness and a richness of local life which are lacking in the centralized, regulated France of today. The average Frenchman now is hard-working, avaricious, stolid, unimaginative; he is a typical Alpine. The nation stands today at the parting of the ways. Shall France use her mighty army, and her vassal allies, in a great military adventure, or shall she endeavor to stabilize her disordered finances, and become again the self-centered, stable, prosperous nation that she was before the war? Frenchmen have not made up their minds; but Mr. Stoddard hopes that the progressive "Alpinization" of their population may tend to the less ambitious policy, and save the world from a second outbreak of Napoleonism.

There is no "Latin race." The so-called Latin peoples do not get on well together. French, Italians, and Spanish are conscious of deep differences, and instinctively dislike each other. They differ also in that while Spain and Portugal are in a state of eclipse and seeming stagnation, Italy is full of vigor. But in Italy also there is no racial unity. The Roman Empire left the peninsula denuded of its best stocks, and the south remains to this day the home of a mongrel population, racially exhausted. The north has been renewed by waves of vigorous immigrants, some Alpine, some Nordic; it is to these that the country owes its prosperity. But Italian democracy has been a dead failure, and (this is important) has been rejected as a proved failure by the most clear-headed men in the nation. Fascism is the antithesis to Liberalism, because it sweeps away all the shibboleths which the Liberal loves, and asks brutally of each cherished institution, "Does it work? Is it efficient?" If not, why cumbereth it the ground? Parliamentary government, say the followers of Mussolini, may suit Anglo-Saxons; it does not suit Italians—so out it goes! This entirely irreverent realism is a phenomenon of great political importance. The idols of 1789 are tottering on their pedestals.

The military rule of General Primo de Rivera in Spain is not to be compared with that of Mussolini. It is the work of discontented army officers, not of the popular will. In Spain racial differences are not serious, since the population is almost entirely Mediterranean, with a thin Nordic strain still persisting. The Nordic element was formerly very strong, and accounts for the roving *conquistadores* of the sixteenth century. But constant war, emigration, and the Inquisition between them ruined a splendid and virile stock. For three centuries energy and intelligence were steadily drained out of the country. "Castile makes men, and wastes them." Spain is now resting, and will certainly recover; but the tragic end of her days of glory is a warning that no nation can afford to go on wasting its best blood. What great personalities, we may ask, has Spain produced in the last two hundred years?

The history of Germany, which for English readers has been mainly a struggle on the western frontier, has been more vitally a struggle to prevent the Slavs from inundating Central Europe. Germany was left half empty by the migrations into the Roman Empire, and the Slavs poured in till they even reached the Elbe. Politically, the Germans subjugated the invaders, but racially the Alpine race remained and multiplied as the serfs of their conquerors. But disunion was the ruin of the German Nordics, who never recovered from the terrible wars of religion (1618-1648). Since then, the "Alpine" qualities of reliance on authority and disciplined tenacity have displaced the adventurous, chivalrous character of the old Germans. Bismarck, one of the mighty personalities which the pure Nordic race produces, was the ideal ruler of an industrious, docile, Alpinized population. Unfortunately, the new science of race was perverted into an instrument of jingo propaganda. The Pan-Germans confounded national imperialism with race, and taught the nation to believe itself an incarnation of the superman. The result of their tragic adventure was a further impoverishment of the Nordic stock in Germany. But a German industrialist may have been right when he said to Mr. Stoddard: "We Germans can take a lot of punishment; we are just too tough to kill." The modern Germans are in truth a tough combination of two vigorous racial elements; they have dogged tenacity, and they may find another great leader.

The former Austro-Hungarian Empire contained three main races, the Germans, the Magyars, and the Slavs. The Magyars are something of a mystery, since they retain few traces of their Mongolian ancestry. A traveler told me that the typical Magyar gentleman looks rather like an English city man. Two things, however, are certain. One is that the disruption of the Austrian Empire has been a great misfortune for Central Europe, which has been "Balkanized" by the peace treaties, as Mr. Lloyd George ruefully confessed. The other is that, as Mr. Stoddard found, while the Austrian Germans are broken in spirit, and vainly hankering after union with North Germany, the Magyars are angry and defiant, resolved to re-establish their old boundaries as soon as they can. "Everywhere in Hungary one can see maps contrasting the pre-war and post-war frontiers, these maps further bearing the significant words, *No, no, never!*" In Jugo-Slavia and Rumania there are parties which wish to anticipate Magyar ambitions by wiping Hungary off the map. The Little Entente is armed to the teeth.

Eastern Europe is still in the melting pot; there is no appearance of finality about any national frontiers. In this vast region the three European races have been deeply tainted with Tartar blood, which infects not only the Russians and Poles but millions of so-called Jews, who are very inferior to the genuinely Semitic Hebrews. Western Jews ought not to be indignant when Bolshevist atrocities are brought home to Russian "Jews"—they are not really their kinsmen. The most hopeful part of the chaos is Czecho-Slovakia, the Bohemians being a fine race. But even there race-hatred exists; the Germans hate the Czechs, and the Czechs despise the dirty Slovaks.

Keeping One's Blood Pure

POLAND took its religion and civilization from the West while Russia was still barbarous. But the Poles were politically incompetent, and their weakness tempted the land-hunger of their powerful neighbors. The break-up of Russia in the war was a godsend to the Poles; no other turn of events could have suited them so well. But the new Poland is as unwise as the old. It has already quarreled and fought with all its neighbors, and has not a friend in Eastern Europe. "All things considered," our author sums up in good American style, "New Poland seems to be a pretty poor life-insurance risk."

Russia is still an Asiatic country with a European veneer. The Czars ruled like Tartar Khans, and the Bolsheviks have retained all that was worst in their methods. The upper classes, largely of Western origin, have been destroyed, and the "window to the West," opened by Peter the Great, has been closed. The native Russian is a talker, not a man of action. The country seems unlikely to recover without German help.

We cannot follow our author into the Balkan jungle, in which he sees no light. The extermination of the Asiatic Greeks, who have inhabited Ionia since Homer, is one of the worst tragedies of modern times.

The moral of the whole story is, "Keep your blood pure." To admit large numbers of undesirable aliens is the most irreparable of blunders. They may corrupt and debilitate the national type for all time. The Americans have closed their doors, as they had every right to do. When shall we, overpopulated as we are, do the same? How long shall we tolerate constantly spreading ghettos in London, and the *collwvies gentium* which is making the slums of Glasgow and Liverpool, and some mining districts, a factory for political poison gas and a breeding ground of the offscourings of humanity?

The Moffat Tunnel

Concluded from page 13

The Colorado River, on the western slope of the Continental Divide, gives that region greater hydroelectric resources than the Platte River basin on the eastern side, where the city of Denver is located. It is said that practically all of the eastern streams are now utilized to their capacity. The tunnel will facilitate the transfer of power from the scantily populated western side to communities that can stimulate their growth through its use.

The Yampa coal field, which is penetrated by the western portion of the Moffat Road, covers an area of about twelve thousand square miles. This field, according to the United States Geological Survey, has a probable available tonnage of thirty-nine billion tons of a good grade of bituminous coal. Twenty miles northwest of Steamboat Springs there is an area of anthracite coal of good quality of perhaps twenty-five square miles, with a known area of ten square miles. Pennsylvania has the nearest other anthracite coal.

The quality of these coals will enable them to be sold as far east as Minnesota when the tunnel makes reliable and reasonable railroad service available. The high costs of the makeshift line over Rollins Pass and its frequent shutdowns because of snow and storms have combined to make it difficult for the coal measures to be developed as the market warrants.

There are four million acres of Federal farm lands open for patent in Northwestern Colorado to which the tunnel will give cheap transportation. Prior to the building of the present inadequate road, the district it reaches had attracted many farmers whose productive ranges are known throughout the Rocky Mountain country.

Thus, aside from the part it plays in the strategy of a new and badly needed transcontinental route midway in the country, the Moffat Road has local possibilities that justify the construction of the tunnel.

When Denver and Northern Colorado found that private capital could not be enlisted to build the Moffat Tunnel within a reasonable time, the civic spirit that caused Denver to bond itself for $500,000 to obtain its first railroad when the population was 3,000 was aroused.

The city and the counties along the road were organized into a special improvement district. Commissioners to build the tunnel were elected, and $6,272,000 of bonds authorized.

The tunnel can never be sold; but through the lease of railroad, water and wire privileges sufficient revenues will doubtless be received to carry the investment. However, the expected general development through the use of the tunnel would justify the public credit being used when private agencies were hesitant.

The intense cold and heavy snows of the long winters combined with the high altitude of the workings make provisions against pneumonia and other pulmonary diseases very important.

Each man is provided with sleeping quarters of at least four hundred cubic feet with two and one-half square feet of window area and 0.3 square feet of ventilation opening that cannot be closed. Each man has his own bed or cot, and not more than two men use one room.

The tunnel is being built by contractors under a fixed fee form of contract which provides for the division of any savings in the cost under an upset price of approximately $5,250,000, the exact amount depending upon the actual quantities involved.

Dollar Diplomacy—What Is It?

Concluded from page 6

model instead of devising it on the American plan. To be successful, American diplomacy should not imitate, duplicate or trail; it can be successful only in proportion to its impartiality, originality, timeliness, wisdom and energy. Monotonously, regularly, we hear the lamentations of those who attack Congress for not regaling the country with a system and personnel and pay "like Europeans," but after all our best ambassadors and ministers abroad are American business men and American business products.

It is useless to go into analysis; one universal answer covers the problem—that our inexperienced diplomatists, for better and for worse, have been much more successful in the peaceful affairs of this world than all the experienced ambassadors of foreign countries. Nothing is so futile as that overpraised but inexistent diplomatic "career" we hear so much about; nothing is more ridiculous than the office-boy and office-clerk type of work done during working hours, whatever these be, by these diplomatists. Our own have been fairly free from this glittering gilded nonsense, but of late some evidences have cropped up here and there. I have met American representatives abroad who show evidences of becoming as foreign as the foreigners among whom they serve.

I dubbed it Dollar Diplomacy because the mechanical exigencies of headline composition, plus the pressing need of a caption that would mesmerize readers, limited me to the number of letters. Diplomacy was a repellent word; Dollar was a hypnotic word. They did the trick.

Using the capital of our country in the foreign field in a manner calculated to enhance fixed national policies; the substitution of dollars for bullets; the creation of prosperity which will be preferred to predatory strife; taking advantage of the interest in peace of those who benefit by the investment of capital, and recognition that financial soundness is a potent factor in political stability.

That is the Dollar Diplomacy creed. Wilson never changed it; Harding liked it; Coolidge will continue it.

If he can add publicity to it, President Coolidge will become the most famous international figure of the century—bar none.

Shooting the Fox With a Camera

How Reynard Was Beaten on His Own Ground

By E. R. GAMMAGE

OUTWITTING the American fox is the cameraman's hardest task, for he is, as everyone knows, one of the most cunning of all animals.

When I was out in the Big Bend, Davis Mountain country of Texas, looking for everything of interest to

a cameraman, I discovered signs of fox and decided at once to photograph sly Mr. Fox among the natural surroundings of rocks and mountains of his native country. Accordingly, I hid behind some large boulders and focused my camera on a rock which I thought he might have selected as his place of concealment and there patiently waited for him to emerge to scan the country for enemies which might be lurking about. He took his time about this, however, and there behind those boulders I did my hardest day's work as I waited for hours to photograph this wise old fellow.

The fox is closely related to the dog and the jackal, but differs from them by its sharp muzzle, erect ears, vertical pupils of the eyes, and the long and bushy tail.

There are several kinds of foxes which are common in different parts of the world with the exception of South America, "Foxey Grandpa" being the only "fox" of South America.

The Red fox of America resembles the common fox of Europe and Great Britain but, nevertheless, has a few slight variations which distinguish it. Its head and body will measure approximately thirty inches and the tail about a foot and one-half in length. It has a reddish-yellow-colored fur with tips of black on ears and tail and a white line on its belly.

The American Yellow fox is regarded as the most cunning animal in the world, and is often able to outwit American fox hunters and their hounds in the chase. It robs hen roosts as well as mother goats, sheep and hogs of their young.

The Grey fox is a timber fox which, along with its other cunning attributes, possesses the power of climbing trees. It is, however, becoming more and more scarce with the gradual disappearance of our forests. Most foxes live in burrows.

The Arctic fox, which ranges southward to Labrador and Newfoundland, has beautiful silky fur which is a bluish or brown color in summer and a pure white in winter. Fox skins are always in steady demand in the fur market.

The best skins come from Yakutsk, Kamchatka, and Russian Lapland, and are in their best condition from November to January.

American Libraries Lead in Service

Concluded from page 9

the Bibles, the British History and the French History Collections, and the German History Collection which perpetuates the name Hohenzollern. However, some are of a nature to gladden the heart of the pure collector, being collections undefiled by any scholarly implications that are not inevitable. Harvard has a wonderful fish collection, or rather one "on angling," to be more bibliographical. Izaak Walton's "Compleat Angler" of 1653 is to be found in more than 160 out of 170 known editions, varying in size from that of the "thumb edition" (2 by 1¾ inches) to the edition by "Lea and Dove" in two large folio volumes. One of the books touching fishing dates back to 1471. The Magna Charta mentions fishing and so this collection includes a copy, that of 1556, which belonged to Mary Queen of Scots. This collection numbers more than twelve thousand volumes with books in twenty different languages, prints and pamphlets by the hundreds, and long sets of journals devoted either to fishes or to fishing, which brings strange bedfellows together as fishes and fishing are essentially different topics. Needless to say the enthusiasm of a collector is responsible for this aggregation of books, as Harvard has no more natural interest in fishes than many another college. The collector was Honorable Daniel B. Fearing, of Newport, who spent wisely and with great profit and pleasure to his soul many years in the accumulation of these treasures which will now be kept together for generations to come.

Bostonians may wince if we mention the fact that across the river from Cambridge lies Boston. As a book center of America Boston revolves about Harvard. However, even apart from the college Boston would be a library center. The Boston Public Library is one of the largest libraries in America, one with great devotion to public service and housed in a building which is itself a work of art. The Boston Athenaeum, the Massachusetts Historical Society, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology Library, and a dozen others are worthy of honorable mention, contributing to place Boston on a par with New York and Washington.

One may well hesitate to attempt to describe the Nation's storehouse of literary treasures, the Library of Congress. Here are thousands upon thousands of manuscripts, here is lodged the finest collection of early American newspapers, here is the finest collection of maps and atlases relating to America, here are deposited the fine books and also much trash issued under the American Copyright Law. Washington is probably the most beautiful city of the world and the Library of Congress is its most enduring ornament. The Library of Congress is worthy of the place and of the Nation. Having mentioned Harvard, naturally the other colleges expect mention. Yale has more than a million books (as well as a good football team which receives more press notice); at New Haven the four-million-dollar Sterling Memorial Library is under way. Brown University has on its campus the John Carter Brown Library, easily among the most notable of libraries of Americana. The University of Michigan has a remarkable general library of half a million volumes, together with the William L. Clements Library of Americana, one of the greatest gifts ever made to any university. The Universities of Illinois, California, and Pennsylvania all come in the half-million class, with Princeton older but no larger, and all growing with tremendous strides. Cornell, with noteworthy special collections on China (1,000 volumes), on Iceland and on Dante and Petrarch, is in the three-quarter-million class, with Wisconsin and Chicago. Without fear of contradiction one may assert that our universities have now awakened Europe to the fact that there are books and all the trappings of scholarship even in America.

No American library has aroused more amazement than the Henry E. Huntington Library at San Marino, a gift to the people of California by the most famous collector of this century. Within some thirty years this library has been formed which, in the field of early English literature, disputes first place with the British Museum and the Bodleian at Oxford. Here are found the first edition of Hamlet, 1603, one other copy in the British Museum, and the equally rare Venus and Adonis by Shakespeare. This library possesses the only known copy of the Laws of Massachusetts printed in that state in 1648. Lincoln's Notebook and Franklin's Autobiography for which $80,000 was paid are in company which is worthy. The library is not designed to have more than a quarter-million books but it is even now recognized as one of the great libraries of the world.

Chicago boasts several libraries of international fame. The Newberry Library includes Americana gathered by Edward E. Ayers with the finest collection in the world on the American Indian and also the more recent typographical library, the John M. Wing Foundation, to illustrate the development of the printing art. The John Crerar Library is devoted to science, comparing favorably in the various fields of science with far larger libraries. The Chicago Public Library, Northwestern University Library at Evanston, the Chicago University, The Armour Institute, and various theological and other special libraries make Chicago a growing center, particularly since there is quite well established specialization in purchasing the more expensive items so as to avoid duplication.

Cleveland and Pittsburgh are up and coming strong, both having a citizenship accustomed to making large gifts to the community.

In the South, Baltimore and New Orleans and Austin, Texas, are the three outstanding library centers. There is plenty of public spirit in the South but there is comparatively little wealth.

The fortune of Andrew Carnegie has made possible fine libraries in three thousand American cities. Approximately $100,000,000 has gone into these Carnegie libraries and who will say that it has not been well spent with continuous dividends for years to come. A wise provision in all Carnegie's gifts provides for maintenance of the library by the community in which it is located.

At the present time the American libraries have devised a system of inter-library loans which make it possible for the student to use in his own city library books borrowed from Washington or Boston or Chicago or New York.

Not the least noteworthy movement in our libraries is the attention paid to children's libraries. Systematic efforts are made by schools and libraries and even museums to interest the younger generation in books. This movement potent in promise is already bearing fruit in a wider American interest in good literature. Were there in every home a small library, a few good books like those which Lincoln thumbed so diligently, then many of our agencies for reform would have less to do.

The wonderful growth of the American libraries is largely the work of the past 30 years. The public libraries and university libraries have tripled in that time and the use has increased tenfold so that European libraries are now studying American methods of bringing books to the people. It is also safe to say that the scholarly use of the library treasures has increased in a generous measure—justifying their possession in America.

BRIEFLY TOLD

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. The set includes: "The International Jew," Vol. I, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

A new school for the education of rabbis has been opened under Soviet auspices at Leningrad, according to the Jewish *Daily Bulletin*. The conditions include instruction for one hour a day in political economy and three hours a week in the history of communism. There are 2,000 rabbis in Poland waiting for admission to the United States.

Immediately before Easter Sunday in Spain, everything is closed, but, on the afternoon of Easter day, bullfights, cafés, and theaters all come in for their share of attention.

A Bible and a hymnal are part of the kit of every Chinese soldier under General Feng Yu-Hsiang.

Garlic was distributed as a tonic to the laborer who raised the pyramid of Cheops.

The youthful Amir of Afghanistan encourages home industries. If he sees an Afghan wearing foreign-made clothes he slips up behind and slashes the clothes apart with a penknife, kept sharp for that purpose.

Cork trees of Algeria are stripped once in nine years after the age of fifteen, and give an average of fifteen harvests of a hundred pounds each.

Mother polar bears frequently have three cubs at a time.

There are 2,000,000 "radio pirates"—that is, people who have installed indoor listening apparatus of their own without bothering to pay the required license fee—according to British official estimates. Over there, radio is not "as free as air."

The light in Bishop's lighthouse, off the southwest coast of England, weighs several tons, but can be revolved by a child because it rests in a circular trough of mercury.

The first known trade-mark is Nine Stars, adopted by a business house in ancient Carthage. This house manufactured a delicious fish sauce which it packed in hermetically sealed pitchers, marked with nine stars, and sold throughout the then known world.

Stenographers in Germany have cocoa or coffee in the morning and afternoon. This is a relic of the old custom of having five meals a day.

Arthur Law, a cotton spinner, and representative of Bolton in the last Parliament in England, being ill and unable to obtain employment, was compelled to sign for unemployment pay with the local labor exchange.

Frank L. Stanton, nationally known as the writer of the South's best lyrical verse, has been appointed by Governor Walker as poet laureate of the State of Georgia.

An average of ninety-four tornadoes occurs every year in the United States.

Oil of cedar distilled at small cost from cedar wood waste is used to impart the necessary cedar aroma to boxes and containers used as cigar boxes which are made of other woods.

A valuable shipment of furs, sent from Prince Edward Island to Oregon, consisted of 100 black and silver foxes valued at $100,000.

Residents of Brush, Colorado, and the vicinity thereabout, killed more than 32,000 rabbits and loaded 112 tons of juicy, corn-fed rabbit meat into five box cars. The rabbits were distributed to the poor of Denver.

When an inhabitant of Little Russia wishes to indicate that a man is very strong, he says, "He is a haymaker."

One rarely sees anyone chewing gum in Berlin.

The tombstone of Eurysaces, the pastry king of Rome, was in the form of an enormous cake, which also served as an advertisement.

"Fib" is an abbreviation of fable, an improbable story.

Green County, Wisconsin, farmers are advertising their Swiss cheese by yodeling in the radio.

The theatergoers in Berlin take sandwiches along, which they eat between acts.

"On tick"—getting things on credit—is derived from the days when storekeepers gave tickets containing the amount charged instead of making a ledger entry.

A Frenchman is privileged to have two wedding days, the civil and legal marriage preceding the church wedding by twenty-four hours.

Kangaroos outnumber sheep two to one in the Australian Northwest where they are proving a nuisance.

Five hundred dollars was paid for the destruction of a wolf which had killed $25,000 worth of cattle and sheep in Arizona.

Oak trees are more attractive of lightning than other kinds.

A soft collar for men has been worth $1,000,000 in royalties to its inventor.

"Dago" is derived from the Spanish form of James, and San Diego—or St. James—is a common name in South American countries.

The Greeks originated shorthand.

"A collie has the brains of a man and the ways of a woman," says an old Gaelic proverb.

According to Arab lore, the date tree must "have its head in the fire and its feet in the water," if it is to prosper.

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CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

"I Read in the Papers—"

I read in the papers all the stuff published about the end-of-the-world furor. Not because I was interested in the end of the world, but to observe what publicity can do to people. The idea began with a few obscure persons who were ordinarily out of newspaper purview altogether. Poor, misguided as they were, flying in the face of the very revelation on which they pretended to base their conclusions; they were not nearly so misguided as were the flippant journalists who made the matter a thing of national importance. The people who committed suicide, who sold their property, who destroyed their standing in society, certainly would not have been moved to do so without newspaper aid. These tragic occurrences must be laid at the door of those who thought it worth wire tolls to telegraph from one end of the country to the other the vagaries of people whose opinions on any subject would have no intrinsic value. I noticed also that the newspapers did nothing whatever to enlighten people concerning the religious beliefs involved. All of us from childhood have heard talk of "the end of the world." It is generally supposed that the idea has a basis in the Bible. No newspaper, so far as I know, told the people that "world" in the Bible often means "age." "The end of the age" has quite a different meaning from "the end of the world." This "age" will end, as others have before it, and insofar as it is bad, we want it to end. We want the "next world," the next age of justice and righteousness. Instead of fearing that, men in every sort of accent are asking for it. That is what all our reform movements mean; dumbly it asserts itself in all the forced changes that occur. But an age changes slowly; the end of one and the beginning of another is decreed, but the change does not occur on a stroke of the clock. The New Age is already here in its beginnings, but the old age still hangs on, vestiges of it remain. They overlap. If the religious teachers of the nation had seized the opportunity to tell the people what the idea represented, what the very phrase, "end of the world" means in Biblical usage, the weeks of trivial talk through which the nation wandered might have been redeemed to some increase of knowledge on the part of the people. But the opportunity was lost.

I have heard—I don't know how true it is—I only know that those who say it ought to be in a position to know, that there is considerable "inside" disappointment at Washington on account of the President's Cabinet appointments. Not disappointment *with* the appointments, but because of them. It is actually said by those who seem to know that Mr. Hoover was receptive of the Secretaryship of State and that Eugene Meyer, Jr., was, if not expectant, then receptive of the Secretaryship of Commerce. It was hard to believe that either of these men had any hopes in the indicated directions. Hoover in the Department of State would be a spectacle for men and gods. Meyer in the Department of Commerce would constitute a serious blunder. Say what you like about "experience" but too much Washington experience unfits men to serve the Nation. The professional officeholders, like the Hoovers and the Meyers, who can afford office because of their large private fortunes, are not the kind of stuff of which to build a government.

I read in the papers that hotel men the other day reported that about 95 per cent of hotel guests were honest. This looks like a very high percentage until we examine the negative side. Five per cent of hotel guests are dishonest, which is rather too many, at all, at all! To think that of every hundred guests on the hotel floor you are occupying, five of them are thieves! Dishonest hotel guests appear in three classes: those who try to evade payment of the bill, those who actually succeed in doing so, and those who love to secure "souvenirs" in the form of towels, table linen, and an occasional spoon. It is rather startling for an unsophisticated stranger who has done his best to live "the white flower of a blameless life," to discover on his hotel towels such legends as "Stolen from the Hotel Magnifique," or to have his appetite taken away by seeing the same inscribed on his serviette. It reminds him of the dark line that runs through human affairs. It throws him, willy-nilly, into the uncomfortable sense of being regarded as a possible member or recruit for the reprehensible five per cent. We wonder if such crude methods are necessary. Why penalize the decent public? Why not seize and prosecute the thieves? Instead of always reminding the 95 per cent of the blacklegs, why not put the latter in mortal fear of the former?

I read in the papers that the map which served to inspire the voyage of Columbus to the New World is carefully stowed away in a wooden box, less than a yard long, in the National Library in Paris. It is a hand-painted chart of the design known as "Planisphere," which means the representation of the circles of the sphere on a plane; especially a projection of the celestial sphere and the stars on a plane passing through the Arctic or the Antarctic circle. This map is believed to have been presented to King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella by Columbus when he went to Spain in 1491 and asked for vessels with which to cross the Atlantic. The map was bought for $50 in 1849 at a sale of books, and today is estimated to be worth many thousands of dollars. In spite of this one wonders why some effort has not been made to bring it to America, for that hand-painted chart was the real charter of world expansion and of the universal liberty which we enjoy today.

DEA

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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MR. FORD'S Page this week deals with the power of excessive taxation to discourage ownership. The greater the number of possessors of a definite, tangible stake in the country, the more stable and secure the nation.

"WE, THE people of the United States" belongs in the Constitution, but not in the Amendments, for the Constitution was referred to the people for action by conventions chosen by the people for this express purpose, and the Amendments were not. Amendments are passed upon by legislatures chosen without reference to them. If you want to know the interesting facts about altering the Constitution, turn to page 11.

Editorial Comment, political, foreign, human. (p. 8)

TOM MASSON, for thirty years editor of *Life*, America's greatest magazine of humor, asks if America has produced a literary genius. As a man who has known most of the literary lights worth knowing, he is competent to discuss the question, which he does with a freshness which even literary people will like. The unliterary, being the real makers of verdicts in the realm of letters, will read it with delight. (page 2)

WHEN bootleggers are appointed to be Prohibition enforcement officers, what chance has a poor law got? Yet that is what sometimes happens. An insight into the condition which has become so bad as to force government correctives into action is given on page 10.

"I Read In the Papers"—observations, wise and otherwise. (p. 16)

AS WOODROW WILSON was driving through the White House gate to his second inauguration, the splendid black horses that drew his carriage slipped and fell. "Oh! bad luck, bad luck!" screamed a woman from the crowd. Before his first election, Mr. Wilson expressed his entire confidence in winning the campaign, but, said he "I cannot meet this great honor with delight, for I see over the horizon a black cloud that gives me an ominous feeling I cannot dispel." Huston Thompson who heard the remark, and four years later heard the woman's scream, tells of the last phase of Woodrow Wilson's life, thus closing a notable series of reminiscences. (pp. 4 and 5)

A picture of Spanish women. (p 3)

THE flavor of old and odd things is to be found in the quaint conduct and philosophy in which the children of a century ago were trained (p. 6) and the forthright bravery of the days when Americans knew more of the deck and the mast than of the tonneau and the gas tank. (p. 9)

DID you know that the Swedenborgians had a beautiful cathedral in this country? Neither did we until we saw this article. (page 12)

A MINOR page from American history contains the story of the Maine boundary, and the trouble it gave to two governments. (p. 15) Jumping from the northern to the southern boundary, there is a sketch of Mexico's thirteenth president in fourteen years. (p. 13)

Tom Masson on Literary Genius

Spanish Women as They Are Today

Woodrow Wilson's Last Activities

Charles Finger on Training Youth

Stirring Tales From Naval Logs

THE [illegible]
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UNIVERSITY [illegible]

When Prohibition Doesn't Function

About Changing the Constitution

Swedenborgian Cathedral—A Gem

Mexico's Thirteenth President

Maine's Great Boundary Battle

Has America Produced a Literary Genius?

A Breezy Discussion Ranging From Laura Jean Libbey to William Dean Howells

By THOMAS L. MASSON

IN THE winter of 1907 I was present at a birthday dinner which was given to W. D. Howells by George Harvey, to commemorate Mr. Howell's seventieth birthday. It was a large and distinguished gathering. President Taft came from Washington specially to be present. All the *literati* of the day were there—men and women. Howell's daughter Mildred sat with him at the head table, and a great deal was made of her. Gus Thomas made a speech—among many others—and brought down the house when he said that he and Howells were the only uneducated men present. He referred to the fact that neither of them had been through college.

George Harvey, who at that time was the head of the House of Harper, had staged the whole affair, just as he staged the dinner to Mark Twain, on his seventieth birthday, two years before that. George Harvey was a past master at the somewhat vulgar art of staging dinners to authors whose works he was booming. In those days he had an enormous lot of pep, and this pep carried him well through the war, when he ran his paper, *Harvey's Weekly*. But he seemed to have lost it when he became Ambassador to Great Britain. London has tamed him; his force and fury have evaporated into the unsubstantial and misty atmosphere of a Washington editorial sanctum. Thus great press agents pass.

Mark Twain's Oft-repeated Speech

I was also present at the dinner given to Mark Twain in 1905, and the difference in the affairs was very noticeable. Mark Twain fairly reveled in the adulation ladled out to him. Mildred Howells, next to whom I sat, before Mark Twain spoke, told me that he had been living at their house, and that for six weeks she had heard nothing else but that speech. It was a good speech, as all of Mark Twain's speeches were. He was a past master himself in playing up what has now come to be known as the inferiority complex—in itself a species of egotism—and he dilated on his own wickednesses, to the enormous glee of the audience. After he spoke the dinner lagged a bit, until toward the last a young man, who had never been heard of before, got up and caught the audience at once with a wonderful talk. His name was Rex Beach. Since then he has come to be more or less famous.

The Howells dinner lacked the adulation tone of the Twain dinner. Howells was plainly weary. Under the forced gaiety of his fine face could be discerned that kind of fortitude which really modest men develop in the face of vulgar flattery. He read what he had to say, and read it rather poorly, in a low voice. It was all good, but it was too literary to catch the audience. Afterward it was printed in *Harper's Magazine*.

It happened that some years before that, I had attended a reception given at her home in Brooklyn by Laura Jean Libby, the then popular woman author whose "Lovers Once But Strangers Now" may sound familiar to some of our older readers. Miss Libby died only last year. But it is not too much to say that twenty-five years ago, she was the most popular "low-brow" novelist of the day. At that time she filled more completely the field now occupied by the work of Gene Stratton Porter and Harold Bell Wright. She was the natural outgrowth of The Family Ledger, of Godey's Lady Book. With her, sentimentality was not only a passion, it was a religion. I have always admired her, because she was so much in earnest. Her self-advertising was not the artificial, smart, obviously efficient self-advertising of today; it was the outcome of her sincere belief in herself, in her "art," in her mission and as such it deserved respect. Every year she gave a reception. I was told on the best authority that she got most of the names out of the social directory and the telephone book. Her invitations were spread among the élite, and a few always responded; of course, she sent them to the *literati*. She had made a good deal of money and lived in a fine house, filled with ornate furniture. There was a small mob. She stood at the door, clad in what looked like a wedding dress, with a magnificent bunch of American Beauties in her left hand. She was all dignity and graciousness. At her side stood a violently red-headed young man, who looked like the middle-weight amateur champion of the United States. She introduced him to me as her "poet." She was proud of him. I inquired and was told that Miss Libby hired him to write the poetry to embellish the love passages in her novels. I liked this about her very much; it showed good judgment to relegate that part of the work in which she was weak to another, and along with that, to make him stand by her side and give him all the credit. That idea is the foundation of modern business. Miss Libby was a pure, sincere, fine, if somewhat mistaken, soul.

"Deans" of American Letters

Now I have touched thus briefly upon these three personalities, because, in a broad, popular way, they represent fairly well the whole of American literature. At the dinner given to him, Mr. Howells was proclaimed the "Dean of American Letters." There was no doubt that, up to his death in 1920, he held this position. There is at present a tendency to reclaim him; in a small way, Mr. Howells is coming back. His novels are again being discussed in limited literary circles. But, practically and definitely, Who reads him? What does he really amount to?

He is a delightful writer. And that is true of a great many others. It is certainly true of Mark Twain. It is true in many respects of James Russell Lowell, who in his time was likewise proclaimed the "Dean of American Letters"—and who reads him now? *Is there any name in American literature, from Hawthorne to Tarkington, destined to "live"—as they say?*

This brings us face to face with the question which has never been properly answered, but which I believe can be answered, and which I shall attempt to answer in connection with my theme—namely, What is genius? But before going on to answer it, let me say briefly that, as far as writing is concerned, I think our readers will agree that all writers may be roughly divided into six classes: poets, dramatists, novelists, philosophers, historians, and essayists. It must be remembered that Humor is a by-product of literature. Its very nature depends upon its being incidental. There are no great humorists who stand alone by themselves, as humorists. This would be impossible. Dickens, of course, is a great humorist, but he is much more. Mark Twain, in the long range of time, is a real humorist, but he is much more; he is a delineator of boyhood, of a certain stratum of American boyhood.

In these six departments I have mentioned, can we say that America has supplied first-rate genius? Certainly we can show no great dramatist. Our novelists, or writers of first-rate fiction, can be numbered on the fingers of one hand, with some to spare: Hawthorne, Mark Twain, perhaps Herman Melville (who has so recently been cast up at us from the sea) and in modern times possibly, but doubtfully, Henry James, W. D. Howells, Edith Wharton—all very doubtful. Have we not exhausted our philosophers when we mention Benjamin Franklin and Ralph Waldo Emerson? And the name of the latter comprehends our chief essayist, although I confess to a sneaking admiration for Paul Elmer More. The historians, such as Parkman, Prescott, Motley, Bancroft, Adams, McMaster, and Rhodes, while extremely interesting and useful, are certainly not to be classed as great geniuses, in the sense that Gibbon and Thucydides and Macaulay were geniuses.

Only Two Facts Are Included

We have only the poets left, and two of them—Edgar Allan Poe and Walt Whitman—have commanded the attention of the English, and indeed European, world. Some English critics think that Walt Whitman is the only first-class genius that America has produced. Others include Poe. As far as we ourselves are concerned, it is significant that Poe's name was withheld from our Hall of Fame until 1910. As far as the world at large is concerned, then, that is about the situation: Of all the writers America has produced since it began, two poets—Poe and Whitman—are haltingly declared to be our only entries to the sacred company of world immortals.

What difference does that really make and is there not just as much to be said on the side of the ephemeral? Is Mr. Howells' "Venetian Life" or his "Silas Lapham" any less delightful because, for example, Mr. Edmond Gosse or Mr. George Moore have never—possibly—heard of him? Must we stop reading Mark Twain, or, say, Booth Tarkington's next novel, because a young woman critic from London tells us privately that neither of them will live? Indeed, there is much to be said for the short-lived book, for the fleeting author! I have in my own library a small group of books that nobody ever heard of, and pore over them with constant delight. All this does not answer the question, What is genius? which I now propose to answer, first, by stating what Genius is not.

Genius is not necessarily the ability to produce works that are permanently popular, or even permanently known. Genius is not the original, creative product of certain individuals; it is merely something, the excess of which these individuals are obliged to work off—in fury, in passion, or in long bursts. Shelley's "Lark" is not Shelley; it is something that Shelley caught out of the air.

Genius, then, is the expression of a universal force that comes in through an individual in some manner, the mystery of which we cannot account for. That is about all we can say of it, by itself. We can, however, say a great deal more of it, by its manifestations and workings. To understand these things, we must get rid of some of our false notions about the machinery through which genius works. We must pay only so much attention to the individual as is necessary, to see how the genius works through him. For instance, in Shakespeare's time there were a great many minor Shakespeares. There had to be, to produce one like him. A lot of dramatists tuned in, and among them all, he was the best.

We see the same process now going on, right here in our own land. Short stories are all the rage. There are, literally, thousands of short-story writers. Back of it all is the economic urge. It seems an easy way to make money, and as everybody wants to increase his earnings, and very few succeed, there are a great many persons trying to make money in this way. Owing to this stimulus, the art of short-story writing has immensely improved in the last few years. Among so many thousands who are trying, there are sure to be a few, through whom this kind of genius is best expressed. Genius is not a separate entity, which comes in original packages and is handed out, unbroken, to a few. Everybody has it, more or less. *Our illusion about what genius really is proceeds entirely from the fact that we lay too much stress on recognition.*

We Lay Too Much Stress on Recognition

When the question is asked, "Has America produced a first-class literary genius?" the superficial answer is precisely what we think it is: No, probably not, with the possible exception of Poe or Hawthorne or Emerson or Whitman. But we must remember that *writing, in itself, is a small part of the total record.* There are many other ways in which genius, and super-genius may express itself.

The general characteristic of all genius is to express itself in some form of what, for practical purposes, we term Art. And when we come to define Art, we are in the same dilemma as with genius. Most of the authorities disagree. A small group of intellectuals in New York or Chicago, who live and move and have their being—whatever that is—in frank and slavish imitation of decadent European circles, will get together and pronounce a new book, written quite possibly by one of their own clique, a work of "art." Doubtless it is "art" for them, but not for anybody else. In a year or two it is forgotten. But a true work of art, as the world goes, is one that persists over generations and still holds its own. And the qualities which make it persist are that it is what we call fundamental. It is always fresh, always modern. If you will pick up and read one of Plato's dialogs, you will think that two men you have always known have got into an argument. There is a Socrates in every hick town.

Perhaps the strongest sign of genius is its utter shamelessness. I have heard Walt Whitman often referred to as a "dirty old blackguard." They tell me that the room in which he lived was a sight to behold. I have just been reading the latest collected edition of his poems. Their utter and complete shamelessness rises up and strikes one in the very face. This same quality of shamelessness appears in some form in all geniuses. In some cases it is called courage; in others, an absence of conventionality. Or else a genius is spoken of as one in revolt. All these definitions are misleading. There is not really anything the matter with true genius; the trouble is with the rest of the world. True genius is the most stable thing there is; it is a steady flame that never goes out.

Genius Cares Nothing for What Happens

In addition to this thing I have termed shamelessness, genius has another quality worth mentioning. It ignores its material body, that is to say, it never stays put in its material environment. Genius cares nothing, apparently, for what happens to it, materially. There seem to be exceptions to this rule, but they are not really exceptions. The genius is able to get glimpses of reality; and these glimpses upset him so—as far as this material world is concerned—that he cares not a rap what happens to him materially, as long as he can make something, or do something, or write something, which will put on record what he sees as real.

It has always seemed to me, as long as I have been able to think about it at all, that America, among nations, has a kind of genius for self-government, a sort of vision of national reality which other nations have not. If this is true—and certainly all of us hope that it is—then, this is much more important in the long run, than the glory of literary masterpieces. Besides, if it should happen to be true—if we finally emerge from much of our money wallowing and our sob stuff and our indecencies, into such shape that we can say to the rest of the world, "Do not only as I say, but as I do," then the literary masterpieces, the outpourings of genius, are certain to follow—such as have not been known in this world before.

Spanish Women—A Transformation

Mantillas, Red Roses, Guitars and Orange Blossoms Are Now Rare

By EVELYN M. VIGORS

SPANISH women! What delightful vision far removed from our matter-of-fact world did the words once present to me. Spanish women! There was magic in the sound. Mysterious mantillas, woven from black and white cobwebs, floated before my eyes; I saw high, romantic combs; crimson, velvety roses in dark hair; *mantons* with delicate, silken fringes, profusely patterned like outrageous butterflies with scarlet and green on black or yellow. I heard the twang of guitars; smelt the sweet, entrancing scent of orange blossoms on the air; saw moonlight shining on smiling, ivory-complexioned faces murmuring to their lovers from behind barred windows . . . . That is how I pictured Spanish women before I was disillusioned by reality. That is still the rare picture on nights of fiesta in the spring at Seville. But it is an episode not a complete play—one of the details of a Spanish woman's life. Her mantilla, her comb, and her *manton* are only for the bullfight, for weddings, for feast days. Ordinarily she wears black. She wears crape and mourning for every distant relation she loses. If a widow she will probably never wear colors again.

In Andalusia, where Moorish customs and influence still largely prevail, the women of all classes are housewives, if not house slaves, first, last and always. The traditional window bars are the bars of a prison. The care of their families—cooking, sewing, cleaning—fully occupies these women. Frequent visits to church supply their only spectacular entertainment. Besides ironing, washing the clothes in a neighboring stream, and carrying water for the house in earthen jars little or no manual labor is allowed or expected of them.

In the north of Spain and even in Old and New Castile, the country women work in the fields and on the land as hard as, if not harder, than the men. They are strong mentally and physically. Their husbands appear to be incidents in rather than masters of their lives. One cannot imagine the peasant women of Northern Spain submitting to the law which empowers husbands to dispose of their wives, like bits of furniture, as they think fit. The woman rules the roost. Although the contrast between the peasant women of north and south is so marked, all Spanish peasants, men and women, are united by one common link—their firm belief that their own village is the most beautiful, the most flourishing though always, in the face of the most difficulties, the most famous; in fact the most perfect and desirable spot in Spain if not in the whole world! Says the Asturian song with complete confidence:

> "I am from Pravia,
> And my mother is a Praviana
> Therefore I can do no evil."

while the Andalusians are content with:

> *"Viva Sevilla, Sevilla, Sevilla,*
> *Viva Sevilla, Sevilla, ad infinitum.*

In Spain, as in most countries, it is the upper classes that are the most strictly conservative. Spanish conservatism is something of which the most conservative American can hardly conceive. It stands for political and religious intolerance and repression, and endeavors to keep out of Spain the modern tide of education. It is a powerful and determined enemy of democracy in even its attenuated forms. It is reactionary to a degree unthinkable in most civilized countries. Practically all Spanish women of aristocratic families are carefully brought up in this tradition. Their daughters never move without chaperones except perhaps to church in the morning. Two or three girls are not allowed to chaperon each other even at the cinema. The average upper-class woman lives a secluded life. She attends to her household duties in the morning, no matter how many servants she employs. She takes her drive down the Castellana in the afternoon. She meets her friends in one of the little, fashionable tea shops, or at a tea party in a friend's house. At the parties and receptions the men and women gather in separate groups at opposite ends of the room. Sometimes the women fade altogether to another room. I know an American couple

Spanish ladies in the audience at a bullfight Seville.

who always bid each other farewell before they go to a Spanish tea party. The women will talk of their homes, their children, the latest play, a recent film, they may dip into the arts, so and so's picture exhibition, someone else's sculpture, or perhaps! discuss a new book. They will rarely mention politics unless to say how fortunate there is once more a conservative government in England.

Marriages in Spain are generally arranged. Spanish girls have little opportunity of knowing young men intimately. Spanish boys entertain their friends anywhere but at home for fear of being accused of trying to get husbands for their sisters. Restricted by all the conventions as Spanish girls of the upper and middle classes are, when engaged to be married they have even less liberty. They may only dance with their fiancés and if they are away the girls must not dance at all. They may scarcely look at another man. Some fiancés, I am told, give their fiancées lists of what they may or may not do and of what they may or may not wear mentioning in some cases, even such intimate things as corsets! Once married, the Spanish woman is entirely under her husband's control. A Spaniard can, on mere suspicion of his wife's fidelity and without proof, shut her up in a convent for as long as he likes. And yet every Spanish girl wants to be married!! On certain days outside a well-known church in Madrid long queues of girls of all classes may be seen. Inside the church they light a candle to St. Anthony and pray for a fiancé. If the candle remains alight it is a sign they will have a fiancé within the year. If the candle blows out the prayer will be unanswered! Sometimes, aggrieved at St. Anthony's refusal, they return home and turn the saint's picture to the wall. Others, more violent, may seek revenge by beheading the poor saint's statue!

When one remembers that in polite society it was considered indelicate up till quite recently for a girl to sit with her knees crossed, it is easier to realize the revolution effected by the first girl who some ten years ago was brave enough to wear breeches when skiing and tobogganing in the mountains near Madrid. Her example, which at first shocked and outraged and which has since been generally imitated, indicated that the influence of the more modern and liberal ideas about women, disseminated in Spain by a small group of idealists and intellectuals, was being felt. This group has encouraged women to undertake business and professional work, though public opinion—if one can apply such a term to Spain—does not favor this emancipation. Besides initiating co-education in Spain, these intellectuals have crystallized their ideals in various educational centers, including a residence for university women, where games and sports have an important rôle.

The middle class, though in a minority here, is more liberal about women than the conservative upper classes. Women recruits to the professions and to the business world come chiefly from the middle classes. Although most of the professions are nominally open to women they have, when taking up any work, to face the cynics who regard all women workers above the peasant class as adventuresses, and who claim that girl students at the university are seeking for husbands rather than for knowledge. So strong are social prejudices that most Spanish girls prefer poverty to the opprobium their well-earned money would bring on them if they worked. Two girls I know were both in great need of money. One, imbued with modern ideas, earned enough to appear presentably clothed. The other, miserably dressed but dominated by pride and tradition, scorned the very idea of earning money, and, although too poor to buy herself new shoes, insisted on having a paid chaperone to escort her when she walked abroad.

Spanish women have a long journey to go before they can take their place among their emancipated sisters in America, England, and other enlightened countries. But they have started on the journey. The municipal vote, in a limited form, was recently granted to women in Spain, and in acquiring this they left French women behind. A small, undenominational group of women, the first and, I think, the only group in Spain to have an entirely feminine executive, has been working here for universal suffrage for some fourteen or fifteen years. These women feel assured they will obtain their goal very soon now. They believe Spanish women are wanting better conditions, and that they need only encouragement and more modern education to enable them to participate intelligently in politics. Spanish women are naturally quick and intelligent and when fully roused their influence should be enormous. The results of this influence are at present difficult to foresee. The recent appointments of several women to municipal posts for the first time in Spanish history is considered a feather in the feminist cap, though it is recognized that as these women are not from progressive groups their votes are more likely to represent outside control than individual conviction. These are arbitrary appointments and are out of touch with the true spirit of Spanish feminism. The chief argument against giving women the vote is put forward by the progressive parties who claim universal suffrage would swell the reactionary vote. This is answered by a counter claim that the reactionaries among the women—mostly of the upper classes—would not be sufficiently interested to vote, as was shown by their recent refusal to register at the municipal elections, and that, therefore, votes actually cast would favor progressive parties. No change in the legal status of women is expected to take place until the Dictator, Primo de Rivera, returns from Morocco, but it is thought he is not unfavorable to universal suffrage. Meanwhile Spanish women are gradually awakening to their own limitations, an awakening which is bound to precede any whole-hearted efforts for better conditions and wider fields of activity.

Wet Congressmen Who Vote Dry

By BURT M. M'CONNELL

A CONGRESSIONAL investigation of Washington in general and official Washington in particular is one of the possibilities since it became known that several members of Congress who consistently vote "dry" brought into this country, in violation of the law which they helped to enact, a considerable quantity of liquor. They were able to do this without detection because, in the first place, they were returning from a "junket" to Panama, and in the second place, being Congressmen, they were entitled to "the freedom of the port" in question.

Now, a steady diet of Congressional investigations becomes monotonous. And it may be that the "wets" in Congress are making matters appear in the worst possible light, to bring about a more liberal revision of the Volstead Act. Nevertheless, the wetness of many "dry" Congressmen is notorious despite the fact that Congressmen are pledged to obey the law and *support the Constitution.* If prohibition is good enough for the average man (thinks the "average man") it ought to be good enough for those who voted to make it the law, and who annually appropriate millions of the taxpayers' money to enforce the law for everybody but themselves.

Those familiar with Washington life have known for a long time that nowhere else in the United States is the Prohibition Law being flouted more brazenly than in the nation's capital. The very Capitol has become a "house of a thousand scandals." If any city in the country should be a model for the enforcement of prohibition, that city is Washington. In the District of Columbia, Federal and local governments are virtually identical. The President and his Cabinet; the nation's lawmakers; the Prohibition Commissioner and his enforcement agents—all are there. Yet Washington is generally regarded as the wettest city in the country outside New York. With the greatest moral problem of a generation confronting the country, we enter the sixth year of prohibition with the examples of these wet Congressmen before us; a flagrant disregard of one law which tends to bring other laws into contempt.

The impartial enforcement of all law is becoming a national problem of the first magnitude.

The public's confusion of mind on the subject of prohibition is great enough, without having it made more chaotic by Congressmen who violate the Volstead Act.

Millions of individuals, for instance, undoubtedly believe that prohibition is a mere law of Congress, which should be repealed.

This brilliant suggestion has been dinned into their ears by candidates for Senatorships who would make their particular state "as wet as the Atlantic Ocean" and by governors who refuse to co-operate with Federal enforcement officers.

These uninformed people do not understand that if Congress should repeal the Volstead Act, it would be in duty bound to enact another law enforcing prohibition.

Nor do they understand why, if Congressmen break the law which they helped enact, the "man in the street" should not do likewise.

A man who will help to pass a prohibition law with one hand and drink with the other is beyond the ken of the average man.

Just as a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, so are prohibition enforcement units no stronger than the individual human links that go to make up the whole. And the majority of these have been recommended for appointment by Congressmen.

Are Congressmen who themselves wink at the Prohibition Law going to choose agents who will enforce that law?

A reversal of public opinion in favor of prohibition enforcement has in the last few months manifested itself. Ridicule of the liquor laws has disappeared from the majority of newspapers. And anti-prohibition jokes are seldom cracked on the stages of the better class of theaters. Public opinion has brought about these two reforms. If the proposed investigation of wet Congressmen who vote dry, however, is conducted in good faith, it may result in a house cleaning that will make it impossible for a member of Congress to drink either publicly or privately, and still hold his seat in the House of Representatives. If, however, it becomes nothing more nor less than a whitewashing affair, in which Congressmen are acquitted of all charges of tippling, many who are familiar with Washington life and the intricacies of Congress will probably laugh themselves to death.

At the Close of the Day

"He Held On When There Was Nothing in Him," Except the Will to Do

By HUSTON THOMPSON

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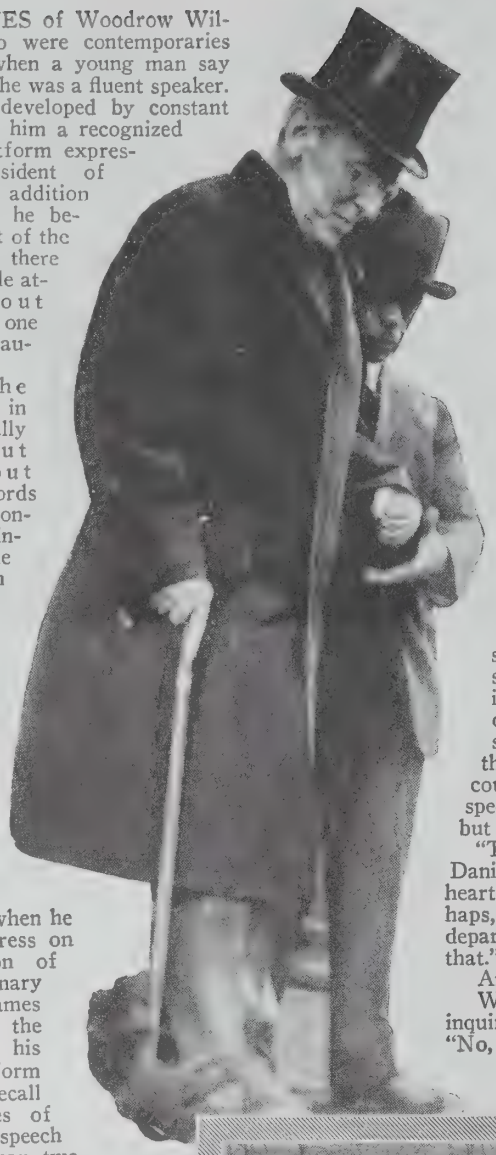
This is the third and last of a series of articles giving intimate glimpses of the life of Woodrow Wilson.



RELATIVES of Woodrow Wilson who were contemporaries of his when a young man say that even then he was a fluent speaker. This fluency, developed by constant practice, made him a recognized master of platform expression as president of Princeton. In addition to this, when he became President of the United States there was a noticeable atmosphere about him as of one speaking with authority.

Up to the World War in 1914, he usually spoke without manuscript, but when his words began to be considered and interpreted by the entire world in those perilous times, he resorted to written speech, a practice which he disliked very much. In the days before responsibility and fear of misinterpretation were upon him, as when he made the address on the celebration of the Tercentenary of the King James Version of the Bible, he put his speech in the form of notes. I recall that the notes of that particular speech covered less than two pages. On that occasion, I asked for copies of his speech, that they might be given to the press and in response to my request, he drew from his pocket two sheets of ordinary note paper with an outline sketched on them in pencil. On the opposite sides of these two pages were the notes for two other speeches.

This incident brought an inquiry from me as to his method of preparing his speeches, in answer to which he explained that in his youth, and until he became president of Princeton, it was his custom to write them out in full before delivering them, but that after he became the head of the university, his time was so occupied with other matters that he was forced to rely merely upon outlines. At the same time, he discovered that through the years of constant writing he had acquired a vocabulary such that if he had the outline clearly in his mind, he found no difficulty in dressing it up with suitable words.

One of his most noted speeches was made without the writing of a single word on paper in advance. It took place in the ballroom of the Willard Hotel in April, 1916. The occasion was a banquet given by the Common Council Club, a progressive organization of appointees under Wilson, together with Senators and Congressmen. His first administration was coming to a close, and, as the party conventions were soon to be held, the members of the club thought that a Jefferson Birthday celebration would supply a fitting opportunity for the President to voice his views on what the administration had done and to express in a general way the plans which it was developing and proposed to carry out in the future.

That evening, as President Wilson left the White House, he was followed to the door by one of his daughters who asked: "Father, what is the subject of your speech for tonight?" Taking her hands in his, he said: "I have no idea at this time, but I recall something that is more important to you. Tomorrow is your birthday and I want you to invite all of your friends in to dinner."

The Willard ballroom was crowded to capacity that night, but not when the President entered, punctual as usual. He arrived and took his place just as the crowd was beginning to filter in. Quizzical as to the many tables and few diners, he asked in a slightly annoyed way why they were late. Aside from this, President Wilson was in high spirits. The appearance of each well-known character or personage was the occasion for some humorous quip or story that kept those around him in gales of laughter. During the service of the course, he leaned over and said, as he did in Denver, back in 1913: "I am at a loss for a subject tonight. Can you give me a suggestion?" But this time there was no appearance of worry. He was more in the frame of mind of one who had many subjects to talk upon but was seeking aid in the choice of the most appropriate. This was the period of the administration when Secretary of the Navy Daniels was under fire from many sources. He had taken a decided stand on Prohibition on board our battleships and had also refused to accept the bids on steel armor plate because they were approximately identical. It occurred to me that some remarks in defense of his administration would be timely so I suggested Mr. Daniels as a subject, adding that, as the President knew the causes for the attacks, he could give the same considerable publicity in his speech. This suggestion appealed to him very strongly, but he replied:

"There is no one whom I would rather speak for than Daniels. He knows what I think of his work and how heartily I am behind him, so he is not worrying. Perhaps, however, this is not the occasion to discuss his department. I would like to take a whole evening for that."

And he did a short time after in that same ballroom.

When the speeches were about to begin, I ventured to inquire if he had yet selected his subject. He replied, "No, but I shall take my cue from the other speakers and shall undoubtedly get some suggestions from their addresses."

Only the slight drumming on the table and a fixed gaze over the heads of the diners in front of him gave any indication of his preoccupation. When Senator Glass, who had spoken on the Federal Reserve System, finished, the President remarked to those about him that it was a masterful presentation. Intervening between the last address and that of the President, was a number by the orchestra. During this interval, he said: "It is so difficult to make a speech where there is no opposition. Practically all of those here tonight are our friends." I replied: "But there are four or five million people scattered over this country who are not in accord with the Administration. Why not address your remarks to them?"

It was not a time when an attack, even if he had the desire to make one, would have been wise. He was doing his utmost to keep the nation neutral, and so, even though we were approaching a Presidential campaign, his attitude toward the opposition was one of gentle irony.

Throughout the whole speech there ran a very serious vein in which the background of the European conflagration and the danger that it might embroil us in it was the keynote. There was a moment in that speech that sent thrills up and down one's spine and held the banqueters spellbound until the final word and then brought them to their feet in a wild burst of applause. Pointing his inquiring forefinger at his audience, he said in slow measured tones:

> "God forbid that we should ever become directly or indirectly embroiled in quarrels not of our own choosing, and that do not affect what we feel responsible to defend; but if we should ever be drawn in, are you ready to go in only where the interests of America are coincident with the interests of mankind and to draw out the moment the interest centers in America, and is narrowed from the wide circle of humanity? Are you ready for the test? Have you the courage to go in? Have you the courage to come out according as the balance is disturbed or readjusted for the interests of humanity?"

President Wilson was not only keenly alive to the effects upon his audiences in his Washington days but as far back as when he was a professor in his lectures on Constitutional Law which were elected and attended by more students at Princeton than any other one subject. In those days, his manner of handling the subject aroused even the most critical, information-resisting students to spontaneous applause which would frequently interrupt him. Who could have so lacked humanness as not to have been pleased by the stamping and handclapping of students who crowded the largest lecture room on the campus? There can be no gainsaying the fact that it pleased Woodrow Wilson and the expression on his countenance revealed his pleasure. In response, he would pause with forefinger suspended in the air and with a slight smile playing around his eyes. When in this way he had acknowledged the compliment, down would drop the hand as a signal, and a serious expression from him would cut short the enthusiasm. Again one would hear in the silence the scratch of the pencils of his auditors as they continued to take down the lecture.

It was a part of Woodrow Wilson's Scotch reticence that made him shield his tender emotions from the public. Because he refused to wear his heart upon his sleeve and advertise the fact, his enemies sought to build up before the public a cold and calculating personality, while the proud Wilson disdained to let them know whether their outrageous attacks upon his character had hit the mark.

Even in Princeton days, Woodrow Wilson was able to hide his sufferings, though they may have been poignant. When he received the nomination for Governor of New Jersey, but was still at Princeton, many of his friends felt that he was entering a life for which he might be unsuited, where he would be subject to cross currents of attack and criticism that, despite his standing and character, would injure him and bring him down

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Above—Woodrow Wilson leaving his residence in Washington to join in the procession to the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Center—Funeral of the ex-President. Below—In the Bethlehem chapel of the Cathedral of Saints Peter and Paul, where the last rites for the ex-President were held.

to low estate. In this vein, I wrote him in September, 1910, expressing regret that he had taken this step. He replied that he would not have turned away from Princeton for anything which did not seem to him a superior duty. He was sure that if I could have seen or known the circumstances under which he received the nomination I would agree that it was a call from which he could not and should not escape. In closing the letter he said:

> "I hope that with all my heart, and believe, there is force enough in the Board of Trustees (of Princeton) to prevent any serious reaction of policy, but I must admit that I have spent a very unhappy life under the attacks which have been made upon me by some Princeton men."

There came a day when he was able to joke and laugh about the Princeton situation though he never did overcome what he thought was the injustice which he had received at the hands of those with whom he had been intimate for a long time. Some years after, at a dinner in the White House, which he was giving to the Supreme Court of the United States, the present conditions at Princeton and those at the time of his withdrawal became a matter of a few minutes' discussion between himself and Mr. Justice Pitney who was a classmate of Mr. Wilson's at Princeton. The ladies had withdrawn from the dining room and had crossed the White House to the East Room, leaving the men standing around in groups smoking and chatting. Mr. Wilson who was a reader of the Princeton *Alumni Weekly,* while in the White House, brought up the subject of an article that had appeared in the *Weekly* discussing the developing of the Quadrangle system on the campus, a thing which he had urged as a substitute for the social club system of Princeton. During the discussion, I recalled that it looked as if the college was coming around to the point of view that he had advocated as president of the university, when he said with a laugh:

"Well, then why did they kick me out?"

During his incumbency at the White House, many of Mr. Wilson's friends did not agree with the silence which he maintained in answer to the false stories that were spread about him, and thought that he ought to take the offensive such as Mr. Roosevelt did when he sued for libel, a party charging him with being given to drunkenness. But Mr. Wilson's attitude was expressed in the idea:

"What's the use? My friends don't believe them and my enemies won't believe me no matter what I say."

No matter how bitter his enemies in Washington were, they universally conceded that Woodrow Wilson had one virtue—a cold intellectual ability, if that may be called a virtue. Certainly Woodrow Wilson would not have considered it such. Perhaps that is why hostile partisans conceded this type of ability to him. Seldom if ever did one hear the opposition admit, even with reluctance, that this "man of mystery" was moved by generous impulse. In fact, those who were his friends were constantly combating attacks of this kind, and the writer was more than once challenged to name a single generous action on Mr. Wilson's part. A never-failing and unanswerable reply was the statement that Woodrow Wilson during his professorship at Princeton when living on a salary of $4,000 a year, and caring for a family of five, at the same time took into his home and sheltered, free of charge, for their four years' college course, a brother-in-law and a nephew, and at the same time kept open house for many relatives who frequently spent their vacations with him. If the facts could be measured, it is fair to say that no college professor ever gave more freely and with more joy and in greater abundance of what he had to those in need than did Woodrow Wilson. To meet the demands upon him he was compelled to add to his salary by writing constantly and lecturing on many occasions in addition to his college work. In Washington during the days when absorbed and weighed down with the war and world problems, and spending a great deal of time so that he would not say the wrong thing in the statements which he was making to the world, even his friends sometimes mistook his engrossed state of mind for coldness, yet during those days, his sick friends at the hospitals in Washington were receiving notes of cheer and flowers from him. The little boys and girls over in Virginia along the route to the golf course, who ran from their modest homes to greet him on his way to the game, were being individually remembered with Christmas presents. The wounded sailors and soldiers were being visited. Even the old man who sold fish to the White House was being looked after personally by the President when sick, and the many benevolences to which the White House checkbook responded were being taken care of with as much thought as ever. Yet all this was done secretly and with the sensitive reticence of Woodrow Wilson so that there were few persons in Washington who were acquainted with this side of his life.

Back in 1913, as his campaign train halted before a good-sized crowd gathered at the little station of Castle Rock, Colorado, he made a few remarks and was bade goodby with a cheer by the crowd.

As the train pulled out, I said, "Well, what do you think of your chances for election in November?"

"I am as good as elected already," he replied, "It is only a question of the number of votes."

The lack of spirit in his voice as he made this remark caused me to comment on it, to which he answered as a serious look swept over his face:

"I know I ought to meet this great honor that is coming to me with delight, but somehow, I see over the horizon a black cloud that gives me an ominous feeling which, try as I may, I cannot dispel."

Superstitious persons might have been troubled over an incident which occurred to Woodrow Wilson on the morning of his second inaugural. As no newspapermen were about and as the incident apparently made little or no impression on Mr. Wilson and those about him, it seems never to have reached the public press.

The hour had arrived for him to proceed to the Capitol from the White House. Just as he passed out of the north gate accompanied by Mrs. Wilson and Dr. Grayson, in an equipage drawn by two magnificent black horses, the horses slipped on the pavement and fell to the ground. The writer was standing a short distance away when it happened. The only impression at the moment was that this was an embarrassing occurrence, but a woman close by said in a suppressed scream:

"Oh, bad luck! bad luck!"

Then it was that the incident at Castle Rock, Colorado, was brought to my mind, but almost immediately dispelled. With the assistance of Dr. Grayson, the footman and driver got the horses on their feet again, and had the carriage moving in a few minutes, while the President and Mrs. Wilson looked on calmly and silently, except for an anxious inquiry as to how the horses had fared.

So far as my conscious mind was concerned after this incident, the remark made at the little station in Colorado was gone completely. But when the news was flashed across the country that Woodrow Wilson had been stricken on his train and would not be able to respond to an address which he was to make on the League of Nations at Wichita, Kansas, on the twenty-sixth day of September, 1919, then the forgotten remark made in Colorado, coupled with the tragic news of his being stricken down, either in Colorado or just as he crossed the border line into Kansas, came back.

(C) U. & U.

Last photograph of President Wilson, surrounded by his Cabinet, taken in the White House, February 15, 1921.

(C) U. & U.

Following the funeral of the Unknown Soldier

It set me to wondering whether his remark of those earlier days was portentous of a cloud of hate that was to gather above him and hurl its bolt upon his wearied brain in that same part of our country, or whether it was the World War cloud that gathered in 1914, or was it simply the thought of what the Presidency must bring to one when he realized that he was about to occupy that position. Whatever it was, Woodrow Wilson had gone ahead regardless of the cloud on the horizon or the many storm clouds that gathered during his eventful career. True to the philosophy of Kipling's "If," having passed through the war to peace time, he had dared to make a great solemn referendum of his League of Nations to 110,000,000 persons. All his life, he had loved a contest with the opposition. Now he met it. In all its strength it was comparable to none that was ever before faced by a President. To the opposition was added a withering wave of personal hate.

Opposition in the form of conscientious difference of belief on a debatable question he welcomed, but hate hurt him, just as it had done in the fight at Princeton, and undoubtedly this was the accelerating cause of striking him down when his heart broke during the tour across the country in behalf of the League. Again in the words of Kipling, he had forced his "heart and nerves and sinew to serve" their turn long after they could respond. Even as a casualty of the war, "he held on when there was nothing in him," except the will which said to him "Hold on!"

Probably no one who stood and witnessed his last public appearance at his home on Armistice Day, November 11, 1923, had fully sensed his "will to hold on" to a cause when all else but the will had fled. Had those in charge of the event been aware of how terribly Woodrow Wilson had failed in the preceding month, they would never have invited him to put himself to such a test. With feet so swollen that they had to be incased in shoes whose cloth uppers were held together by strings in overcatches, with countenance so swollen that his smile could not express itself beyond his eyes, he nevertheless, with the assistance of a servant, slowly made his way out on the porch and gazed at the ten thousand or more who had gathered to hear him. This demonstration of loyalty, and particularly the view of the armless, legless and sightless veterans from the hospitals surrounding the doorway and within a few feet of him, moved him to tears. When silence was obtained, in low, husky, broken words, he almost whispered his thanks for the reception accorded to him, and then paid a compliment to General Pershing, whom he said was the real Commander-in-Chief of the Army.

In the middle of his speech, he halted as if to get his breath and said to me, "I can't go on"; but his will said "go on!" And he gathered the remnant of energy left in him and finished his remarks.

With the aid of his servant he turned and started to hobble slowly into the house.

It had been agreed that the moment his address was over, I was to signal to the band leader to start the music. With a lively air, the band had begun when Woodrow Wilson, who was just inside the door, slowly turned again and made some remarks.

His voice was so low that I could not hear until my ear was close to his lips. Finally I caught the words, "Stop the band, I have something more to say."

Again he struggled to the front step and in trembling, faltering tones he uttered his last public challenge to those who were opposing the League of Nations, and said, in weaker tones, "That is all." Then he passed forever from public view.

(C) Harris & Ewing.

View of crowd in front of ex-President Wilson's home in Washington listening to his last address.

Training Youth in the Good Old Days

Son of the House Had Strenuous Time When Washington Was a Boy

By CHARLES J. FINGER

THE other day a well-meaning, but sadly misinformed old gentleman entered a vehement protest against what he was pleased to style "the artificiality of the present generation," and in the course of his dissertation ventured a prophecy that the day would come when we would gladly return to the simpler and easier manners of a past generation, a time when, as he held, the young conducted themselves "humanly and sensibly." Social veneer, he said, was a modern and detestable thing and the delightful and refined etiquette of the days of Noah Webster a something most heartily to be desired. Confronted with the statement that Noah Webster's moral lessons inculcated a kind of savagery, especially when praising philosophic farmers who, finding argument with apple-pilfering boys was of small avail, decided to try "what virtue lay in stones," the old gentleman grew restive. Speaking quite sharply, he assured his hearers that he could conceive of nothing more elevating than the juvenile literature of the past, but he was not explicit as to any particular period.

Now stupid and prejudiced old gentlemen are hard to convince, and the opinionated fellow refused to see good in "Alice in Wonderland," the Oz books, Miss Alcott, or anything of the kind, so neither of us got beyond assertion. But having read voluminously and unwisely all my life, I could not see the man's point at all. I recalled pages reeking with bloody daggers and the shrieks and the groans of melancholy specters, of dark and dreadful deeds done in caverns and barns, of secret rooms and trapdoors and gloomy halls, of reptile-infested caves, of haunted graveyards and blasted trees. And though those were for children of older growth, there were other things written, apparently with no other view than to awaken thrilling horror. I remember once being hailed in an eager and light-hearted way by an estimable great-aunt, a guileless old lady, very charming and attractive and genial, who felt moved to read to me a story from some juvenile magazine of her day. It was all about a girl, whose mother, wishing to convince the child of six years of age that life was uncertain, sent her into the churchyard with instructions to measure the little graves. Page after page was devoted to Bessie's reflections, and at the end, the child indulged in superhuman soliloquy somewhat in this fashion:

"Mother says that many children die before they are as old as I am, and I see that she is right. My string tells me that. How odd that I never brought a string to measure graves before. But here is another little stone with pretty verses on it. I must read them:

"'Two little babes this death-bed share;
However young, prepare, prepare.'"

I find something of the same tenor in the New England Primer (second edition, Boston, 1691). Apparently children of the day were expected to go about in a mood of broken-hearted solemnity, courting, as it were, the shadow of grief. To quote:

"In the burying ground I see
Graves shorter there than I;
From Death's arrest no age is free,
Young children, too, must die.
My God, may such an awful sight,
Awakening be to me,
Oh, that by early grace I might
For Death prepared be."

As for those simpler manners of a past generation, I turn for specimen to a book entitled, "How the Young Should Act," originally published in Boston, the year not given, but apparently embodying, or bringing up to date, certain "Rules of Good Manners" from some earlier work. Polite conduct in the days when Washington was a child would seem to have been a wholly unlovely and affected affair. From the section devoted to "Conduct when a Good Visitor Comes," I cull this:

1. You should not read when a Grown up person is in the Room, for that is not proper. When Mature Persons talk they give forth Wisdom and the Proper Youth must hearken with a lively ear, not looking in the Person's Face, but with folded hands, being Discreet, for thus the Person will feel Interesting and so talk more.

The better to provoke a burst of awe-inspiring oratory, the Proper Youth is instructed in the Manner of Standing.

2. When a Person visits the House, the Boy of the House should stand before the person in an easy manner, with one Hand in the Breast of his Waistcoat and the other under the Flap thereof.

Admiring the pony.

3. If the Visiting Person moveth, the Son of the House should push his chair after Him that he may at any time sit down.

Apparently, for the Son of the House the coming of a Good Visitor was a fundamentally serious social function, and there must have been moments of bewilderment when two or three restless and excited guests got to their feet, resolved in the heat of political argument to struggle on in feebleness rather than collapse in despair.

But it was at the table that the highly trained and attentive boy had his trials. To get through a meal successfully must have been a hard-earned and well-deserved triumph, especially in the deplorable combination of a hungry boy and an absent-minded host.

"The Model Youth must at all times say 'No' when asked to partake of a Nice Thing, especially if there be not much. Nor is he at any time to ask the price of the Dainties. Nor should he laugh or smile or feel amused when something should perchance happen to the discomfort of the Host or his Consort. Neither shall he drink from the Milk Jug, nor, standing upon his Chair reach across the Table, lest he be counted Ill bred. If he wish a serving from a Dish, he shall not stamp nor whistle, but shall look thoughtfully upward until, perchance, the Master of the House hitteth upon the Desired Thing. Also must he beware how he handle the Food, lest the Sweet Things or Jambs smear his Countenance."

From the context, it would seem that the Youth was left at the table when the elders withdrew, a happy provision in the case of an inattentive host and a boy with an appetite. For instructions follow, advising the boy as to his behavior when "The Company removes itself from the Board and becomes Disposed to Thought."

"The Boy must quietly enter the Room where the Grown People are disposed, not looking merry or amused, lest the Host be not pleased after the Meal."

Is dyspepsia hinted at?

"The Boy must not sit by his sister, but rather speak modestly to the Daughter of the House, or, should she be in no mood of the kind (!) then shall the Boy stand in some corner in contemplation and meditation.

"A Good Girl must not laugh nor speak until she is spoken to. She must neatly arrange her Frock and look before Her or at the Carpet, not seeming to be eager of the Conversation of the grown-up Persons. Let her at all times watch that her smile be pleasant, and if the Host say something to her she should say sweetly, 'Yes, kind Sir,' or 'No, kind sir,' and courtsey, prettily. Perhaps the Master of the House will ask you to recite something from the poets, or Dryden, which soundeth well at all times."

The Grown People were given every opportunity to score off the children, apparently, for the Boy also had to offer himself as candidate for the intellectual bear-baiting.

"When the Master of the House inquires into the Studies of the Boy, the Proper Youth should offer with willingness but not too trippingly, to work out some Arithmetick question that the Master may propound, or on occasion to recite his last Lesson. But he should at all times speak well of the Schoolmaster.

"In the Drawing Room no Good Boy or Girl should finger the books that be Layed so evenly on the Table, for your Good Hostess hath put them thus and so to the end that they may please the Eye. Neither should you praise the Things that you have at Home, but speaking of them, decide that they are Inferior, for thus the Hostess will be the more pleased with that she owns."

Taking it all in all, the Model Boy would seem to be heavily preoccupied, but the Grown People satisfied, or bored, there was a new campaign, this time in the shape of an exasperating ritual to be observed and carried on with hectic energy.

"The Visiting Boy shall admire the Structure of the House and shall praise the Flower Beds. It is also seemly for him to ask that he may pluck a Rose to bear to the Master of the House.

"If the Boy of the House hath a Pony or a Dog, the Visiting Boy shall ask him to ride it (!) Meanwhile the Visiting Boy shall run by its side and speak kind words of the animal, or admire the Furnishings, and when the Boy of the House hath shown the merits of the animal, the Visiting Boy must doff his cap and thanking him, bow."

So, after a day of miserable discomfort and ignominy comes the moment of farewell and the final curtain. All the incense of flattery has been burned and all the little monkey tricks have been performed, but one little conventionality remains to be attended to. The struggles, the efforts, must be approved or disapproved at the house door, though again the Boy runs the risk of a flood of oratory.

"If the Youth hath done all well and brightly and be not at the end thrust aside by his Parents, the Good Host may be so well pleased that on leaving he may hand the Boy a bright new Penny. If this be, and the Host inquires, as he well may, what the Boy propose to do with the Gift, he shall answer that it is to go to the Poor, or some such thing. Thus will be well pleased your Host and Entertainer.

"So all will fall out well except your Behaviour was not what it should have been, for the Cloud will gather when you are again at your home. For a Wise King said Spare the Rod and Spoil the Child.

"But if all was well and proper, then at the Door the Master of the House may smile and lay his hand on the 'Youth's head, at which the Boy shall say these words, 'Kind sir, I thank you, and your generous house shall be well remembered,' or some other pleasant speech that your Parents or Schoolmaster may teach."

The following letter from a son to his father, dated December 6, 1787, so delightful in its simplicity, may form an appropriate conclusion:

Honored Father,

As I have no letter from you since your favour of the 8th of October last, which I answered by the next post, I take this opportunity of enquiring after your health, and that of my sister: I have herewith sent you, Sir, by Samuel Simple, the Pempsey carrier, a spaniel dog, called Tray, who is an excellent good one of his kind, and fit for the sport of your place; he is very free for the water; and if he hath any fault, it is being a little too eager; but he is young and may be brought to what you please to have him. Pray give my love to my sister, and be pleased to accept of my duty to yourself, who am,

Sir, Your most dutiful Son,
and humble servant,
Anthony Addlehill.

If the Visiting Person moveth the son of the House shall push his chair after Him.

Mr. Ford's Page

THE strength of any country is the stake which its citizens have in it. A nation of tenants is an unstable mass. People who are only renting the right to live in the land are not likely to care greatly what principles rise and what fall at the hands of government. And governments who rule over a nation of citizens thus loosely attached are under less compulsion to care for the deeper public rights.

Tenant nations exist as the result of one of two causes—an initial inability to secure land, or a later inability to hold land because of high taxation. We have examples of the first throughout Europe, where in many countries the land was early taken by the nobility and held by them for centuries, the people, whether in city or country, being but tenants. It is hardly necessary to say that in those countries there has been ceaseless trouble, a growing division between government and people, an enmity between classes of the people themselves, and eventual downfall.

It is worthy of note that the revolutions which have occurred in the last twenty-five years have all used the land question as their chief lever. They have appealed to the land-hunger of the landless peasants by promising them a division of the nobility's estates when the new government should have been established, but they have created the confusion and chaos indispensable to a revolution by seizing such privately owned land as existed. The destruction of ownership on the one hand, combined with the promise of ownership on the other, but always involving in some way the matter of ownership, has come to the fore in every revolutionary activity. Revolutions do not and cannot occur where the people are owners of their own country.

The United States began with the greatest political and economic capital possible to any nation—men and land. The system of aristocratic ownership had no opportunity here at the beginning, the very bigness of the country discouraged it. Wherever the leading colonists tried to make themselves great landlords as the nobility of Europe had done, they thereby simply created a pressure which drove people farther toward the frontiers, to occupy the vast spaces which no amount of greed could control.

It was the possibility of people becoming part owners of the country that drew to us the great constructive tides of immigration that marked the earlier stages of our growth. People came from all parts of the earth because they could own a stake in the country. They could buy and work and hold in perfect security all the land they needed. The United States was a country where every man could sit under his own vine and fig tree, none daring to make him afraid.

That was our glory up to a short time ago. Our country was safe, because our citizens had their own property. Our country was conservative, because ownership begets a sense of responsibility. Our country was constructive and progressive because property must be used and developed to prevent it becoming a liability instead of an asset.

There were cities in this land that prided themselves on being "cities of homes." They were built up, lot by lot, by the home-building and home-owning instincts of the people. Homes brought industry, and industry brought more homes, and both together built up great centers of life. The people were interested in the quality and actions of government, because these had a direct effect upon the welfare of the home. Voters were owners, not merely tenants, and what they said had an air of authority about it. They were speaking from their own stake in the state, as partners in the business of government. The soundest communities were those in which the largest proportion of people lived on their own plot of land, though it were but a 30-foot lot in the city.

Few will deny that a change has come, and few will have any doubt as to its cause. The proportion of owners is decreasing. And the ratio of their decrease is the ratio of tax increase. It is time for our statesmen to begin to think about the widespread *discouragement of ownership* which overtaxation has brought about.

When men find it cheaper to rent homes than to own them, when the pressure of taxation becomes so great that it requires building and real estate corporations to meet it, when young married couples find detached homes impossible and must resort to a modern form of cliff dwelling, when ownership moves away from individuals and becomes more and more centered in syndicates, then a change is coming over the United States that is un-American. And if it is our system of taxation that is at the bottom of it, then our taxation is un-American. Any system which taxes the American citizen out of ownership into tenancy cannot by any stretch of loyalty be termed American. And any endeavor to remedy such a state of affairs in the interest of restoring widespread ownership to citizens cannot by any stretch of imagination be described as un-American.

ONCE in this country the plan was tried of taxing men out of their rights. Opposition to that was one of the causes that made us a nation. "No taxation without representation" said the first Americans. Now, however, we have seen taxation grow so large under representative government as to affect the stake in the land which every citizen would have if he could. Taxation has reached a point which makes difficult if not impossible small ownership where it has not yet been attained, and discourages it where it has. Any system that taxes citizens out of ownership into tenancy, that makes it easy to rent one's place in the nation and hard to own it under the security of law, is a bad system, and undermines the nation more than any destructive political teaching could. The homes of a people are the country's strength, not its tenements. This view of taxation merits attention.

The problem of taxes is not their *amount,* but their *effect.* The present system of taxation has been justified to the small owner because it has seemed to lay the burden on the large owner; but the *effect* of such taxation is to drive out the small owner and compel the large owner to become larger as a measure of self-protection. This only needs to be stated to have its dangerous character made clear.

What has been said as relating to the home owner who finds it as burdensome to own as to rent, or as relating to the tenant who finds it less burdensome to be tenant than master, also relates to business. The ownership of business is being made in some cases an impossibility by taxation. The legitimate motives to exertion have been neutralized, the legitimate necessity of expansion has been penalized, the whole drive toward initiative and excellency has been devitalized by the endless variety of tax charges that come from every direction and from every unit of political power.

The result is a socialization of all industrial effort without the social benefits which socialism promised. The beneficiary is the Government, and the beneficiary of the Government is largely itself. Government has usurped the place that was once supposed to be held by what was called the "capitalistic class," but whereas that class was compelled to keep its money in productive industry, and at least had its money invested where other people could use it and do things with it, the Government simply absorbs and goes on absorbing. If so-called "capitalism" had ever absorbed the fruits of industry to the same extent that taxes absorb them, it is impossible to say what would have occurred. What is occurring now is that taxation is discouraging effort, for men will probably never learn to find satisfaction in earning vast amounts for the purposes of paying taxes. If they could see any proportionate results from their payments, if they could see that money put into Government served as great a public benefit as money put into industry, they might be more satisfied; but that is a sight that no one has yet seen, and no Government has ever been bold enough to make the claim.

Again, it is not the *amount* of taxes that must be paid that causes the discussion, it is the *effect* it has in destroying the very tax sources. Living in a country like this is worth all it costs, with a lot more thrown in for good measure, but when the cost eats up the benefit, there is something fundamentally wrong—and the suspicion grows that it is the *system* that is wrong. Any system that turns free America into an unfree America is certainly wrong.

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The New Secretary, Dr. Jardine

DR. WILLIAM M. JARDINE comes from the right state and probably from the right training to give him the elementary equipment necessary to the making of a good Secretary of Agriculture. The report that he owes his appointment to another, not the President, renders it advisable that he administer his office in such a manner as to leave no doubt that he alone is the Secretary of Agriculture.

Probably at no time since this Cabinet position was created has it been so important as it is today. It is not anywhere believed that the Secretary of Agriculture can become a Moses to lead farmers out of their wilderness of difficulty; but he has a tremendous opportunity to protect the farmer from continued victimization by false ideas of agricultural salvation. The farmer has suffered as much, in some cases more, from his confidence in remedies that did not cure, than from the ailments themselves.

Ever since the sparsely attended agricultural conference at Washington, when President Coolidge was prevailed upon to make an address, there has been a concerted program of propaganda, including even the city newspapers in its scope, to make the term "Co-operation" synonymous with an expensive agricultural patent remedy which has never cured anything, but has aggravated every condition it has touched. President Coolidge's speech was made coincident with an attack on THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, which in turn was followed by the publicity program which plainly sought to identify Co-operation with Sapiroism.

We have no means of knowing whether Dr. Jardine has taken sides on this question. As Secretary of Agriculture he will have to decide whether Co-operation is to be preached as meaning Sapiroism, or as a method of organized self-help which is as yet very far from having reached its best form. Co-operation itself, as a principle, does not need to be preached. Have not the farmers for years tumbled into everything that has borne that label? Have they not contributed their money and their loyalty without stint? But their experiences have been such as to make them begin to suspect the very name, so often has their confidence been abused. A distinction between false and true Co-operation is necessary.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the new Secretary of Agriculture will undertake a definite educational work to inform the farmer that not every movement that steals the name "Co-operation" is necessarily that, but may be something vastly different.

Whatever happens, the Department of Agriculture will have a larger observing public than it has ever had before. Events and tendencies have thrown it into the first rank in public interest, and its administration will be carefully scrutinized with all good wishes for its wise guidance.

The Air Question

THE aircraft controversy is most unfortunate. It has taken a turn which may prejudice the flying art, unless cool common sense takes the helm. The contest contains far too many personal elements, and the early stages of the investigation have not done much to clear up the situation. The question does not center where the zealots would have it center; the main question is not the independence or subordination of any department, but the best defense of the United States. The effort for an independent department will probably be lost at this time, because independence comes by desert not by decree. Are cavalry, artillery, engineering, independent of the Army? They are parts of the Army. If the Army needs airmen, as it does, are they part of the Army? If the Navy needs airmen, as it does, are they part of the Navy? Is not naval knowledge, experience and direction essential to a Navy airman?

A serious mistake has been made by precipitating the question, in just this form, at the present time. There were other matters to resolve first. Beyond question the airmen deserve more support than they have received from Congress. They have been compelled to work with obsolete material. Engaged in extra hazardous work, as all experimental work in the air must necessarily be, the hazards have not been recognized in their compensation. Scores of our best men have been drawn out of the service by the necessity of earning more money. Here were points to work upon, definite and practicable improvements to be made, actual advances to be won.

Instead of that there was heaped on the country the nonsensical charge that both Navy and Army were jealous of the Air service. A charge of jealousy is too often the product of exaggerated ambition in another direction. Our own inquiry among Army and Navy men indicates that this "jealousy" is a figment of imagination. If the Air service were all that its spokesmen claim for it, departmental independence would be the only status it could have; it would just naturally arrive there. It could no more be held under other jurisdiction than the Navy could be held under the Army. The whole question has hopped off on the wrong principle.

It is proper to suggest that when the investigating committee have determined the question of separate jurisdiction, they will not stop there, but go on and recommend obviously needed improvement in the status of the flyers.

A Labor Shortage?

THAT there may likely be a labor shortage in 1925 is the prediction made by one of the business statisticians. If it occurs, it will be interesting. We have frequently seen in this country the spectacle of more men than work. It has been said that our normal situation is 10 per cent more men than jobs. Industrial slave drivers approve of that condition because, they say, it holds men more attentively to their jobs. Right *there* is the problem of Labor and Capital, so-called: the driving boss and the worker who won't go unless he is driven. If both could be bundled up together and dropped off somewhere, the whole industrial situation would be much improved, and much class rancor would abate. Anyone who has seen both ends of the quarrel will agree with that. All the same, if a labor shortage comes, it will be interesting to see what pressure it will exert in the way of improvement. It may serve just to give the whole problem that trifling shift of emphasis that will set the whole line straight for a happy and practicable solution.

The Lion's Cubs

CANADA has now given her answer to Britain on the Geneva Peace Protocol. It is to the effect that she will not accept it in its present form. The position of Canada seems to be that the Protocol leaves the way open for one country's interference in the domestic affairs of another. In this attitude Canada aligns herself with Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. The Japanese amendment, which opens the way to the review of questions arising out of the immigration policy of various countries, is an especial cause of disagreement.

The Protocol is really a war protocol leaving it with an international committee at Geneva to order a member of the League of Nations to resist or attack any recalcitrant member.

It is thus that "the lion's cubs" define a policy which represents the judgment of the whole Empire. Instead of London announcing the policy, it comes from the various British dominions. It must not be forgotten that the term "British Colonies" has become almost obsolete. The "Commonwealth of Australia," the "Dominion of Canada," and the "Union of South Africa" are now familiar terms, and the "British Commonwealth of Nations" is a phrase which is generally applied to the collective whole. It was a foregone conclusion that no British nation would consent to put the British fleet at the command of an international committee whose members largely represent alien culture. The Geneva Peace Protocol came nearer giving the color of a "superstate" to the League than has any other proposal. Certainly the United States, were it a member, would not accept it. A few similar proposals and rejections will do more to injure the status of the League than any attack that could be made upon it.

Canada's peremptory rejection of Japan's claim that the barring of immigrants may be considered an act of aggression shows very clearly that our northern neighbor is alert to the problem of selecting future populations. Canada's opinion is American and sound.

Straight Roads vs. Crooked

THE straight road against the curved road, as a promoter of accidents, has been brought to the front again by a report of the North Shore Motor Club of Wisconsin which shows that of the 2,981 road accidents in that State last year, 2,044 occurred on straight roads, while curves, hills, railway crossings and other danger points were responsible for but 937 accidents. The conclusion drawn by the makers of the report is that a straight road invites to speeding while curved or hilly roads invite to caution.

This is an interesting contribution to a discussion which will gather importance with the years. Already the "staggered" railroad crossing has been pretty well advertised in the public mind. This is a type of crossing which angles in one direction to give a driver a view down the railroad track, and then angles in the opposite direction to permit the opposite view, before the crossing is made; the two turns having the additional effect of slowing up the speed at a point of possible danger.

It is an augury of the sane and safe solution of the growing traffic problems that so many minds are at work upon it.

Concerning Old Masters

SOME months ago an exhibition was held in London, England, which had for its object the enlightenment of those who have been the victims of "fake art." From a very early period unscrupulous and ignorant dealers have been in the habit of palming off on unsuspecting persons alleged old masters and "antiques" of all descriptions. Some people have even bought and sold their "ancestors" in this manner, with their eyes open and as willing accomplices of the dealer in fakes.

Recently there has been brought to this country quite a large number of old masters, including a magnificent Titian. There is no reason to believe that these are not genuine; but it should be remembered that there are old masters and old masters. Take Rubens, for example; he conducted a large and well-equipped school of painting, and this was attended by hundreds of pupils, and these hundreds of pupils painted hundreds of pictures. The best of these pictures received their finishing touches from the master himself and were signed with his name, and have been accepted ever since as genuine Rubens'. The practice of touching up and endorsing the works of pupils in this manner was common in those days, and was considered legitimate. Though Rubens had lived to the age of Methuselah he could not have painted all the pictures that are placed to his credit.

But there is another source from which so-called old masters originate, and it is here that the art faker comes in. Art students throughout the galleries of Europe copy the works of the old masters, and some do it so well that it takes an expert to tell them from the original. Even some experts are deceived when the faker, by means best known to himself, has imparted to the copies the mellow tone and coating of minutely cracked varnish which distinguishes some genuine masterpieces. The only safeguard against this for the genuine lover of art who wishes to procure a genuine picture is to buy nothing of the kind until it has been examined and certified by one whose judgment is above suspicion.

Human

WHAT a human lot of people we are after all. When the Alaska settlement had diphtheria, and Floyd Collins was pinioned in his cave, and some poor people sat up all night waiting for the world to end, and Alice Longworth had a daughter—they became for a time our chief national interests. A cave in a little-known community of Kentucky became through human sympathy the focus of the nation's attention—for which Washington must have been glad, in a way; it turned off some of the scrutiny. These are but a few of the hundreds of thousands of poignant incidents that transpire every hour in this favored land; they would be scarcely recognizable even by the eyes of immediate interest in the uncountable millions of intense occurrences during any twenty-four hours throughout the globe. Life, even as we see its restlessness in the atom, is an intense thing. Fortunately for the human race the life immediately below us is hidden from all but the microscopist, and the life above is hidden from all but the contemplative. If we knew the living world beneath and the living worlds above, our present life would become almost impossible. Our sympathies and understanding have not yet stretched to cover the life that is within our ken. It seems to be the function of experience to deepen our understanding and broaden our sympathy—which means to enlarge our life.

Leaves From Naval Log Books

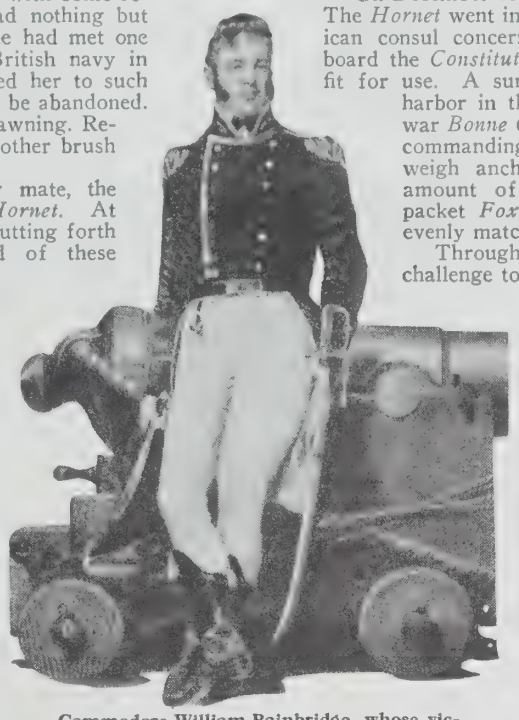
The Great Victories of the *Constitution* and the *Hornet*

By WILLIAM JOHNSTON MADDOX

Captain James Lawrence, victor in the 11-minute action of the *Hornet* and the *Peacock*.

LATE one afternoon toward the close of October, 1812, two ships, American by their trim, smart appearance, dropped cautiously down Boston Harbor, and, as dusk closed in, stood out to sea. For the moment the British patrol had relaxed its watch. The larger was a frigate of 44 guns, the *Constitution,* a name that was beginning to be spoken with some respect in Europe. They had had nothing but ridicule for her before. But she had met one of the crack frigates of the British navy in August and in fair fight reduced her to such a worthless hulk that she had to be abandoned. The heyday of her glory was dawning. Refitted, she was now ready for another brush with the enemy.

Her consort was a worthy mate, the saucy 18-gun sloop of war *Hornet.* At about the same time there was putting forth from the Delaware the third of these doughty musketeers of the sea, the light frigate *Essex* of 32 guns. They were bound for a cruise in the Indian Ocean to harass British shipping. A rendezvous had been appointed in the South Atlantic for their meeting. Great things were expected, from Commodore William Bainbridge on the quarterdeck of the *Constitution* down to little 11-year-old Midshipman David Glasgow Farragut of the *Essex.* It was a way these ships had. Wherever they went action was sure to follow.



Commodore William Bainbridge, whose victory over the *Java* added another glorious tradition to the history of *Old Ironsides.*

Destiny was to play a queer turn to the expedition. None was to reach the Indian Ocean. But for each was reserved a gallant, memorable achievement—not in company as they had expected to cruise, but separately, each for himself and in his own way.

The broad pennant of Commodore Bainbridge had been hoisted on the *Constitution* little more than a month before, when she returned fresh from her victory over the *Guerriere.* Isaac Hull, the hero, had believed there was glory enough for all, and had generously relinquished a command that he might have kept at a word.

Among the crew there had been some little grumbling at the change. But Bainbridge was an officer of high reputation and ability. He had served with distinction in the wars against the Barbary States, suffering captivity when his ship, the frigate *Philadelphia,* went aground in the harbor of Tripoli. In command of the *Hornet* was the chivalrous James Lawrence, who was later to be sacrificed in the wretched misadventure of the *Chesapeake.* One of Bainbridge's companions in captivity, David Porter, a capable and daring officer, commanded the *Essex.*

Disguised as British warships, the *Constitution* and the *Hornet* touched at the first rendezvous, Porto Praya in the Cape Verde Islands. Hearing nothing of the *Essex,* they proceeded to the second place of meeting, the Island of Fernando de Noronha, off the coast of Brazil. To the Portuguese governor his two visitors were the British frigate *Acasta* and the sloop of war *Morgiana,* and he graciously agreed to hold a letter, which Bainbridge intrusted to him, addressed to Sir James Yeo of the frigate *Southampton.* It read innocently enough:

"My dear Mediterranean friend, probably you may stop here. Don't attempt to water; it is attended with too much difficulty. I learned before I left England that you were bound for the Brazil coast; if so, we may meet and converse on our old affairs of captivity. Recollect our secret in those times? Your friend of His Majesty's ship *Acasta,* Kerr."

In sympathetic ink, however, it contained these orders for the private eye of Porter:

"I am bound off Bahia, thence off Cape Frio, where I intend to cruise until the 1st of January. Go off Cape Frio, to the northward of Rio de Janeiro and keep a look out for me. Your friend."

On December 13, the two ships arrived off Bahia. The *Hornet* went in to communicate with the American consul concerning fresh supplies. Those on board the *Constitution* had been condemned as unfit for use. A surprise awaited Lawrence in the harbor in the form of the British sloop of war *Bonne Citoyonne,* 18 guns, Captain Green commanding. She was just about ready to weigh anchor for England with a large amount of specie, in company with the packet *Fox.* The two sloops were about evenly matched.

Through the consul, Lawrence sent a challenge to Green inviting him to a meeting outside the three-mile limit, with the *Constitution* pledged to keep hands off. To show his good faith Bainbridge hauled off to sea thirty miles so that the two little fighters could have the ring all to themselves.

But Green declined. He distrusted the big frigate. The British press at home, when it learned of his refusal, was bitter in its criticism of him. The calmer judgment, though, has sided with Green on the ground that an officer's chief duty is to discharge his mission. At all events Green had the courage to maintain his attitude in spite of the repeated letters sent in by Lawrence. And for the time being at least he decided to stay where he was and leave the American to bite his nails outside the harbor.

Leaving the *Hornet* to watch over the English treasure ship, Bainbridge moved southward along the coast.

The weather was pleasant, with light winds from the east-north-east and little sea. On the morning of the twenty-ninth, the *Constitution* was proceeding easily about ten leagues offshore. At 9 o'clock, being in latitude 13° 6′ S., and longitude 31° W., two sails were sighted inshore and to windward. The smaller vessel went farther in, while the larger, altering her course, stood out toward the *Constitution,* which tacked to close with her.

The sinking of the *Peacock* by the *Hornet* was one of the hottest sloop actions of the war. In eleven minutes she was in a helpless condition. Striking her colors, she hoisted them again with the ensign down as a signal of distress.

For two hours they drew slowly nearer each other, when at 11 o'clock the stranger was discerned to be an English frigate. Bainbridge tacked again to the southward and eastward to draw her off the land, which was plainly in sight. By meridian he had enticed her far enough out to suit him and he broke out the Stars and Stripes at the peak and main, with a jack at the fore. Almost immediately an English ensign was run up on the other ship. She was the frigate *Java,* 38 guns, Captain Henry Lambert commanding.

At 1:20 Bainbridge tacked toward the enemy, who was a mile distant to windward on his quarter. Both ships headed southward and eastward. Then the Englishman did something that mystified the American. He hauled down his ensign, leaving only a jack flying. Bainbridge sent a shot across his bow to make him show his colors again. But the *Java* replied with a vicious broadside. It was 2 o'clock. Ten minutes later the action had become general with heavy cannonading on both sides.

The light winds favored the *Java,* which had the advantage of the windward position. Lambert used it now to keep away, for Bainbridge showed a desire to close. At 2:25 the ships passed on opposite tacks. As they did so a shot carried away the *Constitution's* wheel. A small copper bolt from the flying debris lodged in Bainbridge's thigh. It was his second wound of the day. The first was a musket ball in the hip. But he refused to leave the deck.

The loss of the wheel was a serious blow. As it was, the *Java* had proved herself the better sailer in the light wind, and Lambert was handling her with great skill. To have to resort to the tiller, which was worked two decks below by means of tackles, left the *Constitution* almost as awkward as if she had been stricken blind. All orders had to be relayed from the quarterdeck along a line of midshipmen. The maneuvers that followed reflect great credit on the men who handled her.

Aware of the mishap to the *Constitution,* the *Java* forged ahead and attempted to cross her bow to rake. But Bainbridge avoided this by skillfully bringing his ship around in the same direction. The *Java* closed gradually to within pistol shot and made a second attempt. But the American wore around again. For the third time the *Java* tried, and once more Bainbridge frustrated the move. And the Englishman was forced to tack to keep his weatherly position.

Bainbridge anticipated this also by bringing his ship smartly around. She was the first to come up to the wind, and she gave the *Java* a good raking.

Both ships now ran off free with the wind on their quarter. Being severely damaged, the *Java* attempted to close intending to carry the fight hand-to-hand in good old British fashion to the American's deck. In running down on the *Constitution's* quarter, however, the *Java* fouled her jib boom in her antagonist's mizzen rigging. Here she was held while the American gunners swept her decks from stem to stern. The head of her bowsprit was the first to go. Then her foremast came tumbling down. The ships parted, the *Constitution* shooting ahead of the enemy. Bringing his ship around, Bainbridge came up alongside and engaged her yardarm to yardarm. At 3:55 the *Java's* mizzenmast went by the board, leaving only the mainmast standing, with the main yard shot away in the slings.

For a time the English had worked their guns with spirit, but now their fire suddenly ceased. Bainbridge thought they had struck. The ensign in the main rigging was down, and the ship was a wreck. So at 4:05, hauling aboard his tacks, he luffed across the *Java's* bow and passed to windward with topsails, courses, spanker, and jib set. He set about repairing damages and had been engaged in this about an hour when an ensign was sighted flying on the *Java.* Bainbridge immediately brought his ship again across the enemy's bow prepared to renew the action. But the ensign came down.

The third English frigate of the war had struck her colors.

Captain Lambert was mortally wounded, dying a few days later after being landed at Bahia. He was brought on board the *Constitution* where a cot was prepared for him on the quarterdeck. Bainbridge, supported by two of his officers, went up to the cot, and, presenting Lambert his side arms, said with emotion: "I return your sword, my dear sir, with my sincerest wish that you may recover and wear it as you have hitherto done, with honor to yourself and to your country."

In spite of the severity of his own wounds, Bainbridge remained on deck until midnight, directing the work of taking over the prize and making things shipshape again on the *Constitution.* Lieutenant Alwyn, a junior officer of the *Constitution,* was also severely wounded. He died some days afterward.

Bainbridge was a little distrustful of Brazilian ports. Indeed, American naval officers went into none along the whole South American coast with any too much confidence. Portugal and Spain were inclined to favor England for one reason or another, despite their show of neutrality. A British ship taken into one of them as a prize got about all the neutral protection the guns of its captor could command. The *Java* was too badly damaged to go farther than the nearest port, so rather than take her into Bahia Bainbridge ordered her sunk. Her wheel, though, was first taken to replace the one he lost.

The *Constitution* then went into Bahia, where the prisoners were paroled and landed. Among them, as a passenger on board the *Java,* was Lieutenant-General Thomas Hislop, recently appointed governor of India, with his staff. His appreciation for the kind treatment

(*Concluded on page 14*)

The *Constitution* cutting the *Java* to pieces off the coast of Brazil.

Liquor Law Enforcement

Bootleggers Who Say It Is a "Farce"

By MONTFORD T. STOKES

This is the second and concluding article.

ONE of the few women enforcement agents was once assigned to go to a popular eastern seashore resort to obtain evidence against café and hotel violators. A man was instructed to accompany her, as in such places a man and woman together dropping in for something to eat and drink are more apt to be successful in liquor "buys."

This woman was widely known throughout her own state as an effective moral leader and was respected and loved by her associates in the work. Fighting for prohibition for years, she had been in the very front rank of women crusaders and it was because of her effective service her companions insisted she should be rewarded with a place of authority, in the enforcement of the law she had been so ambitious to see on the statute books and in the Constitution.

She had been a lifelong total abstainer and the very idea of tasting liquor was abhorrent to her. But she and her companion had not been back from this assignment very long until it was whispered about by the employes of the office that this good woman, while in the discharge of the duty demanded of her, had imbibed sufficient liquor to cause her to be more or less under its influence. It was astounding information for her friends, and no doubt no other thing ever occurred in her life that so humiliated and embarrassed her.

About the same time a young man, fresh from college, who had had a brief connection with an Anti-Saloon League office, was sent out on a similar mission soon after becoming an enforcement agent, and, under very similar conditions, took his first drink and got his start as a regular consumer.

A Good "Buyer"

WHEN due consideration is given the handicaps that have from the beginning beset the path of prohibition enforcement, it must be admitted that it is amazing that any progress has been made or that it still commands anything like respectful consideration. Confronted with double-faced politicians, possessed of large powers, directed by officials who are expected to respond to the demands of these same self-serving officeholders and who do, and manned by a force of agents, most of whom are irresponsible and unsympathetic with their work, disloyal in their regard for the laws of their country and without the respect of those who know them best, it is remarkable that there has been any survival of law observance.

This disregard of the law is the fault of the politicians who dictate the appointments and the officials who make them, as there is scarcely a community in the land without good, earnest, honest men who are loyal friends of the law and who would be very thankful for an opportunity to serve their country in this way. In many instances the politician either is "wet" in his sentiments and practices and is squarely opposed to the law, or is a pretender—politically "dry" and personally "wet."

Their first purpose is to find a job for ward and small town heelers whose help they want on election day. Therefore, it is not unusual to find among prohibition agents many former saloon keepers, bartenders, gamblers, and even bootleggers. Senators and Congressmen are often imposed upon by their "good" friends at home, who make pleas for and obtain influential indorsements for men who do not have good reputations where they live.

But politicians are not the only persons who are careless with their indorsements. Prominent Anti-Saloon League officials and even ministers have been known to be responsible for the appointment of some very questionable characters. Occasionally an appointee with a shady past does very creditable work for a time, sometimes better than some from whom more should be expected; but they rarely stand up long.

Just as soon as every enemy of prohibition is driven out of the enforcement service and it is constituted only of sober, intelligent, energetic, earnest, loyal and patriotic supporters of law and order there will be an immediate change in the results, and the claim of the bootlegger and his abettor that enforcement is a "farce" will mean nothing, while their law-defying activities will rapidly grow less fruitful and their crime-breeding profession will prove the "joke and failure."

No private employer would for a moment consider the selection of a man to represent him in any business, whom he knew to be interested in its destruction and whose sentiment and character plainly indicated his natural hostility to its interests.

Only State and Federal administrators will knowingly take such chances.

In the springtime of 1923 the state director of one of the largest Federal enforcement offices came into possession of information convincing him that a general agent, who had been transferred to his domain from another state, was frequently guilty of flagrant offenses against both the moral and civil laws and was an outstanding disgrace to decent manhood. Although a very tolerant and forgiving official and very apt to find himself on the side of mercy when dealing with transgressions by members of his force he found himself in this case thoroughly aroused and he promptly decided on suspension and notified the offender by telegraph.

It was a very provoking matter, involving drunkenness, unfaithfulness, and dishonesty and the director felt he could now get rid of this man who had so grossly disgraced the service. Imagine, however, his astonishment and humiliation when very soon after he reached his office the next morning, his secretary called him to answer a call from Washington and he was instructed by a superior officer that the suspension order must be rescinded and that the man must be kept on the force.

When he asked the reason for the setting aside of his judgment, the director was frankly told that this violator had been recommended by an official very prominent in the national administration, and that his removal could not be considered.

Another Federal agent was from a suburban town and he was not long in demonstrating that he was capable of doing effective work in securing evidence. He could drink a good deal of liquor before being intoxicated, and he soon earned the reputation of being a good "buyer" and consumer. His appearance and congenial personality made it easy for him to impress the liquor sellers that he was on the square with them. He made many "buys," swore out many warrants for violators, and was soon the chief prosecuting witness in many Federal court proceedings.

But it was different when his first important case was on. The defendant had employed a noted criminal lawyer to defend him and when this agent took the stand he was given a merciless cross-examination. There was a pricking up of ears in the crowded court room when the defense attorney blurted out the question:

"Just previous to being sworn in as a prohibition agent, were you not a bootlegger, were you not making that your business?"

There was a still greater sensation when the witness frankly admitted that this was the truth.

When the attorney followed with questions concerning the defendant's appointment, and demanding to know who had been his sponsors, he named a well-known pastor of his own home town—who knew all about him. Naturally jurors did not feel like returning convictions on the testimony of witnesses of this sort and the usefulness of this agent was much weakened. But there seemed to be no idea of letting him out. He was retained in the service, and in a short time transferred to another city and given a more responsible position, being made a group head directing the work of several other agents.

When the recommending preacher was asked why he gave his indorsement to this person, his explanation in substance was that he knew this man was in close touch with the liquor business, knew many of the bootleggers and other violators, and that, being a popular fellow in that class, he could use his knowledge and personality to great advantage in the detection and exposure of such criminals.

An awakened public sentiment favorable to the cause has supported and backed prohibition enforcement in communities where it has attained anything like success.

Under the system generally followed by the Federal offices, agents are sent to a city or a community, unheralded and with disguised identity. They have no plans of procedure and are ignorant of local conditions. They are, as a rule, without information as to violators and violations, except perhaps a brief and unsatisfactory complaint, signed by no one, and, if signed, with the injunction, "Don't mention my name." True, agents so handicapped often accomplish a little—dig up a violator or two—and rush to the next assignment.

As public sentiment is one of the most important elements in successful law enforcement, in fact, the most important, agents assigned to work of this kind should be able to produce much greater results than those engaged in the ordinary routine of the department—chasing from one grog shop to another, trying to buy evidence, and following up here and there with a raid.

Lincoln's Slogan

IN MOST instances, if a raid is made in the forenoon, the place is open and ready for business again in the afternoon, with the same old stuff for sale. But with a group of first-class, local people constantly on the job the results are more far reaching, and soon decent conditions become permanent.

Working under the inspiration of the slogan with which Abraham Lincoln aroused an audience to action while making a temperance address in his early manhood—"Let us have faith that right makes might and in that faith as to the end dare to do our duty"—the possibility of accomplishment by these local clubs is practically limitless.

Particularly applicable to this phase of a discussion of ways and means for prohibition enforcement, is a great principle of government administration to which President Lincoln once gave utterance in the course of a public address, which is at once a model in expression, truth, logic, and wisdom:

"With public sentiment, nothing can fail, without it nothing can succeed. Consequently, he who molds public sentiment goes deeper than he who enacts statutes or pronounces decisions. He makes statutes or decisions possible or impossible to be executed."

This is just as true and sound as in Lincoln's day and every friend of law enforcement must give due heed to these potent facts if he hopes for the success of the great moral reform legally inaugurated by the enactment of the Eighteenth Amendment. Not only is favorable public sentiment necessary, but it must be awake and active; it will not do if it is dormant, weak or cowardly. It has been well illustrated just what a live-wire, red-blooded, fighting and uncompromising public sentiment can do when completely aroused and intelligently directed.

Turning Point in the Life of a Great American

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

By FRANK DORRANCE HOPLEY

WHEN Henry W. Longfellow was a boy it was his custom to spend his summer vacations on the estate of his Grandfather Wadsworth, near Portland, Maine. It was his delight to listen to stirring tales of '76. One story in particular, that of a fight with the Indians, thrilled him exceedingly, and at 13 years of age he wrote his first poem, "The Battle of Lovell's Pond," which begins:

"Cold, cold is the northwind and rude is the blast
That sweeps like a hurricane loudly and fast."

Without telling anyone but his sister what he had done, young Longfellow sent the poem to the Portland *Gazette,* signing it simply "Henry."

The next morning Longfellow walked up and down in front of the newspaper office in a snowstorm, fancying that his poem was being set up, and that the typesetters were stopping to read and admire it. The next day it did appear, and Henry read and reread it, and each time he did so it seemed to him more beautiful.

That evening he was at the home of a friend, Judge Mellen, who remarked: "Did you see the piece of poetry in today's paper? Very stiff, remarkably stiff; and what is more, it is all borrowed, every word of it."

Without waiting longer, the boy hurried home and sobbed himself to sleep, but in the morning, when he arose, a great determination had entered his soul that some day he would write poetry that every one would admire.

Choosing His Path

AS LONGFELLOW was just about to graduate from Bowdoin College, the necessity of choosing a career was on him. He wrote to his father:

"I want to spend one year at Cambridge to read history and to become familiar with the best authors. The fact is, I most eagerly aspire after future eminence in literature, and every earthly thought centers in it. I have a most voracious appetite for knowledge. To its acquisition I will sacrifice everything."

His father, being of a practical turn of mind, replied:

"A literary life, to one who has the means of support, must be very pleasant. As you have not had the fortune to be born rich, you must adopt a profession which will afford you subsistence as well as reputation."

Young Longfellow reluctantly turned his thoughts toward law, though he hated it, and if it had not been for a fortunate happening, a great poet might have been lost in a poor lawyer.

The professorship of modern languages, just created at Bowdoin, was offered to Longfellow, and money was provided that he might study three years abroad to fit himself for the position. This was a turning point in his life, and with his return to America he entered into his duties full of zest and hope.

Five years later Longfellow was offered a professorship at Harvard University, and with his wife, went to Europe to study before taking his new position. There Mrs. Longfellow died, and his grief was overwhelming. He returned home and entered on his duties at Harvard. In his depression, he again turned to poetry, of which he had scarcely written a verse in several years, and during his spare minutes he devoted himself to making verses. It was during this period of sorrow that some of his most beautiful poems were written, "The Psalm of Life," "The Reaper and the Flowers," "The Wreck of the Hesperus" and "The Skeleton in Armor."

Eight years later he was again married, this time to the beautiful Frances Appleton, and now, at the age of 36, life opened to him anew.

On their wedding trip the couple visited the wife's relatives in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and while there, seeing an ancient clock in the hallway, Longfellow composed his poem, "The Old Clock on the Stairs."

Shortly before his marriage, Longfellow had strained his eyes by using them in the twilight. Now his wife acted as his amanuensis. Her society was ever an inspiration to him, and he often declared that his marriage to this talented woman was the great turning point in his life.

Now followed "Evangeline," "Hiawatha," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," and other of his best poems.

Again the turn in the road came for the great American poet and this time a tragedy. Mrs. Longfellow let fall a lighted match on her thin dress, and before her husband could stamp out the flames, she was fatally burned. "How can I live any longer?" he wrote in his journal. Yet he did live for 20 years, and did his most beautiful work. Two years before he died, he wrote, and put away in his portfolio not to be published, a tribute to the woman, the memory of whom still acted as an inspiration:

THE CROSS OF SNOW.

"In the long sleepless watches of the night
A gentle face—the face of one long dead—
Looks at me from the wall, where round its head
The night lamp casts a halo of pale light.
Here in this room she died; and soul more white
Never through martyrdom of fire was led
To its repose; nor can in books be read
The legend of a life more benedight.
There is a mountain in the distant West
That, sun-defying, in its deep ravines
Displays a cross of snow upon its side;
Such is the cross I wear upon my breast
These eighteen years, through all the changing scenes
And seasons, changeless since the day she died."

On Altering the U. S. Constitution

Often Easy When Manipulation Is Used, Otherwise Difficult to Amend Basic Law Owing to "Lame Duck" Proceedings

By AARON HARDY ULM

Did you ever vote on an amendment to the Constitution of the United States? Probably not and even if you did the vote was not binding and in all likelihood didn't count. It is possible for fewer than 3,000 persons to make any change whatever in the fundamental law of the land, and in total disregard of what others think about it. This article tells the story of past "amending waves" and shows how they were expedited by the faulty process set up for making changes in the national charter of government and freedom.

"WE, THE people of the United States, ..." So begins the Constitution of the United States, and correctly. But does this hold as to amendments which since have been tacked on that document and others that may be added to it? Since the ratification of the Constitution as originally drawn, "we, the people" of the country, or of any state, never have passed directly or conclusively on a single change that has been proposed or made. Only fractional proportions of them have done so.

While "the people of the United States" now number more than 100,000,000, *it is possible today for fewer than 3,000 persons to make any change whatever in the fundamental law of the land. And after one is made, it is possible for as few as 167 persons to prevent its being revoked!*

"Trick" figures? Yes; in some measure they are; but to a great extent they are not.

For a change to be made requires the votes only of two-thirds of the members of Congress that are present when the vote is taken, together with majority votes in the legislatures of three-fourths of the states. The total membership of Congress is 531, and there are thirty-six state legislatures with an aggregate membership of only 2,316. Even assuming that all would be present when the votes on amendments are cast, it would be possible for 2,610 of these to do anything they pleased with and to the Constitution. In fact, if you want to speculate as to extreme possibilities, you will find that a much smaller number holds this singular power. For only *two-thirds of a quorum* in the two houses of Congress, and of *majorities of a quorum* in the state legislatures are required for amending the Constitution. And the repeal of an amendment can be blocked by majority votes in only one branch of the legislatures of twelve states. And there are twelve state senates whose aggregate membership is only 334.

"Jamming" and "Ramming" Is Made Possible

Of course, no amendment is apt to be submitted by two-thirds of half the members of Congress, though few if any disputed amendments have been adopted and submitted by two-thirds of Congress' full membership.

In the ordinary course of affairs the consent of only about 4,000 persons is required to amend the Constitution of the United States. These persons, however, are so distributed and hedged about that the process is by no means an easy one. Yet it seems to be historically true that several amendments that have been adopted were made possible—at least at the time—by the fact that the consent of only a comparatively few persons was necessary to their adoption. This does not mean necessarily that they were not supported by public opinion, it means only that their procurement was marked by "jamming" and "ramming" methods made possible by the limited number of minds to be moved, and that but for these they wouldn't have gone through at the time.

The framers of the Constitution referred the Constitution itself to the people of the various states, who were authorized to choose conventions for the sole purpose of passing on the document. In choosing the members of those conventions the people were able to express themselves directly as to the Constitution.

The amending process was not made so simple. It was provided that the Congress might propose amendments, to be passed on either by the state legislatures or conventions. It also was provided that on the demand of three-fourths of the legislatures a national convention might be called for submitting amendments.

These conventions were provided that the people as a whole might act directly both as to the submitting and ratifying of amendments. But the convention method has never been used. All amendments to date have been submitted by Congress to the state legislatures. These rarely if ever have been chosen with regard to amendments which they passed upon. In most cases legislatures that have acted on proposed changes in the Federal Constitution were chosen before the amendments were submitted.

Amendments That Expanded Federalization

The first ten amendments were submitted by the First Congress and were accepted without virtually any dispute. These, together with the eleventh and twelfth, which were adopted during the first twenty years of the government, were in the nature of "perfecting" amendments. Eleven of them *subtracted from* rather than *added to* the powers of the Federal Government. The twelfth made merely a routine change in electing the President. There was scarcely any opposition to any of these proposals.

Three other amendments were submitted by Congress during that period, two in 1789 and one in 1810. The first two related to Congressional apportionment and pay. The last provided that no citizen of the country should accept a title of nobility from a foreign power without Congress' consent. None of these amendments was either accepted or rejected by the states, and all of them still technically outstand.

At the close of the period another Amendment that likewise still outstands was submitted. It was put forward on the eve of the Civil War, its aim being to forestall that conflict. It provided that Congress should never interfere with slavery in any state except by the state's consent.

When that proposal was passing through Congress a strenuous effort was made by anti-slavery people to have it referred to conventions. Abraham Lincoln favored that method. But the pro-slaverites held out for legislative reference, which fact was turned on them when the second period of amending began.

This period followed the Civil War, its product being the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments, all having to do with the results of the war.

These were the first amendments that expanded the Federal prerogative. Those who opposed them—or, rather the last two, as there was virtually no opposition to the one abolishing slavery—tried to have them referred to conventions, so that the people might have a chance to pass directly upon them. But they were referred to legislatures—through some of which they were "jammed" by the boldest sort of "strong-arm" methods.

In truth, it is believed that the courts since then have hesitated to look very closely into the ways by which several amendments have been procured on account of a fear that they might have to make rulings which would throw serious doubt on the validity of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments.

The third amending period began with the submission in 1909 of the one providing for a Federal income tax. Even its sponsors had little hope of that amendment ever becoming a part of the Constitution, because it was believed by many that we had reached the stage whereby it was virtually impossible to amend the Constitution in the way provided therein. This feeling was so fixed that almost no serious agitation for new amendments was made during the quarter of a century preceding the third amending period. Many proposed amendments were introduced in Congress but committees gave no serious consideration to them. Even the submission of the Sixteenth or income tax amendment was the product of a parliamentary maneuver; it was not so much as referred to a committee.

But it was ratified with such expedition and ease that encouragement was given to all persons who would achieve their ends by way of changes in the Constitution. It opened up a new way for procuring rapidly and with minimum effort "reforms" which could be achieved otherwise—that is, by state action—only tediously, if at all.

Ratification If Delayed May Be Rejection

Within the fifteen years following 1909, four other amendments were proposed by Congress—those providing for the popular election of United States Senators, for prohibition, for woman suffrage and for Congressional control of the labor of persons under 18 years old. The last one now pends. Two of the others were carried through during or immediately following the World War. The adoption of these two served to illustrate the fact that only a comparatively small number of persons' consent being necessary makes it comparatively easy for a proposed amendment bearing on a sentimental problem and backed by a well-organized propaganda to be carried through during a period of national excitement.

Several interesting questions arose as to these two amendments. In one state, for example, where the state constitution says that the people may demand a referendum on any act of the legislature, its opponents forced the taking of a popular vote on one of these amendments. The vote was against the action of the legislature ratifying the proposal. But the United States Supreme Court held that this referendum was invalid; that, since the amendment was referred to it, the action of the legislature held in despite of its state constitution.

Another state's constitution provided that no proposed Federal amendment should be acted on by other than a legislature chosen after the amendment was submitted—that is, after the people of the state knew that the subject pended and therefore could express themselves regarding it in choosing legislators. But the legislature of this state went ahead and ratified as soon as the amendment in question arrived. A certificate of the ratification was hurried to Washington, and, being the thirty-sixth, the Secretary of State was aroused out of bed at midnight, and then issued a proclamation declaring ratification completed.

The legislature in question later revoked the act of ratification, and held that it had been put through illegally. A second certificate, to that effect, was sent to Washington. But the courts held that the Secretary of State had no authority to go behind a state's certificate when properly authenticated, and that his proclamation based on the first one stood. This largely was an academic question, for, meantime, other legislatures had ratified the proposal, but the action of the legislature in question easily might have been a conclusive one. And it is generally agreed that it was brought about by manipulation of the most suspicious sort.

Under the precedents and court decisions, therefore, manipulation is much more effective in securing the ratification than the rejection of amendments.

In fact, there is doubt whether an amendment can be rejected conclusively by the state legislatures. The Federal statute defining the machinery for handling amendments after they are submitted by Congress takes no notice whatever of possible rejections. It says merely that when three-fourths of the states have ratified the Secretary of State shall proclaim the amendment a part of the Constitution.

No submitted amendment ever has been affirmatively rejected by the states, though, as stated before, four have never been acted on finally one way or the other.

In the case of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments the legislatures of several states, after ratifying, reversed themselves and rejected the proposals. Though these shifts were made before a proclamation was issued from Washington, Congress directed the Secretary of State to ignore the changes and to proclaim ratification on the basis of the first actions.

Hence it is unsettled whether a state may reverse a ratifying act, even when the reversal is attempted before the Secretary of State proclaims ratification. It is settled, however, that *an act of rejection can be reversed.*

This may mean that once it gets through Congress, a proposed amendment may float around forever—or until ratified. That is to say, it is not certain that if all the legislatures were to reject the pending Twentieth amendment this year they could not during the coming year ratify it and still make it a part of the Constitution. Many advocates of the amendment believe that this is true—and declare that the fight for it will go on regardless of what the legislatures may do now. The Supreme Court held in a case arising on account of the Eighteenth Amendment that an amendment must *be ratified within a reasonable time after submission* or be considered rejected by inaction. But there is no definition of a reasonable time.

A Movement for Putting On the Brakes

Some constitutional lawyers say that if twelve or more legislatures were to reject a proposed amendment the Secretary of State would be warranted in issuing a proclamation declaring the matter at an end. Some say that he might be mandamused and compelled to do so, the basis of this contention being that the law by implication requires that such be done. Others believe, however, that the letter of the law would prevail. Congress, of course, might amend the law so as to provide for declaring the rejection of amendments.

This, however, is probably true: A legislature must reject affirmatively and see that the act is so certified to Washington for it to count in the premises. To vote down, for example, a resolution of ratification would alone mean mere failure to act, and leave the way clear for later ratification. One of the legislatures cited as having rejected the so-called "child labor" amendment, merely voted down a resolution of ratification.

Improvements in the machinery for making formal changes in the Federal Constitution is proposed in an amendment now pending in Congress. It is a sort of anti-amendment proposal, in that it aims at making the amending process more difficult in times of hysteria and less amenable to manipulation and propaganda.

It provides that no legislature shall act on a proposed amendment until or unless one of its houses is elected after the proposal is submitted by Congress. This would give the voters a chance to express themselves.

It also provides that any state may require that legislative action in the premises be confirmed by popular vote.

It provides further that until an amendment is finally accepted or rejected any state may change its action regardless of its nature.

The supporters of this amendment are those who object to hasty or manipulated changes being made in the Constitution, and who oppose the tendency toward Federal centralization which has been expedited by virtually all amendments adopted since the Civil War, which would be carried forward by virtually all other amendments now pending in Congress. These number around one hundred, though many of them are duplicates and few of them have the slighest chance of being submitted. Only one other has been given so far any serious consideration. It is the Norris amendment, which would have the inauguration of the President take place in January following each Presidential election. It also would have each new Congress begin its work in January following election, thus eliminating the "lame duck" sessions of every Congress and the long period between the election and the taking of office of a new President. This proposed amendment has been approved by the Senate.

Process Becomes Dangerously Easy in Certain Cases

Although there is no great opposition to either of these proposals, the prospect of either of them being soon adopted is not good for the reason that they make no emotional appeal and command no widely supported propaganda—without which it is evident that it is exceedingly difficult to bring about formal changes in the Constitution. But with these aids the process often is a dangerously easy one.

Cathedral of the New Jerusalem

A Sermon in Stone Inspired by the Followers of Swedenborg

By WILLIAM A. M'GARRY

MOTORISTS traveling the Lincoln Highway and other through roads north from Philadelphia are often able on unusually clear days to catch a glimpse of a Gothic tower that seems to stand in the center of the wooded hills, its pinnacles rising against the sky above the tops of the ancient white oaks for which this region is famous.

Many of them turn aside in search of a closer view and get tangled in a veritable maze of perfect roads, but the traveler with enough persistence and a motor powerful enough to climb the steep hills is rewarded by a sight not to be equaled elsewhere in America for sheer architectural beauty. Indeed, it is to be questioned whether the setting of the building that meets his eye has been rivaled even by the master builders of the European Guilds, or by the Greeks of still more remote antiquity.

The main body of this building has only recently been completed. Although work is still under way in the construction of a wing, a general view of the structure may be had unimpeded by workshops. Officially the building is called the Cathedral of the Church of the New Jerusalem, and as such it is the world center of a cult whose followers make up in devotion what they lack in numbers.

To outsiders the church is known as the Bryn Athyn Cathedral. It is located on the top of the highest hill in the hill country of Montgomery County—almost in the center of the community of Bryn Athyn. Even at a distance of a half-mile it seems to be alone in the forest. It is only on closer view that it is seen to be part of a far-reaching institution, the buildings of which are dwarfed by the trees.

Its architectural features have made this cathedral a sort of textbook in stone for artists and architects, among whom it is a constant topic of admiring discussion. But the story of how it was built is to the layman its most remarkable feature. Nowhere on all its intricate surfaces of stone and wood and glass is there to be found the mark of a machine tool. Stone by stone and timber by timber it was put together by hand—by

Cathedral of the New Jerusalem Church at Bryn Athyn, Pennsylvania.

the hands of artisans recruited from all over the world. Not only that, but every stone and timber was cut by hand to duplicate models made in three sizes and often studied in every detail by the artisan before he set to work reproducing them.

The idea back of all this was to build a cathedral as the famous edifices of the Middle Ages were constructed, by craftsmen intent on constructing a perfect thing. In the opinion of many architects the two men who were the moving spirits in the work succeeded far beyond their dreams. They not only recreated the spirit and work of the guilds, but also imparted to the work of these craftsmen secrets of stone fashioning that have been lost to the world since the decline of the ancient Greeks.

The late John Pitcairn, head of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, was the man who conceived and launched the project. Ground was broken in the autumn of 1913, and the cornerstone was laid in June of the following year. Mr. Pitcairn did not live to see his dream come true, but long before his death he had assurance that it would be completed.

Raymond Pitcairn, his oldest son, took up the work when his father's health began to fail. Even during the latter's lifetime he had become the moving spirit of the project. He gave to it time and energy that were beyond the reach of the older man. During the early stages of

Interior view showing the sanctuary and the great stained-glass window.

the work he went abroad and, equipped with an architect's knowledge and the soul of a poet, studied all the famous cathedrals of Europe. He studied also the ruins of Greek temples that modern builders have sought vainly to reproduce.

The famous Ralph Adams Cram, of Boston, was the original architect. He designed the building as it was projected by John Pitcairn. But on the death of the latter, Raymond Pitcairn took charge of the architectural designing, as well as the active direction of the building. It is to him that credit is given by artists for the amazing effects achieved. Lines that in familiar Gothic work are stiff and rigid have been given a flowing softness without in any way detracting from the sturdy strength of the structure. Tricks of perspective have been achieved in three dimensions that were considered impossible save on a flat surface.

The cathedral is like a many-sided picture. Most buildings, like most pictures, must be seen in a certain light and from a fixed point to appear at their best. The Bryn Athyn Cathedral seems equally perfect from any angle, at any time of day or night.

The reason for this is to be found in the extraordinary pains taken in building the edifice. Work on the foundations and lower walls was relatively easy. Above them every course of stone was subjected to the most minute scrutiny not only by Mr. Pitcairn, but by his associates. At one time a flight of granite steps leading to the main entrance was rejected after it had been put permanently in place, because of some slight incongruity. The steps were torn out and an entirely new flight built. The method of conducting the work was such that although unusual precautions were taken, it was impossible to tell accurately in advance how a given design would look in relation to the whole until it was put in place. When it failed to achieve the harmony he sought, the builder invariably rejected it.

The New Jerusalem Church is the name adopted by the followers of Emanuel Swedenborg, or Swedborg, the Swedish philosopher, scientist, traveler, and mystic. Swedenborg was born in Stockholm, January 29, 1688, and died in London in 1772. Early in his life he became interested in the Scriptures. He became one of the leading Hebrew scholars and soon began to write, expounding his interpretations of the various books of the Bible. At the time of his death these constituted a complete religious philosophy.

Swedenborg himself, although a preacher and lecturer, made no attempt to found a new denomination, contenting himself with the publication of his interpretations of the Word. But after his death the influence of his writings multiplied. Fifteen years later, in May of 1787, the New Jerusalem Church was founded in London. Its first general conference was held two years later in the Great Eastcheap Church, London.

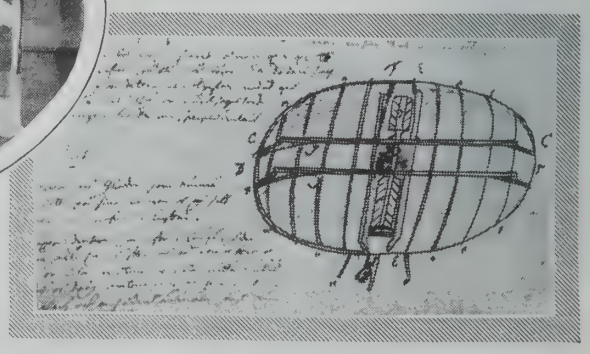
The church teaches a gospel of peace and brotherly love, and enjoins on its membership a life of simplicity and piety. It is said that the total following in the United States is about 8,000 with about the same number in England. The only other settlement of any size in this country besides Bryn Athyn is near Chicago. It is of interest to note, however, that the Swedenborgians as a rule are persons of unusually high mental standards. There is a broad line of mysticism running through all the simple teachings of the founder that has appealed to dreamers and poets.

The first of the New Church preachers to appear in the United States was James Glen, a Scot who had been preaching in London. He came to this country about the beginning of the last century and lectured in many cities along the Atlantic seaboard. At that time societies were formed in Baltimore, Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. Records of these are found as early as 1817, but it was not until 1856 that the community now known as Bryn Athyn had its beginning.

Mr. Pitcairn was instrumental in establishing this—in fact it was he that bought the land in what was then known as Alnwick Grove. The spot is a group of hills overlooking the beautiful Huntingdon Valley. At that time it was almost a wilderness.

In company with his wife and certain leaders of the cult, Mr. Pitcairn toured all Eastern Pennsylvania to find a suitable site for a school. This has now grown to the New Church Academy, in which children of members of the denomination are educated. It comprises full university courses as well as the most elementary branches, and draws on the knowledge of the world. Particular reference is paid to the study of Hebrew, so that graduates are able to

Procession of dignitaries of the Swedenborgian Church at the dedication of the Bryn Athyn Cathedral.



A page from Swedenborgian manuscript on the laws of physics showing his idea of a heavier-than-air machine.

read the Bible in the original. The academy was heavily endowed by Mr. Pitcairn. He built his home, Cairnwood, on one of the hills. Other beautiful suburban homes were constructed, and a half-dozen years ago the community obtained from the courts a separate charter. By that time it had the finest roads in the country, paid

(*Concluded on page 14*)

He Is Mexico's Thirteenth President

But General Calles Hopes to Begin New Era by American Methods

By JOHN SLOAN

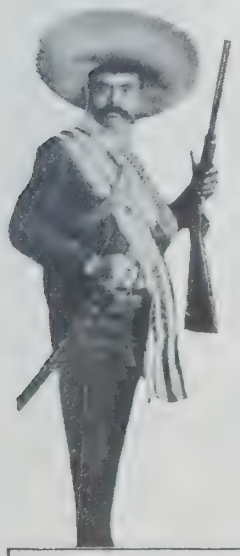
MEXICO has had almost a ruler a year, on the average, since she held her celebration of one hundred years of freedom from Spain, in September, 1910. In fact, the thirteenth president in these fourteen years has taken his seat in the big black teakwood chair in the National Palace in Mexico City. Of these thirteen, eleven have been unable to serve out the terms for which they were elected, or for which they were imposed, by force of arms, on the people. What will happen to the thirteenth is a matter for conjecture, albeit one of no little interest to the United States, whose investments in Mexico total approximately $800,000,000. The twelfth president, who retired at the end of 1924, was able to hold the presidency, partly by armed strength and partly by personal ability, for the full period allotted him.

The thirteenth president, General Plutarcho Elias-Calles, comes into office succeeding Alvaro Obregon, and those presidents who preceded the latter are:

Porfirio Diaz, who went into voluntary exile in the spring of 1911. Francisco Leon de la Barra, who became president *ad interim,* succeeding Diaz, until Francisco Inocente Madero, head of a revolution against Diaz, could take office. Madero ruled from November, 1911, to February, 1913, when he was deposed and assassinated as a result of a military uprising, headed by Felix Diaz, nephew of Porfirio, and Bernardo Reyes. Federico Gamboa served as president for 46 minutes, succeeding Madero, until he could resign in favor of Victoriano Huerta. The latter was forced out of office by the combination of pressure from Washington and attack by a revolution headed by Venustiano Carranza. Francisco Carvajal then served for a few weeks, until Carranza could take possession.

Revolutions headed by Francisco Villa in the north and Emiliano Zapata in the south compelled President Carranza to accede to demands for two so-called "peace conventions," both held in Aguascalientes. At the first of these Eulalio Gutierrez was named president. He found the presidential duties too arduous and fled in a few months. At the second convention, Roque Gonzalez Garza was placed in the presidency. He, too, fled, after six weeks in the chair. Lagos Chazaro was appointed "provisional president" by Carranza, with the consent of Villa, Zapata not being in this agreement. Chazaro disappeared in a few weeks, and Carranza named himself president, only to be ousted by a revolution headed by Alvaro Obregon, Plutarcho Elias-Calles and Alfredo de la Huerta, the last named of the triumvirate becoming president in the meantime until Obregon could hold an election and be declared the duly elected chief executive. And now comes General Calles, also "duly elected" to the presidency.

Of these thirteen presidents, De la Barra is in France; Gamboa in Mexico; Carvajal in New Orleans; the whereabouts of Gutierrez, Garza and Chazaro unknown, while Diaz, Madero, Carranza and Huerta are dead, Diaz and Huerta having escaped Mexico with their lives to die natural deaths in foreign countries, while Madero and Carranza were assassinated. De la Huerta is among the missing, probably in hiding either in the United States or some of the Latin-American republics. Obregon is retiring from the presidency, and report has it that he will become minister of war in the Calles cabinet.



Experience of eleven of these presidents would indicate that the only avenue of escape from the presidency of Mexico is flight or death, though the twelfth man to rule from the palace on the Zocalo has managed to maintain his health and his office down to date. The new president, General Calles, is of different character, environment—one might say hereditary tendencies—and political beliefs from those who preceded him in the presidency, all of whom were known to the writer.

The National Palace, seat of the federal government in Mexico City.

Better to understand the scene into which the new president steps, let us for a moment consider briefly the manner of men who have preceded him. Diaz was a man of the soil, a three-quarter blood Mixteca Indian, who developed into a paternalistic dictator. De la Barra was essentially a diplomat, having been ambassador to the United States, and not an executive. Madero was a pronounced Socialist who desired to accomplish his plans by means of the ballot rather than the bullet. He would have made a capable president for Mexico fifty years from today. Federico Gamboa, the famous "forty-minute president," is an attorney devoting virtually all his time and abilities to international law. He was as glad to lay down the presidency as he was sorry to take it up. Huerta was a military dictator; Carvajal another attorney and a judge. Gutierrez, Garza, and Chazaro were native opportunists and politicians who had little or no effect on either government or people of Mexico. Carranza had been the mouthpiece in the senate of the Porfirio Diaz dictatorship, a judge, and governor of the State of Coahuila. He was qualified for small government, not for large affairs. De la Huerta was a business man converted by revolution into a soldier, who, when his own schemes came to naught, started a revolution of his own which was defeated, no later than 1924. Obregon, a farmer, descendant of an Irish adventurer, militaristic in his tendencies, but broader in his angle of vision than the majority of those who preceded him, still lacked both experience and competent advisors in international affairs.

Thus, Mexico has been governed by militarists, socialists, politicians, legal experts, judicial minds, and adventurers, yet never has been given what she at all times has needed, an economic government, a business administration. It remains to be seen how close to this great necessity of every Latin-American republic the new president will be able to steer the Mexican ship of state. General Calles is far from being a Conservative; neither is he the Radical, nor yet the Socialist, he has been pictured. It is quite certain that his government will not be Red, though it may be rather pink in spots. He declares that he believes in "Mexico for the Mexicans" even more strongly than does President Obregon, but both of them appear to realize that Mexico cannot supply the needed capital for its industrial, commercial and agricultural development, and that conditions for foreign investment in Mexico must be such that other nations will send capital and men there.

Born of a family of agriculturists, General Calles has been by turns farmer, merchant, soldier, judge of military courts, ruler of a state, member of the Mexican cabinet and practically premier of that body, and extensive employer of labor. As secretary of the interior he had a large part in the application of the celebrated agrarian laws, by which it was sought to divide the large and idle estates among persons who would produce food supplies from the soil. The plan has not been a complete success, largely through faults inherent in the law, but the economic condition of the Mexican peon today appears to be much improved as compared with his condition at any time during the past three centuries.

It is the announced determination of General Calles to apply prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors to Mexico as rapidly as possible after his inauguration. A few months ago, the president-elect issued a statement in Nogales, Sonora, to this effect. There is now a Mexican law, well enforced, which compels the closing of saloons at an early hour in the evening, and forbids them to reopen until a comparatively late hour in the morning. This law was designed to protect workers from the saloon and its influences both after work in the evening and before working hours in the morning. It has been a remarkably effective law, particularly in the larger cities, such as Mexico, Guadalajara, Puebla, Monterey, and Vera Cruz. Demands for liquor by American tourists in Tia Juana, Mexicali, Nuevo Laredo, Juarez, and other points along the border, have worked to nullify this statute in those towns.

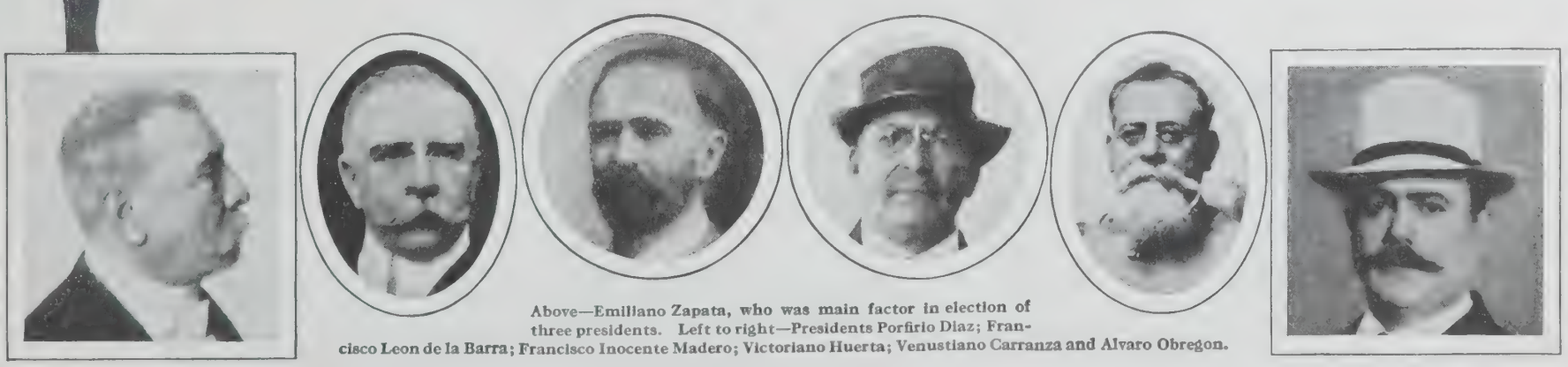
The thirteenth president of Mexico is confronted with the necessity of establishing and maintaining an economic and industrial government, rather than a political one. The army threatens a revolution, but it is generally believed that the appointment of the retiring president, General Alvaro Obregon, as minister of war, will avert this uprising. It is written in the history of Latin-America that no purely military revolution ever has proved a permanent success, or ever has been able to hold control even after overthrowing a government. A vivid example of this was the army uprising headed by Felix Diaz and Bernardo Reyes, and, later, by Victoriano Huerta. The Madero government was overthrown and the president murdered, but the heads of the military revolution soon were out of power and forced to flee the country.

Mexico's public debt approximates seven hundred million dollars, about one hundred million less than the investment of American capital in Mexico, and less than half the total foreign investment in that country, which is variously estimated at from one and one-half billion to two billions, probably nearer to the former figure than to the latter. Mexico falls far short of producing enough corn, beans, Spanish peas (*garbansos*), rice, or other foodstuffs to supply her population of approximately 15,250,000. Production of an adequate supply of food would reduce the heavy imports of these commodities, build up a race of better nourished people, and pave the way for the only industry for which the mass of the Mexican population is fitted—agriculture. The development of this industry is also closely linked with reduction of the external debt of the southern republic, and the president-elect has announced that he will devote the strength of his office first and foremost to the advancement of agriculture.

When one remembers that of the fifteen million or more inhabitants of Mexico there never have been more than 150,000 men under arms on both sides at any time in the fourteen years of revolution which that country has suffered, it appears quite clearly that 99 per cent of the people are not interested in revolutionary movements. It is to this 99 per cent that President-elect Calles promises to devote his attention, rather than to the upbuilding of a military machine which would increase taxation and involve the country in further internal strife.

Under the Obregon administration elementary education was advanced to a remarkable degree throughout Mexico. More than 200 new primary and grammar-grade schools were opened in the year from June 30, 1923, to July 1, 1924. General Calles has promised that he will put the national department of education in a position to exceed this record during his administration. A large number of schools were established in Mexico during the thirty-five-year rule of Porfirio Diaz, but the majority of these schools were of the higher grades, or else devoted to military training and to the arts, with very little attention paid to agriculture, manufacturing or commerce. The educational necessity of Mexico today is the school which will teach reading, writing and arithmetic, and then release the greater number of the pupils to carry on the work of the nation,

(*Concluded on page 14*)



Above—Emiliano Zapata, who was main factor in election of three presidents. Left to right—Presidents Porfirio Diaz; Francisco Leon de la Barra; Francisco Inocente Madero; Victoriano Huerta; Venustiano Carranza and Alvaro Obregon.

Cathedral of the New Jerusalem

Concluded from page 12

for by the inhabitants out of their own funds and without any call on the tax funds of the county to which they had contributed. They had also paid all the costs of educating their children, in addition to the original endowments established by Mr. Pitcairn.

The academy was founded in 1877, and at that time the nucleus of the present library also was established. Mr. Pitcairn and other followers of Swedenborg each contributed a few of his more widely known works, and funds were established for the purchase of others.

Today the library contains approximately 49,000 volumes and there is nothing else quite like it in the world, even in Swedenborg's home in Sweden. For, in addition to the collection of general literature, the library contains the largest and most complete gathering ever made at one place of the works of Swedenborg himself, and the works to which he referred in his writings.

A tour through the many rooms of the building devoted to this purpose gives the layman only a slight idea of the tremendous amount of work produced by the Swedish mystic, according to scholars at the academy. Research work has been under way at the academy for a quarter of a century for the purpose of tracing the life history of Swedenborg, and yet at times even now the experts come across traces of books and pamphlets by Swedenborg hitherto unknown.

Officially, Swedenborg is credited with approximately two hundred literary compilations; but even that figure fails to furnish an adequate idea of his output. Some of the books referred to as single works are so large as to require from six to ten volumes of printing. When it is borne in mind that all of this output was made in Swedenborg's own handwriting originally, his work assumes almost inconceivable proportions. One of the illustrations reproduced herewith is a copy of an original manuscript in Swedenborg's hand, now in the Royal Museum at Stockholm.

When the Bryn Athyn Academy started to gather books on Swedenborg the world was searched for original manuscripts that could be purchased, but so far the library has succeeded in getting only a few letters. It has hundreds of copies of first editions published by Swedenborg, and it has a complete set of photographic copies of his own originals.

It is said by scholars at the academy that no other man in the history of the world attempted to cover so wide a range of human knowledge as Swedenborg. On one of the pages of his books is to be found his drawing of an airplane. He never attempted to demonstrate or build it, but his studies in physics had convinced him that a heavier-than-air machine could be made to stay aloft. It was his idea that it would be operated by man power. The gliders of today are in a sense a development of his idea.

During the first half of his life Swedenborg devoted his talents to scientific matters and information of general interest. He wrote books which are said to be still of value on chemistry, physics, geology, astronomy, and mathematics. Then he went into biology, with particular reference to the human body and its functions. His production on this topic alone would represent a life work for most scientists. In recent years Swedish and German scientists have been turning to his works to check up on their own modern experiments, and have been amazed at the knowledge he had attained.

The first theological work by Swedenborg was published in 1749, in Latin. It was the "Arcana Coelestia." His main religious works thereafter were the "Apocalypse Revealed," "Conjugal Love," "Divine Love and Wisdom," "Divine Providence," "Four Leading Doctrines," "Heaven and Hell," "True Christian Religion," and "Miscellaneous Theological Works." "The Apocalypse Explained," "Posthumous Theological Works," and the "Index to the Arcana" were published after his death. These, however, are only the main volumes. The "Arcana" is generally published in eight books.

One room at the library is devoted to original editions published by Swedenborg, and to the richly bound photographic copies of his own manuscript originals. Another room is set aside for the books to which he referred in his writings. It was even more difficult to gather this than the Swedenborgian books, and today the collection could not be replaced and cannot be matched anywhere else in the world.

Originally the academy had only the theological school, the chief purpose of which is to educate young men for the ministry of the New Church. Since its foundation it has added the college, for the higher education of men and women in the sphere of philosophy and social ideals of the New Church; the secondary school for boys and girls from 15 to 18 years of age; the Bryn Athyn elementary school, for children 5 to 14 years of age; the library and archives, and the publication office and book room.

When the community had become the largest of this church in the world, Mr. Pitcairn developed the idea of building the cathedral. How much the building has cost is a matter of conjecture. The Swedenborgians have shunned publicity. It is known, however, that the elder Pitcairn left some two million dollars to complete the work, in addition to vast sums expended during his lifetime. The rest of his fortune was left to his sons, and their funds have been available for whatever was needed.

None of the work of building the cathedral was let out on contract. Most of the artisans were brought from abroad. Raymond Pitcairn searched Europe for stone masons imbued with the spirit of the Middle Age craftsmen. He found them here and there in villages, most of their work being the repair of statuary or other delicate bits of earlier workmanship.

In time he built up an organization of these men. Most of them lived near the project. Stone for the walls was quarried a half-mile from the church and brought to the site in huge blocks, where it was fashioned to shape. The sandstone for the interior came from Ohio.

One of the features that lends distinction to the edifice is the seemingly spotless whiteness of the tower. This is due to the fact that a special stone containing natural oil was obtained at Bowling Green, Kentucky. The effect of the oil and the elements is to bleach the stone, so that instead of becoming gray with age it has grown whiter year by year.

In the handling of all these and other materials the same painstaking method was used. First a cardboard model of the entire project was made, and changed again and again. Then each detail was modeled to a tiny scale. After that another model, larger, was made. When this had been perfected in its relation to the whole, a full-size model was constructed and placed in position on the church to determine its harmony. Only when that had been achieved was work started on the permanent piece.

When the stone work was well under way Mr. Pitcairn discovered that there was nowhere in the world he could get the necessary craftsmanship in the making of stained glass. Winfred Hyatt, a member of the church and an artist, took up the study of stained glass and scoured the world for craftsmen. By the time the building was ready for its windows a fully equipped organization was functioning on the site for their production. A similar procedure was followed with reference to the furniture, roof and wood trim.

Within a few miles of the cathedral were to be found some of the finest white oaks in the world. This area had been acquired by Mr. Pitcairn. The timber was hauled to the site, seasoned there and fashioned by hand. A sawmill built for the purpose handled some of the work, but a great deal of it was too large for machinery. Every roof beam was hewn out by hand. All the carvings also were done by wood sculptors. The roof was built first on false work, the same preliminary models of all details being made.

Recently, following the dedication of the edifice itself, it became known that Mr. Pitcairn plans to surround it with lesser structures, some of which are now under way. The greater part of the work has been done regardless of weather conditions. Stoneworkers operated under a temporary frame structure with a glass roof. This was done not to expedite matters, but rather to be sure that each man would have all the time requisite to do his work perfectly.

The Bryn Athyn Cathedral is now the world center of the Swedenborgian cult. In the library of the academy (sixty thousand volumes) repose many of Swedenborg's works, including a few of his original letters. There conferences of the denomination are held from time to time, and members of the creed make pilgrimages to the edifice from all parts of the world.

Chief Justice Robert N. von Moschzisker, of Pennsylvania, is a member of the Bryn Athyn congregation. Emerson's brother was a member. George Washington is said to have been a student of Swedenborg's works.

As one result of the ten years of unremitting attention given to the construction of the edifice, an artists' colony has been established nearby, and almost any day groups of students may be found on the surrounding hills trying to catch and transmit to canvas the spirit of the tall white spire.

Leaves From Naval Log Books

Concluded from page 9

he received from the Americans was expressed upon leaving the *Constitution* at Bahia by a gold sword, which he presented to Bainbridge.

Giving up the cruise to the East Indies for the time, Bainbridge weighed anchor for home January 6, arriving at Boston, February 27. His victory was hailed with the greatest rejoicing. The insignificant little navy that President Madison had intended keeping safely moored up in the harbors out of harm's way was giving a good account of itself. Three British frigates beaten decisively in four months! Congress voted the usual gold and silver medals for the officers, with $50,000 prize money for the crew to make up for the loss of the ship.

As for *Old Ironsides*, she was in need of extensive repairs. By the time these were made the British had her pretty well blockaded, and it was not until the winter of 1814-15 that she was able to slip out to sea again.

The yelp that went up from the British lion at the loss of the *Java* was heard round the world. Lloyd's had just published a list of five hundred merchantmen taken by the Americans during the first seven months of the war. The London *Times* of March 20, 1813, the day after the news arrived in England, exclaims:

"Five hundred merchantmen and three frigates! Can these statements be true? And can the English people hear them unmoved? Any one who had predicted such a result of an American war this time last year would have been treated as a madman or a traitor. * * * * Yet down to this moment not a single American frigate has struck her flag."

For two weeks the *Hornet* kept her vigil over the *Bonne Cityonne*. It had settled down to a game of sitting the other out, when late in the afternoon of January 13, His Majesty's ship of the line *Montagu*, 74 guns, hove in sight, much to the consternation of the little blockader, who was glad to take advantage of the gathering darkness to scamper off. She stood northward and eastward for Pernambuco, taking several prizes including the brig *Resolution* with $25,000 in specie.

Continuing her cruise down the coast, the *Hornet* neared the mouth of the Demarara River, February 24. A brig was sighted and the *Hornet* gave chase, running in toward short until warned off by shoal water. According to Lawrence's reckoning he was two and a half leagues from the fort at the entrance of the river, well outside the neutral three miles. The chase set English colors and he determined to attack. He was beating around Carabana bank, which lay between him and the chase, when another sail was sighted on his weather quarter.

It was 3:30 in the afternoon. The *Hornet* continued its chase gradually working to windward. At 4:20 Lawrence made out the second sail to be a large man-of-war brig. A few minutes later she showed English colors. Lawrence cleared for action and beat to quarters. He kept his ship close to the wind to get the weather gauge. At 5:10, feeling sure he could weather the Englishman, Lawrence broke out his colors and tacked.

Both ships were now standing for each other, the *Hornet* on her starboard tack and the enemy on her port tack. At 5:25 they passed within half a pistol shot, exchanging broadsides. The Englishman was severely hit in the hull. In the *Hornet's* tops one man was killed and two wounded.

As they cleared, the enemy put his helm hard up to come short around and rake with his other broadside. But Lawrence brought his ship around also, coming down on his antagonist's quarter a perfect blaze of fire. He held this position tenaciously, pouring in a terrific cannonade. The guns were worked so rapidly that they had to be constantly doused with buckets of water.

At 5:36, eleven minutes after the action began, the enemy struck her colors, immediately hoisting an ensign, jack down, as a signal of distress. Four minutes later the mainmast fell. She was found to be rapidly sinking, and while efforts were being made to save her she suddenly settled in five and a half fathoms carrying down three members of the *Hornet's* crew. She was the sloop of war *Peacock*, 20 guns. Her captain, William Peake, was killed.

Lawrence hurriedly made repairs fearing an attack by the brig. By 9 o'clock the *Hornet* was cleared and ready for action. At 2 a. m. he got under way northward under easy sail. On March 19, he anchored at Holmes's Hole, in Martha's Vineyard, and a few days later came through Long Island Sound to New York. His reward was the command of the *Chesapeake*.

Of this defeat—looking at it from the British side—a Halifax paper said:

"A vessel moored for a target could not have been sunk sooner than the *Peacock* by the *Hornet*. It will not do for British vessels to fight them single-handed. The Americans are a dead nip."

It was not long after this that orders went out from the British admiralty for its ships to cruise in pairs. Captains were given to understand that it would not be considered a discredit to avoid a doubtful engagement. Admiral Sir Charles Napier writing from Bermuda in 1813 said:

"Two packets are quite due and we fear they have been taken, for the Yankees swarm here, and when a frigate goes out to drive them away they take her. Yankees fight well and are gentlemen in their mode of warfare. These Yankees so much abused are really fine fellows."

Looking back on the war in 1817, he said in a letter to Lord Melville:

"The moment the American war broke out, we had to fight a navy better disciplined than our own, and we were defeated by superior force, it is true; but be it remembered, we were most severely punished without inflicting any great injury on our opponents."

It is true that in single engagements American ships were often superior in tonnage, number of guns, and men. Better gunnery, though, is what turned the trick for them, a superiority that our navy has maintained down to the present day. The old logs fairly bristle with such entries as: "Exercised the crew at the great guns today."

So much for the Indian cruise, as far as the *Constitution* and the *Hornet* are concerned. What became of the third member of the expedition, the *Essex*, is a story all to itself—one of the romances of naval history.

He Is Mexico's Thirteenth President

Concluded from page 13

leaving the few who really desire and are able to assimilate a higher education to pass on to the upper division schools. This is the plan which Calles and his advisers have announced they will follow.

Personally, the president-elect is a man of one idea and one job at a time. In his past career he has become noted for a determination to complete one task before embarking on another. Possibly this singularity of effort will handicap him as an executive, but it has helped him to rise from his youth on a Sonora farm to the presidency of Mexico while he is yet on the lee side of the half-century mark. He is a strong believer in American industrial and commercial methods, and, what is of possibly more importance to both Americans and Mexicans, the development of Mexico by properly controlled American capital, though there will be no more of the wasteful exploitation of Mexican resources which characterized the Diaz and Madero administrations.

The present congress of Mexico is composed of men of militaristic tendencies, senators and representatives who rode into office on the backs of the horses of the triumphant Obregon-Calles-De la Huerta revolution. Just how they will co-ordinate and co-operate with the presidency of a man who, though he has been a soldier, is not a militarist, is one of the question marks to be removed from the path of Mexican progress.

Maine's Great Battle of the Maps

An International Boundary Dispute Which Was Fought on Paper

By E. L. M'COLGIN

FEW Americans realize the situation the Maine boundary has created for Canada, and the trials of both countries attendant upon determining the present line. Ninety years ago the bloodless Aroostook war caused as tense a situation between Maine and New Brunswick as the Fiume disputes of Italy and Jugo-Slavia.

Happily Canada and the United States have found more profit in thinking and acting in terms of peace and mutual accommodation than in squabbling in the European fashion.

While the Maine boundary is awkward for Canada, the United States has somewhat made up for it in permitting the Canadian railways to be freely extended into the United States.

The Canadian Government itself now operates the former Grand Trunk lines from Montreal to Portland and to Chicago via Port Huron and Detroit, as well as a line into Northern New York. It is also the owner of the Central Vermont Railway.

The Canadian Pacific operates the short line from Montreal to St. John across the State of Maine. It owns the Soo Line which traverses Wisconsin, Northern Minnesota, and Michigan and most of North Dakota; also the Duluth, South Shore, and Atlantic, which serves the mineral region of Michigan.

Would Germany permit Russian railways to operate through from Moscow to Hamburg, or France agree to the Italian railways being extended to Paris? Spain would never consent to a French railway crossing the Pyrenees and on to Madrid. We order these things better in the New World.

Northern Maine juts up between the Maritime provinces and Quebec and almost severs their land connection. For a distance of seventy-five miles there is but a thirty-mile corridor between Maine and the St. Lawrence River. It only affords a long, circuitous route between Montreal and Quebec and St. John and Halifax, the alternative short route being across Maine.

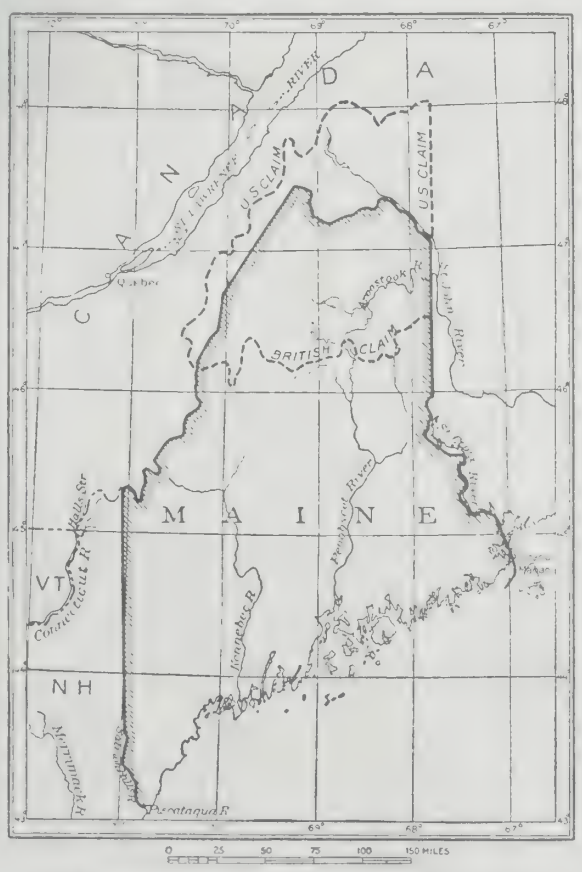
Since Montreal and the city of Quebec are icebound nearly six months in the year, their relation to open winter ports, especially national ones, is of prime importance.

Let Americans consider having their Atlantic port business diverted from New York to ports three hundred to eight hundred miles out of line and some of them in a foreign country, and they will understand our neighbor's problem.

There are two all-Canadian rail lines from Montreal and Quebec to St. John and Halifax, the Intercolonial and the newer Transcontinental. They were both built by the government and are now operated by the Canadian National. The Intercolonial mileage to St. John and Halifax is 734 and 800, respectively, while the Transcontinental line is 741 and 841 miles long. The Quebec city distance is 175 miles less than that of Montreal.

The Canadian Pacific short line which plunges straight through the eastern townships of Quebec and across Maine to St. John is but 481 miles long, 66 per cent of the distance of the all-Canadian lines. This gives St. John a distinct advantage over Halifax, 278 miles beyond St. John.

However, the nub of the whole matter is that even the Canadian Pacific railway line to St. John is 40 per cent longer than the 283-mile route from Montreal to Portland, Maine. The Grand Trunk's line to Portland was built more than a generation before the Intercolonial. While this was all very well when the Grand Trunk was privately owned and could bid for ocean business via Portland with only its stockholders to consider, trouble arose when the government took it over. Halifax and St. John have demanded that the Portland and Michigan lines be sold or at least that all ocean traffic be diverted to Canadian ports.



Map showing claims of United States and Great Britain.

While this is logical from the nationalistic viewpoint of these two Canadian cities and their provinces, the Canadian taxpayer is now meeting a deficit of fifty million dollars a year from the operation of the vast government railway system. The American lines are the only paying portions. Shall the taxpayers of all Canada lose this profit and also stand the new losses that would arise through carrying ocean business over the lengthy government lines to St. John and Halifax at rates that will attract the business?

Railway operating deficits do not frighten the Maritime provinces. The Intercolonial has been operated by the government at a loss ever since it was built in 1876 to bind the new Dominion and also to provide a military railway to the ocean.

The sixty-eighth article of the famous Quebec resolutions of 1865 provided "that the general government shall secure without delay the completion of the Intercolonial Railway from Riviére du Loup (on the St. Lawrence) through New Brunswick to Truro in Nova Scotia. This was the price Canada paid for the adhesion of these provinces to the Dominion. The British North American Act, the Canadian constitution, passed by the British Parliament in 1867, contained the same provision in Article 145.

The Intercolonial Railway was opened in 1876. While it was always overmanned by political appointees and a clear record of its financial results has never been available, it must be remembered that this much condemned railroad made a nation possible. To attract Montreal ocean traffic it had to offer rates comparable with the short lines to Portland, Boston, and New York. Boston is 451 miles from St. John by rail and there are passenger and freight steamers plying between Halifax, Yarmouth, St. John, and Boston over water routes of 375, 237 and 290 miles, respectively.

In 1886 the Canadian Pacific built its short line from Montreal to St. John. While it has an operating problem in crossing the Appalachian heights, it removed the possibility of the tenuous Intercolonial getting a large volume of through business. However, the Intercolonial serves a vast local territory and no private company would have embarked upon the venture. It is not comparable to the Canadian and American Pacific roads.

Some Canadian historians describe the definition of the Maine boundary contained in the American treaty of Independence as "an irretrievable blunder." The facts seem to be that the boundary is a fair one from a legal and historical standpoint.

Prior to Britain wresting Canada from France, which was confirmed by the treaty of October 7, 1763, Massachusetts, from which Maine was carved, claimed that her territory ran to the north bank of the St. Lawrence River and Britain never discountenanced the claim of her colony against France.

Britain becoming owner of Canada described its boundaries as she desired to fix them by the celebrated line of the highlands, the point about which subsequent disputes revolved.

According to the proclamation of the treaty of 1763 the line from Lake Nipissing was to cross the St. Lawrence and Lake Champlain in the forty-fifth degree of latitude and thence to proceed along the highlands which divide the rivers that empty themselves into the St. Lawrence from those which fall into the sea.

Massachusetts and England came to a gentleman's agreement. The Crown abated its claim to a tract of land near the Kennebec River, and Maine in return did not press her ancient boundary claim. The French maps down to 1763 showed the highlands as their conception of the boundary.

Richard Oswald, the wealthy Scotchman who negotiated the Treaty of Independence with Franklin, Adams, Jay and Laurens, had two principal objects: First, definitely to separate the new nation from France, and, second, to have the Americans assume responsibility for debts owed in Great Britain and to deal with the Tory or Loyalist claims. Aside from these things, Oswald was inclined to be generous. He once favored giving all of Canada to the United States. Oswald had many friends in America and had given £50,000 bail to secure Lauren's release from the Tower. Henry Strachey, under secretary of the British Foreign Office and formerly secretary to the great Clive, was sent to Paris to moderate Oswald's concessions.

Oswald and the British Government were long-headed in favoring Anglo-Saxons at the expense of France and Spain. The new nation shared Britain's desire to eliminate France and Spain from North America. When the American peace commissioners became convinced France and Spain were only interested in intrenching themselves in America at the expense of both their ally and foe, no time was lost in arranging a treaty with Britain which Franklin presented as a *fait accompli* to Vergennes whom he had agreed to consult.

In the treaty of 1783 the northern and eastern boundaries of Maine are described as follows: "A line drawn due north from the source of the St. Croix River to the highlands which divide those rivers that empty themselves into the St. Lawrence from those which fall into the Atlantic Ocean." The eastern boundary was the middle of the St. Croix from its mouth to its source then the above line to the highlands.

Oswald's treaty met with great opposition in Parliament. It was opposed on the very ground that it made a line of "boundary exceedingly inconvenient to Great Britain." One objector said it made the United States the master of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, although those provinces have been very independent notwithstanding. The maps accompanying the Parliamentary papers showed the highland line claimed by the United States in subsequent disputes. However, this line ran entirely too far north for Canada's well-being.

International boundary marker on Maine boundary.

Almost sixty years elapsed before the Maine boundary was definitely settled in spite of the seemingly clear language of the treaty. Britain in objecting held less to the letter of the treaty than the effect of it on Canada, and she was justified to a certain extent.

It was not a strategic boundary, the military route to Quebec being up the Kennebec Valley. The territory was practically an unsettled wilderness, and Oswald had not haggled over western territory when making the treaty of 1783. He treated the United States handsomely.

In the winter of 1839 the lumbermen of New Brunswick and Maine came into frequent collision. The Maine legislature put $800,000 at the disposal of the governor for military purposes. As Webster says: "She fortified the line, or points on the line, to keep off intruders and to defend possession. There was Fort Fairfield, Fort Kent and I know not what other fortresses, all memorable in history."

Sir John Harvey, governor of New Brunswick, sent up two regiments with artillery and some bloodthirsty volunteers. Nova Scotia voted £100,000 and all her militia.

But London and Washington were not moved by their warlike governors. Canadians have never forgiven the London *Times* for suggesting that the fuss be ended by conceding the American claim and throwing in all of New Brunswick west of the St. John. The Canadians of 1783 had now reached a national consciousness. The United Empire Loyalists had made tremendous sacrifices for their king and country. It would have been well if London had included a Canadian in the negotiations, a point that was conceded in treaty-making years later.

The disputed territory was finally settled on a basis of 5,012 square miles to Canada and 7,015 to Maine. The St. John River was made the northern line and the St. Lawrence highlands only the northeastern line. Maine was also given the free navigation of the St. John River, and product floated down this river was treated as the product of New Brunswick in the provincial and British markets. Maine and Massachusetts obtained financial balm from Congress in $300,000 in equal portions.

Later it was claimed that a map approved by Franklin which indicated the boundary in a red line favorably to Great Britain had been withheld by Webster from the negotiations. Jackson had used this map to get Maine to agree upon the settlement basis he formulated.

However, Sir Robert Peel settled the question in Parliament by producing another map, *one which had not been supplied to Ashburton*, who had once declared the whole negotiations the *battle of the maps*.

On the map Peel now produced, the line as claimed by the United States is boldly and distinctly traced throughout its extent, and the words, "Boundary as described by Mr. Oswald," written in four places. Lord Brougham said in the House of Peers these words are in the handwriting of George the Third. This map had been preserved in the library of George the Third, and with that library was sent to the British Museum.

Four years later, when Webster was in the Senate, he delivered a masterly two-day speech in which he disposed of every objection to the Treaty of Washington, which he had negotiated.

In spite of her boundary troubles and the advantages gained from their settlement, Maine has neglected to produce an accurate state map. She has thousands of square miles which can only be safely traversed with a guide, since landmarks and maps are lacking.

LIBRARY OF THE
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URBANA ILL

BRIEFLY TOLD

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. The set includes: "The International Jew," Vol. I, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

"Certified" laundries, that use cleansing materials, chemically tested, and guaranteed not to damage delicate fabrics, are now operating.

A Cordeau fuse, a ribbon of T.N.T. incased in a tube of lead, has been stretched along a Rocky Mountain National Park trail under twenty-five-foot snowdrifts. Next spring the entire charge will be detonated at once making it possible to clear the road.

A wooden frame airplane will soak up more than 100 pounds of water on a damp day.

Alabama has not had a lynching in two years.

Regular attendance at Sunday school during the formative period of youth would close the doors of the criminal courts and jails, says Supreme Court Justice Lewis L. Fawcett, of Brooklyn.

Members of the Turkish Parliament, mayors, teachers, government officials, troops and policemen, are prohibited from wearing clothing which is not of Turkish manufacture.

Trees at the rate of 20,000 a day have been planted by Western Canadian farmers in the last 20 years.

The old West is passing. Two brothers employed a noose to frighten an acquaintance out of the country. An unfeeling jury fined the brothers heavily and they barely escaped a jail sentence.

Heavy snows have driven elk and deer into the town of Banff, Alberta, where they make the rounds of the homes in search of food, which is not denied them.

Siam is ruled by a dynasty produced by its own history and influenced by native traditions.

The Japanese and United States War departments have arranged for the exchange of language officers for a period of six months.

Courses in Latin are enrolling more high school students than courses in all the other foreign languages combined.

A paper by Peter Mark Roget, of "Thesaurus" fame, read before the Royal Society of London in 1824, and entitled "Explanation of an Optical Deception in the Appearance of the Spokes of a Wheel Seen Through a Vertical Aperture," laid the foundation of the art of cinematography.

"Never do something you do not approve of, more quickly to accomplish something that you do approve of, for there are no safe short cuts in piloting a business, or a ship."—*J. Pierpont Morgan.*

When General Sam Houston took Santa Ana, the Mexican general, prisoner, he drew a gnawed ear of corn from his (Houston's) pocket, saying: "Sir, do you *ever* expect to conquer men who fight for freedom, when their general can march four days with one ear of corn for his rations?"

A sprag is a round piece of wood thrust between the spokes of the wheels of coal-mining cars that have no brakes.

School children in the mountain districts of Washington carry rifles to school to protect them from the cougars and lynx which have been driven to the lower lands by the severity of the winter.

Kant, the philosopher, used to tell the following anecdote with great glee:

A traveler once showed Lavater, the physiognomist, two portraits: the one a highwayman, who had been broken upon the wheel; the other the portrait of Kant. He was asked to distinguish them. Lavater took up that of the highwayman. After attentively considering it for some time he said, "Here we have the true philosopher; here is penetration in the eye, and reflection in the forehead; here is cause, and there is effect; and here is combination, there is distinction; synthetic lips; and analytic nose." Then, turning to the portrait of the philosopher, he exclaimed, "The calm, thinking villain is so well expressed and so strongly marked in his countenance that it needs no comment."

Ivory hunters must pay $200 for an elephant-hunting license.

Drums, which constitute the wireless news broadcasting system of the native African blacks, can be heard sixteen miles.

Diamonds are so numerous in the Kimberly mines that were they marketed indiscriminately and competitively they would become nearly as common and as cheap as glass beads.

The Limberlost region, home of Gene Stratton Porter, should become the property of Indiana, says the Izaak Walton League of America.

Opium pills are given children in India to keep them quiet.

Queen Mary is a cross-word puzzle fan.

The gold that went into the African jungle in great quantities when the natives sold the Allies cattle and foodstuffs during the war has never come out nor been banked.

"I am not an Anglomaniac. But I will say to my fellow Americans that unless we get together and *work* together to establish in our country a reign of respect for law approximating that which exists everywhere under the British flag, we not only shall become merely respectable instead of forceful in the family of nations, but we shall invite into our fabric that social disintegration preceding anarchy."—*John Hays Hammond.*

The Ziczac, a little bird, walks about inside the mouth of the crocodile, cleaning the reptile's teeth by picking up food scraps.

Thousands of starving horses wander the highways and plains of Eastern Oregon. Having no commercial value no one seems to care what becomes of them.

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CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

"I Read in the Papers—"

I read in the papers that the Armour business is getting ready to sell its packing interest to the people. This is the new method of "unloading." There is considerable irony in it. Here was one of the biggest and proudest of the monopolies, apparently invincible, but it disintegrated by its very bigness. If you make meat or any other commodity hard to get, people don't use so much of it, and you lose. That is what happened to the meat trust. It happened to the grain trust, too. In former years Chicago was known for these two monopolies—meat and wheat. Both have fallen. The big grain houses have—what do you think? They have resolved to sell out to the farmers! Unable to merge under the anti-trust law, they can merge by selling out to the farmers. Some of these grain companies have had hard sledding, too. It will be quite an accommodation if the public buys them. I hear that the farmers have not been in great haste to purchase stock in the merger of their former enemies (who still keep control, I understand) and it will be interesting to see how the Armour shares go.

I read in the papers (in *Zit's*, the theatrical newspaper, to be exact) that William A. Brady who is described as theatrical manager and fight promoter (I had never heard of his fight promotion) is tired of trying to produce decent plays. So tired, the report says, that he is producing his first bad play. The statements quoted as issued from Mr. Brady's office say that he has been "among the leaders in the movement for clean plays, and that he has for years seen his beautifully directed, cleverly acted, well-written plays with a high moral standard go to smash on the rocks of public demand. His futile attempts to make money and, at the same time, keep his plays creamily white to suit the few that crave things of purity, are matters of national record." Analyze that statement and you will find it putrid, not morally but intellectually. The mind that evolved it doesn't know what the controversy is about. If it is the same mind that directed the production of the decent plays "to suit the few who crave things of purity," no wonder they failed. There could scarcely be anything more indecent in a stage portrayal than there is in that statement. For here is the unloveliest thing of all, a bad mind. It is a safe prediction that the "bad play" will be just as big a failure as the others. Of course, the whole matter savors more of an imitation of David Belasco's slump than of anything else. It is too bad that both Belasco and Brady chose to wind up their careers by throwing a wad of nastiness in the face of the public.

I read in the papers that President Emeritus Eliot has revived the question of "race suicide." Of course, there is no such thing. There may be family suicide; a man or woman may say, "The race gets no farther through me," but it only prevents the founding of another family; it does not affect the race at all. Races die out, but not by their own intention. The races that have died out were not the ones that practiced race suicide, but quite the reverse. As to the present case, it is probably just as well that those who won't have children don't have any. The more one sees, the more one regards it as a blessing to the race that some people are voluntarily childless. There are some qualities that might just as well die out. Roughly, the type of mind that will accept Mrs. Sanger as its guide is favoring the race by refusing to repropagate itself. Let them die out. Of course, there is another side: the organization of modern life that takes no account of children. They are simply ruled out. An alien twist to our civilization has struck indirectly at the American family. The family now means a certain money standard, housing, economic security. Where wife and husband both work that they might live in a cubby hole seventeen flights up, the same being owned and rented by a man whose name ends in "stein," the family is next to impossible. If I were a young man there are two things I'd do certain sure: I'd live in my own detached house (not an apartment) and I'd make all the living that was made. Getting matters back on a normal basis, the family question would solve itself. But as to race suicide, there is always hope. T. R. preached strongly, and you have read in the papers the good news about the charming Princess Alice.

I read in the papers everywhere nowadays confirmations of the statements for making which THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT was denounced two or three years ago. It is a striking instance of truth rising from the dust—if you can wait long enough. The London *Times* is the latest to endorse THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT's view of Russia. I was interested to read the *Times'* report of Mr. Stephen Graham's address in All-Hallows, London. He said: The promoters of the Russian revolution had in view the complete destruction of Christianity and its moral code. The ikons and the sacred vessels of the churches had been confiscated and were now being sold as religious curios in Paris and America. No one was admitted into the Russian Communist party who did not deny God. Evil is enthroned at Moscow. It is a domination not from within, but *from without.* It was *a foreign domination* from which Russia was suffering. *The promoters were not Russians.* Two of the three chief revolutionary leaders at present are *Jews.*

Of course we knew this all the time. The program of the revolution was outlined in the so-called Protocols, and was followed to the letter. The whole financial upset of Europe was foreknown and preorganized. There is, historically speaking, no Russian Revolution. There is the subjugation of Russia by international Jewry. Everybody admits it now.

DEA

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MR. FORD'S page discusses the relative chances of the city-bred and country-bred boy for success.

WHY did Massachusetts vote against the Federal Child Control Amendment? Some say money; some say the Catholic church; some say selfish employers. But what are the facts? You may want them for your own state. Or to make up your own mind. (p. 4)

HE CANNOT remember the names of his books, and he hates to sit down and write, yet he is a most popular novelist; and one of our friends inveigled him into talking about himself. (page 3)

WHAT is the difference between dumping 60 per cent of a great productive estate into the sea, and dumping it into one Federal and forty-six state treasuries? Can you bleed a horse at each of its four legs and expect him to win a race? When taxes have become so high that people take out insurance against them as they do against death, what's the answer? A big vital discussion. (p. 2)

Baseball thrills—the Big Ones. (p. 15)

"NO," WE have frequently said to MSS. concerning Stevenson's resting place at Samoa, "we don't want anything but first-hand information from the spot." So Mr. Calnon went to Samoa and climbed Vaea Mountain and saw Vailima, and talked to men who knew "R.L.S." Altogether an article to interest the lovers of Tusitala. (p. 5)

The romance of the cartographer—mapping America. (p. 13)

YOU can read so much of routine writers that the total result is only a little confusion added to a former blissful innocence. The Oklahoma oil excitement, for example. Here is a story that just about tells it all, and tells it with "the visiting mind"—as you yourself would see it if you were there. No routine stuff, all live facts. (p. 6)

"Briefly Told" (p. 16) is concentrated wit, wisdom, travel, fact, fancy, and novelty.

"I'M TRULY sorry man's dominion has broken nature's social union," said Burns to the field mouse; but the union is being repaired; the animals are trending toward greater confidence in man. How they are doing it is told on page 11.

UNCLE SAM is an enormous tenant, rented quarters costing nearly two million dollars a year in Washington, and the Post Office Department pays more than eleven million dollars a year in rents. (p. 10)

DOROTHY OSBORNE sat by the fireside in 1653 and heard her brother and "Mr. Gibson" talking about the possibility of men flying. Dorothy also had a love affair. (p. 9)

Should Inheritances Be Halved?

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Massachusetts and Child Labor

R. L. Stevenson's Resting Place

Red Indians Grow Rich on Oil

Romance of Dorothy Osborne

Uncle Sam Pays Big Rent Bill

Animals and Man's Inventions

"Don Juan's House" in Spain

When America Was Mapped

Baseball Thrills of the Past

Should Inheritances Be Halved?

Dumping 60 Per Cent of Productive Business Into the Sea of Taxation

By ALLAN L. BENSON

BAD laws hurt everybody. Why are there so many bad laws? Because legislators who do not know what to do so often do it. If they would do nothing until they knew what to do they would do less harm and more good.

What are we talking about in particular? The inheritance tax laws. There are forty-seven of them. Each of forty-six states has one and the National Government has another. These taxes sometimes take as much as 60 per cent of an estate.

Why are inheritances taxed? That is just it. Why *are* they taxed? They are taxed because we have in this country a considerable amount of discontent among the people and an enormous amount of economic ignorance among our legislators.

The people are and long have been discontented because of the great inequalities in the distribution of wealth.

It is the business of a politician to capitalize whatever he knows to be in the minds of the people back home.

If it be discontent, because of the coexistence of great wealth and great poverty, the politician knows what to do. He puts something in his platform about his intention, if elected, to put a crimp in wealth. This is what old Tom Platt of New York used to call "yielding to public clamor." Tottering Thomas always thought it was a crime for a public servant to pay any attention to those who elected him.

Representing a Wave of Discontent

All of our inheritance tax laws represent the wave of discontent dashing against the solid bone frontispiece of the Democratic party. The wave began to roll heavily in the years immediately following the Civil War. The Democratic party was out of power. It wanted to get back. Listening to the rumbling in the sticks, it saw that votes might be obtained by making promises to "do something" about the inequalities of wealth.

These promises took the form of pledges to tax incomes and inheritances. The gentlemen who made these promises had no more idea of what they were promising than potato bugs have of the chemistry of the soil. All they knew was that they were doing something to put the Republicans in a hole. They had a vague idea that such types of taxation represented approved forms of social legislation, tested and tried in England for the purpose of leveling down the rich for the benefit of the poor.

In other words, these gentlemen were equipped with nothing but misinformation. They did not know that when England, in 1801, first taxed incomes, she taxed them, not to remove inequalities of fortune, but to get money for her navy that she had been unable to raise in any other way. Napoleon was across the channel swinging a mean sword. England was frankly afraid of him. She had raised every dollar she could by old methods of taxation to strengthen her navy against him. And, when she still felt insecure, she began to tax incomes, with no other purpose behind the tax than to increase her defenses. To this day, English incomes are not taxed for any other purpose than to raise money to carry on the government.

Nor did these Democratic gentlemen of a generation ago know that British inheritance taxes are aimed, not against wealth as such, but against great holdings of land. It is one thing to accumulate a lot of money and quite another, in a little place like England, to accumulate a lot of land. Human effort can create money, but no amount of human effort can appreciably increase the amount of land in England. When seven men own most of the land upon which London is situated and a few others own a large part of the country, there is bound to be a shortage of land for the rest of the people. The English felt this shortage and compelled the taxation of inheritances, hoping thus to break up the great landed estates. As a matter of fact, the great landed estates are being broken up. The process is going slowly, but it is under way.

Industries Must Not Be Starved

Now we have in this country no great landed estates to break up, and the inheritance tax laws enacted by our states were designed to effect quite different purposes. Their general purpose was to do something toward the removal of the inequalities of wealth. This was to be brought about, first by breaking up great fortunes in their transit from one generation to another and, second, by compelling the well-to-do to pay more of the cost of government, the inference being that the poor would thus be enabled to pay less. This inference was, of course, wholly unjustified. American government was never a heavier burden upon the poor than it is today. Since it is in the nature of politicians to spend all they can get, the poor can never be helped by taxing the rich.

Yet this propaganda of the inheritance tax, put forth for no other purpose than to get a party back into office, made headway. For self-protection, the opposite party in many quarters, had to indorse it. As a result, forty-six states imposed taxes upon inheritances, the rates usually beginning at 1 per cent and rising, according to the size of the estate, to about 10 per cent.

During the war, the United States Government also enacted an inheritance tax law which takes as much as 40 per cent of large estates. Where an estate has possessions in many states, the heirs are required to pay taxes to the National Government and to each of the states in which they have property. Sometimes the home state of the heirs demands, in addition to its own tax, a sum equivalent to all the taxes paid by the estate in the other states. As stated, the various inheritance taxes sometimes eat up 60 per cent of an estate.

Now let us see what we are trying to do in this country and then see whether the inheritance tax laws are likely to help us do it.

Let us first inquire whether we are trying to destroy the system under which wealth in this country is produced. As I interpret the election returns that come in from time to time, we are not trying to destroy this system. Yet the tendency of the inheritance tax laws, taken in conjunction with income tax laws and other forms of taxation, is to destroy our present system of wealth-production without creating any other system to take its place. In other words, it seems to me as if the tendency of the inheritance tax laws in particular is to make the carrying on of every kind of fundamental business increasingly difficult, with the burden always resting heavily upon the people.

What kind of a system of industry is it upon which we depend to supply the necessities of life and such luxuries as we can get? Is it not a system under which industries are privately owned and privately operated? Is it not essential, for the development of the country, that great sums shall be invested for the development of water power, the operation of mines, the maintenance of railroads and a thousand other similar things? Is it not plain that industry cannot keep abreast of human needs unless such investments are made? If the great sums that should be expended for the development of the country were, instead, to be dumped into the sea, is it not plain that this and unborn generations would suffer?

Now what is the difference between dumping 60 per cent of a great estate into the sea and dumping it into one national and forty-six state treasuries? What do our state and national governments ever do that gives productive employment to man, woman, or child? They do a little useful work in digging up scientific information that is of use to workers, but what do the national and state governments do to create useful jobs for others?

Taxation Is Killing Enterprise

Is it useful work to belong to the great army of tax-eaters who feed at the public crib?

Is it useful work to build battleships that scare other nations into building battleships which, in turn, scare us into building still more battleships, thus starting a whirl around a bloody circle that means poverty while it is going on, eventually war, and then more poverty than ever before?

Aside from the costs of necessary government—which are small—what do our governments do with the great sums that we dump into our state and national treasuries—what that is worth to us the money that it costs?

You cannot bleed a race horse at each of its four legs and expect it to continue much longer as a race horse. If the people of this country wish its industries to be owned and operated by private individuals it is only common sense not to bleed them pale while they are alive and stage a great grave-side scene when they are dead.

It is conceivable that the business of this country might be carried on without private management, but it is not conceivable that it can be carried on without any management.

Unfortunately, our present taxation laws are killing private management without building up anything in its place.

I do not mean that excessive taxation is closing any industries, though if long enough continued it will close them. But it is making unduly high the cost of doing business. Expensive business means costly product. Costly product means fewer customers. Fewer customers mean a diminished market. A diminished market means less work and more enforced idleness on the part of the workers. Less work and more enforced idleness mean—when endured as long as human nature can tolerate them—fireworks, French and Russian revolutions, death and destruction.

No nation is rich enough safely to permit from 30 to 60 per cent of each generation's accumulated capital to be diverted from productive industry to the sandlots of governmental extravagance and waste.

We do not yet realize what these outrageous tax laws mean because they have not been long enough with us. The National Government's 40 per cent inheritance grab dates only from the war. Let that law and its forty-six ferocious young assistants get to work on a large estate and the estate would have lost more than half of its substance. Two deaths within a short period would practically take everything. A great industry might be lost to its heirs and its ownership split up among outsiders. For income tax laws demand *cash*. Great estates consist of all kinds of *properties*. They would have to be *sold to get cash* to be dumped into the sea.

Few persons realize the extent to which wealth which should be devoted to the development of the country's resources for the public good is being confiscated by excessive taxation. The following figures are official:

In 1922, agricultural corporations and allied industries paid 86 per cent of their profits as local, state, and Federal taxes. The remaining 14 per cent will be taxed when inheritance taxes are due.

In 1922, mining and quarrying corporations paid taxes amounting to 62 per cent of their profits. Hotels and theaters paid 40 per cent. Transportation and public utilities paid 37 per cent. Banking and insurance paid 32 per cent.

These interests, too, will later have to settle with the inheritance tax collectors.

Where do we think the business interests of this country get their money? Do we not know that they get it from us? Where else could they get it? And when the tax collector gets it, does it come back to us? Who has ever seen any of it come back? What folly, then, for us to permit governments to make the carrying on of business almost prohibitively expensive! We are not alone taxing ourselves to provide money for our legislators to waste, but we are hamstringing the interests upon which we depend, not only to carry on industry, but to bring the country's resources in ever greater measure to the country's needs.

Tax Collector Gets and Keeps It

We should do one thing or the other: We should facilitate in every reasonable way the operation of the present system of industry or we should install another system. The people have said over and over again that they do not want another system. That may not be the final word, but it is the present word. Why then make life increasingly difficult by acting as if we were in favor of no system? If we destroy what we have without making anything to replace it we shall have no system.

I know of no interest that is profiting from the present inheritance tax laws except the life insurance companies. If one wished to use a common phrase he might say that the life insurance companies are certainly "sitting pretty." A high official of one of the largest eastern companies told me that his company wrote more business during the first week of 1925 than it wrote in the entire year of 1908—and it was one of the largest companies in the East in 1908. Before inheritance taxes came along to grab what the dead left, life insurance agents used to have to hustle. Now the head of an agency could live in comfort and ease if he did no more than to keep his office open to handle the brokerage business that comes to him from other companies. A recent case will serve as an illustration of what is meant by "brokerage business":

An agency manager's phone rang and he was asked to tell how much insurance his company would issue on the life of a woman 52 years old. He, of course, had to refer the inquiry to his home office, but what was in the air was this: A woman 52 years old had made application to a certain company for all the life insurance that she could get in all of the companies in the United States. In this matter, she asked the company to whom she applied to act as her agent in getting insurance from the others.

Life Insurance Becomes a Problem

What she was trying to do was *to get enough insurance, if possible, to pay her inheritance taxes so that when she died her heirs would get a sum equivalent to her actual estate.*

Insurance companies do not risk too much on the lives of women and, in this case, I believe she was able to get, from all the companies in this country, only about $1,200,000, which, by the way, was not enough to make good what the inheritance tax collectors will eventually take from her estate.

Life insurance has become a very real problem to those who would do whatever they can to make up for the inroads upon their wealth that they know will be made by the inheritance tax collectors. Unless advance arrangements are made there is likely to be a first-class jam, because *the collectors demand cash within a year.* The Woolworth Estate, so I am informed, had to mortage the Woolworth Building for half its value to get money to pay inheritance taxes.

If each generation were to *burn* 60 per cent of its accumulated capital, the loss to the nation would be about what the loss will be if the present inheritance tax laws are permitted to stand.

We are told that present excessive taxation is necessary to defray the necessary costs of government. This is not true. We are taxed dangerously high because our city, state, and national govern-

(*Concluded on page 6*)

Great Novelist Who Hates Writing

E. Phillips Oppenheim Chats About His Methods and His Aspirations

By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

ONE dull November morning I walked across the Green Park to visit E. Phillips Oppenheim, Master of Mysteries, at his chambers in Clarges street, Mayfair, which is the hub of London society.

I love these Old-World London names! Mayfair, so called after the annual fair that was held here each May in a field nearby this very street. Having become a center of riot and disorder it utterly vanished in the reign of George III. Clarges street itself goes fairly far back, more than two hundred years; among the remembered dwellers therein having been Nelson's Lady Hamilton.

With such thoughts stirring in my mind I arrived at my destination. Then upstairs to a cozy room and a warm welcome.

It is in human nature to form a mind-picture of anyone whom we are going to see for the first time; which portrait is usually grotesquely wrong. This Master of Mysteries—surely he would be tall, slim, dark, black-eyed and black-haired, with an intangible air of deep-laid plots and sinister crime around him, an unsaintly halo. All that he certainly is not! A genial, kindly man of middle age; eyes and lips full of fun; a breeziness of speech and manner such as one looks for in a well-to-do country gentleman.

I sat me down in a very comfortable armchair, and embarked upon as vagabondish a conversation as it has ever been my fortune to take a share in. We wandered from subject to subject just as bees buzz from blossom to blossom; but it was I who did all the honey gathering.

I asked mine host why he lived most of his time in the country, or at any rate away from London—why did he come here so infrequently—why did he come here at all—why—?

"I enjoy the contrast," he answered. "The spice of life in London is jolly and exhilarating after the quietness of the country. I run up here from Reepham now and then for two or three days, and enjoy them thoroughly. After all, variety is essential to enjoyment, isn't it? I've a nice old country house—not a mansion—not so big as it looks in that photo—but big enough. It's built in Tudor style and has a lot of nice old oak in it. You can buy houses like this cheap enough nowadays; people funk the cost of upkeep. But we live simply and quietly. What do I do with myself in the country? Well, in the summer I play golf and tennis; but this time of the year's best for me, I love shooting. I'm out with my gun all day; then in at about four in the afternoon to tea—then work, often till pretty late at night."

We drifted into book talk:

"No, I don't run after first editions; I love my books for what's inside them. About the only collector's treasure I have is a four-volume edition of Laurence Sterne, which belonged to Charles Dickens and was in his library at Gad's Hill. Yes; I manage to get through quite a lot of reading."

"When I'm not in the country or here," he said in answer to a question from me, "I'm down in the Riviera, where I've a small villa; I generally go there at the beginning of the year and come back in the spring—sometimes later. I've built a summer house in the garden there, looking over the sea, where I do my writing."

"Do your writing," I exclaimed, hot as a detective on the trail. "Tell me how you write your stories. Do you work out a detailed plot first and then clothe it?"

"No; I can't do it that way. I can't work out my plots before starting to write. I never hatch them out, so to say. An idea begins to haunt me—an atmosphere develops—characters begin to shape themselves. Then I boil over and begin to write. The story seems to work itself out. I don't hunt for ideas—they just come along. Pen? No, I dictate all my stuff—I hate *writing!*"

"How did you come to take up story-telling?" I asked. "Felt born that way?"

"That's about it. It was my ambition from the first. My father was a clever story-teller—never printed anything, though. When we were small children he made us each write a story on Christmas evening—he wrote one himself—they were read out and we voted as to which we liked best. My father always won. NO! We were not allowed to vote each for himself! I shall never forget my father's face of astonishment when one Christmas I won the prize! I was only thirteen. I was quite considerably pleased with myself!"

"Does your work take it out of you?"

"By Jove, it does. Imaginative work must, if it is to be any good. I live in each story and with all my characters. I feel their emotions, get excited with them, angry, anxious, happy, miserable, and so on. The whole family knows it when my hero or heroine is in trouble. What's that? Yes, I do find my characters take the bit in their teeth and act for themselves. As I've told you, I cannot plot out my stories. I tried to twice, and failed both times. Once was making a film drama into a novel, and the other a play. It didn't work, and I'm not going to try it again."

"You've written quite a lot of books—how many?"

"How many is it?" he asked his secretary, who was kindly aiding and abetting me in my nefarious examination—"What? Eighty-six? And six serial stories that haven't yet got into volume form? Ninety-two!"

"Do you ever draw your characters straight from life? Portraits?" I asked.

"Never. I don't think I could and if I could I wouldn't. Characters are built up; not mere reproductions. They are composite portraits; a bit from here—a mannerism from there—and so on."

"Then I needn't fear your taking me for one of your villains?"

"No. But I won't promise not to make you part of a hero."

"That's far worse than being a whole villain!" I expostulated. "A slander! Heroes are generally so stupid that they haven't the brains to be wicked, if they wanted to. I shall sue you for damages, if you do!—Been to America often?"

"Often? I don't know whether you call fifteen times often? The first time I went to marry; the other times for pleasure."

"That's a nice thing to say," I laughed. "I shall tell Mrs. Oppenheim—let her know that the *other* times were for pleasure!"

"Tell away! Next visit? I've promised my American publishers to go over when my hundredth book comes out. Kind of centenary celebration! I rather fancy they're trying to make it next year! . . . . Their newspapers? Aren't they amazing? I was told that the amount of reading matter in one of the large Sunday editions is much more than the length of my longest story."

"Short stories—?"

"I do a good many. Never single ones. Either Conan Doyle or myself, I don't know which, was the first to start the fashion of writing a series of short stories round a central figure or a set of characters. Sherlock Holmes is the biggest detective in fiction, I think. Fresh and clever. I've drawn a good many detectives, but never taken the personality of a real one. I've no right to steal a man's character, have I? English detectives don't look their parts a bit.

"I suppose you've committed all sorts of crimes yourself, so as to get the right atmosphere?"

"No, I have *not*. I've often felt tempted to, but the penalty for any crime worth while is so outrageously heavy that I've had to confine myself to quite minor offenses. I'm afraid the police would not take my explanation that I was simply conducting scientific experiments if I robbed a jewelry store or insured someone and then took steps to facilitate his departure to another and a better world. But I am rather proud of one offense I committed. *I am the man who legalized poker in this country!* The police said it was a game of pure chance. Like *chemin de fer* or dice. It was illegal to play it in any club, hotel, or public place. So after warning the police that we were going to do it, some other members of a certain card club and myself played poker! The club was raided. We were arrested! Had us up before the magistrates and were fined £50 each. But we were out for a fight. I wrote ferocious letters to the newspapers. We played again! Were again arrested! But—not fined! This time we won our case, succeeded in proving poker to be a game of skill. I offered to play the police for all they were worth—but they weren't taking any. Now poker is played at very nearly every club. So I feel that my career as a criminal has not been altogether undistinguished."

"Returning to America—I believe they sometimes play poker there?" I said. "Tell me some of the things you particularly like in their way of living over there?"

"Lots of things. I particularly delighted in the country clubs. Jolly to go down to one of them for the day—for several days—golf or tennis—back to the clubhouse—a delightful bath, change of clothes. Then dinner on the piazza—moonlight—" He blew a ring of smoke into the air—it seemed to hold for him pictures of past delights.

I cruelly brought him back to myself—

"Theaters? Of course, I love them," he answered. "I don't know that I much care about revues or musical shows. I do like a good, strong gripping drama. I wish I could remember—but, do you know, I've an awful memory—awful—can't remember the names of my books or a single line I've written."

"Others don't forget them," said I, and then "Goodby."

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM and Reepham House, Norfolk.

The following excerpt from "The Profiteers" will be recognized as typical of Oppenheim's virile, realistic style:

"THE PROFITEERS"

In the "Profiteers" old Dreadnought Phipps, a financial giant, finds himself in conflict with John Philip Wingate, who has threatened to break him. The following passage will illustrate Oppenheim's style:

"Phipps did his best for peace. This was his enemy with whom he was now face to face, but the final issue was not yet. He spoke suavely and persuasively.

" 'Come, come,' " he said, " 'Wingate, you have changed since you and I fought our battles in New York and Chicago. Today you seem to be representing a very worthy and misguided class of the community—the sentimentalists. They are invariably trying to alter by legislation conditions which are automatic. It is true that our operations over here may temporarily make bread dearer, but on the other hand we may be facing the other way within a month. We may be sellers of wheat, and the loaf then will be cheaper than it has ever been. I am an Englishman, and it is not my desire to add to the sufferings of my fellow countrymen.'

" 'You don't care a ——— about any one's sufferings,' " Wingate retorted, " 'so long as you can make money out of them.' "

Why Massachusetts Beat Child Control

New England Parents Believe They Can Manage Their Own Children

By MARGARET C. ROBINSON

The fathers and mothers of the State of Massachusetts believe that they are better qualified to judge of what tasks their children under eighteen years of age are capable of performing in the home or on the home farm than the Children's Bureau at Washington, which defines the washing of dishes and the collecting of hens' eggs as "Child Labor."

ON NOVEMBER 4, the men and women of Massachusetts were given an opportunity, under the People's Opinion Law, to express their opinion as to whether the Massachusetts legislature should ratify the so-called Child Labor Amendment. The result of this referendum to the people of a question touching not only their fundamental constitutional rights, but so intimate and personal a matter as the control and education of their own children, is of interest and value to the whole country.

At the beginning of the six weeks' campaign for and against the amendment, public opinion was favorable to the amendment, on the strength of its name alone. Any measure for the removal of harmful conditions of child labor wins immediate sympathy in Massachusetts, which has always been a pioneer in good child labor legislation. But as the campaign of education went on, and the people began to realize that the amendment contained *an enormous new grant of power to Congress*, such as no government in the world exercises outside of Soviet Russia, and as the full significance of the text of the amendment ("Congress shall have power to limit, regulate and prohibit the labor of persons under 18") began to be understood, a tremendous change in public opinion set in, until on November 4 when the vote was taken 241,461 men and women voted for the amendment and 697,563 against it. This is the largest majority ever given on any question submitted to the people of Massachusetts.

People Could Not Be Deceived

What are the reasons for this tremendous defeat of the amendment in a progressive state like Massachusetts, which has always stood in the forefront of Child Labor Reform?

The advocates of the amendment, who are very bitter at such an overwhelming defeat at the hands of the people, say that the people were deceived.

Were the people deceived? There were certainly many barefaced attempts to deceive them. They were told, for instance, by advocates of the amendment, that little children of six and eight worked long hours in the southern mills, and that the South has no restrictive child labor legislation. The fact that every southern state forbids child labor in the mills up to the age of 14 was carefully concealed.

They were told that in Georgia little children could work all night in the mills. No child under 14 years and 6 months can work in the mills in Georgia after 7:00 p. m. or before 6:00 a. m.

They were told that 89,000 children under 15 are working in the mills in Georgia. The actual number is considerably under 300.

They were told that almost no states prohibit child labor at night. The fact is that almost all states do prohibit it.

They were told that no Socialist had anything to do with drafting the amendment. The fact is that a woman who had much if not most to do with drafting the amendment—Mrs. Florence Kelley—is a member of the Socialist party, ex-president of the Intercollegiate Socialist League, and lecturer at the Rand School of Socialism.

But—and here's the rub!—*these attempts to deceive the people were not successful*, and what is more, they acted as a boomerang. The people decided that there must be something radically wrong with a measure whose advocates felt it necessary to resort to such easily disproved statements as these, to make out any sort of a case. Hence they voted overwhelmingly against it. *The people were not deceived!*

Refused to Swallow the Bait

Early in the campaign the advocates of the amendment attempted to secure the support of Massachusetts textile manufacturers by an appeal to their self-interest, in the form of an assurance that the amendment would eliminate hurtful competition with southern mills. Knowing that child labor in southern mills is today a negligible quantity, and that it is lower taxes, lower wages for men and women, due to lower cost of living, nearness to the cotton fields and to soft coal mines, and so on, which makes the South a formidable competitor, the Massachusetts manufacturers refused to swallow the bait. It is evident that the advocates of the amendment had expected great results from this appeal, and their bitterness against the manufacturers is accordingly great.

In revenge they are circulating all over the country statements that Massachusetts was flooded with money by the manufacturers to defeat the amendment. Is this true?

To those who know the facts and who worked hard to help raise money needed for printing, speakers, advertising, and so on, this statement is ridiculous and worse. The money spent by the "Citizens' Committee" which conducted the campaign was about $16,000, which came from 800 contributions, averaging $20 each. The smallest contribution was 25 cents from a working woman. The largest individual contribution was $200. The Massachusetts Public Interests League, an organization of public-spirited women whose platform is "to defend the Constitution of the United States, to oppose bureaucratic and socialist legislation, and to aid in furthering causes which are of importance to public welfare," raised several hundred dollars for the work of the Citizens' Committee.

Another charge made by the defeated party is that the amendment was defeated by Catholic influence.

Did the Roman Catholics defeat the amendment? Undoubtedly many Catholics did strongly oppose the amendment. Catholics will always oppose measures which threaten to undermine, weaken or destroy the institution of the family! But it is to be noted that at the same election on November 4, a Catholic candidate for Governor of Massachusetts was overwhelmingly defeated; that not only in the cities like Boston and Fall River, where there is a large Catholic population, was the amendment defeated, but in towns where there is not even a Catholic church; in fact, in every precinct in the state there was a majority against the amendment! Certainly no unprejudiced person can attribute such political power to any one organization in Massachusetts, even to the Catholic church. Another thing to be noted is that Georgia is as strongly opposed to this amendment as Massachusetts, and Georgia is the stronghold of the Ku Klux Klan, whose chief *raison d'etre* is popularly supposed to be antagonism to the Catholic church. Some other explanation must be sought for the overwhelming victory in Massachusetts.

Bishop Lawrence, head of the Episcopal church in Massachusetts, Rev. A. Z. Conrad, one of the leading Congregational clergymen of the state, Rev. J. M. Shepler, presiding elder of the Methodist church, and other distinguished clergymen, stood with Cardinal O'Connell in opposing a measure which proposed to place 40,000,000 children and youths in the control of Congress.

The Campaign Has Its Amusing Side

The heads of our two greatest educational institutions, President Lowell of Harvard and President Stratton of the Institute of Technology, joined the Citizens' Committee for opposing the amendment.

Several of the ablest members of the Massachusetts Child Labor Committee, who have worked for years and with great success to improve child labor conditions in Massachusetts joined the opposition to this amendment, because they believed it to threaten serious evils to American youth.

Joseph Lee, president of the Playground and Recreation Committee, known throughout the United States for his long years of devoted service to the welfare of childhood, was a strong opponent of the amendment.

Who will say that these gentlemen were "deceived" concerning the amendment? And what are his intellectual qualifications for making the decision?

A feature of the campaign which has its amusing side is the worthlessness of "indorsements" of this amendment by organizations. Over and over again we were told of the many powerful organizations, especially women's organizations, which had indorsed it. But when election day came social workers, members of the churches, of the Y. W. C. A., teachers, and club women by the thousand voted against it in spite of the indorsements of these organizations. A former officer of the Massachusetts Federation of Women's Clubs says that not a single club woman of her acquaintance voted for the amendment!

Massachusetts has 966,000 women over 21 years of age. The fact that the combined vote of men and women for the amendment was only 241,461 shows what a small proportion of women favored it.

Why were the men and women of Massachusetts so strongly opposed to the amendment? For the same reason that the people of every other state will be against it if they inform themselves of its true nature. Representative Isaac Foster, of Ohio, who sponsored the amendment in the House of Representatives (and who was in consequence defeated by his constituents at the primaries) admitted that *to submit this amendment to a convention elected by the people for the purpose would mean certain defeat for it!*

The advocates of the amendment will do their utmost to prevent the people of other states from being allowed to vote on the question. They prefer to have it left to state legislatures, trusting to their powerful and experienced lobbies to control the legislators.

One of the things which aroused the suspicions of the people of Massachusetts early in the campaign was the reiteration of the propagandists that the amendment *did not mean what it said*. They were vehement in declaring that it did not mean this, or it only meant that. Fortunately the language of the amendment is so very clear and simple that the voters (who are able to read, since we have a literacy test for citizenship in Massachusetts) felt competent to judge of the meaning of the words: "Congress shall have power to limit, regulate and prohibit the labor of persons under 18 years of age." They inferred that it meant what it said, and voted accordingly. In this judgment they are supported by a decision of the Supreme Court, which said:

Full Power Over the Thing

> "The framers of the Constitution must be understood to have employed words in their natural sense, and to have intended what they have said; and in construing the extent of the powers which it creates, there is no other rule than to consider the language of the instrument which confers them." (Gibbons vs. Ogden, 9 Wheat, 188)

Another decision of the Supreme Court is of importance in connection with this amendment: "The power to regulate implies in its nature *full power over the thing to be regulated.*" This certainly gives food for thought when the thing to be regulated is the labor of persons under 18.

Congressman Ramseyer, of Iowa, *who voted for the amendment*, said:

> "Mark right here, too, it does not say the 'employment' of persons under 18 years of age, but the 'labor' of persons under 18 years of age. * * * A boy who is sent by his father to milk the cows labors. Under the proposed amendment Congress will have power to regulate the labor of a boy under the direction of his father as well as the employment of the same boy when he works for a neighbor or stranger. * * * Congress will have the power to 'limit, regulate and prohibit' the labor of girls under 18 years of age in the home and of boys under 18 years of age on the farms. Gentlemen admit that the effect of the proposed amendment is just as I state it."

The people of Massachusetts resented the attempts of the advocates of the amendment to deceive them as to the meaning and scope of the amendment.

They are not ready to line up with Russia in turning over the labor and education of the young to centralized control.

They believe that the states, which have done so much to improve child labor conditions, are more to be trusted for a continuation of the good work, than a Socialist Bureau at Washington, hundreds or thousands of miles away. That Federal dictation to the states is not needed is proved by the fact that since the second Federal Child Labor Law was declared unconstitutional twenty-two states have improved their laws for children.

Not Ready to Line Up With Russia

The people of Massachusetts believe that the average parent is a saner judge of what labor his child under 18 is fitted to do in the home or on the home farm than the Children's Bureau at Washington, which lists as "Child Labor" such tasks as washing dishes, hunting eggs, making beds, caring for younger brothers and sisters, and so on.

In short, they believe it about time to defend their fundamental constitutional rights from further encroachments and to reserve for themselves such intimate and personal matters as the control and education of their own children.

"He Lies Where He Longed to Be"

Robert Louis Stevenson and His Tomb on the Lonely Hill in Samoa

By WILLIAM LEE CALNON

Apia, British Samoa, via Pago Pago, American Samoa—

ROBERT Louis Stevenson, one of the world's best-loved men of letters, and certainly the best-loved white man who ever lived in the South Seas, lies at rest in one of the world's strangest tombs—a majestic hilltop four miles out of Apia. With him now are the ashes of his wife, brought here from the United States a few years ago, according to her wishes.

Apia is an out-of-the-way port, as ports go in the South Seas. A small ship runs every three weeks to Pago Pago to connect with the passenger ships to Honolulu and San Francisco, to the north and east, and to Sydney, Australia, to the south. Another runs via Suva, in the Fiji Islands, to connect with the British lines to Vancouver, British Columbia, and goes on to Australia and New Zealand. Some tramp steamers and sailing ships make it a port of call.

Above—Tomb of Robert Louis Stevenson, near Apia, British Samoa. Below—R. L. Stevenson's "Requiem," as engraved on tablet on his tomb.

But the fact that it is off the main routes of travel does not deter hundreds of tourists annually from visiting Apia, drawn thither by the desire to view the tomb of Stevenson. Practically no one ever comes to Apia without making this pilgrimage, though it is an arduous one even after Apia is reached.

The tomb stands on a small flat space atop the great hill which Stevenson faced as he sat at his writing before a window in his home more than a thousand feet below. His oft-expressed wish in life was that he be buried there if death came to him while he was in Samoa. The wish was carried out, but it is hardly possible that it would have been carried out if made by any other man than Stevenson, who had won the ardent love of the Samoans, high and low.

To lay him at rest in his chosen spot the natives cleared a pathway straight as an arrow up the mountain, being compelled to pull themselves and the casket up by means of ropes at times, so steep was the ascent. Parts of this road to the tomb are still discernible after nearly thirty years. There is now a path, well worn by the feet of many pilgrims, which wends its zigzag way up the mountain side, making the climb as easy as possible. Here and there along the road are resting benches, donated by lovers of Stevenson's works, and usually bearing the names of the donors.

The tomb is majestic in its simplicity: an oblong of stone, concreted over its flat surface, with a superimposed terraced top-piece of stone on whose side is a bronze tablet carrying the epitaph of Stevenson's poem "Requiem," as he himself had chosen:

> "Under the wide and starry sky,
> Dig the grave and let me lie.
> Glad did I live and gladly die,
> And I laid me down with a will.
>
> This be the verse you grave for me:
> *Here he lies where he longed to be;*
> *Home is the sailor, home from sea,*
> *And the hunter home from the hill.*"

Various hands have attended during the passing years the tomb and its little plot of ground. At no time has it been neglected, not even when civil war waged beneath it and shells from great warships in the harbor tore the hillsides and one plowed its way through the Stevenson home below. Samoans, Germans, English, and New Zealanders have seen to it that no Stevenson lover could visit the place and charge that it was ill-kept.

The world loves Robert Louis Stevenson for his writings, the purity of his English, and for the figure he has made against its imagination. The Samoans love his memory, as they loved him in life, for himself; for his kindliness, his generosity, his deep interest in them and their little affairs. When the Samoans like any one they give him a name of their own; his other name doesn't count.

So, when Samoans talk of Stevenson they talk of "Tusitala," which means "writer of tales," the name they bestowed upon him.

Stevenson is credited with knowing and understanding the Samoan better than any white man who ever lived here. There are some expert German reports and books on Samoa, which delve to the depths of Samoan geneology, customs, language, and derivation of the race, but they are coldly scientific. Robert Louis Stevenson saw into the heart of the Samoan and read it as no one else ever could. That was one of the reasons why, in the few years of life allotted to him after he came here in an effort to conserve his health, he won such deep love and affection among the Samoan people.

There are many of the older Samoans who remember Stevenson as he was in life. There still are chiefs living who often talked with him. There are a few white men and half-castes left who knew him well. The Reid family lived near the Stevenson home and the author and elder Reid became fast friends. George Reid, now of Pago Pago, as a boy, played in the Stevenson home with Austin Strong, son of Stevenson's stepdaughter.

George Reid now is a member of the noted South Sea trading firm of Nelson, Reid and Company, with branches in Apia, Pago Pago, Auckland, New Zealand, and Sydney, Australia. Fred Nelson, his partner, who lives in Apia, where he was born, also knew Stevenson, though as a boy. Nelson is writing a book on life in the South Seas.

"Stevenson built the most beautiful home ever known up to that time in the South Seas, soon after he came to Apia to live," said George Reid, in recalling his impressions of him.

"He went into the wilderness four miles out of Apia to build it, choosing a site on the mountain side about five hundred yards off the road from Apia. An L-shaped trail was broken through from the main road to reach the place. It ran over level ground about 300 yards from the road, turned sharply and went on an incline upward the rest of the way. Where the trail led from the road was about 800 feet above sea level, so the house was about a thousand feet above the sea.

"The house was a large one, two stories high, with many large, spacious rooms, finely finished with walnut and other imported woods. There was a big reception hall with a floor of polished wood that was as smooth as glass. That floor was the most impressive thing in the house to me and I loved as a boy to go in and slide on it. Sometimes we would make so much noise running through the house that Mrs. Stevenson would tell us to be quiet and not bother Mr. Stevenson while he was writing.

"'Leave the boys alone,' he used to say. 'Their play doesn't bother me.'

"He used to do most of his writing in the early morning hours, starting at 2 or 3 o'clock. He rode horseback a good deal and had a fine black pony that I remember well. When he rode this into Apia the 'kids' all were glad to see him. He would go into a store and buy a big bag of candy and toss it to the little ones as he rode along on his pony.

"He went about among the people a lot and they liked him from the start. If any were in trouble he would do anything he could for them. When there was a great storm that ruined the crops on the island and food became short he would send away for a whole shipload of rice and other things and give it to the people. He brought to Samoa from Honolulu what we call the teuila plant, which bears clusters of yellow flowers something like lilies. The Samoans liked this flower and it now is grown widely in the islands. The Samoan people named Stevenson's stepdaughter, Mrs. Strong, after this flower, calling her 'Teuila.'

"He did so much for the people that the chiefs talked over what they could do for him, and after much thought decided that they would build a road for him from the main road up to his house, instead of the trail over which he rode his pony, and then make him a present of it.

"So they took axes and picks and shovels and started to cut their way through the jungle. They would not permit an ordinary Samoan to do any of the work, not even to clear away the brush and debris. Only the high chiefs, the talking chiefs and the chiefs were allowed to work. Of course, when they started clearing the forest along the trail, Stevenson could see them at work and knew what they were doing, but he did not say anything or pay any attention. Then when they had finished the road, 20 feet wide, 300 yards one way and 200 yards up the incline to the door of his home, they formally presented it to him.

"They named the road 'Ala Ole Loto Alofa,' 'The Road of Loving Hearts,' and had the best sign painter in Apia make a sign with the name on it which they placed where it left the main road to Apia.

"Stevenson used to give many dances and receptions at his home, and on his birthday every year there was a big reception to which the whole town of Apia was invited. His last birthday party occurred only a short time before his death.

"When my half brother, Robert Louis Reid, was born, Mr. Stevenson asked my father to name the child after him if it was a boy and my father said he would. Mr. Stevenson came over to our house when Robert Louis was having his first birthday and gave him as a present a silver cup. This cup had been a wedding present to Stevenson's parents when they were married in Scotland and was engraved with the names and dates My brother still has the cup in his home in Apia."

R. L. Stevenson's "old swimming pool," built by him.

George Reid, still a boy, was one of the mourners who attended the funeral of Stevenson and clambered up the steep hillside behind the men who were cutting a way through for the casket and burial party to pass.

Just as the resting place of the beloved author has been made more accessible and has been well kept up at all times, so has the home he built been preserved and dedicated to honorable uses. It has been enlarged, but along the lines of the original.

Herr Kuntz, millionaire German contractor, said to have made his money in Russian navy contracts, purchased the home from the Stevenson estate first. He lived in it part of the time each year, having another home in Honolulu, and had it kept in shape all the year round. It was while he owned it, that in 1899 a native war broke out.

Rebel troops gathered about the Stevenson grounds and quartered in the residence. American and British warships came into Apia harbor, far below. Native troops battling the rebels could only hold them at the line of the Stevenson grounds. Word was sent to them to fall back when they heard three whistles from one of the warships, as the rebels would be shelled five minutes after the whistle blew. The British ship *Porpoise*, Captain Sturdee (now Admiral) commanding, then shelled the place. The rebels decamped in a hurry and the war was soon over. After the World War the Germans were ousted peacefully and the British took it over. Administration of the islands of Western Samoa was given over to New Zealand by England and the Stevenson home became "Government House."

Lo! The Poor Indian Rivals Croesus

Tulsa, Where Oil, Operators, and Osages Are a Dominating Trio

By W. T. KRONBERG

"OIL, operators, and Osages" is more than alliteration; it is the gist of all life and talk around Tulsa and throughout the broad belt of Eastern Oklahoma. In the order named they are as complete as "the time, the place and the girl," "Stop, look and listen," or any other set of triplets—oil, operators, and Osages.

Oil built Tulsa; oil operators make their headquarters in Tulsa, and call it "the oil capital of the world"; the Osage race comes to Tulsa to spend its royalty allotments. A metropolis of 113,000 created from a village of 3,000, and that within a span of 20 years—that's Tulsa. It reminds a visitor of an overgrown country lad who decks himself in his Sunday clothes and steps out on a Thursday night. Not that it is of the yokel type. Far be it from that. Tulsa is a patron of arts. She has one of the finest and best equipped high schools in the country and a reputation in the theatrical profession of furnishing the coldest audiences in the United States, with the possible exception of Boston. This last should be convincing. Tulsa is not a city of dullards.

In Tulsa at present construction goes on apace—a million-dollar hotel building, two great churches, a Moslem temple, several commercial structures, a big hospital, and plans for a big Catholic academy have just been announced. Several skyscrapers and a magnificent Masonic temple have just been completed and a water system that brings the streams of the Ozark Mountains, 65 miles away, to the home taps of the city, was recently finished at a cost of $7,500,000. Tulsa is still growing, and while it grows Tulsaites talk oil, think oil, and dream oil.

It is recorded that petroleum was first discovered in 1846, in Pennsylvania, but a legend persists among tribesmen of the West that tends to convince one that the presence of oil was known to Indians probably before white men stepped foot upon this continent, though the red men did not know its nature or value. There is a legendary tale, which has so plausible a sound that oil men who have lost tanks of oil through lightning stamp the story as genuine. The legend is as follows:

Many moons ago, during a violent storm, the Great Spirit thrust a long, luminous arm out of the sky and touched with His finger a pool of water upon the plains. Immediately from the pool a flame flared up and illuminated the surrounding country. The natives gazed upon this phenomenon in awe and looked upon it as a sacred fire, offering sacrifices to it and conducting, within the circle of its glare, the fire dances of the tribes. Eventually, as the story goes, the Manitou of the winds became angry because of jealousy over the attentions paid to the "fire god" and descended with a furious roar upon the sacred pool, wiping out the flame and extinguishing the blaze forever.

It is deduced, as you have already surmised, that a pool of surface oil was ignited by lightning and that the blaze was extinguished when a "twister," more or less common to the central plains, passed over the spot and smothered the torch as easily as one might blow out the flame of a lighted candle. Thus, it seems, that while the squaw cut and carried wood and gathered the buffalo chips, and rubbed the fire sticks or struck the flint to produce the spark that furnished fire for warmth and cooking, under the earth where she sat, even upon its surface, lay inert the wherewithal, in the form of gas and oil, to furnish limitless fuel and fire.

This story is not written to fever the imagination of the speculating public. "A flyer in oil" is quite frequently a flight to disaster, and investments in new companies are, nine times in ten, financial catastrophes. Investigation in the field is all that is necessary to convince on this latter point. The map of Oklahoma is dotted with the sign of the cross, the emblem adopted by map makers to indicate the dry holes that have been drilled. An operator who should know told the writer that if all the money that had been *invested* in Oklahoma oil were placed in a pile alongside all the money that has been *made* in this oil, *the two heaps would be about equal.* True, the blue-sky laws of the state provide that drilling operations must proceed where stock is sold for that purpose, but in many instances holes are drilled at enormous cost to innocent and unsophisticated speculators when the promoters, who employ themselves with handsome salaries that come from the stock issues, have foreknowledge that the drilling will result in failure. However, stories are told in Tulsa of instances where promoters of this type have accidentally stumbled into oil pockets where dry holes were expected, and they were unceremoniously tossed into the legitimate oil business and remained in it as long as that particular well maintained a profitable flow.

Of course, the operators who are gathering the big percentage of oil from the bosom of old mother earth are legitimate business men who have no time for the so-called "bilking" operators. Few of these legitimate operators work as individuals. They form powerful syndicates with millions in reserve. To illustrate what an operator with limited means is up against in the Osage country: First, he must secure a lease of potential oil land, and to do this he must bid against big operators in an open auction conducted by the government. As the bonuses alone on these leases reached the staggering sum of $2,000,000 at the last auction, some idea of the problems that face the little fellow can be gleaned. If he is lucky enough to strike a pool in his drilling, it costs from $18,000 to $50,000 to complete his pumping equipment. However, in the event he strikes oil and erects his derrick, his troubles have only commenced. The very moment his gusher comes in the big mutuals become interested and they immediately sink offset wells to tap his supply. Then his production falls off and he must sink another well or two to get all the oil he can from the pool before it is exhausted or before the big companies empty the pocket. These efforts of our prospector now represent an enormous outlay in money and he is destined to secure only a small percentage of the oil from his lease, because the big operators by this time have four or five pumps erected on adjoining lands that are doing their best to drain the pool. Operations in the oil fields have become too intensive and extensive for the lone operator. It is strictly a millionaire's game today. As one oil man explained it:

A forest of oil derricks as seen at night.

"It is like an enormous no-limit poker game. The operator must stand ready with his chips to protect his hand, and only a few that sit in the game are financially able to stay with the cards until the show-down."

This fact is borne out by the record of failures that have strewn the oil fields with financial wreckage during the past few years.

The syndicates are financially able to work every wrinkle of the game to their advantage. They establish enormous tank farms, where, when overproduction forces down the price of crude, as is the case at this writing, they store the oil, and when production falls below stimulated demand they release this supply of low-priced crude at the prevailing increased prices. The oil business—the crude touch and go business of a few years ago—has developed into an intricate science, which only the wealth of a Croesus can command.

Through all of this exploitation runs the thin thread of ironical fate that has followed the red man since his first contact with the whites. All of the oil that comes from Oklahoma fields is taken from lands that were set apart in allotments to the Indians. Gradually it is coming back into the hands of the white men. It is an inexorably sure process, and soon the red man will have been absorbed in the great melting pot. The government has done its part to protect him—throwing safeguards around him, reserving his mineral rights, and so on, but the restless, improvident nature of the race hastens the inevitable. Happily, the government reserved the mineral rights for the Osage Indians until 1931. His fee he can dispose of if the deal is satisfactory to his guardian or guardians, but the mineral rights upon the land remain with him.

The present Indian population of Oklahoma is 119,225 and the annual income of these tribesmen is approximately $40,000,000. From these figures it is easy to see where the Osage tribe gets its reputation for affluence. We mention the Osage race particularly because these Siouxian aborigines are the most fortunate of all the tribes that received government allotments in Oklahoma.

The Osages, always hostile, were classed as savages when the allotments were made and received as their portion a great section of the wildest lands of the state. Within this reservation lay the Osage hills, undulatory land, worthless for the ordinary pursuits of agriculture, but ideal for stock raising and grazing. To the five civilized tribes went the more fertile and—at that period—more valuable plain sections. The Creeks, Cherokees, Chicksaws, Choctaws, and Seminoles that composed the latter settled down to the pursuits of agriculture, developing the land and establishing the cotton-raising industry to some extent. Not so with the Osage tribe. These Indians were restless and discontented, and frequent raids over the border into Kansas and other depredations caused no end of trouble prior to the discovery of oil on the reservation.

It may be well to explain here that on the allotments awarded to the members of the five tribes the mineral rights were reserved for each individual. This plan was not followed with the Osage. The mineral rights on their reservation were held in common, and this accounts for the universal prosperity of the tribe. Royalties from the entire reservation are distributed pro ratio to these Indians.

But when prosperity came to the Osage, common sense and reason fled from some of them. Few have retained their property rights. They had no taste for toil with thousands in white man's wampum pouring in upon them. Many are the tales told of the imprudent eccentricities of the gilded Indian, and to some observers his utter demoralization and ultimate extinction as a tribe and nation seem inevitable. The men of the tribe have, in most cases, become big-paunched and indolent. Many of them dispose of their land allotments, move into town, where they employ members of the white race to cook for them and to attend their household needs. They erect modern homes, lavishly furnish them, and then pitch tepees in the yards, where they dwell. In the latter case, the white lads of the towns turn a pretty penny acting as water carriers and chore boys for the red men. They ride in only the highest powered and costliest of cars, and drive them, quite frequently, while under the influence of badly distilled corn liquor, with disastrous results.

The eccentric antics of the royalty-rich Indians furnish endless amusement for the residents of Tulsa and other cities near the reservation in which is stored a bonanza in oil. A full dress suit, accompanied by white sombrero and cowhide boots, is the habiliment of the young buck, while the squaws come to town, on shopping expeditions, arrayed in satin slippers and silk stockings, with blankets, draped askew, over their shoulders. It is not an uncommon sight to see Indians, whose cars are parked at the curb, sitting on the sidewalks with their backs against modern office buildings, gazing interestedly, if not a bit contemptuously, at the passers-by.

Each member of the Osage tribe receives approximately $10,000 in oil royalties annually, but few there are who do not spend it as fast if not faster than it arrives. Under the wing of a government that has retained for them this title to the mineral wealth underlying the reservation land the Indians are prosperous. However, unless additional legislation is enacted, the mineral reservation clause terminates in 1931, and the rights will then revert to the holders of the land titles, many of whom are white men who have purchased the land from the Indians.

Thus the wheel of destiny turns, and it seems that the white man is fated to dispossess, a second time, the red man in America.

Should Inheritances Be Halved?

Concluded from page 2

ments, which for years have been sliding down the greased plank of extravagance and waste, are now up to the ears in the pool at the bottom of it.

Excessive taxation is necessary only to defray the costs of excessive waste.

When an incompetent manufacturer gets in a jam the only thing he can think of is to cut the wages of his employes.

When wasteful legislators get in a jam the only thing they can think of is to increase taxation.

The people who are being fleeced—and that means everybody—will have to take the initiative in stopping this waste, or continue to suffer from it in constantly increasing degree. The legislators who are piling on the taxes will never take the initiative; we may be sure of that.

Most persons have so little accumulated wealth that they expect to leave their heirs only their kind regards, and such persons may think that the question of whether inheritance tax laws are to remain unrepealed means nothing to them.

Every law that hurts the country hurts everybody in it; and it hurts the country to divert from industry and from undeveloped resources something like 60 per cent of each generation's accumulated wealth.

Moreover, if we think anybody in this country has wealth that does not belong to him we should not wait until he is dead to get it; nor should we take from anybody who is dead wealth that does not belong to us.

Mr. Ford's Page

THE question has been asked by a reader of this page whether a country-bred boy has a better chance than a city-bred boy to make a success of life. Sometimes that question is answered this way: a country boy has the better chance to make a success in the city, and the city boy has the better chance to make a success in the country.

In this matter we are still somewhat under the spell of the "log cabin" tradition. That is, so many of the notable men of fifty and seventy-five years ago were born in log cabins, that it was made a kind of trade-mark of greatness: if one would become famous, one should contrive to be born in a log cabin. In politics, especially, much has been made of the fact. In business or any other form of service the question was not so much where the man began as how far he had come. Multitudes were born in log cabins, but it made no more difference to them than being born in modern houses with furnaces and bathrooms makes to multitudes now.

The fact is that in a new expanding country the children of pioneers could not very well escape being born in log cabins; but it was evidence of the pioneer spirit of progress that the cabins were temporary and gave place to better dwellings.

When the log-cabin period passed it became customary to point to the fact that useful men came mostly from the farm, and the theory grew up that to be born on the farm was favorable to greatness. But it was the agricultural age, naturally the majority of the people were born on the farm, but the percentage of extraordinary men for the entire population was not overwhelmingly increased thereby.

An examination of the life history of the men who are now beginning to make their shoulders felt under the common burden would disclose that the majority of them were born in small towns, because the general period of their birth fell in what may be called the small town era. And so there is a theory much discussed today that being born in a small town is one of the predisposing conditions to success.

But it is natural to suppose that in the next twenty-five years so many of the men of conspicuous usefulness shall be found to have come from the city, that a new theory will appear which will state that being born in a city gives a boy the best chance of succeeding in life.

We no longer say with positiveness that the country gives a boy the best chance to grow, or that the city offers a handicap. The reason is that both city and country bred men now mingle together, and if they are of the same stock and moral training, they are not to be distinguished from each other in their equipment or power.

The general conditions of success are good health, mental alertness, a purpose and stamina. Theoretically the country ought to be the home of good health, but actually, as shown by the statistics gathered from armies, this is not necessarily so. City dwellers by reason of their very crowdedness and the artificial conditions which attend city life, have been compelled to find the most healthful way of living. Necessity thus drove the city ahead of the country in sanitation and a general knowledge of hygiene. In the Civil War, for example, it was found that the city clerks were abler to endure hardship than were the country-bred boys, and this was due to the difference in health; city food was more various and, at that time at least, city living conditions were much superior to those of the majority of farming districts.

But this has been equalized to a great extent during recent years. There has been a great movement of the people in two directions: there has been a movement of the city people to the country, and there has been a movement of the country people to the city; knowledge has thus been mixed among them all, and experience has been balanced. So that, in the matter of a good physical start, it is possible to say that both country and city now offer about the same opportunity. This will not remain true very long, however, if city congestion continues to increase and if the housing shortage and consequent crowding grow greater. But for the most part our people's tendency is to expand their borders rather than crowd closer together, as they do in Europe. Here there is room for expansion.

As to mental alertness, there is something to be said both for and against the country as well as the city. From one point of view the country offers—perhaps it would be proper to say that it once offered—the opportunity for the young mind to grow naturally, to find its powers without unnatural stimulus. That, at least, is the way it is stated. This view, however, may be part of the old log-cabin theory that as hardship made for fortitude, so the country silences made for strong mental fiber. If the country silences always did that, the question would be decided. But for one in whom this silence has wrought strength, there have been multitudes in whom it only wrought numbness and dullness. The point can only be proved in individual cases, not in masses.

And it is yet to be shown that city life overstimulates the youthful mind in its formative years, renders it superficial and makes it dependent on excitement. City life is not really so exciting and superficial as it appears from a distance. There is about as much routine in the city's daily round as there is on the farm, but the friction of minds is greater and the presence of ideas is more apparent. The rubbing of mind against mind makes for alertness. The mill of the mind has more grist to grind upon. This, of course, is possible in the country too if the mind seeks the grist.

The training of character which is indispensable to any form of successful usefulness is possible in one place equally with the other.

But it remains true that the city draws the active mind. It has done so almost exclusively until recently. That is why the affairs of the city—its business, invention, science, government, distribution of reward—have gone forward more progressively than the affairs of the country. But we live in a time when men are seeing that the country offers a great field for improvement and development, and the result is that the affairs of the farming communities are no longer so neglected as they were. Men have gone into the city, have caught a glimpse of what a mind at work can accomplish, and they have returned to the country to work, just as formerly they went to the city.

There is, however, a new vision among country-bred boys of the field for their greatest ability which the problems of American agriculture offer. They are no longer restricted to city opportunities for big things to do. The next biggest thing to come in this country is the New Agriculture, the inauguration of which will give scope for all the power of business statesmanship that the country can produce.

If success means the alertness to see what needs to be done and the power to do it, the field for the attainment of success increases faster than do able men to plow it. The problems of the farm are big enough for the biggest mind we can produce—apparently much too big for the minds that have thus far tackled them. Success is *doing*. The era of *talking* is over. And certainly there were never so many things waiting to be done, in country and city, new things, massive things, beneficial and all-round socially profitable things, as there are today.

WHATEVER advantage the country once possessed over the city as a training ground for success has now been equalized. The elements of success are health, a purpose, alertness and stamina; these are possible both in country and city. The city and the farm alike provide problems bigger than the biggest minds now functioning; wherever a young man may choose to cast his lot he will find work big enough to develop all the moral and mental muscle he can produce. Being born poor may be a handicap or a stimulant, depending on the person. In these days, however, few if any are born poor. In these days everyone is born into the midst of more opportunity than met the greatest genius of a hundred years ago. We are entering an era when the failure is more prominent than the success, because more unusual.

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The Last Point

THE question of the establishment of a separate Department of Air Defense may be regarded as settled. But it is no longer possible for anyone to contend that air defense itself has been adequately served by the departments charged with that responsibility. The Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy have, neither of them, anything to be proud of on the showing of the facts. They are right in their contention that Navy Air Service belongs in the Navy and Army Air Service belongs in the Army, but their position would have been much stronger had they been able to show that air service was receiving the attention due its importance in either of these branches. That much is clear from the rumpus stirred up by Brigadier General Mitchell.

There are three points thus far: the advisability of a separate department of air defense; the contention of neglect of air defense by the Army and Navy; the difference of opinion as to the importance of aircraft as an attacking arm at sea. The first two are now pretty well decided. The last remains to be. There is so much contradiction and confusion in the statements made that it seems feasible, a condemned warship being available, that a test be made under conditions that will leave no room for differences as to the facts, at least. There will always be differences in judgment, but in such matters as these the actual facts should be easily established and agreed upon. But such a test would only determine what airplanes can do now, not what they may do under further development.

It is one thing to say what the limitations of airships may be as an attacking arm in their present experimental stage; but it is quite another thing to say that these limitations, whatever they may be, cannot be removed by further development. What the airmen ask for is a chance to develop.

We believe that one safe result of the investigation is that they will be given that chance. In spite of the mistaken tactics and personalities disclosed by the investigation, it has at least opened the eyes of Congress to the wisdom of giving these young airmen a fair opportunity to perfect their art.

How Will They Learn to Work?

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT is opposed to everything that savors of exploitation of child labor. It has no associations with any interest that uses child labor or wishes to use it. Any system which renders it necessary for mere children to work is a wrong system on that showing alone; no other defect is needed to condemn it. But to hold, on the other hand, that teaching a child to work is cruelty, and preventing him by law from working until he is 18 is a national duty, is to go to the opposite extreme.

There are three matters involved here: first, the exploitation of the labor of children. Second, the method of doing that. Third, the means of teaching children industrious habits.

Public opinion has won control in the first matter. Children are now exploited, if at all, in violation of the law. If there are still places where this occurs, it can be stopped. Every State is equipped with sufficient enlightened public opinion, functioning through various bodies, to correct any local situation that may exist. What a State will not do, the Federal law will have a hard time making it do, as local opinion is the strength of all laws.

As to the second matter, public opinion is divided, with a strong leaning against amending the Constitution of the United States in the manner proposed. There are people who take the sound ground that the Constitution should not be amended to abridge liberty, but only to enlarge it; that the Constitution should not be made the instrument of local government. There are other people who, examining the proposed Amendment, say, "Why, this is not a Child Labor Amendment at all, it is a *Child Control* amendment. It does not regulate the conditions of work, it takes the child himself and puts him into Congressional custody. We are against exploitation of children's labor, but we certainly are not in favor of nationalizing or federalizing our children." It is evident now, however, that much as the conscience of the nation opposes child labor, the *mind* of the nation has been alert to see that this amendment does not propose to control child labor, it proposes to control children. On that ground the amendment will not pass; the people are not going to hand over their children, neither to Congress nor to a bureau comprised of political women.

There remains the third point: the problem of today is not the young worker but the young loafer. Young America loafs. Young America resents being shown how to work. Young America sees life as a white collar and all dressed up. The men who made this country were imbued with a sense of the achieving power of work. As boys their big thought was what they were going to work at when they grew up. They found their pleasure in making things, or doing constructive things. And the value of that kind of boyhood is now apparent in their manhood. With an amendment to the Constitution compelling young men and women to loaf until they are 18 (it was even talked of making it 21), with loafing legalized and compulsory, what will supply the acquaintance with Work which is inevitable in life?

That is the biggest question. Child labor has disappeared. The menace of the nationalization of our children is fast disappearing before the common sense of American legislatures. But the third question remains: by what means shall the rising generation become acquainted with work—work as the creative outlet and the lever of power?

Fallibility of Expert Opinion

FIRST of the year's bank bulletins from eastern experts are at hand, and the general tone of optimism which marked the closing months of 1924 is continued. That there exist differences between them is only an indication of the fallibility of even the most expert opinion in the realm of finance.

One of the most highly esteemed of these bank publications is that issued by the National City Bank of New York. Its editor, Mr. Roberts, relies to a great extent on the iron and steel industry as providing a barometer of general business. Other metropolitan financial writers also depend upon this basic industry, and the independent financial writers generally give it a leading place in their analysis of the business situation. The reason is, of course, that iron and steel enters into so many lines of business that its activity indicates in large measure the activity of the whole.

Bank bulletins, however, are generally a month behind other publications, in that their predictions are based on past business. At times, too, they make slips which cause uneasiness in the reader, especially if he sees in the financial situation something more profoundly important than money-making.

In opening his view of the year's prospects, Mr. Roberts is confident that every bright promise for the new year will be fulfilled, and calls attention to the fact that business in the iron and steel industry for November and December exceeded that of any consecutive two-month period since December-January, 1919-1920. With the memory of the disastrous period which followed, the comparison may not be altogether happy.

A copy of *Finance and Industry,* arriving in the same mail, disclosed that the iron and steel plants of the Cleveland Federal Reserve District are to reduce their production. That publication is the organ of the banks and big industries, and is telling what is going on. None of the plants affected has exceeded 90 per cent capacity since the return of prosperity, and restriction at this time can only indicate that caution is necessary.

Fallible as financial writers are, it would be much worse than fallacious to construe this difference between prophecy and fact into a cause for alarm. Quite the contrary: moderation is an element of safety. It may be much better for all if supply can always follow demand and never quite overtake it. Months ago, when a presidential election gave a start to speculation which many mistook for a business boom, THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, though confident of industrial recovery and expressing that confidence most unequivocally, advised its readers not to confuse speculative fever with business activity. Fevers are ephemeral—they change: the normal processes of life are stable, they endure.

Congress Increases Its Salaries

NO DOUBT members of the House of Representatives and United States Senators who lack private fortunes and whose normal incomes cease while they are in Washington found their salaries pretty low for comfortable living at the capital. No doubt it is not a good thing for the country to have its national legislature always on the ragged edge of penury. No doubt it is a wise provision to assure men of ability and character that at least they can live in a respectable manner if they accept public office and serve at Washington.

No doubt at all of this.

No doubt Congress has a right to raise its salaries if it sees fit. No doubt it can choose to raise them in a manner that belittles that august body in the eyes of the whole nation. No doubt it has authority to shuffle quietly into higher salaries if it wants to.

No doubt that it can; no doubt that it has.

But, with the postal employes refused their little $25 a month increase; with the President chopping off Inauguration expenses; with a $10 reward posted up in the White House offices for suggestions how to save money in the work of that office; with the whole keynote of the Administration being Economy—with all this as part of the scenery, no doubt Congress has chosen to play an awkward part.

The humiliating thing about it is that Congress did this as it does no other business, without record. The straightforward thing to have done was to make a plain statement of the necessities of the case, if such a statement may be truthfully made, and then take a roll-call vote, man for man, in House and Senate, instead of voting as a mob, concealing both the Ayes and Noes, and acting generally like men perpetrating a questionable act.

The vote was taken after this manner because Congress knew that the salary raise would be criticised at home. They wanted the money but they did not want to stand responsible for the vote. The humiliation is not Congress'—not by a great deal; the humiliation is the people's as they contemplate this lack of straightforwardness on the part of their representatives. They take the money but they won't give their names. Maybe they are entitled to the money; if so they should have given their names. But the method was so unnecessarily cheap.

This Is How It Goes

IN 1918 the per capita debt of the city of Detroit was $26.53. In 1923 the per capita debt was $150.62.

The per capita average tax payment for 1918 was $33.49. The per capita tax payment in 1923 was $106.46.

The increase in the amount of property taxes collected rose between 1918 and 1923 to more than 155 per cent.

This is the way our cities are going, but that is not the worst. If these increased tax payments represented the efforts of municipal governments to keep our cities out of debt, it would not be so bad. But in addition to all this, the municipal indebtedness mounts by millions, and mounts so high that in the city of Detroit the interest payments alone amount to $8,705,203 a year. So that increased taxation represents but a part of the increased cost of municipal administration. If the real cost were placed on the taxes, cities would simply cease to be as financially responsible units.

In any other line of business, extension of service and increase of patronage means lower cost and larger profits. Why not in a city also? A city has service to sell—water, paving, lighting, schools, police and fire and health protection, and various other public benefits. With half the number of people, the city of Detroit supplied these services for one-sixth the present cost. That is, with twice the number of customers, Detroit must charge six times as much for the service. Suppose that were the history of the motor industry in Detroit! Suppose that when 500,000 cars were made a year they could be had at $500 each, but when the business rose to 1,000,000 cars a year the cost per car rose to $3,000! In business, the increase in patronage, which makes possible an increase in production, results in a decrease of cost. Why does it operate the opposite way in municipal business?

The larger our cities the more cheaply and efficiently they should be administered. The exact opposite, however, is the case. Our big cities are administered in a manner that no business on earth could endure, and only the tax authority given local governments has hidden the disastrous deficits. But even this is beginning to break. The weight of the tax is killing the public goose that lays the tax. And the end of the mess is a contemplation that may well give rise to serious foreboding.

The Romance of Dorothy Osborne

She Had a Mind of Her Own and Might Have Married Cromwell's Son

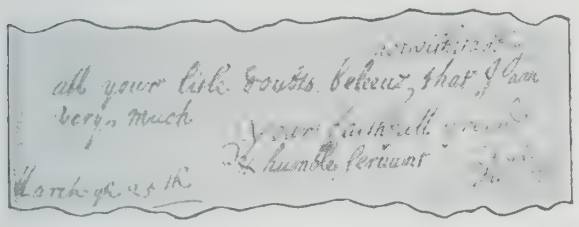
By FRANCES HOLBROOK PFEIFFER

NEARLY three hundred years ago—in 1653, to be exact—Dorothy Osborne wrote to her lover, Sir William Temple:

"I do not see that it puts any value upon men when women marry them for love (as they term it); 'Tis not their merit but our folly that is always presumed to cause it; and would it be any advantage to you to have your wife thought an indiscreet person?"

Dorothy Osborne, a remarkably spirited young woman, lived during that exceptional period in England, the seventeenth century—a period which produced John Milton, John Evelyn, the diarist and author of "Sylva"; Pepys, Izaac Walton, Jeremy Taylor, of whose sermons Dorothy was a devout reader; Addison, Steele, Dean Swift, Pope, Waller the poet and Crowley; as well as Lady Mary Montagu, the Duchess of Sunderland and Oliver Cromwell whose son, Harry, was one of Dorothy's many suitors or "servants":

"And I shall not blush to tell you that you have made the whole world besides so indifferent to me that, if I cannot be yours they may dispose me as they please. Harry Cromwell will be as acceptable to me as anyone."



Later, with a young girl's excusable retrospection, she reminds Temple of how great she might have been if she "had been wise enough to have taken hold of the offer of H. C."

Dorothy could well write feelingly upon the subject of marrying for love alone, because she had, of necessity, given it much thought while she waited for William Temple. It was not the want of reciprocal love that caused the delay but want of money. So, their "crossness of fortune" has given us these inimitable letters.

These seventeenth-century young people met when they were in their early twenties, about 1648, at an inn on the Isle of Wight. Dorothy, accompanied by her brother, and Temple, a care-free young man of fashion, were all on their way to France. Dorothy's father, Sir Peter Osborne, was an ardent loyalist and had been Lieutenant Governor of Guernsey, and had held that last stronghold of King Charles against Cromwell, under great hardship. Naturally, Sir Peter's son was as fiery in his loyalty as his father; while they were waiting at the inn he amused himself, one day, by writing his private opinion of Cromwell on a window pane. As a result the whole party was arrested and brought before the governor. Matters might have proved very serious had not Dorothy, fearless and quick-witted, taken all the blame; and because she was beautiful and vivacious—seventeenth century men, even governors, were not so immune to feminine charms—they were released, all but Temple!—he had lost his heart, and later became Dorothy's suitor or "servant," and served his seven years, as did Jacob of old.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.
By Sir Peter Lely.

Temple's father, Sir John, had a more advantageous alliance planned for his son than the daughter of a nobleman whose fortune had been depleted in the service of his king, and Dorothy held out against all the pleadings and arguments of her lover to marry him until a suitable settlement could be made. She was far from mercenary, but proud, well-bred and—wise:

"I shall not be ashamed to own that I have particular value for you above all others, but 'tis not the greatest merit of a person will excuse a want of fortune; . . . . 'Tis much easier, sure, to get a good fortune than a good husband; but whoever marries without any consideration of fortune . . . . the whole world shall pronounce they did it to satisfy their giddy humours."

Dorothy's father, after the fall of the king, retired to his estate, Chicksands Priory, Bedfordshire. This religious institution had been founded in 1150, dissolved by Henry VIII, and soon after passed into the possession of the Osborne family. It was a somewhat gloomy house, of ecclesiastical architecture, but stately withal, set in a garden that Dorothy loved; not a lively place, but Dorothy seems not to have been lonely. She was not without resources. This picture she gives Temple of a day of her life at Chicksands—the day of a girl in 1653—has come down to us, a quaint and lovely print:

"You ask how I pass my time here; . . . . I rise in the morning reasonably early, and before I am ready go round the house until I am weary of that, then into the garden until it grows too hot for me. About ten I think about making me ready, and when that's done I go into my father's chamber, from whence to dinner, where my cousin Molle and I sit in great state in a room and at a table that would hold a great many more. After dinner we sit and talk until Mr. B. comes in question, and then I am gone. The heat of the day is spent in reading or working, and about six or seven I walk out into the common that lies hard by the house, and where a great many young wenches keep sheep and cows and sit in the shade singing of ballads. I go to them and compare their voices and beauties to some ancient shepherdesses that I have read of, and find a vast difference there; . . . . I talk to them and find they want nothing to make them the happiest people in the world, but the knowledge they are so! Most commonly when we are in the midst of our discourse, one looks about and spies her cows getting into the corn, then away they all run as if they had wings at their heels. I, that am not so nimble, stay behind; when I see them driving home their cattle 'tis time for me to go too. When I have supped I go into the garden, and so to the side of a small river that runs by it, when I sit down and wish that you were with me . . . ."

—Just a young girl seeking out the companionship of other girls—a young girl in love in that long ago.

Chicksands Priory has been restored and made over so that only a few ancient portions of the house remain. It is interesting to find the portrait of Cromwell in the library of a house that had been the loyal Osborne's! In the principal gallery are Sir Peter Lely's portraits of Dorothy and Temple (herein reproduced). As we look upon that purposeful, proud face, it is pleasing to read what she writes to Temple, in London, about this very portrait:

"I have been thinking about sending you my picture until I could come myself; but a picture is but dull company, and that you need not; besides, I cannot tell whether it is very like me or not, though it is the best I ever had drawn of me, and Mr. Lilly (Lely) will have it that he never took more pains to make a good one in his life, and that was it, I think, that spoiled it. He was condemned for making the first he drew of me a little worse than I, and in making this better he has made it as unlike as 'tother."

Later:

"I have sent you my picture because you desired it; but pray let it not presume to disturb my Lady Sunderland's. Put it in some corner where no eye can find it but yours, to whom it is only intended . . . . It must hang with the light on the left side of it; You may keep it until I bring you the original. But then I must borrow it because my brother is often bringing people into my closet where it hangs, to show them other pictures that are there; and if he misses this long thence, 'twould trouble his jealous head."

DOROTHY OSBORNE.
By Sir Peter Lely.

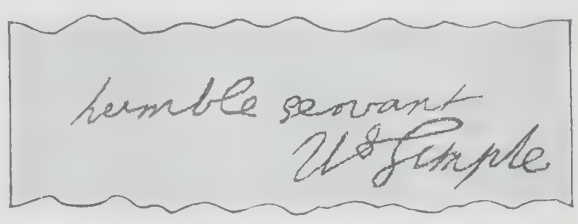
This brother of Dorothy's bitterly opposed her betrothal to Temple, partly because of that gentleman's lack of fortune and also because he doubted Temple's love for his sister; and largely because young Osborne was not fond, personally, of his sister's lover and wished her to accept one of her many advantageous proposals; but mostly, we are inclined to suspect, because here was a woman in the seventeenth century who would not be governed by her "men-folks," who had a mind as well as a heart of her own! Picture an old English drawing room, stately, and somber in the light of candles and dying fire, and two people, richly dressed and quaint, engaged in a dignified quarrel—Dorothy and her brother:

"I drove him so close 'tother night that for want of a better gap to get out at, he was fain to say that he feared as much your having a fortune as your having none, for he saw that you held my Lord Lt.'s (Cromwell) principles. That religion and honor were things that you did not consider at all, ... and that you would take any engagement to advance yourself. I had no patience with this. To say that you were a beggar, your father not worth £4000. in the whole world, was nothing to having no religion, no honor. I forgot all my disguise and we talked ourselves weary; he renounced me and I defied him, but both in as civil a language as would permit, and parted in great anger with the usual ceremony of a leg and a courtesy, that you would have died laughing to have seen us."

The next day Dorothy did not appear at dinner, and also supped in her chamber. Later, around the fireside, she and her brother and Mr. Gibson talked of indifferent things until Mr. Gibson left them alone. After a half-hour of oppressive silence the brother said, in a "pitiful tone," that he had not slept and dreaded the coming night. Dorothy pretends not to understand to what he refers, and finally they talk of melancholy and its causes:

". . . . and from that (I know not how) into religion. We talked so long of it and so devoutedly that it laid all our anger. We grew calm and at peace with all the world. . . . . He asked my pardon and I his, and he promised never to speak of it to me while he lived."

While love may have remained unchanged in all ages, in Dorothy's day, a lady was wont to express herself with a certain restraint, in love as well as in other



things. One cannot doubt, who reads all her letters, that she loved as deeply as the true in our own day, although her letters begin "Sir:" and usually end with the ceremonious "Your faithful friend and Servant"; once "Adieu, my dearest," and the most demonstrative, "Your servant kisses your hand, and I am,

Your faithful."

Although her letters are written with seventeenth-century dignity they breathe a tender devotion, and, like a modern girl in love, she tells him all the happenings in her quiet life and even jests about her suitors:

"Well, give me no more occasion to complain of you or you may not know what will follow. Here was Mr. Freeman yesterday that made me quite a kind visit, and said so many kind things to me, that I was confounded with all his civilities and had nothing to say for myself. . . . Methinks me see you laugh . . . Mr. Freeman, you believe, is designed for somebody who deserves him better. I think so too . . . . and you have reason to believe that I can never be other than,

Your faithful friend."

Dorothy had an elderly importunate "servant" whom she jokingly wrote of as the Emperor Justinian—a widower with four grown daughters:

(*Concluded on page 14*)

Moor Park, Hertfordshire, England, as it looked when Dorothy and Temple spent their honeymoon there in 1655.

Uncle Sam's Big Rent in Washington

A Government Which Does Not Own Its Departmental Buildings

By STEPHEN POOLE

DO YOU own your own home, or, do you pay rent? Your Uncle Samuel lives partly in his own home and partly in rented property. In fact, he is one of the biggest rent-paying tenants who writes out checks payable to Capitol landlords. Should you visit Washington do not be misled into thinking that every government department you enter is housed in a government-owned building. For instance, there is that large office building on Vermont avenue that houses the Department of Justice; it is a rented building. Uncle Sam pays an annual rental of $75,000 for this building alone.

The most of the bureaus and departments are renters to some extent. To be sure, most of the more imposing departmental buildings are owned by the government, yet at the same time the business of Uncle Sam has grown so enormously that all of his fine buildings do not suffice to house his activities.

(C) Harris & Ewing.

This group of buildings constitutes what is known as the Government Hotels. Their construction is typical of the temporary buildings referred to in the article.

For instance, in addition to buildings owned by the government, the Department of Agriculture is paying an annual rental of approximately $200,000; the Civil Service Commission, $16,875; Commerce Department, $68,000; the Interstate Commerce Commission, more than $72,000; the Labor Department, $24,000; the Treasury Department, more than $70,000, and the War Department more than $82,000, and so on. Uncle Sam has an annual rental bill of approximately three-quarters of a million dollars.

This may surprise you, for you have doubtless thought that the government owned sufficient buildings in Washington to house all of its employes engaged in the Capitol city. But this is not the worst of it. A great deal of the office space used by Federal employes and owned by Uncle Sam is not only unfit for use, but is positively dangerous to the occupants. These buildings are the temporary structures erected during war time to meet the exigencies of war.

Senator Smoot, in speaking of them, recently said on the floor of the Senate:

"Mr. President, a serious factor in the situation is that a large part of the government's office space in Washington is located in the temporary war-time buildings. As is well known, these buildings are of the most inflammable wooden construction and are a serious menace to the safety of thousands of employes, records, and files of the government. They are rapidly deteriorating, and it is only by the expenditure of considerable money yearly that they are habitable at all. It is difficult to keep them warm in cold weather, and on extremely hot days in the summer the temperature on the upper floors is almost unbearable. On such days as these it is no uncommon occurrence for numbers of employes to be overcome by the heat. There are instances where chiefs of bureaus or divisions have found it necessary to dismiss their employes for the day, rather than subject them to the punishment of working under such intolerable conditions. The government is under a distinct obligation to furnish its employes comfortable and safe working quarters. No well-conducted business house would subject its employes to such conditions nor imperil its records and files by housing them in such inflammable buildings."

There is hardly a department of the government that is adequately and properly housed. The activities of some of the departments are so scattered that there is necessarily much duplication of work, and many added labors. As a result, there are many additional employes that could be eliminated if the activities of each department were conveniently housed under one roof, as nearly as practicable.

Note this, the activities of the Department of Agriculture are housed in forty-six different buildings; the Commerce Department in seven different buildings; the General Accounting Office in twenty-one different buildings; the Department of the Interior in eight; the Department of Justice in six; the Department of Labor in four; the Navy Department in eight; the Treasury Department in thirty-six and the War Department in fourteen.

When you stop to think that a great many valuable records of your government are stored in these inflammable buildings, you can begin to appreciate the extremely dangerous possibility of their destruction by fire.

It has been only in recent months that, during repair work on the roof of the Treasury Building (supposedly a fireproof building), fire broke out on two separate occasions and it was reported that some of the records were destroyed. If this happened to a fireproof building it is easy to imagine what would happen should these wooden fire traps catch fire.

These and various other considerations have at last impressed leaders in Congress with the necessity of providing adequate housing facilities in the District of Columbia for government use. A bill is now pending which proposes the expenditure, during the next ten years, of $50,000,000 for government buildings within the District of Columbia.

Fifty million dollars for public buildings doubtless impresses you, notwithstanding the fact that we have become accustomed to an annual governmental expenditure in excess of three billion dollars. Perhaps, you may feel that it is wise to continue paying rent. But is it?

What about the matter of economy? Senator Smoot says:

"The government is now paying rentals in the District of Columbia amounting to $733,469.11 annually. In addition to this, there are the maintenance and upkeep charges on these rented buildings, which the government pays and which in many cases is as much as the rent. It is therefore safe to say that the construction of public buildings and the elimination of these charges would easily effect a saving of $1,000,000 annually. Other great economies would result when each department is able to bring its activities together under one roof or at least in the immediate vicinity of each other.

"As the situation exists today, the government is squandering untold sums of money for messenger service, automobiles, trucks, time lost by employes going from one building to the other, delays while officials are waiting for papers, and so forth, which in numerous instances must be secured from another division or bureau located at a considerable distance. The time wasted by the public in transacting business with the government on account of the widely scattered units of each establishment is also large.

"It is difficult accurately to estimate the great savings which would result by bringing together the bureaus and divisions of each department. The Controller General, for instance, has estimated that a saving of $250,000 per annum could be effected in administration by having the General Accounting Office in one building, and the Commissioner of Internal Revenue believes a building for that bureau would save at least 15 per cent or 20 per cent in the cost of collecting taxes, besides securing more nearly 100 per cent of the sums due. These are only two instances, but savings of greater and lesser degree could be similarly effected in practically every governmental establishment."

Photos (C) Harris & Ewing.

Above—Interior Department. At right—Department of Justice, a building the Government rents at $75,000 per annum.

Senator Smoot says that the government is violating fire, sanitary and health rules which it would require private owners of buildings to observe and says that he knows of "no private concern nor of no private individual that would take the chances which the Government of the United States is taking today in these temporary buildings, both as to the risk of the lives of its employes and the destruction of records of untold value that all the money in the world could not replace."

In the various departments and independent establishments there are literally thousands of dead and semi-active files that occupy a great deal of valuable office space. The bill pending before Congress proposes, out of this $50,000,000 fund, to build an archives building, especially constructed for the proper storage and filing of these records, so that they will be available and at the same time properly protected for all time to come.

This bill has already received some discussion at the hands of the Senate, and it seems to have but little, if any, opposition. It has, however, been temporarily halted in its passage in the Senate; not because any of its provisions have been cited as objectionable, but rather, however, that Senator Smoot would not accept an amendment offered by Senator Fletcher appropriating approximately $40,000,000 more to take care of a condition that has existed since the passage of the public buildings bill signed by President Taft on March 4, 1913. "Under that bill a number of sites for post offices were acquired throughout the country. Many sites were donated to the government; others were purchased at very reasonable prices, and under that bill the construction of buildings in various portions of the country, in practically all of the states, was authorized. But it was found when the government went to let the contracts that the prices of materials had so risen and the cost of labor had so increased that the government could not construct the buildings authorized within the amounts of the appropriations, and in a number of instances the sites have remained vacant because no appropriation was made for building at all. In a number of instances they have been vacant because the appropriation was inadequate to construct the buildings. That situation has continued for 11 years, and Congress has failed to provide these buildings."

Senator Fletcher contends that this is a situation that demands attention as well as buildings within the District of Columbia. He cites the fact that the Post Office Department has an annual rental bill of $11,660,056, and that there would be a great saving to the government to own its own buildings in a great many of the larger towns and cities where buildings are now leased.

Mr. Coolidge on Economy

By BURT M. M'CONNELL

MR. COOLIDGE has the happy faculty of revitalizing and even dramatizing the commonplace virtues. Thrift and economy used to be copybook maxims; Mr. Coolidge has rediscovered their meaning and put them to work for the government. In a recent talk to some two thousand Federal employes, he recommended the elimination of useless government bureaus, the separation from the government service of superfluous employes, and consideration of the taxpayers' interests!

Mr. Coolidge's talk was such as a captain of industry might give to a business organization. It was an example in retrenchment which might be followed with profit by states and municipalities. Administrative economy offers the only means of digging out from under the enormous taxes which are now precipitated on us.

It required a great deal of backbone to say that the government's annual pay roll of $1,680,000,000 must be reduced. For terrific pressure is brought to bear upon a man in the President's position by Senators and Congressmen. Then there are the department heads—his right-hand men—who constantly ask for increased allowances. The various blocs are ever on the alert for appropriations. Others want new Federal bureaus, and still others plead for the expansion of old ones. The demand for extravagance is organized and insistent, while the demand for economy is unorganized and sporadic.

The efforts of Mr. Coolidge in behalf of economy and thrift in government expenditures spring from the sincere belief that we cannot have a thrifty people unless we have a thrifty government.

Cutting down the list of government employes will require the liberal use of the presidential axe upon some of the "dead wood" of political patronage. Thousands of government workers throughout the country are no doubt wondering just where the axe will fall. That Mr. Coolidge will keep his promise to reduce the pay roll no one seems to doubt. He realizes that while in 1915, a normal pre-war year, the cost of government was but $777,840,282; in 1924 the entire cost, including $471,800,000 required by law to be applied to the reduction of our national debt, was $4,147,677,965, a net increase, not including payments on the war debt, of almost three billion.

Animals Take to Human Inventions

A Closer Affinity Arising Between Man and the Wild Creatures

By ROBERT SPARKS WALKER

Birds are learning to trust humanity. I know of nothing that gives brighter hopes for world peace than this. See how they are coming to the cities, and how confidingly they are nestling up to man! The robins are building their nests in cities directly over paths and sidewalks, to get the advantage of human protection.

LESSER animals soon become accustomed to new devices employed by mankind, and some of them seem to take to them as naturally as if each were a natural creation and designed for their especial benefit. One would think that a roaring, puffing, flying, rocking passenger train would be sufficient to drive every wild creature within its path to seek safety at a great distance, yet the familiarity of even the unworthy mosquito has given commercial advantage to newsboys in certain parts of the South, who have seized the opportunity of spraying railway passengers at ten cents a head, as a preventive of bites from the mosquito!

On Decoration Day, 1923, while returning from a ten-mile trip in the country as a front seat passenger in an automobile, I observed a number of house flies loitering about the hood of the engine. It had been a sultry day and the atmosphere was humid. When our auto started, all except five of the house flies flew away. The five that decided to remain with us perched themselves upon the hood. I knew how fast my niece, who was to pilot the car, was going to drive, at least a part of the way, for there was a dark cloud rising in the west, and we were plunging directly toward it. I thought surely the friction of the swift breeze would cause them to give up their grand stand seats, but while traveling at a lively clip the flies seemed to enjoy being hurled through the air. Apparently, at times, they were interested in objects that were passed on the roadside. The speed was accelerated to 25 miles an hour to test the flies' pluck, but they paid no heed to the pressure of the air, and one fly raised his forefeet as if he were really enjoying the ride. I do not know but that he was waving a hand at John Bluebottle, or some other friend whom he had recognized along the way. Apparently, the flies experienced no difficulty in remaining on the car, and at least two of them walked leisurely over the surface testing various accumulations on the hood with their tongues to ascertain if they were fit for food. After we had traveled three miles, all of the flies were still with us and enjoying the ride. Three miles farther on, the flies moved about, and one daring fellow walked over to the edge of the hood where friction seemed to be greatest. When we ran headlong into a heavy downpour of rain, the five flies left us as calmly as they had been able to ride on the swiftly moving engine.

One June evening, I left Chattanooga near midnight for Memphis. Thirty minutes after the train had started on its journey, a beautiful katydid lit on the pane of my window. I think the train was moving at from forty to fifty miles an hour. At any rate, the bright light that shone through the window, and the speed of the car occasioned it no inconvenience, for it remained on its glassy seat with ease for thirty minutes or longer, during which time it utilized the saliva and with its forefeet took a midnight ablution. Surely a bath taken on a swiftly moving train and in a bright light was something unusual for this katydid and its ancestors, but to the observer it went about its business in a manner that made it appear it had long been practicing it.

Two years ago, a friend shipped me two crates of peaches by freight from a point fifty miles away. The fruit had set over on the ground in the peach orchard the night before it was shipped. At my railroad station it was kept overnight and delivered to me in the morning. When the lid was removed from the first crate, in the top center of one of the cups was coiled a king snake that measured more than two feet long. The snake had evidently chosen its fragrant seat sometime during the night while the crate of peaches was on the ground before it left the orchard. There was nothing to hinder it from crawling out at any time, and the opening was large enough to admit daylight, yet on the jolty and noisy trip it chose to remain in the peach crate until driven out by the consumer.

Nature does not keep her creatures in a rut. Man often gets himself into a rut, but it is because he has in some manner thwarted nature in her course. Nature decrees a certain work for every creature. If its brief life brings it face to face with the artificial creations, or into the presence of the products of man's ingenuity, it adapts itself to the new condition and moves on. See how soon dogs learn to ride in the automobiles!

I have often observed a raccoon turned loose in my kitchen. He soon hastens to the sink. In the wild state the raccoon is foolishly fond of water. He is never so happy and so full of fun as when given his freedom in a kitchen sink with both faucets open. He reaches up for the soap, gets two small bars, one for each forepaw, and he amuses himself for hours by floating the soap in the water and fishing for it with his nimble paws. It is easy to imagine that the noise of the flowing water sounds much like water trickling over a stone in the mountain stream. He frequently turns his head to one side, and, like a boy with an open mouth, delights in letting the stream pour through it! When the water is turned off, he stands up and makes a futile attempt to turn the water on again, for he was not long learning the secret of its source.

Birds are learning to trust humanity. I know of nothing that gives brighter hopes for world peace than this. See how they are coming to the cities, and how confidingly they are nestling up to man! The robins are building their nests in cities directly over paths and sidewalks, to get the advantage of human protection.

Birds that kill their prey seem to know instinctively that the average human being will not stand quietly by and see it take the life of another creature. A few weeks ago, in a residential part of a city, I was walking along the street when I observed a sparrow hawk approaching, and when it was within fifty feet of me, it made a dive for an English sparrow that it seemed to have on the run. The sparrow dodged the hawk's set claws. When the hawk espied my presence, it quickened its speed, but the frightened sparrow darted into a pile of dead leaves on the opposite side of the street, chattering and screaming some sort of rigmarole, known only to avian linguists. When I ventured across the street to visit the frightened bird, it refused to trust me, and flew away and joined the other members of its clan.

The favorite hunting ground for bullbats or nighthawks is the great airy deep that lies over our larger cities. When man began to finish his buildings with flat tops and then cover them with gravel, the bullbat said, "What's the use of going out on the hillside or in the fields to raise our young?" They simply take advantage of the natural appearance of the flat roof and raise their young. Probably their children are safer on the flat-topped buildings than they would be on the ground. The butcher bird has long been employing the sharp thorns on trees for impaling its food, composed of mice, grasshoppers, and sometimes young birds. When man began to stretch barbed wire fences around field and farm, the butcher bird seized the opportunity to employ the sharp barbs instead of thorns for impaling its food. The smooth intervening spaces between the sharp barbs furnished the butcher bird a comfortable place to sit while it dines.

A farmer living in North Georgia had running water installed in his barnlot. The drinking trough was in reach of horses, mules and cows. One mule learned how to turn on the water, but, after quenching his thirst, seemed never to think about shutting it off. This careless practice soon made him a perfect nuisance, and his owner found it necessary to trade him to a neighboring farmer who obtained his water supply from a natural stream.

You do not have to go very far to witness interesting animal behavior, as I have briefly related in this article, for such observations are within easy reach of everybody.

A Day in the Nice of Today

By ANDREE PRATOUCY

A VAST amphitheater of ocher-colored rocks, the last ridges of Montboron and Mount Vinaigrier; a profusion of olive gardens, their soft green foliage creeping over hills wooded with ilex and myrtle way up in the impressive blue sky, real mountains cutting their shadows on the superb pyramids of the Mount Can; yonder the immensity of the Alps resplendent with snow: such is Nice's background, her foreground being the blue Mediterranean, the *féerie* Angel Bay, which lured her first masters, Phoenicians, Massalietes and Romans from their gondolas. On her left, behind a wrinkle of the coast, is dreamy Cannes, disdainful of the honor bestowed upon her by the late Peace Conference; on the right, the marvels of the Route de la Corniche scooped out of the mountain side, whose capricious turns and abrupt curves lead to Monte Carlo and Italy.

How can one tell the beauty of all this radiant world of blue and gold, of azure sea and sky, of sun caresses and balmy breeze, as one drinks it all in? Words are poor in the presence of such splendor. Silence seems to be the only password; silent is the sea softly flapping its wavelets on the beach; silent is the beach rolling its little round "galets" into the silvery foam; and the elegant palm trees merely nod at the mountain breeze, and their leaves twitter only to hush to soft notes the horns of automobiles smoothly running on *Promenade des Anglais.* As to the numerous *caléches,* they were long ago trained to sober down their creaking wheels, and the clear sound of the horses' feet striking the pavement is their only warning of approach.

"Nizza la Bella," as Italians say, "Nice the Beautiful," belted with Mediterranean turquoises, cosily nestled at the feet of the Alps, is Queen of Calm and Peace, of ever sunny days, of undisputable beauty, and worshiped by a court of admirers.

It is five o'clock. This is the fashionable hour, when the élite walk up and down, then down and up, the fashionable *Promenade des Anglais* (half of it is called *Promenade des Etats Unis*). Who are they? Mostly English "Sirs" and "Ladies." Old England is all right in summer, but it must display—*honni soit qui mal y pense*—a rather poor winter, for the whole Azure Coast from Hyeres to Menton has its stations showered with insular "luggage," looked after by golden striped Cook's Agency caps.

This English colony patronizes, of course, the marble palaces which few French purses can now afford. There was a time, before the war, when French and Russian aristocracy, as well as Italian and Balkan princes, used to vie with English "Lords" for the supremacy in elegance. Those whose wealth was solid enough to resist the currency breakdown are still here, but lost in the crown of Oxford suits and London hats. But for how many others, the *"nouveaux pauvres,"* are Nice's beauties only blurred dreams of the past!

But there is another Nice, not so well known, I fear, and this is unfortunate. In the real Nice, you will meet real, "everyday" folk, where you will find true personality and an original civilization.

The old Nice! I went there by the river, not in a boat, but walking in the very bed of the "Paillon," where donkeys graze on green grass and thistles which grow among the stones, where urchins look for little pieces of colored glass, where washerwomen put their laundry to—dry. Yes, the "Paillon" is a river, but there is not a drop of water in it. Yet I was told that sometimes it becomes a ferocious torrent, sweeping away every obstacle. That is in spring, when the huge glaciers of the Alps begin to melt down into waterfalls; but just now the "Paillon" is a rather good highway, where you don't run any risk of getting dust-powdered from automobiles.

Leaving the hospitable "Paillon" for the real concrete way, I went by tortuous stone steps down to a narrow, gloomy street, an entirely new world, a world of color, of songs, of flowers. Quaint yellow and blue and green lattices with only their inferior squares half-open on the street, well bearing their name, *"jalousies"* (jealousy), for jealous lovers can watch below to see whether his or her dark eyes are still glancing toward the lattices where they belong, instead of gazing astray. Such was their use in days gone by, but the "vendetta" ages have gone; at least they have vanished from this industrious little *"Rue du Vieux Marché."*

Queer shops and curious stalls are so mingling their displays that oranges are cascading their glossy gold among the pale gold of olive oil jars, of sparkling honey cakes, even among the deep-red carnations and yellow roses, and fragile anemones of Mademoiselle Anais. With her white silk shawl, her little apron, her original flat headgear, she is this flower girl, the real type of *"Niçoise,"* dark hair, black eyes in which dance with the sun the laughing spirit of the race.

Vividly colored materials hung from balconies obstruct doorways, and give a note of never-ending rejoicing to the place. Where else have I seen such materials! Oh, yes, in the Italian district of a little town in Northern Michigan; but there cleanliness seemed to be somewhat absent, and this old Nice is surprisingly spotless. Of course, the cobblestone pavement shows holes and sufferings—it's so old!—and the numerous mossy fountains need a little scratching on their medieval engravings. But the pavement is still wet with the vigorous morning scrubbing and fountains pour out a clear water to refresh myrtle, lavender and rosemary leaves.

I had dinner at Boutteaux's, in another narrow street of the old Nice, *Rue de la Boucherie.* I went in by the kitchen—there is no other door. I went among cooking stoves, frying pans, oil fumes, without my entrance disturbing any of the white-capped *"marmitons"* (chef's helpers).

Do not think this eating place is purposely a cellar, as Greenwich Village inns are purposely taverns, dens, attics, and what not. No, this is a cellar, not to be an original lunch room, but just because its owner didn't have any other place to sell his delicious *"cuisine niçoise."* Moreover, this is not a place for strangers. I observed that the two delightfully blushing young English lovers, who stepped in just after me, and myself were the only intruders among this gathering of real *"Niçois."* At my own table—my barrel, should I say?—sat a bright-eyed, dark-haired man who talked of nothing but his recent olive crop, his fresh olive oil. I became so interested in his descriptive narration that I almost decided to settle here in this ardent south, just to "pick up olives as tender as rose hearts, Madam, and as juicy as peaches," and to "delight in the sight of the wonderful oil, real fluid gold, I say, Madam."

Was she contented, the woman with a pure Greek profile and pale eyes, my right-hand neighbor? She sweetly asked me to come and see her store. "I have such nice silk stockings and beautiful lace, too. You will love it all." Then she was gone and the olive cultivator told me her Odyssey. She is Russian, and once upon a time was immensely rich. Nice saw her ride beautiful thoroughbreds on the *Promenade des Anglais.* But the torment which swept Russia swept away also her own wealth. She abandoned everything but Nice. She couldn't give that up. So now she is selling silk stockings and lace, under the same blue sky, among the same palm trees, with the same scent of roses floating around. So this modest cellar has also its tragedy.

Don Juan's House High Up on the Hill

Rustic Sage Speaks of Spanish Life

By V. S. PRITCHETT

I AM going to see Don Juan. The driving dust is swirling down the road and blowing up into the faces of the acacias. The sun is grappling with the earth, flinging itself savagely on the bare hills and retreating perceptibly from the scrubby valleys. The wind whips the obstinate plains. One thinks some fantastic drover—a tremendous man in black corduroy with a crimson sash around his waist, a terrible man, tawny and half-shaven, with eyes sharp as rock, and hair as straggly and scrubby as the myriad oaks of Castile, a man as tall as the sky and with shoulders like the hills—stands on two of the Seven Peaks and lashes the winds down from the Sierra and across the plains.

The house of Don Juan is on a hill. Up the white road the jingling mule teams jolt and straggle. One hears the fierce striking of the bells. One sees the restraining harness, the painted holster, the red and yellow trappings. The wheels of the cart are blue and have yellow flowers painted on them. The hood is blue and red and looks like a country bonnet. Stringing from one side of the road to the other aimlessly like vagabonds, gaily like a cavalcade, the team drags on and on, resignedly. It has caught the sullen resignation of the road. The drover trudges, too. He bellows at the leader. The leader turns to the middle of the road again. The drover returns to his trudging and resignation. With heads bowed, the heads of mules and man, the team straggles on. The jingle of the bells becomes fiercer, like the clanking of a chain on the ground. It is the chain which, locked to the feet of man and beast, holds them weightily to the sullen fatality of the road. Out to the pale plains goes the cavalcade, to the barren plains, to the drought, and to the good people, willing slaves.

A mood settles on one when one goes to the house of Don Juan. One *feels* strange revealing sights from his hilltop. One thinks one comes very near to touching something in Spain which is intangible. Don Juan himself knows it. I find him sitting among his olives and vines. A warm, autumnal satisfaction is there. Pepe, the goat-boy, is sitting below on the slope of the hill, with a score of goats eating decorously. The deep, watery note of cowbells drops on the air. They are not Don Juan's cows, but he has the fulfilling happiness of their sound. One hears the grunt of Don Juan's pigs, a little nearer the house, but still, Don Juan's pigs. There is Don Juan's dog. Don Juan is sitting among his olives and vines and is looking at the thirty miles of plain bending away from his hill and disappearing into the flowing forms of the Sierra. He sees the gold and brown and gray of the plains. He sees the keen blue of the Sierra, pale flame, quiet, intense, bringing tears to the eyes, like the kindling edge of a memory. He sees the thin lights of the twilight villages. He sees the turbulent sky, the blurting grays, and the smudging browns and blues, the illogical crimson and the unreasonable yellow of a tumultuous sunset. He feels the teeth of the wind. He sees the frightened silver of the poplars as their leaves stand on end. He sees the reassuring yellow of the thin poplars, the poplars with October in their leaves. He hears the shaking of the olives, the moving of the vines, the skipping of the dead leaves. He sits and shrugs his shoulders. This is his deepest content, his shrug, his joyful indifference.

"Let us go in," says Don Juan. So we go in. The floor of the room has an intellectual polish. The walls are white, speculative. The hundred things one can picture on white walls! Don Juan sits in an uncomfortable chair. Its inexorable carving, those cruel roses and merciless lions, bite into his back. He lights the lamp. We hear the black night wind from the Sierra flinging against the shutter. A door bangs. "That's Pepe," he says. The door flies open. In the hall the wind worries about our hats and coats and Don Juan's bicycle which has been out of order for two years. A thin, long draught sneaks into the room and plays round the legs of Don Juan's trousers.

"As I was saying," begins Don Juan, and then gets up and leaves the room. He comes back with a fly swatter. We talk about the Iberians and the Moors. Don Juan punctuates his sentences and gives some oratorical swing to his words by swatting flies. His talk sings along at a tremendous speed and he uses the swatter as an extra arm for gesticulation. He says, "There you have the spirit of Spanish life. Fighting, struggling, pushing, always a tussle. There is the struggle with the wind which leaps at one from the mountain; there is the fight with the sun which grapples with one like a gorilla. There is the struggle with the rain, with the heat, with the cold, with the glaring light and the black dark. There is an atmosphere of impediment and laboring in vain. Like the mule driver on the road one has the chains on one's feet. One trudges to the sterile plains and tries to tear life out of the splitting earth. One climbs the hillside and searches for a lyric gaiety among the stunted oaks and the marching olives. One lives among the good people. It is unbearable. It is the constant struggle with our decadence.

"I myself," says Don Juan getting up, the words pouring from him like rain, whirling from him like wind, as his arms go round like windmill sails, "I come from the plains from La Mancha, the wide plains of La Mancha. There the towns are like heaps of stones, scattered on the cracking plains, the lives of the people are dried up by the sun and the dust. Their humor is dry and crackles like sticks. You ask a man of Ciudad Real what he thinks today," shouts Don Juan killing a fly on the wall. "'*Hombre*,' he says, 'it is impossible, impossible. That it cannot be, that it cannot be! What shall we do about it? Life goes on. Nothing. Nothing. But nothing, NOTHING!'" he bawls.

"You see," says Don Juan, "it is the struggle with everything; it is the struggle with nothing. That is Spanish life." He shrugs his shoulders, he waves his arms, he sits down on his biting chair, he gets up again and whacks at another fly. He walks with me by the olives as I go away. His crackling voice chases ideas and never stops. He holds his hat on in the black wind from the Sierra. He says his house has a lifelong fight with the sun and the wind. He says he has planted pines round about. He asks, don't I see what he meant before? Always the struggle and the aimless wandering. Must have come with the Moors. No, before that. "We are all Africans," he says. "Wandering Don Quixotes, wandering Columbuses, nomads, gypsies. What is wandering but a struggle with nothing, an avoiding of encounters: just as Loyola did when he let his donkey decide one of the biggest religious problems in history!!"

Don Juan stopped and the black wind pushed away the snapping and crackling of his long voice. "We talk too much," he said quietly. I heard the slow notes of ox-bells on the road. The stars were very bright and near as I came away from seeing Don Juan.

A street in Toledo, Spain

Turning Points in the Life of a Great American

Theodore Roosevelt

By FRANK DORRANCE HOPLEY

WHEN Theodore Roosevelt was 12 years old, his father said to him one day, "You have brains, but you have a sickly body. To make your brains bring you what they ought, you must build up your body; it depends on you."

Mr. Roosevelt, speaking in his autobiography of this turning point in his life, says:

"I felt a great admiration for men who were fearless and who could hold their own in the world, and I had a great desire to be like them. Until I was nearly 14 I let this desire take no more definite shape than day-dreams. Then an incident happened that did me real good. Having an attack of asthma, I was sent off by myself to Moosehead Lake. On the stagecoach ride I encountered a couple of other boys who were about my own age, but very much more competent and also much more mischievous. They found that I was a foreordained and predestined victim, and industriously proceeded to make life miserable for me. The worst feature was that when I finally tried to fight them, I discovered that either one singly could not only handle me with easy contempt, but handle me so as not to hurt me much and yet to prevent my doing any damage whatever in return.

"The experience taught me what probably no amount of good advice could have taught me. I made up my mind that I must try to learn so that I would not again be put in such a helpless position, and having become quickly and bitterly conscious that I did not have the natural prowess to hold my own, I decided that I would supply its place by training."

When Roosevelt was elected to the New York assembly he was virtually unknown, at least in the political world. Three months of the session passed by, and then young Theodore stood up in the assembly chamber and demanded, point-blank, that a certain Judge Westbrook be impeached for the prostitution of his high judicial office to serve the purpose of wealthy and unscrupulous stock gamblers. The *Saturday Evening Post* said of the incident:

"That speech—the deciding act in Roosevelt's career—is not remarkable for eloquence. But it is remarkable for fearless candor. He called thieves thieves, regardless of their millions; he slashed savagely at the judge and the attorney-general; he told the plain unvarnished truth as his indignant eyes saw it."

William Roscoe Thayer tells of the result.

"Astonishment verging on consternation filled the assemblymen, who, through long experience, were convinced that Truth was too precious to be exhibited in public. Worldly wisdom came to the aid of the veteran Republican leader, who wished to treat the assault as if it were the unripe explosion of youth.

"Little did this official defender of corruption understand Mr. Roosevelt. Although the magnates of the party pleaded with him and urged him not to throw away his usefulness, he rose again in the assembly the next day and renewed his demand for an investigation of Judge Westbrook. Day after day he repeated his demand. The newspapers throughout the state began to give more and more attention to him. The public applauded, and the legislators, who had sat and listened to him with contemptuous indifference, heard from their constituents. At last, on the eighth day, by a vote of 104 to 6 the assembly adopted Roosevelt's resolution and appointed an investigating committee. The "young reformer" had not only proved his case, but had suddenly made a name for himself in the state and in the country."

But the great turning point in the life of Theodore Roosevelt came on that summer's day when the bullet of the anarchist Czolgosz laid low President William McKinley. When the news reached him, Roosevelt, then Vice-President, went immediately to Buffalo, but as the surgeons pronounced the wounds not dangerous, he, after a few days, joined his family in the Adirondacks. Let Mr. Thayer tell the rest of the story:

"For several days cheerful bulletins came. Then, on Friday afternoon, the thirteenth, when the Vice-President and his party were coming down from a climb to the top of Mount Marcy, a messenger brought a telegram, which read:

"'The President's condition has changed for the worse.

"'Cortelyou.'

"The climbers on Mount Marcy were 50 miles from the end of the railroad and 10 miles from the nearest telephone at the lower clubhouse. They hurried forward on foot, following the trail to the nearest cottage; where a runner arrived with a message, 'Come at once.' Further messages awaited them at the lower clubhouse. President McKinley was dying, and Roosevelt must lose no time. His secretary, William Loeb, telephoned from North Creek, the end of the railroad, that he had had a locomotive there for hours, with full steam up. So Roosevelt and the driver of his buckboard dashed on through the night, over the uncertain mountain road, dangerous even in daylight, at breakneck speed. Dawn was breaking when they came to North Creek. There Loeb told him that President McKinley was dead."

"In this manner," Mr. Thayer continues, "'Teddy's luck,' brought him into the White House, as the twenty-sixth President of the United States. He emerged triumphant from the receiving vault of the Vice-Presidency, where his enemies supposed they had laid him away for good. In ancient days, his midnight dash from Mount Marcy, and his flight by train across New York State to Buffalo, would have become a myth symbolizing the response of a hero to an Olympian summons."

Charles Washburn, a college friend of Roosevelt, once remarked:

"I would not like to be in McKinley's shoes. He has a man of destiny behind him."

Mapping Out America

How the *Mayflower's* Arrival Was Anticipated

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

Waldseemuller's globe gore map with the name "America" upon it.

THE names of cities and countries have a peculiar interest because they are terms which have commonly been transmitted from one generation to another and from one country to another almost without change. The *Roma* of the Romans is *Rome* in English and approximately that even in Chinese. The ancient Egyptian probably had a word sounding quite like our "Egypt" to designate his land, and similarly Babylon was so named even in the ancient days.

So the continents have names also which have been preserved from very early times. 'Asia" and "Europe" are found even as early as Homer while the term "Africa" is first used in Latin, not in Greek, in the time of Julius Caesar. The words America and Australia as applied to continents are necessarily of much more recent origin, since these could hardly be named before they were discovered.

Parenthetically it may be remarked that the name Plymouth appears on a map of New England made by Captain John Smith before any colony was founded there. It so happened that Captain Smith desired to show to the young Prince Charles (later Charles the First who was beheaded) the desirability of colonies in that section of the New World. Upon the map were placed Indian names which proved probably rather difficult for the Prince to pronounce. So with a few strokes of the royal pen good old English names were substituted or sprinkled, one might say, upon the map. In his description of New England of 1616 Captain Smith states that he requested Prince Charles to act as godfather to this section of the new world. Three of these names were actually adopted by later Colonists and in particular the name Plymouth was applied to the first colony, quite close to the site of the fictitious Plymouth due to a princely fancy. New England was first so named upon this map.

New England, then, was first applied upon this Captain John Smith map which appeared in 1616. The Charles River and Plymouth and also Cape Anna are the three names which were later adopted. The name Boston also appears upon the map but well north of the present Boston. For more than a century some of these fictitious names, not representing colonies, were repeated upon maps of this region.

The Ancient World with which our civilization connects had its center in the Mediterranean. Europe was the land of promise toward the west, the land of the Celts of France and the "barbarians" who lived in England. Europe was the "land of sunset." The word "Europa," in fact, is connected also with the idea of "dark," the setting sun. Originally the term was applied to the plain of Thebes which we consider as Far East, whereas in the ancient days it was for Babylon and for Egypt the western confines of Europe.

The word *Asia* on the contrary comes from a word meaning East, and was applied by the poet Homer to the region of Ephesus in Asia Minor. Other writers like Herodotus applied the name to the continent. Both words "Europe" and "Asia" passed from Greek into Latin and by that route into English.

The Greek word for the continent south of them was Libya, a word used in the Bible occasionally in this same sense. However, when the early Romans established colonies in Libya, a native term meaning colony, Afrygah, was applied to the region of Carthage and later to the whole continent.

As you pass out of the Mediterranean Sea by the Strait of Gibraltar, long called the Pillars of Hercules, you observe in Africa on your left a range of mountains, the Atlas Mountains, more than 7,000 feet high. Herodotus baptized this outer ocean with the name of these mountains, as the Sea of Atlas, or in Latin *Mare Atlantis*. In this sea was also placed the fabled isle of Atlantis, which some have asserted was sought by Columbus. Recent historians and geographers incline to the belief that this fabled isle reflects some actual ancient contact of sailors with islands in the Atlantic.

Across this ocean in 1492 Christopher Columbus sailed in search possibly of such an island, or possibly of a passage by water to Asia. In any event he found a new world which might appropriately have been named Columbia after the discoverer. However, Christopher was a better navigator than he was journalist, nor did he enjoy the services of a good press agent, and these facts kept his name somewhat in the background.

Another Italian, Amerigo Vespucci made voyages to the New World and wrote fascinating accounts of the region and its inhabitants. About 1507 Martin Waldseemuller wrote a cosmography or description of the world which was printed in that year at St. Die in Alsace. In this treatise Vespucci's voyages were republished as these had made a great impression upon Waldseemuller. As a scientist and geographer this author recognized that the new world described so vividly by Vespucci displaced the old view of the world as given by Ptolemy. In the text of the cosmography Waldseemuller suggested the name America and further proceeded to make a map incorporating the new world. Upon this map America was applied to the continental area of South America. This designation found favor with the geographer Schoner and with Apianus, whose use of the term in the widely popular Cosmography of 1524 contributed very greatly to establishing the name.

The first map of the New World on which the name "America" appears.

The Cosmographia of Waldseemuller had at least four different editions (or printings) in 1507. In addition, this energetic author prepared the large world map with the name America upon it, and also a globe. The large world map was found some fifteen years ago in Germany. The globe gores, the parts to make a globe, have also been found. Further, a letter of Waldseemuller refers both to the proposed publication of globe and of map, this letter being dated Easter Monday, 1507; and, to clinch the matter, in a letter of February, 1508, Waldseemuller refers to the map and globe as completed and as falsely claimed by others. In a marine map of 1516 Waldseemuller drops the name America but it was too late, the name had already become popular.

In 1513 the adventurer Vasco Nunez de Balboa crossed the narrow isthmus near Panama and on September 25 sighted the great Western Ocean which at that place lies to the south of the land. To this Balboa applied the name, long found upon the maps, Mar del Sur, or Sea of the South. In 1521 that great navigator Magellan passed through the tempest-tossed strait which bears his name and across this western ocean, through peaceful seas. Magellan was so much impressed by the contrast, which was, however, accidental, that he named the ocean the Pacific or peaceful sea. Undoubtedly the fact that Pacific sounds well with Atlantic had much to do with the final adoption, even as America was quickly popular because the word sounded well with Asia, Africa, and Europa.

On the early maps in default of exact knowledge a great continental area was placed in the south polar regions. This was designated *Terra australis incognita*, "unknown southern land." However, in the early seventeenth century, between 1605 and 1642, Dutch sailors discovered and partially explored a large southern continental area. To this was applied the name *Terra australis* on many maps. As late as 1814 a book on a Voyage to Terra Australis was written by the writer Flinders, and in this was

(*Concluded on page 14*)

Map of the New England coast made by Captain John Smith in 1616, on which he marked the name "Plymouth" at a point quite close to the colony of Plymouth which was not founded until four years later.

The Romance of Dorothy Osborne

Concluded from page 9

"Would you think it, I have an ambassador from the Emperor Justinian that comes to renew the treaty. . . . Well, I'll think on't, and if I succeed I'll be as good as my word; you shall take your choice of my four daughters! . . . . He has often inquired after me to hear if I were marrying, and somebody told him I had an ague, and he presently fell sick of one, too, so natural a sympathy there is between us. . . . He desires to know whether I am at liberty. . . . Shall I send him to you? I think that will be best."

Dorothy Osborne lived in an age when women were expressing themselves through the art of letter-writing. Lady Mary Montagu, about this time, was writing her remarkable travel letters, and in France Madam Sevigné was making herself immortal in those wonderful letters to her daughter. She is known as the "Queen of Letter-writers," and our own Dorothy is the Princess Royal!

The exceptional freedom of style and the wisdom in Dorothy's letters reveal that she was not only a gentlewoman, but an educated, well-read woman, who, if she could drop in upon us now, might easily take her place among the leading women of our day. She read French Romances, to be sure, great tomes of them, but she also read travels, such as those of Fernao Mendes Pinto; and the best authors of her time, Waller, Crowley, Lord Broghill, Jeremy Taylor, and others. Her associations were of the best, from the old country families to the Rev. Mr. Gibson, a frequenter of her father's house.

Her letters are remarkably unstilted, for all that one finds an Elizabethan echo in a word now and then, and the quaint swing of a sentence, but they are human.

All Letters Should Be Free and Easy

"All letters, methinks, should be free and easy as one's discourse; not studied as an oration or made up of hard words like a charm . . . . like a gentleman I knew who never would say 'the weather grew cold,' but that 'winter had begun to salute us.' I have no patience with such coxcombs and cannot blame an old uncle of mine who threw a standish at his man's head because he writ a letter for him where, instead of saying (as his master bid) 'that he would have writ himself but that he had gout in his hand,' he said 'that the gout in his hand would not permit him to put pen to paper.'"

Dorothy commented upon books as well as upon questions of the day, all of which might be, with slight change of phrasing, ultra-modern. About books:

"Mr. Waller, they say, is making one of our wars, which, if he does not mingle with it a great deal of pleasing fiction, cannot be very diverting, sure, the subject is so sad."

"Let me ask if you have seen a book of poems newly come, made by my Lady Newcastle? For God's sake if you meet with it send it to me; they say it is ten times more extravagant than her dress. Sure the poor woman is a little distracted, she could never be so ridiculous else as to venture at writing books, and in verse too."

Later:

"You need not send me my Lady Newcastle's book at all, for I have seen it, and am satisfied that there are many soberer people in Bedlam."

Neither was the ubiquitous subject of young people neglected as long ago as 1653, when Cromwell was Lord-Protector, and their "folly" was attributed to the lack of a Court—not the "movies":

"'Tis strange to see the folly that possesses the young people of this age, and the liberty they take to themselves."

The next line shows a tolerance not so evident, always, in our own day:

"I have the charity to believe they appear very much worse than they are and that the want of a Court to govern them by is in great part the cause of their ruin; that were no perfect school of virtue, yet . . . . such as were really discreet as they seemed to be gave good example."

Nor were conjugal affairs left out:

"But is it possible what they say, that my Lord Leicester and my Lady are in great disorder and that after forty years patience, he has now taken up the cudgels and resolved to venture for the mastery? . . . . What an age we live in where 'tis a miracle that if in ten couples that are married, two of them live so as not to publish it to the world that they cannot agree. . . . . 'Tis an idle doctrine for me to preach . . . . but I must confess that I am afraid much of the fault lies in us."

O, Dorothy!

Discourse on Flying Like Birds

She continues that if the wife but have patience, many times trouble might be averted, and cites the case of a kinswoman of hers whose husband was not always himself:

"He would rise in the night and with two bedstaves labour on the table an hour together. She took care every night to lay a great cushion on the table for him to strike on, that nobody might hear him and so discover his madness. But 'tis a sad thing when all one's happiness is only that the world does not know that you are miserable."

"For my part, I think it were very convenient that all such as intend to marry should live together in the same house some years of probation; and if, in all that time, they never disagreed, then they should be permitted to marry . . . . but how few would do it then!"

How like a girl in love—in any age—is this:

"You could not but have laughed if you had seen me last night. My brother and Mr. Gibson were talking by the fire; and I sat by, but as no part of the company. Among other things they fell into a discourse of flying, and both agreed that it was very possible to find out a way that people might fly like birds, and dispatch their journeys; so I, who had not said a word all night, started up at that, and desired that they say a little more on't; . . . . but instead of that they both fell into so violent a laughing, that I should appear so much concerned in such an art; but little they knew what use it might be to me!"

—To fly right off to London to see her lover!

Dorothy and Temple's "crossness of fortune" does not improve, and Dorothy endures all the embarrassment of being not only unable to marry but even to announce their engagement. Temple urges her to marry him and trust to a favorable adjustment; but in her day a woman with her breeding and pride, no matter how deeply she loved, could not marry where there was too great lack of fortune; she expressed herself quite adequately upon the unwisdom of marrying for love alone, and in her sprightly fashion on a neighbor's marrying for a fortune:

"Take heed of being like my neighbor's servant. 'Tis the most troublesome, busy, talking little thing that ever was born; his tongue goes like the clack of a mill but to much less purpose. . . . I admire at her patience and her resolution that can laugh at his fooleries and love his fortune."

As the Christmastide of 1653 draws near, and the great rooms of the old house, never any too cheerful, grow cold and lonely, and the garden wet and dead; her father in his last illness, and Temple's father still obdurate, Dorothy, always so hopeful, becomes discouraged, and writes her lover a pathetic letter, lofty and proud, breaking their engagement:

"I have considered all our misfortunes and can see no end to them, but by submitting to that which we cannot avoid. . . . I think I need not tell you how dear you have been to me, nor that in your kindness I have placed all the satisfaction of my life."

After this decision, which had cost her many days and nights of doubt and misery, she expresses the hope, that, since they have never differed in other things, they will not in this; they will be, always, the best of friends and that she will never cease to love him. Temple is greatly disturbed and writes that he must see her, and evidently asks what her plans may be for marrying, if not to him, for she answers:

"You would know what I would be at, and how I intend to dispose myself. Alas! were I in my own disposal, you should come to my grave and be resolved; but grief alone will not kill."

Will Never Cease to Love Him

"Your father would take it very ill, I believe, if you should pretend to love me better than he did my Lady, yet she is dead and he lives, and perhaps may do to love again. . . . . Think on't and attempt it at least. . . . As you ever loved me, do this."

". . . . I tremble at the desperate things you say in your letter; for the love of God consider seriously with yourself what can enter into comparison with the safety of your soul. Are a thousand women or ten thousand worlds worth it?"

Temple, in spite of all Dorothy's fears of a meeting between him and her brother, comes to Chicksands, the rift is drawn together, a more definite understanding is reached, and Dorothy urges Temple to visit his father who has taken the office of Master of the Rolls in Ireland, their purpose being to marry as soon as an appointment can be found for Temple.

What volumes are expressed in this:

"'Tis but an hour since you went and I am writing you already; is not that kind? . . . . I know you love me and you have no reason to doubt my kindness. . . . Lord, there were a thousand things I remembered after you were gone that I should have said. . . . Can there be a romancer story than ours would make if the conclusion prove happy?. . . . Do you remember Arme and the little house there? Shall we go thither? That is next to being out of the world. There we might live like Baucis and Philemon, grow old together in our little cottage, and for our charity to some shipwrecked strangers obtain the blessing of dying both at the same time. How idly I talk; 'tis because the story pleases me—none in Ovid so much. I remember I cried when I read it."

Did Temple Really Love Dorothy?

In this correspondence, extending over two years, all Temple's letters have been lost, excepting a part of one written while visiting his father in Ireland. The one-sidedness has made us wonder if Temple really did love Dorothy as she thought he did, and as she deserved. Extracts from this fragment lay all doubts:

"For God's sake write me constantly while I am here, or I am undone past all recovery. . . . How willingly would I venture all to be with you! . . . . I know you love me still; you promised me, and that's all the security I can have in this world. 'Tis that makes all things else seem nothing to it, so high it sets me; so high, indeed, that should I ever fall, 'twould dash me all to pieces. . . . 'Tis no vanity, this, but a true sense of how pure and how refined my passion is, that none can ever know except my own heart, unless you find it out by being there. . . . . My dearest dear, adieu."

Dorothy's father passed away soon after Temple left for Ireland, and she was left without a home, her brother, heir of Chicksands, not asking her to remain there. She bade farewell to all friends among the county families and journeyed up to London to visit a kinswoman. Here her life changed from the quiet of Chicksands to one of social gayety. She is still very unhappy owing to her unsettled position and the suspense of affairs in Ireland, which seem not to be going forward as either of them could wish:

"Some company that was here last night kept us up till three o'clock, and then we lay three in a bed, which was all the same to me as if we had not gone to bed at all. Since dinner they have all gone and our company with them a part of the way, and with much ado I got to be excused that I might get a little sleep, but am so moped yet, that this letter will be nonsense. I would fain tell you, though, that your father is mistaken, and that you are not if you believe that I have all the kindness and tenderness for you my heart is capable of. Let me assure you (whatever your father thinks) that if you had £20,000. a year I could love you no more than I do."

At last Temple and his father arrive at an agreement and the young man comes back to claim Dorothy. The last are happy little notes written while she and her companion, Jane (with whom Temple is a great favorite), are in London preparing her trousseau:

"You are like to have an excellent housewife of me; I am abed still, and slept so soundly, nothing but your letter could have waked me. You shall hear from me as soon as we have dined. Farewell; can you endure that word? No, out upon't. I'll see you anon."

"I find my conscience a little troubled till I have asked your pardon for my ill humor last night. Will you forgive me? In earnest I could not help it but met with a cure for it, my brother kept me up to hear his learned lecture until after two o'clock and I spent all my ill humor upon him."

"Now that I have got the trick of breaking my word I will do it every day. I must go to Roehampton to-day, but 'tis all one, you do not care much for seeing me. Well, my master, remember last night you swaggered like a young lord. I'll make your stomach come down; rise quickly, you had better, and come hither that I may give you a lesson this morning before I go."

"Here comes the note again to tell you that I cannot call on you to-night. I cannot help it . . . . I am engaged to-night at the Three Rings to sup and play. Poor man, I am sorry for you in earnest. I shall be quite spoiled. Think whether it were not best to leave me and begin a new adventure!"

They Were Married in London

Here is the end of Dorothy's letters. All was ready for the marriage when a calamity befell her that one who has grown fond of Dorothy through reading all these old, old letters, is unhappy to record: At the last moment she was taken seriously ill with smallpox and, although she lived, her beauty remained only in Lely's portrait. Temple did not waver. He saw in Dorothy more than mere external beauty.

They were married in London in 1655 and spent their honeymoon at beautiful Moor Park, the seat of Dorothy's cousin, Sir Richard Franklin; a great house with a remarkable history, from Cardinal Wolsey to the Countess of Bedford and to Franklin; to it in later years the Temples came again to live, after some years spent in Ireland and also at Sheen Abbey.

It was at Moor Park that Sir William, who had then succeeded to his father's title and had made for himself a place in history by the part he played as England's representative to The Hague, where successful negotiations took place that led to the Triple Alliance, engaged the services of a young secretary known afterward as the brilliant and redoubtable Dean Swift.

Mapping Out America

Concluded from page 13

suggested the name "Australia, as being more agreeable to the ear and an assimilation to the name of the other great portions of the earth."

The Arctic or Northern Ocean is so named because of the northern constellation, that of the Great Bear, under which the ocean lies. The Greek word for bear is "arctos."

"Ocean" itself is an ancient term, meaning greater river, which the Greeks applied centuries before Christ to the waters which were supposed to encircle the earth. "Continent," on the other hand, is fairly modern.

In 1559 an Englishman, Cunningham, defined in his *Cosmographical Glasse*, as follows: "Continens . . . . is a portion of th' Earth which is not parted by the Seas asounder."

So were the oceans named and the great continental areas which are separated by them. Even in the names important parts of their history may be traced in large outline.

(C) National Photo.
Peckinpaugh, Washington shortstop, throwing to first to complete one of his famous double plays.

Baseball Thrills Past and to Come

Side Lights on the World's Series of 1924

By CARSON C. HATHAWAY

NOW that the baseball season of 1924 has passed into dim history and the spring campaign of 1925 is about to open, we can look back and discover why the past season has been termed the most remarkable ever experienced. Particularly in the American League, home of Ruth and Cobb and Sisler, was the race exciting.

For months, the Detroit "Tigers," the New York "Yankees," and the Washington "Senators" battled for the lead. Finally Detroit dropped to third place. Then occurred the most remarkable sight seen in years. In every city in the league, the fans rose in the stands and implored Washington to win. And when Washington finally did win in a hair-raising finish, there was never a more popular victory.

Then came the World's Series. It can be described only in superlatives. Raving fans paid $1,093,104 to see the battles. More than 300,000 saw the seven games. The President of the United States worked at his office at night to have time to witness three of the contests played in Washington.

When the final game was over, Judge Landis, baseball's famous arbitrator, said, "I regard it as the greatest game ever played. When I got back to my room after the excitement, I had a gallon and a half of water wrung out of my undershirt."

Above the shouts of joy which swept over the capital, there seemed to rise one name and that was the name of Walter Johnson. It was back in 1907 that Johnson first came to Washington. Old men with long whiskers love to tell of the marvelous speed of "the Big Train," how the ball burned like a bullet across the plate.

Through all the tragic years of wonderful performance with a mediocre club, he never gave up doing his level best for the public. Johnson and brilliant baseball became synonymous. He pitched more games and won more games and pitched more shutout victories than any other man who ever wore an American League uniform. In the twilight of his career, Washington at last began to win. And because of his faithfulness all America was happy in his victory.

And how the world does love a winner! The fans gave him an $8,000 automobile bearing the mystic licence number 100,000. Not a ballplayer on the Washington team hailed from the capital. Most of them were young athletes from small towns scattered through the West. But each had a triumphal homecoming. Out in Humboldt, Kansas, the birthplace of the great Walter, bonfires and speeches and blaring bands told the world how proud the folks were of their wandering boy.

When the last game was over, President Coolidge himself issued an official statement in which he remarked that "everyone was *pleased.*" New England conservatism! If wild, unrestrained delirium indicates pleasure, Mr. Coolidge was right. Washington literally went crazy.

Yes, the world loves a winner—and is willing to pay him well. The victorious "Senators" drew individual checks for $5,959.64 for seven days' work, almost as much as a Congressman earns in a year. But greater than the financial reward was the popular demonstration. Never in the history of Washington has famous Pennsylvania Avenue witnessed such a spontaneous demonstration as that which continued until after midnight on the day of the last game.

It is comforting to those who have not yet reached the heights to remember that nearly every Cinderella once sat in a chimney corner. In this connection consider Washington's left fielder, "Goose" Goslin. His real name is Leon Allen Goslin. He came to Washington to play ball in 1921. Such slipping and sliding and misjudging of flies had never been seen before in the District of Columbia. The crowds hooted as only baseball crowds can. The rookie said nothing but played doggedly on.

Presently, he began to hit the ball. How he did swing his war club! Even when he struck out he did it with a whole-hearted vigor that thrilled the multitude. And by the time the World's Series arrived, so had Goslin. He made more than any man on the famous "Giant" team, including three large, fat, juicy home runs. And when the home folk up in New Jersey met in solemn council to present a handsome automobile and a silver bat to the hero of the series, who should the hero be? Who but the "Goose"? Truly, all the fairy stories did not happen in the ancient days.

One of the things the Washington fans learned during the famous series was that a liability is merely a potential asset. To accommodate the vast throngs, a temporary stand had been erected in center field. It reduced the size of the arena. Two of the fighting "Giants" thereupon knocked home runs into these temporary bleachers. Great were the lamentations.

"If only the seats had not been built," gloomed the cynics.

The "Giants" knocked no more home runs there but the next day "Bucky" Harris, the youthful manager of the Washington team, picked out a nice old gentleman in those selfsame bleachers and knocked him a long important fly. In the last game, Harris repeated the performance. And in the dying moments of the final contest, Frank Frisch, star second baseman for New York, hit a screaming liner that bounded straight to the center field barrier. He reached third base and there perished. Had the stands not been built, his hit would have won the World's Series.

A World's Series usually has its mysteries. A merely passable player becomes a hero. A former hero makes some fatal mistake. In the 1924 games, one of the most remarkable things was the hitting of "Muddy" Ruel, the Washington catcher. A fair hitter during the regular season, he allowed five whole games to pass without registering a solitary hit. Nineteen times he marched up to the plate and then back to the bench.

The final game arrived. Seven innings passed. Then, bang! "Muddy" Ruel hit for one base and sent the game into extra innings. Came inning twelve. All over America, countless thousands waited breathlessly! And this time "Muddy" doubled savagely down the third base line and a few moments later dashed across the plate with the winning run.

Only two hits in twenty-one times. But those two hits gave Washington the championship of the world.

But perhaps the most remarkable incident in the whole nerve-racking series came in the final moment of

(C) National Photo.
President Coolidge autographing a baseball, surrounded by members of the Washington World's Championship Baseball Team. At his left is Walter Johnson, king of pitchers. At his right is Stanley Harris, youngest of managers.

victory. Each team had won three games. In the final contest the regulation nine innings came and went with the two teams deadlocked. The tenth inning passed into history with the nervous tension increasing. And the eleventh!

In the last half of the twelfth came the fatal break. A puny little pop fly lifted itself weakly into the air and prepared to settle itself down into the Giant catcher's glove. But the catcher dropped the ball. When Ruel reached second and the mighty Johnson first, the stage was all set for Dame Fortune. McNeely, pride of California, at bat.

A foul! Then a crack from the bat and the ball sailed straight for the third baseman. It looked like an easy out. But in the path of the ball, silent and unseen by the multitude, lay a tiny pebble, the great-great, many times great-grandson of some mighty boulder that ages ago was swept down from the frozen North. It was a pebble with a destiny. For when the skimming ball hit it, the ball bounded high into the air and out into left field. The runner on second dashed madly home.

From forty thousand throats came a roar that shook the very heavens. To the farthest regions of the earth went forth the word that the series was won. The pebble had made it possible. Yet some folk imagine that only the mountains count!

But when the final story of the 1924 contests is recorded, the most dramatic tale will not be one of shouting throngs. There are things even greater than victory. Loyalty, for example! For the most thrilling moment in all those inspiring struggles came not when the home runs sailed over the barriers nor when dashing players turned up sparkling plays.

It came when in the ninth inning of the last game, Stanley Harris, baseball's youngest manager, sent Walter Johnson to the box to pitch for what seemed to be the last time. In that moment there was revealed the picture of a great affection, the romance of a loyalty that persisted in the grim face of probable defeat.

Here was a pitcher who had given his best, a very splendid best, to the great national game. The miracle had happened. His team had won the league pennant. Then the World's Series came! But his mighty arm seemed to have lost some of its cunning. Twice he had gone against the foe and twice he had met defeat.

Over at the edge of the diamond, Zachary, another Washington pitcher, was warming up, Zachary—who had baffled the Giants and had won two games. He seemed the logical one to send against the foe. But for Walter Johnson it was now or never. And Harris never hesitated. The old master of the game might lose again but it should never be said that after so many years he had not been given his chance. So out to the box strode the king of pitchers.

The crowd rose in tribute. They were electrified by the great human drama unfolding before them. It was more than a contest. It was life. Something like a sob seemed to eddy through the vast throng.

Then, sweep went the mighty arm and crash went the ball into the catcher's glove. It was the Johnson of old, not the worn hurler of eighteen seasons. In those last four innings he struck out five of the most dangerous batters in the Giant lineup. Not a runner crossed the plate.

And as all things come at last to an end, so, in the last half of the twelfth inning, Walter Johnson, a great pitcher and the ideal of baseball, stood for a moment on second base and watched the winning run cross the plate. He had reached the goal of his dreams. More than that, he had reached the goal coveted for him by millions of his countrymen. And thus at the end of the greatest inning of the greatest game of the greatest series, the greatest pitcher came into his own.

All this is history. Looming ahead is another season, with sixteen major league clubs and a whole host of minor league teams battling for leadership. The New York "Yankees" still have "Babe" Ruth; George Sisler will again manage the St. Louis "Browns"; "Ty" Cobb plays on and on and on with Detroit; Speaker with Cleveland. There are thousands of old-time fans who care not who wins a pennant but who follow daily the ups and downs of their particular baseball hero. So long as *he* wins, they are content.

Who will win in the big leagues in 1925? Take your choice! Last spring, the critics conceded that Washington would finish close to the bottom. They finished on top. The uncertainty of victory, the chance that *your* team may win, whether it be the Chicago "White Sox" or the Mudtown "Eagles" is what makes baseball the most consistently popular sport in all the world.

It was befitting that after eighteen years in the service of one team that to Walter Johnson should have befallen the honor of pitching the decisive game. At the beginning of that game, Johnson, the Big Train of baseball, had sat alone in the clubhouse, a figure disheartened and pathetic. From his trusty right arm the Giants had wrested two of their three victories. But his will was still with him in the eighth inning as he walked across the field to the pitchers' box, with the score tied.

Here was the most dramatic moment experienced in sportdom during all of 1924. Johnson's reverses had not daunted the fans' faith; they roared encouragement. Through four long innings the crowd's nerves were twisted and their emotions torn. Then came the winning score which brought Washington the first pennant the team ever had. But that victory passed into significance compared with the multitude's appreciation of Johnson's splendid achievement, a trying and happy climax to eighteen years of clean baseball.

(C) National Photo.
Stanley Harris, baseball's new miracle man, making a home run in the final game of the last World's Series.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. The set includes: "The International Jew," Vol. I, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

"He (the Eastern Jew) sometimes causes unfriendly comment if he moves into a mainly British quarter by annexing a British name; I have known Irishmen to be moved to fury by the conversion of Solomon into O'Sullivan, and cannot see why the immigrant Jew who finds that there are war-time and post-war prejudices against 'Hunnish' or 'Bolshevist' surnames, and wishes to change his, should not fall back on the stately and familiar names of the Old Testament."—The London *Times*.

Cottonseed which clogged the waterways near the cotton gins was a problem not many years ago. Today the production of cottonseed oil in the South is valued at $275,000,000 annually.

The constricted waist in the wasp and other bee-like insects is the dam that holds the blood in the thorax while the heart steadily pumps it forward through the waist into the expanding wings.

The minister of justice has asked the Danish parliament to legalize the ending of suffering by death at the request of a patient hopelessly ill or fatally injured.

There were 700 left-handed sling-throwing Benjamites, "Who could sling stones at an hairbreadth and not miss," in early Asiatic times of the Judges.

Finland has 75 bookshops in the cities, 219 in the country, 400 bookstall agents, and some 820 news stands.

The shortest name in the world is possessed by Mr. I, native of Hangchow, China, who is a medical student in Johns Hopkins Medical School.

Rembrandt used his father's mill as a studio, and the light came down from a little high window in the mill falling on the easel in just such a golden shaft as is often seen in his pictures.

Minimum wages for women workers in the London, England, textile industry, have been fixed at 27 shillings, and for men at 63 shillings a week.

Although women in Europe polish great numbers of shoes, there were only six white, foreign-born women bootblacks in the United States at the 1920 census.

It is almost impossible to buy a glass of fresh milk in New Zealand where tea is the universal drink.

Eight hundred languages and dialects are spoken among the natives of Africa.

A mistrial was declared by a judge in an East St. Louis court recently when a jury that did not know the difference between the legal terms "defendant" and "plaintiff" brought in a verdict for the defendant. "We wanted to give the verdict to the little light-haired fellow," said the jury. He was the plaintiff.

The earliest kind of soap known was made of goat's tallow and beech ash.

The well-dressed young man of the Dinka tribe on the Upper Nile wears copper wrist bracelets so tight that his hands grow numb and useless.

On the face of statistics, the proportion of male convicts in prisons to females is 10 to 1, and the proportion of hardened criminals is 62 per cent to 17 per cent.

The Mardi Gras has been celebrated in New Orleans with revelry and elaborate display since 1827.

The first car of butter was shipped to New York in 1880 by Governor Hoard, of Wisconsin, proving the value of the refrigerator car to the world.

A quid made from tobacco, leaves of cocoa plant, and wood ash paste, forms a bulge in one cheek of almost every Indian one sees in Bolivia.

Policemen at the White House must be six feet tall.

The copper-toed shoes of sixty years ago were invented by a Maine farmer who found they lasted longer than three ordinary pairs.

New half-dollars to commemorate the memorial sculpture on Stone Mountain and provide funds for its completion have the figures of Generals Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson stamped on them.

At Ithaca, New York, a black walnut tree budded in May, 1918, and bore its first crop of 125 nuts in 1924.

An early instance of government price-fixing was that of Edward III, whose ordinance compelled bow makers to sell their best bows at three shillings four pence each.

Ninety-eight per cent of the people of New Zealand are of British stock.

Previous to 1897, when the electron was discovered by Sir J. J. Thompson, a hydrogen atom, whose mass is 1,800 times as great as that of an electron, was the smallest mass known to science.

Speeding 29 miles an hour, George Stephenson's *Rocket* won the prize in the famous competitive locomotive tests of 1829.

Minneapolis has a nine o'clock curfew sounded by the fire stations and enforced by the city police.

Bamboo whistles tied to the tails of pigeons in China waft plaintive music earthward as the birds circle high overhead.

The original manuscript of a Beethoven wedding song, composed on February 6, 1819, was recently found attached to another manuscript by Beethoven's musical publishers in Leipsic, when they were searching for Beethoven's piano concertos written in the master's hand.

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CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

"I Read in the Papers—"

I read in the papers that the Royal Commission on Food Prices, sitting in London, has found that the Chicago wheat pit still rules the world's wheat prices. When London bakers raised the price of the four-pound loaf from twenty cents to twenty-two cents, it was made necessary by frenzied buying in the Chicago wheat market. "Over there," said one witness, "hotel lift boys, and even girls, dabble in wheat speculation." But look at the bread side of it. There are 45,000,000 of these loaves consumed in England every week. In 1900 they cost seven cents; just before the war they cost 11 cents; in 1919 they cost 32 cents. Then in 1923 the loaves were brought down to 16 cents. Since that time the price has steadily mounted, as conditions here have forced it Jubilation on American farms is paid for by greater pinching in foreign homes. The American farmer does no want that any more than the London worker does. [illegible]es in between. If America is to continue the [illegible] the world she must do two things—make [illegible]rofitable to the farmer and at the same [illegible] American wheat easy to buy. This can be [illegible] by short-circuiting the robbery that comes in between.

I read in the papers that the Shuberts have penalized the Philadelphia *North American* by withdrawing theatrical advertising. The occasion was the disgust with one of the Shubert nasty-nasties called "revues," which Polly Evans, an *American* writer, expressed. The *American* business manager, so it is said, promised a retraction, but the editors said No. It would have made a stronger combination if both departments had said No. When the Business Office takes on a little editorial idealism, and the Editorial Office takes on a little business sense, newspapers will present better fronts to the alien poisoners of the American mind. The whole incident gives me an idea. Why leave all this withdrawal of advertisement to the pornographic Jewish play producers? Why not have newspapers take a hand in it themselves? Why not do a little kicking out of ads for un-American spectacles? In these days of universal advertising, the advertising medium is one of the biggest parts of production. Your home newspaper is a part producer of every play it advertises, just as every newspaper was part bartender when it carried liquor ads. Newspapers saw the point on patent medicines and liquor, and they quit. When are they going to see the point on rotten plays? The Shuberts rub the nose of the Philadelphia press in humiliation. Isn't there enough fellowcraft spirit among the Philadelphia press to take a stand together and compel the Shubert boys to be decent when they come to Philadelphia? That's an idea and will be in practice in this country one of these days.

I read in the papers that the sap is flowing in the trees. Though snow and ice still hold the soil the roots know Spring is on the way. Underground wireless has sped the solar message that the turn of the year has come, and every rootlet is an antenna catching the news and sending it along stalk and reed and bole, aloft to the upper branches. Apparently nothing has changed at all. The ground is dead, the woods are gray, only the screaming jays add a new note to the scene; yet for all the surface sameness a change is being wrought; life is stirring in the trees and in the feathered tribes. The roots know. The birds know. Everything that lives near the heart of nature knows. Yet everything seems the same. It is just so with the affairs of men. Things seem the same, but change is already here; one morning it will be apparent; those who have their roots deep already know.

I read in the papers that James Lane Allen is dead. It brought back the years, the years when one easily entered the land, half dream, half apple-scented reality, through the doors of Allen's fancy, and heard the Kentucky Cardinal and the Choir Invisible, and knew the souls of quiet folk who lived untroubled by the world. I wonder if we could find the door again. I wonder if the apple scent is there. So many other doors have opened since, and life is only for moments as Allen wrote it, and even placid people feel the pull of the world's power. There comes a time when we cannot rest in the quiet nooks, because we are wishing all the world could be there, and we know it cannot. Our own dreams are drab because all men cannot share them, our own comforts hard because so many lack them. If one were a Kentucky cardinal, or if one *were* in the choir invisible!—but one is in the clangorous present, and deep within the clangor are human voices like the sound of many waters, and they are not joyous.

I read in the papers the President's allusion to the present tax burden as socialistic—that is, it nationalized the wealth of the country. A week before, the same allusion was made in the then unpublished *Mr. Ford's Page* which appeared in last week's issue. I don't know when the President's speech was prepared, but the *Page* was in the printer's hands a week before the speech was made. It simply illustrates how practical minds, exploring a question, arrive at the same point. For myself, I had never seen high taxes described as socialistic until I saw the *Page*, but reviewing the necessary path of logic it is perfectly easy to see how the thought is arrived at. Only the *Page* went further than the President's speech did. The *Page* recognized Socialism's promise to redistribute to the people, while no one would claim that the bulk of our high tax payments are so redistributed.

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The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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MR. FORD'S page discusses Industry's duty to the public compared with that of Finance.

WHAT is the viewpoint of the Navy on the question of scrapping battleships and concentrating on airplanes? Rear Admiral Hilary P. Jones supplies us with the answer in an authoritative and illuminating manner. He says that the Navy recognizes the great importance of aviation to national defense, but indicates its limitations. What the Admiral thinks of the proposal to create a new department out of the air force is tersely told. (p. 4)

"GET Into the Air, America" is the essence of a plea put forth by another writer for the greater use of aircraft as an aid to business, and for the welfare of the country generally. Do the people know just where this country stands in regard to air equipment as compared with other countries? This is something of which no one can afford to remain ignorant. (p. 5)

IS THE ideal leader one who has brains but lacks training, or is he one who is highly trained, but lacks such natural gifts as initiative and insight. Of course, one with brains must also have experience, and so the question develops fresh angles. There is material for discussion here. (p.6)

WE HEAR a good many persons saying that there ought to be a wider outlook for our boys, that their vision ought to be broadened, and their general knowledge increased. You can read of the means which a shrewd business man took to supply these things. (p. 9)

HOW the scheme for the union of the Methodists, Congregationalists, and Presbyterians has caused disunion in the latter body is told by one who has followed the whole movement closely. (p. 10)

THE people of the United States are proud of their National Capitol; but before this triumph in classic architecture uplifted its majestic dome to the skies it passed through a period of strange vicissitudes, the story of which is now told for the first time. (p. 11)

FEW persons are aware that the Chinese, with their peaceful air, and their fondness for tea and for flying kites, are really a very warlike people. For this there is ample evidence. (p. 12)

MERCURY was regarded by the ancients as the messenger of the gods. His function was to act as letter carrier between Mount Olympus and the earth. But he had winged feet. And this is what you will think the Finnish runner Nurmi has when you read about him. (p. 15)

JUST why there are billions spent in pensions in the United States, and why there are likely to be billions more, is a matter that concerns every citizen. (p. 3)

THOMAS A. EDISON is perhaps the greatest of our modern optimists; but he has usually something with which to back up his optimism. This gives weight to his conviction that it is wholly unnecessary for a man to die even at the age of a hundred. He thinks two hundred will be nearer the mark in a generation or two. His reasons for this belief are good to note. (p. 2)

About Sea and Air Defense

By Admiral Jones

Billions Spent for Pensions

Business Uses for Aircraft

Leadership and Education

Wider Outlook for Our Boys

Church Union and Disunion

When the Capitol Was Built

China and Wasteful Wars

Nurmi, the Modern Mercury

"Live to Be Two Hundred,"

Says Thomas Edison

Edison Sees the 200-Year-Old Man

No Reason Why Turtles and Elephants Should Beat Man in Age

By ALLAN L. BENSON

EDISON is Edison because he has imagination. What everybody with his eyes will see tomorrow Edison sees with his mind today. He gets a glimpse of many things before they rise above the horizon.

Edison now mentally sees the 200-year-old man. When he comes he will not be the exception—he will be the rule. The average man will live to be at least two centuries old.

A few days before Edison, on February 11, began his seventy-ninth year, he talked to me about the great change that he saw coming in the duration of human life. He seemed to have no doubt about what he saw. He spoke as if it were all a matter of course. It was a matter of course to him because he had thought the subject out. He had taken his bearings and felt that he knew where he was.

"Life is now balanced against environment," he said. "On one side of the scale is our vitality. On the other side are the hostile features of our environment. These hostile features are always trying to kill us. Sooner or later they succeed. They will not always, however, be permitted to succeed. Man will intervene in his own behalf. He is already intervening. He is improving his environment. Just to the extent that he is improving it, he is increasing the duration of his life. He will continue to improve it until he will live with what might be called the minimum of resistance. When that time comes he will live long. I do not place the limit at 200 years. I think the average human being will eventually live more than two centuries."

A Traveling Poison Factory

Edison, in all of his long life, never before said anything so important as that. Multiply the average duration of human life almost by four and nobody now living would know this world. The most tremendous changes in our habits, customs, and thoughts would inevitably follow. Beside such a world, our present earth would seem very poor and very miserable.

I asked Edison what he considered the most hostile feature of the average human being's environment.

"His lower bowel," he replied without a moment's hesitation. "The average human being is a traveling poison factory. It is inevitable that the poisons shall be made, but they should not be carried around. What is kept inside is absorbed and put into the blood stream. Poisons tear down tissue and give rise to a great variety of diseases. I believe that auto-intoxication causes most of our diseases. Get rid of it and we shall live much longer and be more comfortable. And it is possible to end auto-intoxication. It is all a matter of diet and lubrication."

What Edison sees coming—longer life—has been on the way for a good while, but it is coming now more rapidly than ever. During the Middle Ages the average European died at the age of about 21. In those times whoever lived to be 70 became a subject of wide discussion. Twenty years ago, the average duration of human life in the United States was 48 years. Now it is 55. It is said that five years have been added to the average human life within the last ten years. This statement is made in a book, entitled "Scientific Research and Human Welfare," by Professor Franklin Stewart Harris, which has just been published.

Fifteen years ago, a very prominent New York physician told me he did not believe anybody had ever lived to be more than 100 years old. He said he had investigated a great many cases that seemed to disprove his belief without finding a single one that could stand examination. Those who claimed age in excess of a century were usually, he said, ignorant if not illiterate persons and in no case was there a particle of proof to support the claim.

That was fifteen years ago. Times have changed. There are now plenty of authenticated cases of life in excess of a century. Former United States Senator Cole, of California, died in Los Angeles last year at the age of 102. Edison expects to live to be at least 100. At the age of 78 he does not feel that he must be in a hurry about anything. "There is plenty of time," he sometimes says when he is discussing the work he has cut out for himself. "I shall live more than 20 years yet."

Longer Lives Mean Greater Works

Edison, when he contemplates the 200-year-old man, sees a world about as different from this as a world could well be. There is already a tendency among all civilized peoples to reduce their birth rate, but when 200-year-old men and women become the rule the birth rate will have to come down to about a quarter of its present proportions. Not so many persons will have an opportunity to experience life on this earth, but those who are born will have more of it. Otherwise, the struggle for existence would become so great that war would have to redress the balance between supply and demand.

A lower birth rate, in connection with a 200-year average of life, would necessarily imply, Edison believes, several interesting things. Women would have more than 150 years to devote to interests other than home duties. Youth would last long and all other periods of life proportionately long. Youth might conceivably last to the age of 125. Why not? We consider one young now at least until he reaches the age of 35, notwithstanding the fact that the average duration of life is 55.

We see in the case of Edison how much it would free humanity to postpone, by about 150 years, the time for quitting this earth. Edison, with the expectation of approximately a century of life, feels, at the age of 78, that he still has time to plan and do things. How should we feel if, at the age of Edison, we knew that we had about 122 years more in which to work out whatever plans we might have in mind? One of the most serious drawbacks to human existence as we now know it is its exceeding brevity. We spend the first thirty or forty years of our lives learning how to do something, only to discover that we have not much time left in which to do it. Death is thus largely a matter of putting experts out of business. An occasional man, as in the case of Edison, lasts a long time, but the average human being has at birth a present expectancy of only 55 years.

THOMAS ALVA EDISON.

Occupational Change as Rest Cure

Edison has a horror of waste. This horror enables him to realize how much progress is retarded by a duration of life that is unnecessarily short. It is like an excessive labor turnover in a manufacturing business. We spend too much time educating each generation for what we get out of it. Or at any rate, we should get more for what we spend if each generation lived longer. The world is a great loser when a man like Edison dies short of 200 years. He knows his business. Having spent more than 60 years at sharpening his mind, it is sharp. It would be vastly to the advantage of the human race if he could be kept young and at his best for 100 years yet. And the same is true, to a greater or lesser degree, of every other person of ability.

Edison has also given consideration to the effect that 200 years of life might have upon the humble peoples of the world. What might they think of the prospect of 200 years in a coal mine, for instance?

This is a very interesting line of thought. A woman refused to take the Steinach gland treatment, a few years ago, though assured that, at the age of 55, it would put her back 20 years. She said she did not want 20 years more of housework. She had done enough of it.

We may well believe that if the average duration of life were multiplied by four the world would have to give more thought to those who have uninteresting occupations. Millions could not be expected to put up with drudgery for 200 years. Existence on such terms would be intolerable. It would probably be found necessary to put as much as possible of the disagreeable work upon machinery and to shorten the hours of such as must still be done by hand. As a matter of fact, these things are already being done. The world is getting rid of its disagreeable occupations. Men still mine coal, but other men are giving thought to the possibility of burning coal in the mines and transforming its energy into electricity. Little by little the bad jobs are being piled upon machinery and just as certainly the tendency is toward a shorter and shorter workday. By the time we have gradually lengthened life to two centuries we shall have as gradually got rid of disagreeable work and long hours.

Of course, our European friends—particularly the French—would scoff at such a civilization. They already have many things to say about the "mechanical life of America." They affect a certain contempt for machinery. They will get over it. America is not using too much machinery. We are not trying to paint pictures by steam or compose music by electricity. We are doing with machinery only the things that we could not do so well or so easily by hand. The more machinery we use the more quickly we can get our tasks done and turn to something else. It is machinery that now enables us to do our work in seven or eight hours instead of the fifteen that our ancestors used to labor. By the time we have learned how to live to be 200 we shall also have learned how to make life a little more worth while.

Edison, like everybody else, becomes tired, after a while, of working along a single line and turns to something else. After working upon machinery for months he will turn to problems of finance or business to rest his mind, as he expresses it. Most persons are unable to do this. Perhaps that is why so many persons say they would not care to live their lives over again. They have become bored. They have done the same thing too long. Yet life is now so short that it is impossible to choose a new occupation when one has wearied of his old one. It takes too long to prepare and become proficient. Lengthening shadows warn that the night is not far off. But with an average lifetime of two centuries it is conceivable that human beings might find the restrictions upon their desire for occasional change considerably decreased. A business life that extended to 150 years might well be devoted to a half-dozen different occupations, one after another. New zest oftentimes comes with a new job, provided the job be worth while. I know an editor who has recently abandoned journalism—after 40 years of it—and flown at scientific agriculture as he once flew at newspaper work. He had made his mark in journalism, there was really nothing more to be achieved, and he was more or less tired of it, when the idea came to him to abandon the whole thing and do what he wanted to do. Turning to the soil has tapped a new reservoir of energy and interest. One of the greatest advantages of longer life would doubtless be in the increased opportunity it would give to express the various sides of one's nature by changing occupations every thirty years or so.

Why There Are So Many Failures

If one had two centuries at his disposal one might also find it agreeable to familiarize himself with the earth by changing his residence from time to time. What American would not like to live twenty-five years in California, another twenty-five years in the Pacific Northwest, still another quarter-century in the Rocky Mountain country, a similar period somewhere in the South, perhaps twenty-five years in the East and the remaining seventy-five years in the places among the foregoing that he found he liked best?

The more Edison studies man the more clearly he realizes that the greatest of all changes that can come in the world are not in man's environment, but in man himself. This is rather a new view to take of the situation. We have looked upon man as something nearly if not quite fixed, particularly as to his span of life. It seems only yesterday—and it was not ten years ago—that physicians were still calling attention to the fact that while the average human life had been extended the result had been achieved by decreasing infant mortality—that nothing whatever had been accomplished in extending the age of the old. Probably most persons do not yet realize that better diet, better hygiene, better sanitation and less auto-intoxication are enabling even the oldest to become older.

As Edison himself grows older his mind, it seems to me, is directed more toward man and perhaps a little less toward his environment. Edison is now and has been for two or three years engaged in what amounts to a profound study of psychology. He is not studying anybody's books but he is studying people. He is trying to make original observations with regard to the motives and impulses that move men's minds. I take it, from what he has said to me, that he has found a wealth of surprising material and that he is somewhat astounded at the magnitude of the mass of material remaining to be explored.

"We are living in a world of illusion," he said. "Things are not what they seem to be. Men do not do as they do for the reasons that we think impel them to action. They oftentimes have quite different reasons. One reason there are so many business failures is because business men do not understand human psychology."

Eyes That Become Searchlights

Edison paused a moment and then added:

"A first-class business man is the rarest thing in the United States."

Edison looks little if any older than he did when he was 60. He weighs 182 pounds which may be a very little more than he used to weigh; perhaps not, but it seems as if his face is a trifle fuller than it was years ago. His color is good and his eyes are as luminous as of old. Edison has the most remarkable eyes; there is not another set like them in the whole world, as far as I know. They are unusually large, but it is not even their size that makes them so remarkable. Their uniqueness lies in the impression they give of a powerful intellect shining out through them. Whoever has watched Edison's eyes when his mind is working at high speed has seen something worth while. They are like searchlights.

Two hundred years would not be too long a life to suit Edison. He likes to live, he likes to laugh, and he likes to experiment. And, next to finding out what is so, he likes to find out what is not so. Having become convinced that it is wholly unnecessary for man to die even at the age of a hundred he does not place the limit at two centuries.

"There is no reason," he said, "why turtles and elephants should outdo man in the matter of age. Turtles live to be 200 or 300 years old and elephants the same. We shall yet do as much."

Billions for Pensions—And Votes!

One Person Out of Every Twenty-five to Share in Uncle Sam's Bounty

By AARON HARDY ULM

"I VENTURE the prediction," said President Harding in vetoing a general pension bill about two years ago, "that with such a precedent established (as carried in the bill) the ultimate pension outlay in the half-century before us will exceed $50,000,000,000,"—that is, a billion dollars a year for Federal pensions for fifty years to come!

Students of the subject say that the prediction was a conservative one. Even without the precedent which President Harding prevented being made—at that time—the Federal Government very probably will spend on pensions, during the period of the generation now emerging, much more than the sum mentioned. Some predict that these expenditures will amount to from seventy-five to one hundred billion dollars, even though no other war adds to the present most numerous pensionable class. And the money cost is not the most significant phase of this prospect. The most significant phase is that having to do with voting.

Federal Government pensions for wars that have occurred will not end in fifty years. Pensions for wars now past will cost more fifty-five years hence than they do now. Expenditures for pensions for wars that already have occurred will be made probably 150 years hence.

Independence War Bill Now Closed

The last pension on account of the War of Independence was paid in 1910, *nearly 130 years after that war ended.* The stipend went to an aged woman whose father fought in the Revolution.

The War of Independence is the only one of ours whose pension accounts have been closed.

On June 30, last, 33 persons were drawing pensions on account of *the War of 1812.* On the score of services rendered in the Mexican War, *eighty years ago,* 1,347 persons, mostly widows of veterans, were drawing pensions.

Yet pensions for the above wars have cost next to nothing when compared with what Uncle Sam has spent and is spending on account of later wars. Pensions for the War of Independence cost the Federal Government, during nearly 140 years of pensioning on account of it, only $70,000,000—not much more *than is paid now each month* for pensions or what is tantamount thereto and their administration.

In fact, many more persons are now engaged in administering pensions of all kinds than were ever on the Revolutionary War pension rolls at any one time.

Pensions for the War of 1812 have cost only $46,000,000, just about what it is costing annually to administer Federal pensions of all kinds.

Pensions paid to date on the score of the Mexican War have cost only $56,000,000.

These sums are mere trifles compared to the nearly $750,000,000 one now absorbed annually by Federal pensions or equivalents.

It is not the purpose of this article to question the merit of any class of pensions paid by the Federal Government. As a whole our pensions are meritorious expressions of appreciation from a grateful people.

The figures above show that *early America was very, very careful about the granting of public pensions.* When, thirty-five years after the War of Independence, Congress provided for paying small service pensions to indigent survivors of that struggle, there resulted a national sensation, the record of which still figures in the histories of the period. When on two occasions during the last three years Congress enacted bills which would have added from fifty to one hundred million dollars to outlays for pensions on account of wars prior to the last, the newspapers gave but a few lines to reports of the transactions.

Early America, while suspicious of them, was not opposed to all forms of pensions. The First Continental Congress decreed that pensions should be paid to persons disabled and to the dependents of those who lost their lives while serving in the Revolution.

Not until 1818, however, did Congress provide for paying anything like general service pensions to surviving Revolutionary soldiers. Payments then were to be limited to ones in need.

All and Sundry Get on Pension List

Under this first general service pension act, 27,948 persons applied for admission to the rolls. *This number was greater than that of Washington's army at any one time.* About 18,000 of them were put on the pension lists. Later it was found that the claims of one-third of these were fraudulent.

"Men who never served at all, or for only very short periods," says a historian, "men who had given away their property to their children or conveyed it in trust for their benefit—in short, every one who was old enough to have served in the Revolution found little difficulty in getting on the pension lists."

The scandal caused Congress, in 1820, to pass what is known as the "alarm act," so called because of the alarming scramble for pensions which had taken place. This act led to 8,000 names being struck from the pension rolls.

Insofar as the writer's researches show, this is the only "step backward" ever taken by Congress in the matter of pensions. Virtually all of the pension bills passed since that time have had one or both of two ends in view—more and bigger pensions.

Pensions, however, never mounted hugely in national affairs until after the Civil War. And despite the big place that alleged "pension grabbing" occupies in the history of the time, cold statistics show that during the twenty-five years following the Civil War pensions amounted to little as compared with their huge increase in later years.

For the first five years following the Civil War, the Federal Government paid out for pensions of all kinds only $117,201,584. That is, that aggregate amount reached the beneficiaries. Administration cost from five to six hundred thousand a year in addition.

> One out of every 150 persons in the United States draws a pension.
>
> One out of every 25 persons in the United States is receiving or has been promised a pension.
>
> Other pensions and doles for the at present unpensioned classes are being asked for.
>
> Three thousand pensioners of our government are foreigners who have never seen America.
>
> Civil War Pensions have already cost more than the amount both North and South spent on the War.
>
> In 1872, it was said that the pension peak had been reached. It was said again in 1902. The pension peak goes up all the time.
>
> We paid pensions on account of the War of Independence until 1910—a period of 130 years. We are still paying pensions for the War of 1812 and the Mexican War.
>
> The number of pensioners and civil employes is greater than some elected presidents have received as a plurality vote.

In 1872 the Commissioner of Pensions declared that *the peak had been reached.* And during that year less than $30,000,000 was paid to pensioners on account of all wars up to that time.

But the peak had not been reached. The amount thus expended moved upward from then on, the increase being checked only recently by President Harding and again by President Coolidge vetoing a bill which would have accelerated it immediately.

The number of pensioners increased, too, until those handled by the Bureau of Pensions reached the peak in 1902, when 999,448 were on the rolls. These were not all Civil War pensioners, but most of them were.

When Harding Vetoed a Big Bill

The total cost of Federal pensions in 1902 was $140,000,000.

Again it was announced, by one no less than the Secretary of the Interior, that the "crest" in cost as well as in numbers had been passed.

Yet in 1923 the same classes of pensions cost $263,012,500, though the number paid was only 539,756. This was because the amounts paid most of those on the rolls had been regularly increased, though admission to the rolls was made easier, as in the case of Spanish-American War veterans.

The cost of these classes of pensions decreased about $30,000,000 during the last fiscal year. On June 30, there were still on the rolls 399,951 Civil War pensioners, 146,815 of whom were survivors. There also were about 100,000 Spanish-American War pensioners on the rolls. These are increasing, while the Civil War pensions are decreasing at the rate of several thousand a month.

The bill vetoed by President Harding would have added about $100,000,000 to the sums going to pensioners on account of wars prior to the last one. It would have raised the minimum pension of Civil War veterans from $50 to $72 a month, and that of the Civil War widow from $30 to $50. All Civil War survivors are now qualified for pensions. Widows, however, are not qualified unless the marriages took place prior to June 27, 1905. The bill vetoed by President Harding would have permitted women to qualify for Civil War widows' pensions on the basis of marriages at any time prior to June 27, 1915, or at any later time, provided the applicant had lived with the veteran for as long as two years—even if she had lived with him though not formally married to him. Already there are on the Civil War widows' roll several hundred women who are still in their early forties. This bill would have permitted women born forty years after the Civil War to have qualified for life pensions of $50 a month as widows of Civil War veterans.

The bill vetoed by President Coolidge did not go so far as to widows but to the same extent as to survivors. Both bills carried increases for Spanish-American war veterans.

No doubt a similar bill will be pressed upon the next Congress. The last one missed passage over the President's veto by only two or three Senate votes.

Civil War pensions have cost to date about $6,500,000,000, and will cost one or two billion more before the last one is paid. It is estimated that *the cost already has exceeded the expenditures by both the South and North on the conduct of that war.*

However, the cost will never be, proportionately or otherwise, as great as the prospective cost of World War pensions.

To date all but a few World War pensions have been called by other names, such as "compensation," "allotments," "allowances," with "adjusted compensation"—which, however merited, is in every sense a service pension—to come. Expenditures on rehabilitation and hospitalization are for temporary or additional pensions in the form of service rather than cash.

The new system was adopted to obviate the pension scandals of old. However, it has cost to date about one-third as much as Civil War pensions have cost—or more than twenty times as much as all pensions cost during a similar period of time following the Civil War.

The Veterans' Bureau has spent in lieu of old-style pensions about $2,500,000,000, upon something like 1,000,000 beneficiaries. Many of these, however, are not now on the rolls, as, for instance, the dependents who received allotments during the war. There have been filed to date nearly one million claims for compensation—which is the new form of disability and death pension—and of these nearly 500,000 have been allowed. A great many of these have been eliminated, through restoration of the applicants or because it was found that they had been allowed improperly.

It is all but impossible to say how many persons are getting what are tantamount to pensions, in either cash or service, from the Veterans' Bureau. Nor is there any good estimate in terms of money as to what they are getting. This is because the cost of administration is so mixed with the cost of aid rendered that no one can tell definitely what goes to the veterans and what goes to the army of administrators who handle funds provided for them. The number is around a half-million and the funds spent annually about $450,000,000.

An interesting calculation was made several months ago by Senator King, of Utah. He showed that appropriations to the Veterans' Bureau had amounted to $2,400 for every compensation claim that had been made—that is, a pension because of death or disability—on account of the World War and to about $5,000 for every one that had been granted.

Most Demands Have Been Granted

The "adjusted compensation" bill makes it certain that what are equivalent to World War pensions will cost from a half to a full billion dollars for each of the next twenty years—in fact, in all likelihood the cost will average a billion dollars or more a year for the next fifty years. This, even though old-style pensions are not granted, as in all probability they will be before many years.

The new policy goes beyond the old in several basic respects. Being called by other names, several forms of World War pensions are given the status of property rights. "Adjusted compensation," for example, can be willed away like other property, even to the deprivation of dependents. In some instances a person may draw more than one pension, as in the cases of some women who draw pensions on account of husbands who served in the Civil War and compensation on account of sons who served in the World War.

The age-old meaning of a pension implies gratuity and not indemnity, excepting perhaps those given for disability or to the dependents of soldiers who lose their lives. The old laws, often "exposed" for their excessive liberality, took care to preserve this distinction.

It is the nature of pensions, once they are granted on a large scale, to expand—that's one reason why the country for a long time was chary of them. It is but human nature for the run of pensioners to be dissatisfied with the amounts received and when their numbers are large it is but political nature for Congress to give them whatever they demand.

During the last forty years most of the demands made by Federal pensioners have been granted—not always at the time but ultimately.

Every sane person knows the chief reason: *votes.*

"My vote on the ———— pension bill," a Congressman declared openly a few years ago, "increased my majority by 10,000."

Many pensioners are prone to think lightly on all other public questions except pensions.

The political influence of pensions may easily become a more important factor than the money cost, no matter how large.

Pensioners frequently are numerous enough to decide elections, and have sometimes done so.

It is all but a political truism that no member of Congress ever gains votes by opposing pension demands, no matter how extravagant; that opposition to any kind of pension bill always subjects a Congressman or Senator to serious political risk.

Where Abuses Have Been Conspicuous

In addition to pensions granted by general law, thousands of new ones, or increases, have been granted to individuals by special acts making exceptions in their cases.

Millions of Uncle Sam's pension funds go to foreign lands, for neither residence in nor citizenship of the country is a necessary requisite for one otherwise qualified getting a pension. On the old pension rolls there are something like 3,000 persons who live in other countries. *Some have never even seen America.*

While the claims of most pensioners are valid, the process of getting pensions has been, as a rule, so easy of utilization that thousands whose claims were in the main imaginary have been able to get on the rolls.

Abuses have been most conspicuous in the matter of disability pensions rather than in that of persons with no claim at all being enrolled.

Cases like that of the man who received $100 a month for total disability while serving as Commissioner of Pensions and in other high Federal offices have not been uncommon.

A recent investigating committee found that more than 800 employes of the Veterans' Bureau were drawing,

(Concluded on page 12)

This Talk of "Scrapping"

Admiral Gives the Naval View About Airplanes

EDITORS' NOTE—It is now recognized that all the talk about scrapping battleships in favor of airplanes was pure folly, and that the proposal to establish the air service as a separate military department is not feasible. But it is now generally acknowledged that the air service has been neglectfully treated, and that it has a right to greater support in its experimental development. The answer of the airman to the statement of the obvious present limitations of aircraft is—"Give us the means to go on experimenting. We can overcome these limitations."

This article gives an authoritative Navy view, and contains material essential to any balanced opinion of the matter. It represents a friendly view of the place of aviation in national defense.

By HILARY P. JONES, Rear Admiral, U. S. N.

A QUESTION of vital interest to the American people at this time presents itself in the pending discussion as to whether we shall have one combined independent air service. Simply stated, this means: shall we combine in one independent department the various air forces of the country? The consequences of the final decision on this question will perhaps be more far-reaching than most of our citizens realize. There are, of course, those who think it would be the best thing to do because of the commercial possibilities of aircraft. But in considering the advisability of an independent air service, the United States Navy is naturally interested from the viewpoint of national defense, and it is from that viewpoint that I discuss the question.

The Navy recognizes the great importance of aviation to national defense. The potentialities of aircraft both in the strategical and tactical operations of the fleet are very great. Scouting planes will prove a valuable asset to a fleet because of the fact that they can cover ocean areas quickly, within the limits of their operation, and would be an aid to the scouting radius of surface craft. The aid that a highly trained observer in an observation plane could give to a commander-in-chief in the event two hostile fleets were approaching each other might be very valuable. It is possible that the commander-in-chief, acting on information from aircraft, could place his forces in such manner as to decide the results of the action. Aircraft is recognized as indispensable to the fleet in assisting the control of gunfire by observing and reporting the fall of shot, technically called "spotting." This aid of aviation has already greatly increased the accuracy of gunfire, and will doubtless further improve the accuracy of firing. The firing range of a battleship was formerly restricted to the limit of vision from the fire control tops, but now the aircraft "spotter" can obtain a closer and more vertical view of the target and shell splashes than is possible from the firing ship. Further, the aviation "spotters" naturally increase effective gunfire well beyond the range of vision from any spotting position on the ship itself. There can be no question as to the value of aircraft to the fleet, and instances of this nature would be but cumulative argument. As before stated, a campaign of exaggeration and misstatement is not necessary to demonstrate the vital importance of aviation to national defense.

The question therefore takes this form: What is the relative importance of aviation as a means of national defense? Does its importance merit the creation of a new department and the establishment of an independent air force? Has aviation brought forth a new method of defense that will render possible the abandonment of our Navy? There are those who picture in fascinating language the ease with which an airship can destroy a battleship. The bombing of the *Ostfriesland*, that old German battleship, and two or three of our own old battleships has been the occasion of some false conclusions as to the vulnerability of modern battleships to air attack. It should be borne in mind that the ships bombed were of obsolete construction, and the watertight integrity they originally possessed was largely violated by water-tight doors being left open and watertight bulkheads pierced, and naturally no personnel on board to handle pumps, or otherwise serve the vessel. Further, the attacking aircraft was not hampered by a defensive aircraft force or anti-aircraft artillery. Aircraft can do great damage to surface ships, within the radius of their operation, if they are allowed to carry on their operations *without opposition*, as at the bombing of these old ships; but it must be borne in mind that the aircraft policy of any nation takes into consideration the question of anti-aircraft defense, both by aircraft and anti-aircraft artillery.

(C) Harris & Ewing.

ADMIRAL HILARY P. JONES.

Admiral Hilary P. Jones, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the General Board, that part of the U. S. Naval organization which acts as a general advisory committee to the Secretary of the Navy, was born during the Civil War, in Hanover County, Virginia, November 14, 1863. In 1880 he was appointed naval cadet.

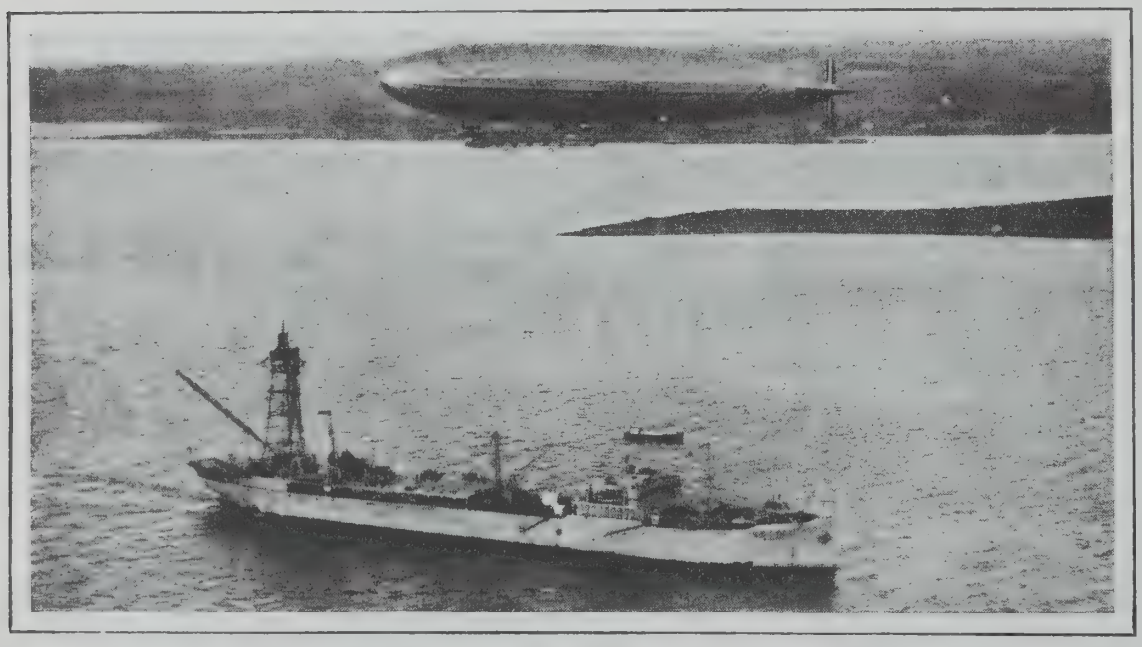
Upon graduation Jones was sent to the North Atlantic Station, first serving on the U. S. S. *Swatara* and later performing coast survey duty on the U. S. S. *Bache*.

In 1888 he was ordered to the U. S. S. *Nipsic* which, on March of the following year, miraculously escaped destruction in the Samoan disaster.

During the Spanish-American War Jones served on the *Dorothea*, a converted yacht, sent to join Admiral Sampson's fleet for patrol duty. Sea duty in various stations at home and abroad followed, with several years in the Philippines and as Superintendent of the Naval Gun Factory at Washington.

During the World War several important assignments were given Admiral Jones.

In December, 1922, Admiral Jones was selected for the highest command afloat—that of Commander-in-Chief of the U. S. Fleet. In August of last year, he was ordered to the Navy Department as Chairman of the Executive Committee of the General Board, where he helps outline the policy of the U. S. Navy.



U. S. S. *Shenandoah* mooring to U. S. S. *Patoka* at Newport, Rhode Island.

Douglas Wright SDW-1 scouting plane combat.

The Navy does not allow personal ambition or any other cause to blind it to the inherent limitations on the performance of aircraft. Such limitations are determined by physical laws from which there is no escape, as far as science can foresee, with materials now known to man. Heavier-than-air craft requires speed of motion to remain afloat in the air. The steam engine or the automobile can stand still on the land and the ship on the water, but the airplane cannot stand still in the air. It must move at high speed or come to earth. The gross weight of a plane, that is, the total weight of a plane fully loaded, is made up of the weight of the plane, power plant, personnel, fuel, lubricating oil, cooling water in case of water-cooled engines, controls and military load (machine guns and ammunition, bombs or torpedoes, radio, stores, and so on). Of these, the disposable weights are made up of personnel, fuel, lubricating oil, and military load. Endurance of the plane, that is, the distance it can fly, depends upon the weight of the fuel and lubricating oil carried relative to the expenditure an hour at economical cruising speed. The military efficiency of the plane depends upon the military load carried; the more weight of fuel that must be carried to reach the object of attack, the less weight is available for military load; and the heavier the weight of the military load necessary to accomplish the object, the less weight is available for fuel. It will be seen, therefore, that the farther the plane must go the less it can do in a military way, and the more it prepares to do militarily the less distance it can travel.

I have noted statements to the effect that an airplane of a given type had a cruising radius of so many hundreds of miles, and in the same paragraph I have noticed the statement that such an airplane could make so many miles an hour, and the further statement that such an airplane could carry so many bombs weighing so many hundreds of pounds. The paragraph was so framed as to give the general public the impression that here was a *super-airplane* that could perform *all* of these things *at the same time*, when, as a matter of fact, *it could not perform any two of them at the same time.*

There is a point beyond which the airplane cannot be developed to do useful work because the larger the plane, the heavier, therefore, the plane, and the less disposable the load it will carry, the less distance it can fly. Commander H. C. Richardson, who is recognized in the scientific world as a designer of reputation and a qualified aviator, states that a plane weighing forty or fifty thousand pounds marks the limit beyond which increase of size would not be profitable. It is the expert opinion of such scientists as Dr. S. W. Stratton, president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Dr. F. W. Durand, of the Leland Stanford Junior University, member National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics; Dr. D. W. Taylor, secretary National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics; Dr. J. S. Ames, professor of Physics, Johns Hopkins University, chairman Executive Committee National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics; Dr. G. W. Lewis, director of Aeronautical Research, National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics; Professor E. P. Warner, head of Department of Aero-Dynamics, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and many others, that the limits of performance of airplanes as given by Commander Richardson are substantially correct, although some of them consider that he is somewhat optimistic in his upper limits. Indeed, some consider that after forty thousand pounds, the radius of action rapidly decreases. An illustration of the relation of load capacity to radius of action is found in an airplane now building for the Navy in which it is hoped to make a non-stop flight from San Francisco to Honolulu, a distance of 2,100 nautical miles. If contrary winds of any appreciable extent and force are met, the plane may not be able to complete the flight. This is a plane of 24,000 pounds. It can start its flight with no disposable load whatever beyond the fuel, oil and personnel required to fly this distance. According to the best service design and operating conditions known, at present, a machine of 50,000 pounds under the same conditions might fly 2,600 miles, or 500 miles farther, but in such a flight these planes are limited as above to only their operating personnel, fuel, and lubricating oil. No juggling of figures nor mental prestidigitation will change these results.

Airplanes cannot fly across the Atlantic or across the Pacific to any points on our coast or in our continental territory with any military load sufficient to do serious damage. The only possible way they can reach us is by being brought over the sea to within striking distance of our coast, on surface carriers. It will be the duty of the Navy in the unfortunate eventuality that war should come upon us from overseas to see to it that no carriers of heavy-duty planes are permitted to come within striking distance of us. That the Navy may fulfill this duty, all of the means known to modern science must be employed and must be kept to the highest point of efficiency. This naturally includes an adequate supply of aircraft for all ships capable of efficiently carrying and launching such aircraft. It has been stated in the public press, by some individuals who are in a position to know better, that aircraft may be transported in and supplied by submarines. The operation of planes from submarines has been investigated and found inexpedient. Submarines as a service of supply for airplanes on a large scale will not be practicable, due to the limited space in submarines that may be allotted to cargo carrying even in the largest size so far developed. From what has been stated above, it is evident that airplanes cannot furnish

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Time to "Get Into the Air," America!

World Now Awake to Uses of Aircraft in Peace and to Preserve Peace

By ERNEST JONES

TIME is money. Time flies. Let business travel on the wings of the wind. Centuries of time can be saved to the business men of America.

Africa, Argentina, Austria, Australia, Czecho-Slovakia, Colombia, Denmark, England, Finland, France, Germany, Holland, Hungary, India, Italy, New Zealand, Poland, Rumania, Russia, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Turkey, and the puny nations of the earth are today flying to work. Every one of these countries is using aircraft for travel and for the transportation of mail and goods. Spain is preparing an airship route to South America and England is building the greatest airship for service to India.

"America first in the air." Huh! Even the "Sick Man of the East" is getting better by air.

When we consider where the business man, the banker, the farmer, the grocer, the lawyer, the merchant, can use aircraft to advantage, we think first of transport.

There's a certain percentage of men in all walks of life who must get from one place to another. Some go by boat, others by rail. A smaller number finds the extra-fare trains important. A still smaller number—though sufficiently large—would doubtless find aircraft indispensable, did we have them to offer.

In Europe, where distances are comparatively short, where interstate traffic is less than in America, where time is not such an important factor as with us, where mail-order merchandising is not so well developed, and subsidized air lines are supported for political reasons rather than directly for profit—business men are using the airplane in commercial life to get themselves, their valuables, mail and newspapers from one place to another in the minimum of time. They would use the airship were one in commercial use. They did use it to capacity in Germany until the World War.

What Other Countries Are Doing

In the last five years, airplane air routes have covered 20,110,700 miles, or more than 800 times around the earth at the equator. There have been transported 121,496 passengers, 7,144,570 pounds of mail, and 7,600,000 pounds of goods. More than 8,500,000 miles are being flown this year—and these figures do not take into account miscellaneous flying for hire, for pleasure, or the flying of army or navy men.

On British lines last year the number of passengers carried was 54,240, one and a half times the travel of the year before, and that year bore the same relation to the year before that. The same is true of French lines. More than fifteen thousand persons crossed the Channel by air last year. Did all these Channel trippers pay $60, or whatever the fee now is, merely for the thrill, if thrill there is?

C. M. Ripley, of the General Electric Company, comes home from Europe and says he traveled 5,000 miles on the ocean, 2,000 miles by air, and only 800 miles by railroad. He couldn't ride an airplane an air transit mile in America if he had to go to jail.

The airplane isn't merely a passenger carrier, however. The volume of goods transported by air in France and England has increased two and three times over that of the year before. British air imports and exports by air total $3,410,242, with a great annual increase.

British cross-Channel planes have been increasing in number faster than the passenger traffic warranted. Merchandise by air! There's no sentiment here. There's more profit in goods traffic.

Air transport has taken its definite place in almost every other country of the world. Europe is a network of great organized uniformly operated airplane routes. And they operate. Financially burdened Europe sees a future in the air—for national security and the transport of persons and parcels; and forthwith makes flying an everyday mode of communication.

Closer relationships mean better national understandings. The airplane's contribution to world peace may be greater than we realize.

But why not in America?

America, by nature, the chosen spot of all the world for civil air travel and goods transportation, with her far-flung territories and insular possessions, her great centers of population and industry so widely disposed, with her push and energy—and behind the times!

But Why Not in America?

When a business man can go by air between New York and Chicago, for instance, in 8 to 10 hours in greater comfort than in the 20 of extra-fare trains, will not some adopt the faster way? Even at a still increased rate? There would seem to be no argument. That for the airplane. The New York-Chicago airship fare will be no more than for train service, taking time into consideration.

Would anyone in a hurry to get to Frisco—and there's a lot of us in a deuce of a hurry—argue between the train and the airship when it's a matter of 5 days against 30 to 45 hours by air? Chicago to London in 2 days—engineers' figures.

But think of the documents and papers, small express—all with the speed of the telegraphic night letter.

Is the safety factor uppermost? In two and a half million miles of airship operation during the World War the British lost not a passenger. More than forty thousand passengers were carried on German passenger routes and not a person injured—and in hydrogen airships. In America we have helium, an absolutely non-burnable gas.

The airplane furnishes a still faster means of communication. The flying time of the air mail from coast to coast, picked at random from the records, is 29 hours and some minutes. Let's disregard the minutes when days are being saved. The Post Office has shown that it can be done in a hurry in 26 hours.

Safety in the airplane? Two million miles—fourteen months of operation—without a fatality in the air mail. Two and a quarter million miles on French lines with but three accidents; British cross-Channel routes had no fatalities to passengers in 630,000 miles. On the Cairo-to-Bagdad air line of 1,500 miles accidents are unknown. Germany has eliminated casualties from commercial flying. In the past five years of flying on British and Dutch air lines the passenger-miles a passenger fatality were 2,663,300—not far behind the record of a big New England railroad where the train miles a passenger casualty were 4,400,000.

One can always get insurance. There is no longer any apprehension as to commercial flying—in Europe.

Reliability? Certainly, we must have that. Though the extra-fare trains are paying refunds for damages to the schedule we can't be taking chances with the airplane schedule.

The United States Air Mail schedule calls for some 2,000,000 miles a year and the Post Office planes are now flying the ten-millionth mile. More than half of these trips in the last five years were made in rain and snow, hail and fog when terrestrial locomotion was embarrassed and we left the "flivver" at home in the morning. For the last year the percentage of trips completed of those scheduled was 96.39. The percentage of performance has crept higher and higher every year. During the last three summers, when air travel on European routes was found to be heaviest, the United States Air Mail operated at 100 per cent efficiency. That's perfect. French lines maintained 98 per cent, Britain 88 per cent, Germany 90 per cent, Denmark 92 per cent; Russia is practically perfect.

Trains arriving on schedule in New York State in the last ten years averaged 81 per cent.

There is always an urgent demand in some one place for something from another. An industrial plant needs a part of its machinery; it faces a loss of production if not a shutdown. What premium is offered for every minute saved?

News while it's news. The airplane in news-gathering—privately owned or operated by service companies. It not only reaches the spot first but furnishes news that is in its own special class.

George Murray, staff photographer of the Boston *Journal,* recorded on June 26, 1914, the first known instance of news illustration from aircraft. He photographed the fire which destroyed a large part of Salem, Massachusetts. This one picture furnished a more vivid realization of the devastation than any text could give. Pictures are news. The last international yacht race was filmed from the air by a New York newspaper employing a commercial air photographer. News photos and reel films have been carried all over the country by air in past years.

Photography From the Clouds

This air photography is an established business now. A few concerns are actively engaged in it, making mosaics of cities, of estates, photographs of real estate developments and projects of various kinds for governments, municipalities, companies, and individuals. The field here is wide.

Lots of things happen in out-of-the-way places. The news is brought by telegraph. If sufficiently important, special correspondents are dispatched by terrestrial means. The chances for a "beat" are about even.

Enterprising newspapers can now have their airplanes and pilots at the municipal flying fields—and cities *are* getting them. Look at Hartford, for one example. She has her extensively equipped aerodrome and others have followed in her wake—the air line to the scene and the story by wire a day or days ahead of the earth-bound competitors; the picture by air while the reporter remains to cover the rest of the story with a follow-up as still another beat.

Of course, it's only a question of time when all the papers will have airplanes and the race then will be the race of today; but the feature of all this is that news must be fresh enough for public consumption. The papers of tomorrow will garage their airplanes on their home roof. Even this is not fancy entirely.

The present-day universal propeller permits getting off and alighting in the smallest of spaces. Naval pilots, without even this aid, are landing daily on the decks of airplane carrier ships like our own *Langley.* They take off by catapult from cruisers and land in the water alongside. Flying off buildings was long ago done just to demonstrate the possibility.

Practically every thought-of civil application of the airplane has been actually demonstrated, mostly in America, with eminently satisfactory results.

Jenkins is sending news pictures by radio now. Tomorrow the journalistic airplane will carry its small sending set and camera, alight at the scene and send the picture by wired radio over local telephone lines to the nearest news-picture syndicate broadcasting station where it will be boosted to the ends of the earth, to be picked up by associated radio picture subscribers and turned into plates to be printed within an hour after the airplane has arrived at the x-mark. That's not fancy, either. It's being done now, save for the airplane end of it, and it's no stretch of the imagination to think of a sending set in a commercial airplane when everyone knows that military airplanes have been sending by radio since before the World War.

Closely connected with newspaper enterprise is the actual use of the airplane by a pulp and paper company of Canada for hauling supplies and personnel, but mainly for photographic survey and inspections of timber tracts. The airplane for the timber cruiser is now history. Representative and varied forest areas were photographed, checked by land cruising, and the pictures then used for comparison with those of other areas by which lumbermen were able to determine the exact extent of certain kinds of growth and the amount of timber. The limit error in ground cruising is 10 per cent; the airplane reduces this to 5 per cent. The Dominion Government is now using the airplane camera widely in similar work. Hundreds of thousands of acres along the "Road to Mandalay" were surveyed by air last year and Colombia and the United States have done extensive air mapping.

The saving of time is the big factor, just as in passenger and goods transportation by air. The United States Geological Survey used the airplane in its first practical attempt at aerotopographic mapping in the Schoolcraft quadrangle of Michigan in 1920. The area included 220 square miles and 273 photographs covered it. The actual time employed in taking the photographs was 7 hours and the total cost of the work, exclusive of the pay of Army Air Service members who made the flights, was at the rate of $3.50 a square mile. The total time consumed in the work was 5 days, including the time of flying to the place and return to the home station. It could be hardly expected that a man could walk over this territory and make a ground survey in many times these days. Since then, the airplane has been in almost constant use in government and municipal mapping, here and abroad.

As Carrier for Pest Extermination

The grocer is indirectly interested in the airplane. Aerial farming is now being practiced. Fruit growers have been interested in the possibilities of treating large areas of fruit trees from airplanes in a way that would be more rapid and efficient than from the ground. The Department of Agriculture took up the work in cooperation with the Army Air Service and the Chemical Warfare Service.

The city entomologist of Cleveland, after experiencing difficulty in spraying closely planted large trees in a suburban park, thought that such a tract could be dusted from the air.

He communicated his idea to the Ohio Experiment Station and enlisted the army in the venture. The opportunity for testing the airplane idea was afforded by a grove of catalpa trees, 6 acres in extent, at Troy, Ohio. The grove was being defoliated by the catalpa sphinx caterpillar in June and the second brood came in force in early August and was stripping the new crop of leaves when the dusting checked them.

The plane flew by the grove six times. A strong wind carried the poisonous dust over the entire grove at the rate of 10 acres a minute. Since the work was so very effective, the entomologists figured that the airplane made needless passes and now estimate 30 acres a minute as to the probability.

"Within three days after the application," said Dr. H. A. Gossard, state entomologist, "99 per cent of the caterpillars were dead and were strewn on the ground, hanging from the trunks and limbs, making the grove indescribably foul and repulsive." The airplane delivered the goods.

The airplane proved more advantageous than the horse in the dusting of cotton. For the past three years the Department of Agriculture has been fighting the boll weevil and the cotton leaf worm from the air. These experimental results have given such great promise that a special report has been printed on the subject and an airplane manufacturing company is making airplanes for this purpose. Is it possible that the airplane is going to reduce the cost of the shirt on our back? We are now planting twice as much cotton as we can use or sell, merely to give the boll weevil his rake-off.

The Teapot Dome oil reserve was awarded a commercial company for exploitation. A map or its equivalent was wanted. The territory included 330 square miles. This was photographed by airplane and the prints matched together into a mosaic. The time was eleven days for the taking of the pictures. The mosaic showed every tree, building, road, derrick and tank, as it actually existed. The airplane in the oil and mining industries!

The Airplane for Advertising

Aerial photography offers the widest opportunities in its application to everyday, academic, artistic, commercial, and governmental life. Landscape architects are now using aerials of estates, for these furnish features obtainable in no other way.

Air advertising? We have seen the airplane writing in the sky. There is nothing marvelous about this perfectly practical and attractive method of drawing attention to a product. This is but one method of aerial advertising. This field is not yet touched.

For personal business? Certainly! There's an oil man in West Virginia, after whom a town is named, who boasts that he does his business by air. He has a flock of machines, pilots and mechanics and he travels everywhere by air on his business. He took a pleasure trip to the Yellowstone, by air. He is using the airplane because it is a more economical system of passenger transportation—it saves valuable time.

In reclamation work the government has used the

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Is It a Man's Gifts or His Training?

Education Has Its Undoubted Value; But What About Brains?

By LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH

ON MY desk just at hand in the morning mail there lies a lyceum bureau's list of speakers for the year. I find that I have heard of many of them, and yet the name of a "distinguished publicist and lecturer" therein included has never before, as my memory goes, come under my eye. This bureau is only one of many, and from some of the others I now and then receive information regarding various other notables concerning whom I have been hitherto quite ignorant. This fact, the fact of my lack of acquaintance with even the names of some considerable number of the notables, is a thing to be thought of in the light of two questions.

Am I somewhat blind to the things that are going on about me?

Is the world so full of men who are doing things that no man can reasonably be expected to keep track of their activities?

It is something more than my own vanity or egotism that makes me disinclined to give an affirmative answer to the first question. There are certainly many things in which I am not deeply interested. I remember that Voltaire declared himself concerned with anything with which any other human being could be concerned. He therefore rebukes me somewhat until it occurs to me that Voltaire's world was very different from the world in which I live. He was not submerged by the things in which he was interested and to which he could not give adequate attention. I am. On every hand I am assailed by men who have to their credit achievements challenging my regard. I can listen for but a moment to any one of them before turning to give my ear to some one else.

How About Our Great Men?

WHEN again I look upon the lists with which I am confronted I must ask myself another question. Are we producing as many great men, relatively, as many great minds, as came into being a hundred or two hundred years ago? On the other hand, are we, perhaps, producing fewer really great men and only a host of capable but uninspired mediocrities?

Some years ago a scientist made a declaration that was rather more than interesting. His pronouncement was in effect that in the course of not many years the technique of scientific investigation will have become so thoroughly developed and organized that discovery and invention will go forward with very little dependence on individual initiative and ability in the investigator. So far as that is true, in the field of science, at least, we can substitute education and training for brains. Standardization will have triumphed in no small degree over the creative impulses and energies in man.

Invention is something creative; it has its source in native human endowment.

Discovery may be quite independent of the endowment of the discoverer. In some large measure, at least, it may go forward as the result of a process of training, as the product of education, as a profit upon the first cost of the expensive educational machinery of our day. In that machinery the individual discoverer may be no more than a cog revolving on a wheel by whose motion he is carried on without his will.

The distinction between invention and discovery is fairly observable in the difference between a Newton and a Shakespeare. Gravitation and its laws were so certainly in existence that, if Newton had not seen an apple fall and had not so been led to the making of a mathematical formula, some one else would in no long time have done that in his place. He did what the discoverer must do; he looked and saw. Clearly he was not passive in the fact. He applied a mind, and a fine mind, to the problem presented to him.

None the less what he did was different in both degree and kind from what Shakespeare did. It was at least at a lower level of intellectual initiative. Beyond that it differed from the work of Shakespeare in that, while some one would certainly have done it, if Newton had never lived, we should now have no "Hamlet," if Shakespeare had died in 1600. "Hamlet" is a work of invention. It deals with the material offered its author by the universe, but it does very much more than make report of findings. No other mind in the history of human intelligence, apparently, would have given or could have given to its findings the same fullness of interpretative comment.

Scientific investigation is a relatively recent activity of the human mind. In view of that circumstance it is an interesting reflection that the two highest forms of intellectual functioning, those of statesmanship and literature, antedate it by some thousands of years. Those activities may profit by research, no doubt, but they are not dependent upon it. Consequently they could come into being and could be carried to heights of substantial achievement before science had really found itself. Moreover they were more immediately essential and useful for the life already going on. The man with a gift for social organization and the man with a mind for the shaping of thoughts into some pleasant ordering of words early found themselves appreciated contributors to community life. They have held that place to the present and presumably will hold it to the end of time.

On the other hand, no longer than a century or two ago, the man with the mind of a chemist could not expect to busy himself in the exercise of his prime faculties. He was compelled to let them lie dormant while he followed the plow or hammered on the anvil. What was true of him was true of incalculable numbers of his fellows. The man with the brain of an electrician could not so much as dream of playing with the thunderbolt. Men have sung songs always, perhaps, but music had not then made its way as an art by which men could earn a livelihood. Most of the occupations to which we now devote ourselves were then not in existence. Consequently the faculties that those occupations call into play were unused. The possessors of them, however gifted in their way, were often enough forced into uncongenial modes of life and sank, perhaps, almost to the brute.

> **The world needs leadership, never more than now, and yet leadership was never so difficult as now. The man of originality, initiative, and insight is more or less displaced by the man whose gifts are only those that have been instilled into him by the training of education.**
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> **In our day it becomes consequently a question whether leadership shall go to brains without training, to training without brains, or to brains fortified by training.**

It is not to be understood that man made no scientific conjectures until recent times. Unrelated conjectures, however, have not been largely contributory to the general or special activities of the race. In chemistry some of the older civilizations appear to have achieved some important results. At a later date the Arabs made discoveries of moment. For our own day, however, chemistry seems to have had its beginning with Richard Boyle, who was born in 1627 and died in 1691. In the observation of plant life the long past has not been wholly uninterested and unthinking, but modern botany had its beginning as a science only in the seventeenth century. Upon these two sciences a great deal of modern life rests increasingly. Chemistry and botany go hand in hand in the production of food, whether on the farm or in the factory. Their development gives employment to a great diversity of human capabilities. They furnish opportunities for achievement and for leadership in achievement to minds that before our day must as minds, have lain fallow. They could have played with scientific guesses, if the labor of their hands had won them the necessary leisure, but there were no experiment stations and no laboratories where they could turn that play into the joy of work.

There is the great difference between the arts and the sciences that they are, the first, the products of human invention and, the second, the accretions of discovery. Between them there is constant interaction. The savage makes rude drawings with the colored juices of plants. Later he learns how to fix his colors in a medium. Oil preserves them for the eyes of future generations. When they have reached this degree of permanence they appeal to a finer and fuller ambition. Painting passes from an idleness into a devotion. Art has become immeasurably richer through the aid of science. None the less the painter is still greater than his paint, greater than the makers of paint.

Education is the great glory of the democracy of our day. In the degree in which it provides a technique by which the common mind may transcend its limitations it produces that semblance of equality that supports the democratic theory. It continually expands the ranges of human intellectual achievement. Aside from kings and lords, the priest and the writer and the lawyer were the public men of yesterday. Their words had a hearing beyond the words of others. Their heads towered above the heads of others in the ceremonial procession of the ages. In various and differing ways they took into their hands the destinies of their fellows and were its openly acknowledged great men.

"Gifts" Versus Education

THE priest has undoubtedly shrunk somewhat in stature in the last three hundred years. The didacticism of many a man who would once have worn the cloth spends itself now on the editorial page of a newspaper. The writer and the lawyer remain. They carry their heads as high as ever. If with the lawyer we may include the constructive maker of laws, they are our great men still. They deal with life and the fullness of its complexities. For their thinking no technique of discovery has been made available. They must invent new forms and new conceptions out of the experience of the race. They cannot direct that experience in the fashion of a laboratory experiment or of any other sort of technical research. They are only somewhat less dependent upon their own individual initiative than were their mighty predecessors such as Charlemagne and Plato, Shakespeare and Caesar. What they have learned from the great laboratory of life is chiefly not to say over anything that has been said vainly before, not to repeat the mistakes through which the empires of the past were turned into dust and ashes. Their laboratory is that of life in its totality. Always that has been a thing difficult for the mind to encompass within its mastery, and never has it been more difficult than now. In Caesar's day all Gaul was divided into three parts. Now that division is multiplied manyfold within the relatively narrow limits of the city of Paris.

Human greatness has at least two aspects, that of achievement and that of such inherent abilities as make achievement possible. Achievement at the higher levels, achievement that must take account of life as a whole, is more difficult than it ever has been before. At lower levels accomplishment has unquestionably become easier. It has also achieved richer results. No doubt it has further enlarged the capabilities of those who have carried it forward. Whether it has actually made them inherently greater or not, it has given them the appearance of greatness beyond that of their estate only a few decades ago. They at least make the great man seem less great by reason of his being surrounded by a host of others almost as tall as he. If they tower as high as ever above the ground they tread, they do not tower as high above the shoulders of their fellows.

From this situation there are several consequences of some human and social moment. The world needs leadership, never more than now, and yet leadership was never so difficult as now. The man of originality, initiative, and insight is more or less displaced by the man whose gifts are only those that have been instilled into him by the training of education.

The merely trained mind has pushed itself into rivalry with the gifted mind. The gifted man has vision. The educated man has knowledge and is contemptuous of the visionary.

No less is the man of ideas contemptuous of the judgments of the man who is tied to routine. It is almost immaterial whether that routine is carried forward to the sound of whirring machinery in a factory or waits patiently for results before a laboratory table. In either case the thinker sees the man so busied as a creature in some considerable degree subordinated to a process over which he has only an incidental control.

In our day it becomes consequently a question whether leadership shall go to brains without training, to training without brains, or to brains fortified by training.

While the question remains undecided, while the machine has not yet triumphed over individual capabilities, we can still change a little an old word and say that there are giants in these days.

An Intellectual Exchange

ONE of the dangers of an advancing civilization going forward through the mechanism of an educational process is that it opens the door to so many various activities as to endanger the social homogeneity of that civilization. Human beings are not equal and never can be, either individually or racially. The notion that they are so or may be so is no more than a dream of humanitarian sentimentalists. In any large social whole there will inevitably develop a social stratification that may approach or become a caste system. In a society in which class sectioning is on a single basis, that is not necessarily an evil. Intelligence and character should not be compelled to rub shoulders too closely with ignorance and vulgarity. Keeping them apart because of their fundamental unlikeness is justifiable.

In a society so diversified that it must have many measures of social value the problem is serious and may at any time become acute. It is acute from San Francisco to Boston and from Rome to Leningrad now. The superior man, thinking and inventing, devising and constructing, making and teaching his fellows how to make, has put instruments for his own undoing into the hands of all men everywhere. He is at the mercy of the outlaw who can buy a gun that neither he nor his father nor his father's father could have originated. He must borrow money from some trader who exploits the productions of others and for himself produces nothing. In such a world the gifted man, the superior man, has a handicap. He lives in an atmosphere of exchange. His gifts are turned into something for which he receives pay. After that give and take his gifts have largely passed from him to the purchaser. To the public eye they appear very much the same. The man endowed with an original possibility of greatness has lost his advantage and almost invariably his received no adequate compensation.

Education is a process of intellectual exchange. In the fashion of the world of trade it dispenses the capabilities of the richly endowed and so changes the poverty of the common man into what seems like affluence. The pioneers who made America and turned its original ugliness into beauty have been followed by a host of lesser folk eager to eat at our table. In popular education a like thing happens. It is the open door to immigration into the world of knowledge and of thought for all those who cannot for themselves force a way from their own familiar and well-trodden fields to the unknown and the undiscovered. They eat at the gifted man's table. Then when the feast is over and host and guests go out on the street together, there is to the common eye no appreciable difference between them. They talk the same language, because they have been talking together. By whose care in inflections and in verbal niceties of speech it has been brought to a sort of tonal unity, only the man who carved the fowl for the feast really knows.

None the less, despite all the obscuring of the vision that has come about in these ways and that must be recognized, we have great men among us. We should perhaps learn to recognize them more surely. Then we should see to it that their educational opportunity and profit is above the average as their gifts are higher. We should not permit them to be crowded to the wall by the mediocrities. If we cannot attend to the mediocrities and at the same time do the best for the best, we should let the mediocrities go. Education at the higher levels is for leadership, for initiative, for inventive achievement. Even in a democracy not all can lead. As soon as it is at all questioned whether we do or do not have great men, it is time to ask what we have done to them. Have we asked them to march in a mob and be one with anybody and everybody that chooses to come? Possibly, and even more than possibly, in my judgment, it is time to stand at the door of the college and the university and thin the mob on its way to the seats of honor. This very thing is now being done in America.

Mr. Ford's Page

THE majority of human minds being of single-track variety, seeing only one end or pursuing but one purpose at a time, it follows that human advance has been uneven. One interest has forged ahead of the rest, then lying fallow for a time while the neglected interest has its day.

The motives by which men move have differed at times, and though the quality of achievement has changed as the motive has changed, taken all together they have combined to produce one general result. And this general result is not bad so far as it has gone. It may be criticized, however, as having required too much time to have come as far as it has, and to have shown too great a reluctance to go farther.

In industry no doubt the first motive that ruled the making of things was the motive of use. Men made things because they could use them. The motive toward the making of an ax or a saw was the greater ease with which men could do their work, the greater results for the amount of energy expended. The initial motive of manufacture must always be that.

Commerce met manufacture and introduced another motive. The making of things became specialized and involved the necessity of selling things. Thus the profit motive arose. With the growth of specialized manufacture, the maker needed help; he called in others to work as he worked; he taught them the trade. In time his work became management altogether. The actual production was done by employes. The profit motive included a profit on other men's work, which in time led to complications. What was the right share for the employe? What was the right share for the man who created the opportunity, the method, the trade?

And all this has gone on developing in importance, bringing its full measure of fallacies with it, until today it is one of the "questions" which engage the world. We have what we call a working class, by which is meant an employed class. There are, of course, great multitudes of people who never will work for anyone but themselves; they are so constituted that employment by others is contrary to their natures. There are others, great multitudes, who would rather be employed than have the risks, responsibilities and extra hazards of being their own managers. People usually choose, according to their natures, which course they will take. Both courses are freely open to all. They are more open now, more various in their opportunities and choices, than they ever were before.

But it is usually around the employed class that the so-called "industrial question" revolves. When industry was centered upon the commodity made, or upon the market, or upon the profit, the interests of the workers were not specially looked after. But when interest was drawn off from the commodity and the market, and centered in the worker, the theory arose that he was the sole reason, the be-all and end-all, of industry. Everything existed for him.

One extreme does not correct another, it only changes the location of the difficulty. There is no single right in industry. The commodity has a right. The buyer has a right. The business has a right. The management has a right. The employed person has a right. The first is the right of honest quality. The second is the right of honest price. The third is a right of honest profit. The fourth and fifth are the right of honest reward. You cannot thin out any right for the exaggerating of another right without destroying the balance. And this is exactly what has been done in one way or another. Business has not been managed for all; it has been pulled and hauled between all.

There is always plenty of preaching to employers what they should do, as if they were the sole factors in the situation. And it sometimes begets a desire in employers to preach back. The matter is already at a place where the utmost efforts of a progressive employer are neutralized by a system that simply discounts every industrial advance that can be made.

Let it be recognized at once that the ideal to be striven for in the worker's behalf is an honest wage—not merely a "living wage," but a wage that provides a margin for something beyond a living, for the better things of life. And let it be recognized that with this there should go continuity and security of employment.

Beyond these, let it be recognized that it is an industry's duty to the public to produce its commodity at the lowest cost consistent with quality workmanship and material.

So, then, we have the public getting greater value at less cost, and employes getting high wages, wages that give them a margin for the better things of life. And this is not mere supposition. It actually occurs. These things are not dreams, they are actualities. They are being done.

What happens? Why, along comes a system that requires the worker to give up not only all his margin, but scrimp his living as well. That actually occurs. How? The dollars men receive may have as much as 40 cents chipped out of each of them. The dollars in the pay envelope have been deprived of much of their buying power. A concern gives its men high wages, and in every line of business there comes an increase in prices that simply neutralizes the effect of good wages. A factory increases its wage rate—and up goes rent, up goes bread, up goes clothing. There are more dollars, but they buy less.

This is a plain statement of what actually occurs. The commodity in mind is sold to the public at a lower price than before the war. Measure this in the purchasing power of dollars now as compared with then, and the price of this commodity is lower still—really 40 per cent lower than appears. This has been accomplished by a single industry trying to do right by the public, the business and the men.

But there is apparently no one engaged trying to make the dollar follow the same good practice.

Everyone is busy telling industry what it should do; when are they going to begin to tell Finance what it must do? With industry ever striving to give more for the dollar it receives from the public, and yet receiving less raw material for the dollar it gives the material supply; with industry ever striving to give more wages to the worker, and yet facing a financial situation that takes every wage increase and actually turns it into a wage decrease—it is time to pay a little attention to something besides Industry.

What we have overlooked in this country is the fact that there is a Money Business, just as there is a Bread Business and a Clothing Business and an Automobile Business and a Farming Business—and this Money Business is in business to make money out of money. And the only way to make money off money is to shave it somehow. People used to do this quite directly, they would shave the gold or silver coin itself, or bore out some of the precious metal and plug it with lead. That was rather crude and was punished with the penitentiary, sometimes worse. Another way to make money out of money is to make it hard to get so that people will always pay high to get it—borrow $100, receive $90, and owe $150. Another way was just to take a dollar and reduce its purchasing power to 60 cents.

And yet, no one seems to be doing much about it. To call attention to the Financial system is considered a sort of treason to stability. Well, Industry has gone ahead obeying its conscience and working toward a better order of life. But having come thus far it finds its efforts neutralized by this queer twist in Finance. The logical result of this is that Finance is in for the same scrutiny that Industry used to receive, and the same compulsory improvement.

INDUSTRY has been successful in procuring for the worker a wage that provides a margin for something beyond a mere living. Akin to this is the giving to the public of greater value at less cost. When the fact that a commodity is being sold at a lower price than before the war is measured with the present purchasing power of the dollar the price is lower still. There is a money business in this country just as there is any other business, and one way of making money out of money is to make it harder to get. Financiers do this by methods that would be severely criticized if used by the industrialist. Were an industrialist to lower wages and raise prices he would arouse a storm of criticism; but what of the financier that lowers the value of money and makes it less procurable?

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Are Wages Too High?

FROM the report of the Department of Labor somewhat may be learned of the condition of the employed classes, the men whose families must be sheltered, fed, clad and educated on the income derived from manual labor. The income of a workingman is not what he is paid an hour, nor a day, but what he actually receives in the course of a year. It is on the *annual income* that we must judge the worker's ability to make ends meet.

It will therefore surprise many to learn that the average yearly earnings of industrial employes in 1924 was but $1,300.

This average is not made up of the entire army of labor, for the year saw ten per cent of the available labor of the United States unemployed. The average is reached by dividing the total wages paid by the number employed. It takes no account of the number of days when workers were "laid off." It takes no account of the fact that an "average wage" means that for each man receiving more than the average, one, or two, or more receive less.

Steadiness of employment is therefore an element to be reckoned with. An ordinarily steady year should give 300 working days, but what with accident, illness and shutdowns, the number is often reduced. The trend in this country is toward high wages and steady employment.

There is, of course, always that type of mind which sees in these facts the opportunity to secure a decrease of wages in return for a promise of increased steadiness of work. Not only must the organization of industry be based on the principle of continuous operation, thus providing steady employment, but a "living wage" and a civilized wage, which leaves a margin, must be part of the service of industry. Nor is this all. We have learned that it is not only the wage, but what can be bought with it, that constitutes part of the problem. Increasing the number of dollars at the industrial end of the process is not an improvement while decreasing the buying power of dollars at the other end of the process. Steady work; a wage that includes a profit; and a dollar that buys a dollar's worth—these are sound principles.

France's Bogey

THE necessity of keeping "watch by the Rhine" has ever been France's bogey. Across this broad river the Gallic and Teutonic races have surveyed each other for centuries, and ever since the Franco-Prussian War, with all its bitter memories, this natural boundary has been guarded by the French more jealously than ever.

And now it is reported that Britain is willing to remove this nightmare that has troubled France so long, if that country will consent to cast off her militaristic attitude, and talk disarmament. No doubt were the fear of invasion from Germany once removed from France, that country would be more amenable to any suggestion for cutting down her forces or to any international scheme which had this for its common object.

The humiliating terms imposed by Bismarck on defeated France still rankle in the minds of the people, and France has made herself believe that Germany harbors revenge for her defeat in the late war, and is lying low until she gets her fighting machine into trim again. As long as this mutual distrust prevails there is a possibility of renewed trouble. The "snarling tikes," used by the plowman poet as a figure for two potentially belligerent nations, is quite applicable in this instance, and they now "snarl" far more than is compatible with the peace of Europe.

If Britain can solve the difficulty by policing the Rhine boundary, so as to allow France to turn her attention to more peaceful things, it will be doing good work.

If there is going to be another disarmament conference at Washington in the near future, it would be well if not only France, but Germany, were represented. Why should not these great and ancient peoples shed the past and plan a future based on mutual understanding and good will? Their common interests demand it. Europe and the world are looking for it.

News Reels and Reeling News

A CERTAIN droll writer, whose daily observations are printed in newspapers all over the country, remarked lately that the movies seemed to be going stale. And he added that, if any movie house wanted to refresh its audience, gratefully surprise it, earn its lasting kindly regards, let it give a solid show of news review pictures.

That seems like common sense. Who has seen anyone look bored while a news reel was being shown on the screen? Probably no one. And the chances are that a solid evening of news reels, with maybe a couple of travel and educational pictures added, would be a great rest for everybody, and would draw large crowds. Lots of people who are about fed up on "Torpid Lives," "Supine Souls," and "Lethal Loves," but who won't admit it, would probably jump at the opportunity to see a full program of varied happenings and scenes of a newsy and educational sort.

Right here is a good place to say something about the stuff published in the daily press under such headlines as, "Love Betrayed—$100,000 Balm Asked," "Hollywood Scandal Bared—Director Jailed," and so forth. There are plenty of people who want a rest from *that,* too, but who don't know where to look for it.

Then, again, reading nothing but the daily press is like riding a fast train: you see patches of everything, and the whole of nothing. You get information enough, but it's as bewildering in its way of arriving as a cyclone. A whirl of words that leaves the reader completely confused.

But the remedy for *these* drawbacks is available. If you feel the need of relief from sensational exposures and a little solidity and orderliness in your confusion, just begin reading a calm-tempered weekly review that deals in sound, sober surveys of events as a whole. That's an excellent way to keep the latest scare from running away with you. Try it.

Which Is Nobler?

A FRENCH jury, with typical regard for feeling above facts, has set a dangerous precedent. It has decided that *murder is justifiable under certain circumstances.* A certain Mdlle. Uminska, talented Polish actress, shot the Polish writer Zysnowski, who was dying of cancer. Uminska, who was passionately devoted to Zysnowski, and who had attended him during his illness, committed the deed because of his expressed wish that some one would "put him out of his intense pain."

The prosecuting attorney threw up the case, leaving the jury to decide, and Uminska was acquitted.

No man can ever predict what a French jury may do; but the decision that a person in pain may be shot like a disabled or wounded animal opens the way to appalling possibilities. Who is to decide that a case is really hopeless or that the patient is only in great pain? It is common for neurotic persons, or for a man with the toothache, to feel that they have come to the end of endurance. Are such persons to be taken at their word when they express a desire to be relieved of life?

The idea is too fantastic for serious consideration. Homicide is but too lightly regarded even now, and such a perversion of the law against the taking of life if persisted in would leave behind it a hideous trail.

During the late war, surgeons performed miracles in piecing together shattered humanity. Examples of sublime fortitude and devotion to duty were by no means rare. By such examples the world is made better and braver, and the human race is ennobled. This cannot be said for the precedent set by the jurymen in France.

A New Exodus

DURING the past year no fewer than two thousand applications for visas were made by Jewish rabbis to United States consulates in Poland. There is an ever-increasing emigration of rabbis from Poland, mainly to the United States. This exodus, it is said, is due to the economic crisis in some parts of Poland, owing to which the Jewish congregations are no longer in a position to assure a decent living to their spiritual leaders.

The authority for this statement is the London *Observer,* and the source of information is its correspondent in Warsaw.

Whatever is the genesis of this exodus, the reason behind it as given by the *Observer* correspondent seems a somewhat peculiar one. The primary cause is stated to be the "economic crisis" which at present afflicts Poland, and the secondary cause, that the Jewish congregations have become so poor that the rabbis cannot get a "decent living."

If all of these applications are from bona fide rabbis, it looks as if the Jews in Europe, but particularly in Poland, will soon be wandering in the wilderness without spiritual shepherds. And certainly there is no demand for 2,000 more rabbis in the United States. According to Jewish reports, there are now too many rabbis of the Volstead variety.

According to American immigration laws, rabbis, like other clergymen, are freed from the obligation of being included in the immigration quotas on producing their credentials. American consuls apparently think there is something wrong with the whole business, because despite the fact that the applicants have presented all necessary documents and certificates the consuls are refusing to grant the necessary visas owing to the excessive number of applications.

This seems a very wise course to pursue pending a more convincing reason for the rush of rabbis to America. We do not find, despite the destitution that undoubtedly exists in England, that there is a corresponding exodus of the clergymen of the established church, or that thousands of priests are deserting their flocks of impoverished Belgium with the blessing of the Supreme Pontiff. Why rabbis should be alone represented in this exodus raises a question.

Undoubtedly American consuls are acting discreetly in ceasing to grant visas to rabbis until some better reason is adduced for their desire to leave Europe in such numbers.

A Costly Whistle

DURING the year 1924 the people of the United States paid $10,000,000,000 for maintaining their various forms of government. This establishes a new record. One might juggle with these figures and try to find out exactly what they mean to the country. It is estimated that they represent an expenditure of more than $20,000 a minute.

This is a colossal sum, and one wonders whether the country is not "paying too much for its whistle." The Federal Government, of course, comes first in the using up of this mountain of money, followed by the state and municipal governments. Are those who have to foot the bills for these various forms of government getting value for their money? Are things being run as they ought to be?

Now and then we hear of some government department or of some city or town where the financial management has shone like a star in the cloudy heavens, but the story is usually of quite a different nature.

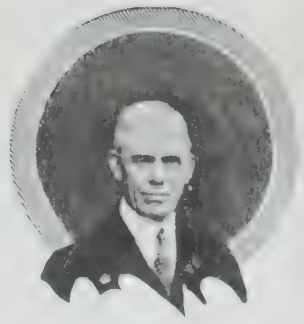
Are there too many government jobs, and are there too many men for the jobs that there are? These are questions to which it might be well to find an answer. But where is the process of investigation to begin? There is certainly an impression abroad that the administrative end of this country is shamefully overstaffed, and that thousands of jobs have been created simply to satisfy hungry office-seekers. This is not attributed to the fault of any particular government or to any particular form of government, but to a fungus-like accumulation of many years.

Have not a good many offices seen their day; are not others obsolete? Has there not been within the past quarter of a century or so a huge multiplication of laws, and a corresponding increase of those who are supposed to administrate them? Are there not a good many administrators who do not administrate and officers who have very little to do?

In view of the billions spent—and the amount is still rising—would not this be an opportune time for a general stock-taking and inventory of all the governmental paraphernalia which has hitherto been considered necessary to secure us that liberty which is our proudest boast? It would be well to know if we are really paying too much for our whistle, as the boy Franklin did.

Some Boys Who Saw Alaska

Teaching Young America to "Think Continentally"



George E. Buchanan.

By E. L. M'COLGIN

ALEXANDER HAMILTON once asserted that it was necessary for Americans to "try to think continentally." George E. Buchanan, of Detroit, has devised a plan whereby groups of boys, during their summer vacations, may acquire a basis for such thinking.

As a small boy in Ontario Mr. Buchanan secured for himself a journey from Thamesville to Glasgow. Being in the employ of a shipowner whose boats crossed the Atlantic, he one day requested the shipowner to permit him to go abroad on one of the vessels. His employer, an outspoken Irishman, at once asked,

"You mean you want me to give you the passage?"

"No," the boy replied, "I have saved one-half of the amount, the other half I intend to earn and repay when I come back, if you will let me go."

That voyage convinced Mr. Buchanan that travel is the best education for business and for life.

Out of that voyage, and many subsequent ones to Europe and to all sections of North America, there grew a dream, out of which in turn there grew the subject of this article: Mr. Buchanan's trips to Alaska for boys.

One evening in 1923 he was talking to the son of a friend about Alaska. The interest of the boy led Mr. Buchanan to unfold to him the first tentative plan of his friendly scheme. He and the boy talked it all over; the amount of time and money that would be required, what the boys would see, how it would benefit them. He had reached the conclusion that a trip to Alaska, of all possible trips, would be of most profit to young boys as a first venture at seeing the world. It would furnish them with an adequate idea of their own country, they would see the glacial stages through which the section of the earth to which they were accustomed had passed, and they would come into contact with a life which appealed to Mr. Buchanan as being broader, less selfish, and more healthful than that in the midst of which they lived.

A few days later a group of this boy's school friends met with Mr. Buchanan who set before them a completed plan. The trip to Alaska would require a month, July would be the best time; the cost for each of them would be $375; it would be an orderly and comfortable trip in Pullman cars; wherever they stopped they would live at the best hotels; a scout master and a physician would accompany them. The itinerary should include Chicago and St. Paul on the way to Calgary, which they would reach in time for the annual round-up of the West. From there they would travel to Banff and Lake Louise, two of the most glorious places in the Rockies. Then on to Vancouver where they would leave the Canadian Pacific Railroad and take one of the Canadian boats which travel up the inner channel, so that the boys should escape possible seasickness and see the wooded islands, foothills, gorges, and steep waterfalls of the nearby mainland. The water journey would end at Skagway, the tragic center of the gold rush of '97 and '98. From there the boys would proceed to White Horse by way of the White Pass and Yukon Railroad which follows the mountain trail over which the gold-seekers made their difficult way. On the return journey they would stop at Carcross, Atlin, Skagway, Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Portland, Spokane, and Butte.

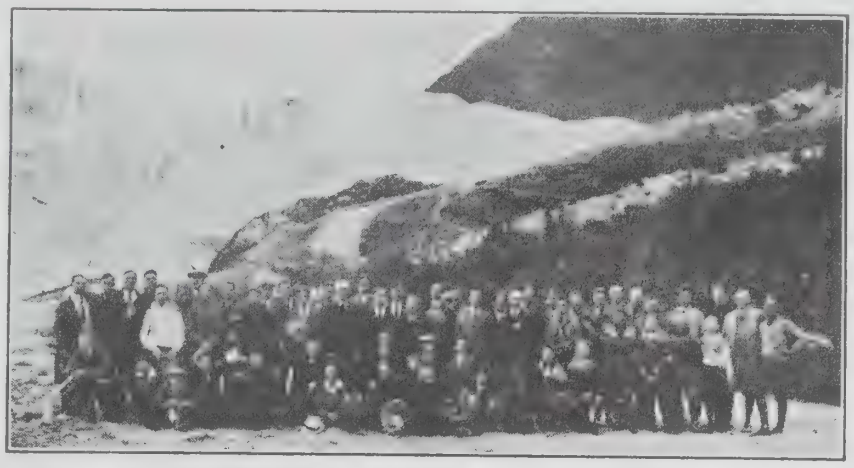
It was a prospect to stir the blood of any boy who had read Rex Beach or Robert Service or, for that matter, of any boy at all.

The means by which Mr. Buchanan proposed to make it actual were these: Each boy should earn and save between that date and the close of June, $125; each parent should contribute $125 as an investment in the education of his son, and Mr. Buchanan would supply the remaining $125 as the Ontario shipowner had once supplied a similar sum for a similar journey to him, and on the same terms, that the money should be repaid out of the boy's subsequent earnings. The money might be returned at any time during the next dozen years. There were to be no promissory notes exchanged, the agreement would be verbal, a gentleman's agreement. In the event that a boy's parents should be unable to let him have the $125, which Mr. Buchanan felt they should be ready to invest in a boy who had the industry and the thrift to earn and save his own one-third of the total $375, that should be no deterrent; in such a case Mr. Buchanan would himself assume the two-thirds.

At a later meeting of a larger group, Mr. Buchanan disclosed that the money could best be earned by salesmanship, and that he would be glad to buy at wholesale for the boys a supply of pencils, housewives' spatulas, fire shovels and coal baskets, all articles for which there should be a ready sale. They might also, if they wished, sell coal for his company at the regular commission.

Within a few weeks there were 179 boys sending for railroad folders of the Canadian Pacific, the Northern Pacific, and the Union Pacific, reading books about Alaska, studying maps of it, seeing motion pictures that illustrated it, in the intervals of school and studies, and selling to everyone with whom they could come in contact, pencils at ten cents, with a profit of six; spatulas at fifteen, with a profit of eight; japanned baskets at fifty cents which allowed a profit of nineteen, and fire shovels which they sold for fifteen and on which they cleared five and one-half cents.

There were, ultimately forty-four boys who made the first trip. Not all of them were Detroit boys. One of them lives at Medicine Hat, Canada. Each of these lads had earned his complete sum. Half of them did it by selling the wares which had been provided for them, others earned it by caddying, selling newspapers, constructing radio sets, working as messenger boys. Of that group one-third have repaid in full the sum which Mr. Buchanan had advanced and 50 per cent of the remainder have made substantial payments.



Guests of the Juneau Boy Scouts, Mendenhall Glacier.

Party at New Westminster, British Columbia.

Parents were not accepted for the trip. Away from his parents, from the home atmosphere, a boy had a better chance to practice self-reliance. But that the boys' welfare should be entirely safeguarded, a second physician and also three women were taken along. Mr. Buchanan wished the mothers of the boys to feel that if a woman's care was needed it should be forthcoming. The entire sum of $375 was turned over to each boy's care and keeping. Each boy went to the station to buy his own ticket and make his own reservations. Each went to a bank and bought a New York draft for $25. When any boy, along the route, at any time needed to be identified at a bank, that was his personal affair and he attended to it himself.

The boys looked after their own clothing, with a little help now and then from the women of the party. There were minor differences between them but there were no rows and no instances of flagrant bad manners. Some of the hotels were a bit uneasy at having such a troop of youngsters swoop down upon them but they were pleasantly surprised. At the outset of the journey Mr. Buchanan offered five dollars as a prize to the boy who, during the trip, made the fewest complaints and carried the best smile. It was difficult to decide the winner.

Mr. Buchanan ascribes the success of what must seem, to any adult person, an appalling undertaking to the method by which the boys had been chosen. Boys who will earn and save $125 at the rate of six and eight and ten cents at a time are by that very fact boys of good character and manners and of set purpose.

In Alaska the Elks and the Boy and Girl Scouts entertained the Detroiters. At Ketchican the Elks enabled the party to see the Navy's wireless station and the canneries, at which each boy was given a can of salmon. At Juneau the Elks drove them all, and for friendly companionship the local Boy Scouts were included, to the Mendenhall Glacier. It is a branch of the great glacier Taku which the boys had seen from the boat that afternoon. By special arrangement the boat's course had been altered so that the boys might have a sight of that enormous glacier which gleams like a radiant diamond.

At Skagway the Girl Scouts took them to Smuggler's Cave, and the Boy Scouts took them for a mountain hike for which the Elks provided the food. They also saw the gold mines and an Indian village dance.

At Lake Altin they made the longest stop. They lived for five days at the White Pass and Yukon Railroad Inn, and from it, in groups of the whole and in small groups they explored the region. They saw fox farms, gold mines, totem poles, fished, came to be on friendly terms with a jeweler who possessed a power boat and took them for rides on it; they bathed in warm water pools, ate good food, and feasted their eyes and souls on a matchless lake and noble mountains.

From Lake Altin they traveled back to Carcross and White Horse with the sensation of being in very familiar localities. There was a short stay at Vancouver, and enough time at Victoria to see the Parliament Building and the museum. At Seattle and Portland, Spokane and Butte the boys were given great meals, long motor rides, free swims, free movies, a chance to see thoroughly the warship *Arizona* and the great mines at Butte. All this by courtesy of the Kiwanis Club, of which Mr. Buchanan is a member. Chambers of Commerce, Gyro clubs, Elks, Boy and Girl Scouts, and other bodies added to the trip more than money could buy.

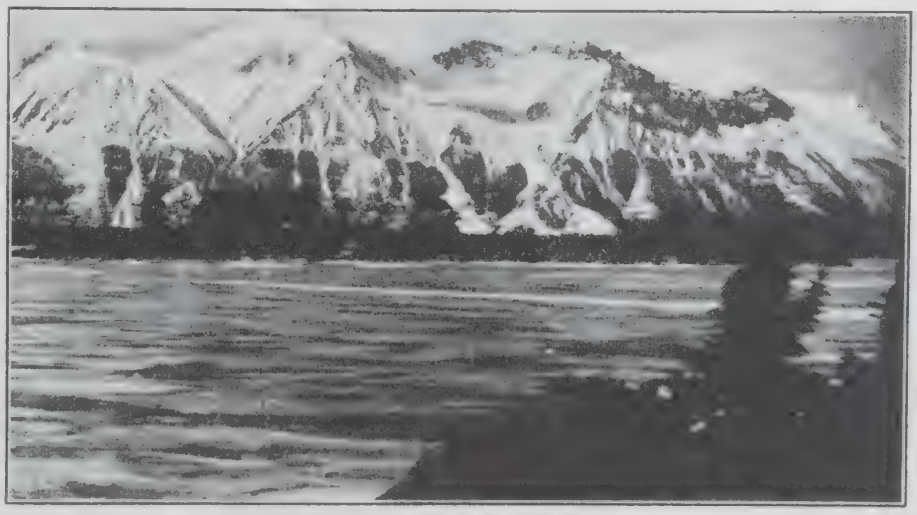
It is apparent the boys had a very happy month, that with every breath they drew they were filling their minds with a vivid knowledge of the capacity and the beauty of their country.

Alaska is now a real land to these boys, a real part of America. They can characterize the ambitions and the manner of life of its various inhabitants, the nature of its cities and villages, the needs and potentialities of the country, and they have, as the photographs in their possession amply show, a realization of the great beauty of the country through which they traveled.

Their horizon has become wide; they think, to a degree, continentally; they have a living comprehension of the size and intricacy of the world. Thrift has a meaning for them, that it might never have had without this particular trip. It spells opportunity for them. They all give one the impression of unusually developed boys, with a sense of freedom and of confidence in themselves.

Mr. Buchanan fully realized what these trips mean to the development of the boys. He has said, "I intend to carry out this plan as long as I live and to arrange that when I die there will be someone to continue it. I shall create a foundation and this foundation shall be the only monument I shall want."

To anyone who has ever looked after forty-four boys on a picnic, and who knows all the exigencies of travel, it must be apparent the forethought and knowledge that were required to make a month's journey across the American continent and up into Alaska with a collection of boys of varying ages, training, health and strength.



Mount Atlin, Alaska.

Church Union Causes Disunion in Canada

Part of the Presbyterian Body Declines to Sink Identity in New Plan

By F. T. YEALLAND

The Presbyterian church in North America was founded by the Scottish, Irish, French, German, and Dutch Reformed immigrants. The founding of a Presbyterian colony on Massachusetts Bay took place in 1625.

In Canada the Presbyterian church dates from the conquest of the country by the British in 1759. In Upper Canada, now called Ontario, the Pioneers of Presbyterianism were from the Reformed Dutch church. One of the earliest missionaries was the Rev. Robert McDowell, who was sent by the Classis of Albany in 1798. Other ministers were sent from Scotland, and later, with immigrants from Scotland and the North of Ireland, Presbyterianism took firm root in Canada.

CANADA has witnessed within its far-flung borders in recent years the most bitter religious strife it has ever known—a strife that has been extremely intense since last midsummer. It is not a holy war, not even a religious war, but a revolt among the largest of three religious armies, leaders of which had signed a treaty of peace and unity that only needed the agreement of the rank and file to make it effective. Two of the armies accepted the treaty without demur, but part of the third not only rejected it, but prepared to fight it to the last ditch.

Ever since 1914 a feeling has been growing among the membership of the Presbyterian church, in opposition to merging with the Methodist and Congregational bodies—a feeling which increased as the time for voting on the question approached. Congregations have been divided more or less evenly on the subject; ministers have found themselves in conflict with their sessions (as the boards of elders are called); sessions themselves have been split into two camps. Tons of literature have been sent out by both sides, the daily press has been flooded with letters on the subject; addresses for and against union have been given at public meetings, but so conflicting have been the stories told and arguments used that the average man has found himself in much the same position as during a political campaign.

The Greatest Experiment for Centuries

The present century was scarcely four years old when the movement for organic union of the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational bodies started. There had been church mergers half a century before, when the then existing different Methodist bodies joined together peaceably enough, and later, when three Presbyterian bodies merged; but this latest movement dwarfs those earlier ones into insignificance. It is the boast of unionist leaders that the United Church of Canada is the greatest experiment in Christian reunion since the Reformation.

At the Presbyterian General Assembly in St. John, New Brunswick, in 1904, a report was read from a committee appointed the previous year to the effect that the Presbyterians were at one with the Methodists in their desire to promote organic union. No further progress was made for six years or so, but all the while the Methodists and Congregationalists regarded it as a practical and all but accomplished fact.

In 1911 a vote of the presbyteries was taken, when all but three of the seventy expressed their opinions on the subject, fifty voting for union and seventeen against. The General Assembly next sent the question to the church at large, and the membership voted, roughly, 288,000 in favor and 107,000 against. The assembly in 1912, in view of the substantial character of the minority, decided to delay further action, the prevailing belief being that there should be something more approaching unanimity before the church should enter the merger.

The opposition of the minority has been strongly in evidence ever since. When next came the vote-at-large of 1915, the anti-minority was increased by between 30,000 and 40,000. This was highly encouraging to the opponents of union, who predicted that another vote would show an actual majority opposed to the plan of union. But another vote was not allowed. The General Assembly at Winnipeg in 1916 formally committed itself to union by a vote of four to one.

A truce was granted by the Assembly in 1917, the war being the chief consideration then. At the same time the various branches of the church were instructed to do all possible in the way of co-operation with the two other merging churches, the result being that union actually became effective in many outlying sections of the Dominion.

The World War ended, the opposition to union was renewed with increased vigor. The Presbyterian opponents loudly demanded another vote. This clamor was at its height when the Assembly of 1923 met. At this convention Dr. Drummond, of Hamilton, proposed as a compromise a federation scheme which, if adopted, would doubtless have prevented further Presbyterian strife. But the Assembly felt it could not break faith with the other parties to the proposed merger and by a four-to-one vote indorsed the bill incorporating the United Church of Canada.

Assembly Endorses the Bill

The bill was introduced at last year's session of the Dominion Parliament. To this measure the keenest opposition was offered. It engaged the attention of the House of Commons and the Private Bills Committee for many days and was stubbornly fought every step of the way. The antis succeeded in having it amended in certain respects, the most important change, perhaps, being that which gives *each congregation the right to vote whether to go into the union or stay out of it.*

This amendment has enabled antis in each congregation to make a final stand in defense of what they call their property rights and to continue the Presbyterian church with all its beloved traditions. The act passed by Parliament fixes June 10 next as the date for union to become effective, but allows six months' time prior to that for the taking of congregational votes, which commenced on December 20 in hundreds of Presbyterian churches throughout the Dominion.

Strong and active as was the opposition in the earlier years of the agitation it has become more so since the passing of the Church Union Act. While Methodists and Congregationalists, who also have the right to vote on the merger, have accepted union without one congregation thinking it necessary to take a ballot, the Presbyterians have conducted campaigns for and against. This is particularly the case in the larger communities of Ontario, the real hotbed of strife. The antis have taken the aggressive and exhort church members to "stay with the good old Presbyterian church, its forms and beliefs"; the unionists urge them to "come with the Presbyterian church into the union." The antis declare the church of their fathers good enough for them; the unionists cry "You'll never know the difference when you enter the new church." The antis claim the Confession of Faith and Shorter Catechism have been scrapped by the unionists and that the religion of the United Church is a creedless one, claiming that questions asked of candidates for the Union Church ministry may be answered by any minister of any sect in Canada and that no minister or elder will be asked to subscribe to the doctrines of the basis of union or promise to teach according to it. Antis claim, further, that the cherished right of "calling" a minister is taken from the people; that the United Church is given powers greater than a private corporation, and that "the new church has the thin edge of taxation."

According to unionist claims, a congregation entering into union will carry on every branch of its work as in the past. Its organizations, ministers, elders, and other officials will maintain their present standing and function as before. Even the order of worship and the Book of Praise will remain unchanged. Self-determination is allowed every congregation entering union, and the United Church will have no power to compel one congregation to unite with another. Local opinion will be taken into consideration and the people will be consulted before any change takes place, *but management of local affairs will be subject to the legislation, principles and discipline of the United Church.* Unionists insist that the right of a congregation to call its own minister is guaranteed.

Methodists Give Their Viewpoint

The earliest date on which, under the act of incorporation, congregations could start voting was December 20 last, and seven weeks after that date 1,544 congregations had expressed their views on the great question through the ballot. Everything has been conducted according to regular form. Voting covers a period of fourteen days—two hours each in the afternoon and evening. In the majority of instances both sides work vigorously and the result has been that in many cases as high as 90 per cent of the qualified vote was polled. In the campaign, women, particularly those opposed to union, have taken a large part.

It is noteworthy that the majority of congregations vote in sympathy with their ministers, which shows the power of clerical influence among persons who are wont to shrink from the very thought of "priestly domination." It is of perhaps equal significance that where a congregation has voted against its minister the majority is almost invariably against union.

A serious matter in this connection is the number of unionist ministers who have promptly resigned their charges rather than remain with congregations opposed to them on this question until the going into effect of the merger. In Toronto Presbytery alone six ministers have already resigned. To replace such as these and to find churches for them will be difficult problems for both the antis and the unionists. As a rule, whichever side wins the dissatisfied elders at once resign.

Meanwhile the Methodists point out that they, too, are leaving the church of their fathers—a church not without its history and traditions, but they are willing to make sacrifices.

The antis make their best showing in the Ontario cities, where many of the largest and wealthiest churches have voted to keep out of the union. The voting thus far serves to emphasize what has already been stated here—that Ontario is the heart of the opposition to union. While the Dominion as a whole shows a little over three congregations favorable to the merger to one against, the standing in the province named is considerably less than two to one. Thus far more than three times as many Ontario churches have gone against union as in the rest of Canada combined.

The big showing made by the union cause is to some extent due to many small augmented or non-self-sustaining charges, missions and stations in outlying sections of Ontario and the West deciding to enter the union without taking a ballot. It should be understood that under provincial acts voting in two provinces, New Brunswick and Manitoba, will not begin until the date union becomes effective, June 10.

In the whole of Canada there are 1,908 self-sustaining Presbyterian churches, 1,221 augmented congregations and 1,250 small missions. In the returns received from the seven provinces in which voting has been in progress since December 20 the decisions of these augmented charges and missions, which for the most part have been made without dissent and in favor of union, are included.

In Hamilton There Is Contention

The standing at the close of seven weeks' voting was: *for union 1,169, against 375.* Anti-unionist leaders express confidence that this ratio will be maintained.

Naturally, more or less disruption is seen in many congregations in the larger centers of population. Congregations have been split up and there has been a shifting and changing never before known. Anti-union members of union-voting churches have gone over to churches which voted anti and vice versa. Unionist members of anti-voting city congregations have in some instances gone over in bodies to the church nearest their homes, even if it happens to be at present under Methodist rule.

In Hamilton, however, where twelve congregations have voted for union to fourteen against, the minorities have taken a decided stand. Both sides feel themselves out of a church home, and rather than join with an existing congregation are meeting in halls and assembly rooms, and if plans are carried out a new Presbyterian and a new Union church building will eventually be erected in the city.

Of importance to both sides is the question of the disposal of property. The federal bill provides for the division of trust funds of the church as a whole, such as the aged and infirm ministers, widows and orphans, century and forward movement funds, colleges and endowments to the denomination as a whole. The act provides for a joint commission of both parties to make the division. There is now awaiting the consideration of the Ontario legislature a bill sponsored by the United Church committee similar to those which have already passed other legislatures and that which was withdrawn from the Ontario legislature at last session.

Mandates for Holding of Property

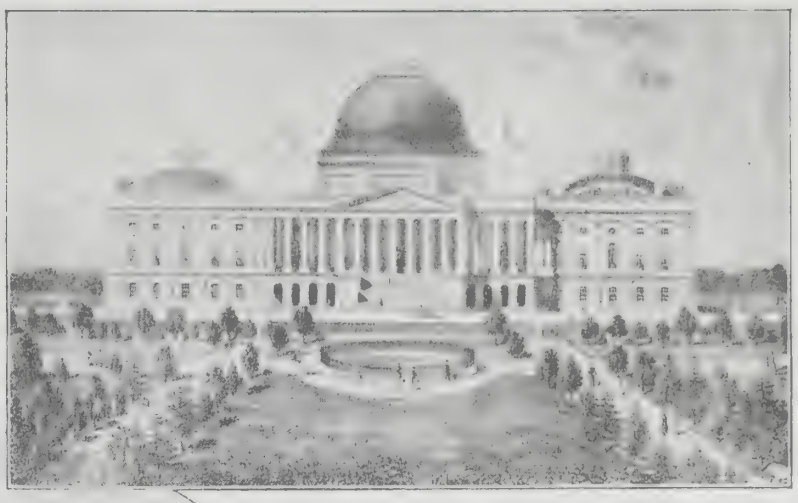
This bill takes the congregation as the unit for the division of church property, including buildings, lands, endowments and all property held by the congregation for its own use. The principle of the bill is that the congregation takes the property with it whether it goes into the United Church or stays out and enters a non-concurring congregation or remains independent. Provision is made for the adoption of votes taken under the federal act, these to serve as mandates for the holding of the individual church property and would avoid the taking of a second vote. There is talk of the antis seeking certain amendments to this bill, the chief of which being to require a two-thirds vote to carry the church property. But this plan, if adopted, would cut both ways.

If union carries there is finally the writ prepared on behalf of the anti-unionists which disputes the constitutionality of the union act. The main point of it is, Has Parliament power to legislate as to the doctrine of any religious body, as it has in the act incorporating the United Church of Canada? The anti-unionists claim to have a negative answer in the highest Canadian legal opinion and a judgment of the Imperial Privy Council. The unionists ridicule the writ.

How Washington Capitol Was Built

British Burned It and Made a More Beautiful Building Possible

By TOM EVERRITT



The Capitol before it was burned by the British.

The Capitol after it was burned by the British on August 24, 1814.

"ON A plateau elevated ninety feet above tide-water stands the Capitol, facing, as it should, the east, thereby receiving the first rays of a rising sun."

An Act of Congress of July 16, 1790, directed the commissioners of the District of Columbia, or, at that time, the "City of Washington," to provide, prior to December 1, 1800, suitable buildings for the accommodation of Congress, on plans to be approved by the President. On March 14, 1792, the first direct movement was made when an advertisement was ordered to be inserted in newspapers in the principal towns and cities proclaiming that five hundred dollars in cash, or a gold medal of that value, at the option of the successful competitor, would be awarded the designer of the plan approved by the President, provided such plan, or plans, should be submitted before the following July 15.

The advertisement having been given a widespread circulation, and having attracted noteworthy attention, it may be presumed that the architectural talent of the United States had a splendid opportunity to reflect itself in the plans submitted.

The results of the advertisement, and the subsequent award made by President Washington, created much unfavorable comment and bitterness at the time, and during several succeeding years, the records show.

(C) Handy Photo.

The Capitol under reconstruction, showing the old Tiber River in foreground. The Tiber River now flows through a 30-foot underground duct, passing under miles of buildings in the District of Columbia.

As to the results, John H. B. Latrobe, son of the actual architect of the present Capitol, in an address delivered before the American Institute of Architects in Washington, D. C., November 16, 1881, said: "I have had access to some eight or ten of the designs offered in competition. All of them are bad, very bad indeed—the greater part below contempt, and some bordering upon the ludicrous. In one, a triple window has a cornice broken by an arch over the central opening, on either side of which is a man rampant, with one foot on the arch and the other on the level of the cornice, as though the two men proposed to do battle over the keystone. This competitor evidently thought himself strong in statuary. Another competitor exhausted himself on the face of a clock, where the twelve letters in the words 'United States' are used to mark the hours. The spread-eagle seems to have been regarded as an essential in some of the designs; and the bird exhibits itself on pediments and in weathercocks in most extraordinary shapes. One of these national birds is carefully drawn with the wings of a penguin and a breastplate of thirteen circles, ingeniously arranged. . . . Take them all in all, they are indeed a sorry lot."

As to the award, or selection of the design for the Capitol, by President Washington, through Thomas Jefferson, his Secretary of State—it went to an amateur architect after all the plans submitted in answer to the advertisement of the commissioners had been considered and rejected by the President and the commissioners.

The amateur architect was a Dr. William Thornton, of Philadelphia, who was prevented from submitting plans in reply to the advertisement by being absent in the West Indies. Upon his return to the United States, he submitted his plan to the President at Philadelphia; the President, in turn, submitted it to the commissioners, with the result that Thornton's plan received a unanimous verdict in its favor.

It was said of Thornton at the time that he "claimed, indeed, no more acquaintance with architecture than he had acquired in two weeks' study in the Philadelphia library." It was also said of him that he was "an English amateur, who had come from the West Indies; was a thorough man of the world; founded a race-course and sported blooded horses." John H. B. Latrobe, mentioned above, said of him, in reply to that charge, "Thornton was more than this, however; he was a man of genius and a philanthropist."

Whatever might or what might not have been Thornton's ability as an architect, the acceptance by the President of his plans for the Capitol was the cause of many bitter controversies between competing architects, politicians, and others in Washington, Philadelphia and New York. This strife continued with varying degrees of animosity, intensity, violence, and vehemency, regularly at times and intermittently at others, until 1802, when Mr. Jefferson, then President, concluded Thornton's engagement in the government.

In 1803, President Jefferson appointed Benjamin H. Latrobe as "Surveyor of the public buildings," which was the title of the office of architect. It may be interesting to note that he received the munificent salary of $1,700 a year to start. This was afterward increased to $3,500.

In the meantime, that is to say, from the date of acceptance of the Thornton plan, peculiar difficulties were encountered as a result of the veiled charges that the Thornton plans were not his, but were those of Stephen Hallet, a Frenchman, then residing in Philadelphia, and whose plans had first been favorably considered and then rejected by the commissioners. The strange similarity of the plans of the two architects was commented upon by all historians of that day and of later days.

At any rate, amid all the discord and quarreling, the cornerstone of the Capitol was laid September 18, 1793, under the auspices of the Masonic Order. President Washington, as Master *pro tempore* of the Alexandria, Virginia, lodge, presided. It is said that he made an address upon the occasion, but no copy of it is on record.

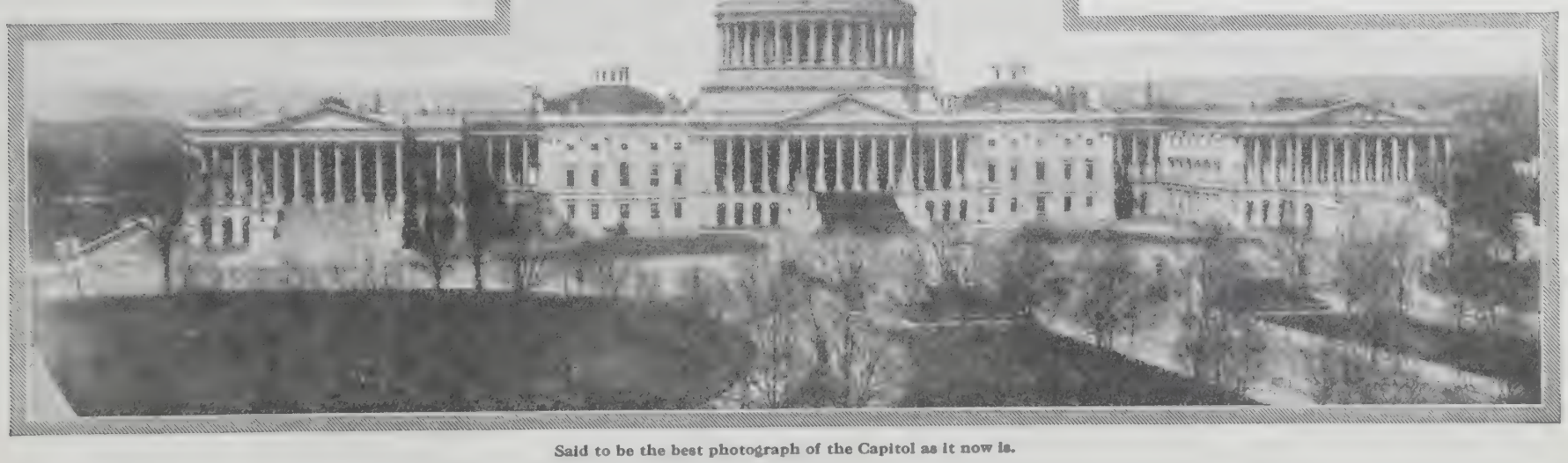
The cornerstone was laid in the southeast corner of what was to be the north wing of the Capitol. An account of that day said of the ceremonies: "A grand Masonic, military and civic procession was formed on the square in front of the President's grounds, whence it proceeded to the Capitol with martial music and flying colors, attended by an immense concourse of spectators. The ceremony was grand and imposing, and large numbers from various parts of the country attended."

A large silver plate was placed upon the cornerstone, which was inscribed:

"This southeast corner-stone of the Capitol of the United States of America in the City of Washington was laid on the 18th day of September, 1793, in the 13th year of American Independence, in the first year of the second term of the Presidency of George Washington, whose virtues in the civil administration of his country had been as conspicuous and beneficial as his military valor and prudence have been useful in establishing her liberties, and in the year of Masonry 5793, by the President of the United States in concert with the Grand Lodge of Maryland, several Lodges under its jurisdiction, and Lodge No. 22, from Alexandria, Virginia."

Within a short time after the cornerstone had been laid, a bitter wrangle arose between Hallet, who at this time was engaged as an architect on the Capitol, and Dr. Thornton, who had been appointed one of the district commissioners. The demand had been made upon Hallet that he furnish the commissioners with his drawings and designs of the Capitol. Upon his refusal to accede to this demand, he was dismissed from the service of the government. George Hadfield, an English architect, then undertook the task of completing the Capitol; but he, too, had a

(*Concluded on page 14*)



Said to be the best photograph of the Capitol as it now is.

China a Country of Many Wars

Only Seventy-eight Years of Uninterrupted Peace in 2,000 Years

By MRS. L. M. CRAMER

IN SOME manner—I'm sure I can't understand how—the idea has become prevalent about the world that China is fundamentally pacifist and that the wars which of late have come regularly upon the people were practically unknown before the country became a Republic, scarcely a dozen years ago.

Sir John Jordan, who is perhaps one of the best informed men in the world today on China and her history, made a statement within the fortnight that out of *the last 2,000 years China had enjoyed but 78 years of uninterrupted peace.* There have always been wars in China, and history shows that wars between Kiangsu and Chekiang provinces were fought more than 2,500 years ago and have been fought frequently ever since. The present war, which is but a ramification of the latest Kiangsu-Chekiang war, started on the third day of last September. None of the wars fought between these two provinces in the last 2,500 years has settled any question, and the latest one promises to settle less than any of its bloody predecessors. At this writing (December 23) it seems that the muddle into which the latest war has resolved itself is impossible to straighten out. At this minute, while active warfare is at a standstill, the fact remains that practically all China's provinces are more or less involved and ready to spring at some other province; and that banditry is rampant throughout the Republic, as never before. No one here, not even the most optimistic pacifist, is deceived into believing that the war is over.

The first war between the Kiangsu and Chekiang provinces, of which I can find any record, was fought 2,500 years ago. At that time Kiangsu was known as Wu province, and Chekiang was called Yueh. They were regarded then as barbarous states by the Chinese who inhabited North and Central China. In 490 B. C., Yun-chang, King of Yueh, died. Hoh-lo, King of Wu, seized the opportunity to attack Yueh. He was defeated in a great battle fought near the present town of Kaising—a town which figured largely in the last days of the active fighting between Kiangsu and Chekiang in the present war. The King of Wu died as the result of wounds received in that battle. With his last breath he bequeathed the quarrel to his son Fu-ch'a.

Lest he forget his father's dying command Fu-ch'a is said to have caused a guard to be stationed in the great hall of his ancestral palace, whose duty it was to call out thrice daily: "Fu-ch'a, have you forgotten that the King of Yueh killed your father?" To which the son always answered, "No, how dare I forget!"

For three years the young king prepared for war, and then in a naval battle fought on Taiho Lake, near the present city of Soochow, he defeated the troops of Yueh, and carried their king, Kou-tsien, a captive to the palace in Soochow where the young Wu king lived for part of each year, and there made him a scullion in his stables.

But Kou-tsien was clever and cunning. By subserviency and even loathsome sychophancy the King of Yueh at last managed to win the confidence of his enemy. He was allowed to return to his own kingdom, to hold it henceforth as the vassal of his overlord. He returned, but the taste of the bread of humiliation which he had eaten was still bitter in his mouth. He wanted revenge, and to keep his hate alive he slept on a pallet of brushwood, and ate with a gall bladder placed always in front of him as he sat at his table. He practiced the most rigid economy in his state affairs, and unweariedly trained his troops for war. He did not hesitate to stoop to duplicity and once he allowed a very beautiful peasant girl to be taken captive, trained her in all the seductive arts and graces, and sent her with rich gifts as a tribute to the King of Wu. Just what Kou-tsien hoped would happen, really did happen. The King of Wu became so enamored of this beauty that she was able to beguile him from all his cares and duties of state into a condition of forgetfulness. He passed his days in dalliance with his new favorite who is said to have been Si-shih, perhaps the most famous beauty in Chinese history.

Command to Commit Suicide

SO BEWITCHED was the king that when his counselor, Wu Tze-hsu, sought to expostulate with his sovereign over the wasted time and the lax life he was leading, seeking to point out to him what such laxness foretold to him and his kingdom, the king's reply to the repeated warnings of the wise advisor was to send the royal sword to the faithful servant—really a command to commit suicide.

And the wise old patriot—so the story goes—did commit suicide, but not before he sent his king the following note: "It was by my aid that your father became king. You yourself were made heir to the throne at my advice. Now you send me to my death." To his own servants he gave two orders: "Plant my grave with Kia trees: that wood is good for coffins and they'll need coffins soon in the Kingdom of Wu." Then he commanded that after his death his eyes be taken out of his head and placed over the gate of the city, that he might see the fulfillment of his predictions—the troops of Yueh advancing to breach the walls. The command was carried out. The city gate still stands. It is the main gate into the modern city of Hangchow, the largest city in Chekiang province. The gate is named for the brave old man, and there is a tradition in Hangchow that every year when the bore rushes up the river, the spirit of Wu Tze-hsu rides on its angry waters, menacing his old enemies with his vengeance.

Twenty-three years after the passing of old Wu Tze-hsu, the Kingdom of Wu tasted the bitterness of defeat, for in history it is recorded, "In the 22nd year of the King of Ai, Yueh destroyed Wu." The King of Wu committed suicide by his own hands. Early in the present war the North China *Daily News* commented editorially on this history, saying: "A war between these two provinces was fought 2,500 years ago, and in the present year of grace Wu (Kiangsu) and Yueh (Chekiang) are once more at war, and if there is any more intelligent reason for this conflict than there was in 490 B. C. we have yet to learn what it is."

This present war has been filled with the most astounding surprises and situations unbelievable in a civilized world. Men have been honored and in a breath disgraced in these few months, and some who suffered disgrace have been raised to positions high in the land.

Take Marshal Lu for instance. Lu fought a losing game almost from the first day of the war, although everybody had counted him a sure victor. But he fought! He won admiration even from his enemies by the way he fought—even when he was beaten and knew it. He sold himself dearly.

And then he fled, leaving his soldiers cold and hungry. They were in thin cotton uniforms, and cold weather was coming. They were without food, and their leader was a deserter. A general abandoning an army is a despicable creature, and his cowardice was on everyone's tongue.

He made a clean get-away, embarking for Japan and a sure haven of refuge, going between two suns. With him he took several of his generals. This occurred on Monday, October 13. Indignation ran high against Lu.

Then, as from a clear sky came news that Lu had reentered China, through the north, and had offered his services to Chang Tso-lin, marshal and war lord of Manchuria, whose military operations—so rumor has it—have been financed to an extent by Japan.

The second great surprise in this war came from the north, the *coup d'etat* in Pekin when General Feng Hsiang, the Christian general, marched an army into the capital while the city slept, and took it without firing a gun, and without bloodshed. Feng placed President Tsao Kun under guard, and his brother under arrest. The brother died of the exposure to which he was subjected, it is said. Feng denounced General Wu Pei-fu, his chief, and set a price on his head—a very large price for China where life is held cheap. Then when the new government was organized came another surprise: Feng held no office, nor were the men closest to him given desirable positions in the cabinet. The newspapers have been divided as to the reason for this, and as to its effect upon Feng. The outsider knows only what he gleans from editorial writings on matters such as these.

Of course, by his act, Feng had allied himself with Marshal Chang Tso-lin, his erstwhile enemy, against whom he had used his best military tactics for weeks. Then came rumored differences between Chang and Feng, and these rumors still persist. They say the next war will be between these two. Who knows?

Just at this writing Nanking, where both Lu and Chi are quartered, is in a terror of apprehension. Chinese expect the worst. Troops are coming into Nanking, and what the outcome will be no man can tell. Anyway I'm in time for a seat in the grand stand. I arrived four days ago, thinking to spend my winter here in peace and quietness because of the warfare in Pekin.

Merchants in Nanking have hidden away their best goods, and this, coming as it does barely a month before the Chinese New Year, which is January 24 this year, spells financial ruin for many of them who cannot sell the large stocks of goods they had provided in anticipation of a large New Year trade. For many of the merchants there must be a quick turnover or they go to the wall. Soldiers are quietly looting on the outskirts of the business portion of Nanking, and big and little merchants live in hourly fear of a general looting of the entire city.

Even the foreigners are more or less apprehensive, though generally the foreigners live far from the city itself, and the danger to them is comparatively small. It is the merchants and the wealthy Chinese who have the most to fear, and the latter class have made a quite general exodus in the past week into Shanghai and its real or imagined security.

How the war will end, or when, is the question. About one thing, however, there is no question—it will not settle anything. Thousands of men killed in the fighting still lie as they fell, in deserted trenches.

One of the direct causes of the Kiangsu and Chekiang war was the matter of a governor of Shanghai. Shanghai is large enough and important enough to have her own governor, and while she is and was a part of Kiangsu province, and naturally might be expected to have a governor appointed of Kiangsu's choosing, she had instead a governor of Chekiang's choosing.

Lu Sought Haven in Japan

MARSHAL CHI of Nanking, capital of Kiangsu province, naturally demanded that his province have the right to name the governor for Shanghai. Marshal Lu, in his headquarters at Hangchow, capital of Chekiang province, had a "pull" with the authorities in Pekin, and got his man appointed. Then, after months and months of squabbling, war began, and everyone naturally supposed when Lu deserted his troops and sought a haven in Japan, that the war was over, and Chi would have the right to name the governor of Shanghai. He did name that governor, and shortly afterward up bobbed Lu in Manchuria, offering his services to Chang Tso-lin who was at that time in battle with Wu Pei-fu, ally of Chi. It was not so very many weeks after that that Lu's influence with the new government in Pekin began to be felt, Chi's appointee was let out and a Lu follower appointed to the chief executive position in Shanghai. Instead of gathering about Chi, and tendering him their sympathy, for the man had won a doubtful victory after all, the populace offered him one of the greatest insults that could be offered—they solicited funds for an iron effigy of him. Chi retired to Nanking, and, as about that time Wu Pei-fu was declared down and out, it looked as though these two brave generals—for they *are* brave whatever else may be said of them—would rally the Yangstze valley military authorities and start in to clean off the face of China wherever it was bespattered with their enemies. But the expected did not happen. Just now Chi seems to be standing alone, and he is staying in Nanking, with an ever-increasing number of troops, preparing and watching and waiting. In the meantime the Chinese are in an agony of suspense.

Financially this war or series of wars, which started back in September last, has cost many a rich man his last penny. In Shanghai, Nanking, and Soochow this has been especially true. They have dug deep into their treasuries at the demand of the war lords, and they are feeling the pinch. Many are ruined, others will be ruined. New Year will see the finish of many. At New Year a man pays his debts in China—or he commits suicide. A merchant on Bubbling Well Road in Shanghai told me one day recently that there was not a merchant on Bubbling Well or Nanking roads but was passing sleepless nights worrying how he was going to get through the New Year. Of course, many will be able to weather the storm because they have money laid aside, but no business has paid its debts, to say nothing of making money, this last six months, and the man who has not a reserve fund is going to the wall when China New Year comes.

"Many men will die by their hands," said this wealthy old merchant, "and we shall all feel the pinch. A year ago there was peace, and few men failed at China New Year. War is very bad, very bad. I wish my country peace, and then she will have prosperity and happiness."

Billions for Pensions—

Concluded from page 3

in addition to full salaries, monthly compensation for disabilities presumably incurred in the World War. One doctor who was receiving a salary of $5,000 a year for passing on compensation claims was receiving compensation for disability.

What will be the outcome of the tendency of Federal pensions to grow in size and in number?

At present about *one out of every 150 persons in the country is drawing a Federal pension.* If you include those who are to receive "adjusted compensation" it might be said that *one out of every twenty-five persons is receiving or has been promised a pension.*

Some member of virtually every other family in the country is on a Federal pension roll of some kind.

A few years ago the pensioning policy was applied to the civil service employes of the government. Pensions for them were withheld for a long time, in the face of insistent demand and much desert, because of the manifest dangers, if not evils, which military pensions developed.

Pensions for these employes are called annuities or retirement pay, the funds for the present coming from the salaries of all civil service employes. These salaries, however, are paid by the Federal Government, and the deductions necessarily must be taken into account when salaries are fixed.

Only about 12,000 civil service employes have been retired under this law but about a half-million are its present potential beneficiaries.

Already there is a demand that the law be "liberalized," as it has been already in a few respects. This demand no doubt will continue to be made and will be constantly renewed after every new act of liberalization, just as has been the case with military pensions. *For the civil service employes of the government now constitute a possible voting block which those seeking office cannot ignore;* in fact, *it is larger than the majorities or pluralities that have been received by several successful candidates for President.* And it is now well organized, just as are the run of military pensioners, both actual and prospective. And, similarly, pensions or retirement pay is one of the subjects to which their organizations give constant attention.

The ground is now being plowed, in several indirect but palpable ways, for the making of demands on the Federal Government for pensions for groups of persons who have no claim of service, civil or military, for this form of help. *Unemployment pensions* or doles are in the offing, remotely perhaps but there nevertheless. *Pensions for the indigent aged* and for *widows* and perhaps for *mothers* probably are the next to be demanded.

Strong sentimental arguments can be made for all of these. Do not the governments of many other countries, much poorer than ours, provide such pensions? Doesn't ours spend millions on hogs and cattle? Can't the necessary funds be collected from the rich in the form of income taxes?

Thus the prospect is that Federal pensioning will expand not only in old but also in new directions, with the result that pensioners will become so numerous that they may decide, not some, but any national election. This won't happen soon but its coming is foreshadowed by the history of pensions in the past.

Today pensions or their equivalents are costing more than was spent on the operations of the entire Federal Government, aside from the Post Office Department, ten years ago. And in late years Congress has been less reluctant than ever before about granting demands made for these kinds of public benefits.

This Talk of "Scrapping"

Concluded from page 4

their own service of supply because although they may reach distant points under their own power, they can start only with the necessary fuel to take them there; therefore they are of no service upon arrival from a military point of view unless fuel and necessary military equipment can be supplied them. Much of this reasoning in connection with naval operations will apply with equal force to army operations. The airplane (heavier-than-air) is inherently limited in performance by physical laws.

Airplanes cannot occupy territory nor can they exercise control of the sea.

Airplanes cannot reach distant over-sea areas under their own power with any effective military load, and, therefore, cannot operate either offensively or defensively until supplied with weapons and fuel.

(C) Official Photograph, U. S. N.

Torpedo plane formation.

Airplanes cannot fulfill the functions of service of supply for themselves or for other forces in distant over-sea areas.

An editorial recently appeared in one of our leading papers in which an attempt was made to show the advisability and practicability of building airships twice the size of the *Los Angeles* and using them as aircraft carriers. Perhaps the man who wrote this editorial had a sudden happy thought and believed that he had a solution for all of our difficulties in this question. But it was simply another daydream. The editorial evidenced but little knowledge of the real facts. Now, what are the facts?

The lifting power of an airship (lighter-than-air) follows from elementary laws of physics, and is the difference between weights of equal volumes of gas and air. For an airship of 5,000,000 cubic feet—which would be practically twice the size of the *Los Angeles*—filled with helium gas, the lifting power would approximate 145 tons or 310,000 pounds. The weight of the airship structure complete with engines but without fuel would be 40 to 50 per cent of this total lift, or say 65 tons, leaving 80 tons available lift for armament, fuel, ballast, crew and effects, provisions, spare parts, and cargo. About 70 knots would be the maximum speed of this airship, but to drive her at the more conservative and economical speed of 60 knots would require 2,000 horsepower. Airship engines require 0.55 pounds of fuel and oil a horsepower hour. This gives a round figure, approximately correct, of one ton of fuel and oil for each 100 nautical miles traveled by such an airship at 60 knots, which speed probably could not be maintained with airplanes attached.

U. S. S. *Langley.*

The ship would require a crew of at least forty, weighing, with their effects and provisions, five tons. To land successfully and be free to maneuver in a vertical plane, an airship must carry ballast. The higher the expected altitude the greater the quantity of ballast required. For an ordinary flight of such a ship, at low altitude, probably five tons of ballast should be carried.

These figures indicate that under the most favorable conditions, carrying only the crew and a minimum of ballast, we get a possible distance traveled at 60 knots of 7,000 miles. *But this is without airplanes or armament.*

Bombing airplanes fully loaded with a crew weigh three to five tons. Pursuit planes weigh 1.0 to 1.5 tons. Assuming the special construction of light-weight airplanes for these airship carriers, we may state the weight of a bombing plane as, roughly, three tons, and that of a pursuit airplane as one ton.

An editorial on this subject stated that such a ship could carry 30 bombing airplanes and 150 pursuit airplanes. Thirty bombing airplanes and 150 pursuit airplanes would weigh at least 240 tons—just three times the weight the airship can possibly lift from the ground. (This is omitting fuel, crew, or ballast.) The airship could not even rise from the ground with the load stated.

Suppose she could rise from the ground, and these airplanes should be released, the lightening of the load would cause the airship to shoot straight up until gas was let out sufficient to correspond with the load released, and then when the airplanes sought to return the airship would not contain sufficient gas to hold them in the air.

Our problem of national defense lies not simply in defending our shore line and coast shipping for 200 miles at sea. Our problem starts immediately the enemy leaves its home waters. As I have pointed out, airplanes could not cross the ocean under their own power with an effective military load, therefore, we must intercept and destroy the *airplane carriers* before they get within striking distance of our shores. Further, our defense problem is not simply a continental problem. We have island possessions. We have the Panama Canal. In going to the Canal our airplanes could not fly over neutral territory; they would be compelled to take to sea, where they would again be at the mercy of surface carriers for fuel, supplies, landing, and so on.

An enemy should never be allowed to approach within 200 miles of our land, so it is a grave error to base our defense plans on weapons that will not be reasonably effective at that distance.

Some argue that it is a waste of time and money to train an aviator in the knowledge of ship duties. An aviator does not need to know how to run a battleship, they say. There is this to consider: if an aviator is soaring above a fleet "spotting" shot for the commander-in-chief, and advising him what to do, he certainly needs some knowledge of naval warfare. Imagine the "eyes of the fleet" trying to direct gunfire without any knowledge of the maneuvers of the fleet below him and what they signify! The naval aviator should be able at a sweeping glance to interpret the maneuvers of his own fleet as well as that of the enemy. Further, it must be remembered that a naval aviator spends comparatively little time in the air: most of his time is spent aboard ship. The naval aviator has other duties and is as much a part of the crew as the rest of the officer personnel of the ship. Further, he is a part of the Navy and devotes his loyalty to the Navy. There is no division of interest to impair his efficiency. He is a part of the fleet.

Much has been said about the independent air service of Great Britain. According to our best information, it does not seem to be working out with satisfaction, and is meeting with a great deal of criticism not only among British subjects, but among the officer personnel of the British navy as well. Even if the independent air service were successful in Great Britain it would not mean that it would work satisfactorily in the United States, because of the fact that the British Isles lie within easy striking distance of land air forces of practically every European capital. Their air problem is therefore more of a land problem than is ours. America's air defense problem begins as a naval one as before pointed out. A division of responsibility and methods of technical training in a sea engagement might prove just as disastrous to our fleet as it did to the Spanish Armada when they manned their ships with soldiers and attempted to let the soldiers do the fighting while the sailors maneuvered the ships under the orders of soldiers.

The world flight made by army aviators demonstrated beyond argument that seagoing aviation is dependent on surface ships. In addition to supplies transported by merchant ships and to the assistance rendered by Coast Guard vessels there were one or more ships of the Navy assisting during 128 days of the flight. *In the aggregate, 33 ships manned by 339 officers and 5,062 men had some part in this service.* The aggregate distance steamed was 136,566 ship miles. The total fuel thus used by the Navy was 6,299,941 gallons. It is a fair assumption that if the same flight were made again, approximately the same precautions and the same service of surface ships would be required.

McGuffey's Maxims

Little Tales of Conduct From the Famous School Reader of the Last Generation

THE SLUGGARD

1. I WENT by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding, and, lo! it was all grown over with thorns.

2. Nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone-wall thereof was broken down.

3. Then I saw and considered it well. I looked upon it, and received instruction.

4. Go to the ant, thou sluggard. Consider her ways, and be wise. She, having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in harvest.

5. How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? When wilt thou arise out of thy sleep?

6. Yet a little sleep, a little folding of the hands to sleep. So shall thy poverty come as one that traveleth, and thy want as an armed man.

7. 'T IS the voice of the sluggard: I hear him complain,
"You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again."
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed,
Turns his side and his shoulders, his feet and his head.

8. "A little more sleep, and a little more slumber,"
Thus he wastes half his days, and his hours without number;
And when he gets up, he sits folding his hands,
Or walks about idly, or trifling he stands.

9. I passed by his garden, I saw the wild brier,
The thorn, and the thistle, grow broader and higher;
The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags;
And his money he wastes, till he starves or he begs.

Time to "Get Into the Air," America!

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airplane which can quickly reach inaccessible regions. In the conservation of forests the airplane has displayed its usefulness. The Department of Agriculture has investigated the distribution of wheat rust spores and this is of interest to the farmer. It has fought the gypsy moth in the forests. It is fighting the grasshopper in the Philippines and crop reporting by airplane has been demonstrated. The Bureau of Fisheries has shown how schooling fish may be located by the air and radio. The Coast Guard, which has authority for an air service but no appropriation, wants to use the airplane for the benefit of commerce, in reaching vessels in distress, life-saving, locating derelicts, furnishing medical aid, and in the enforcement of the laws. The Bureau of Mines has been sending its experts by aircraft to the great mine disasters. Nearly every branch of the government comes into contact with aeronautics and many have made every possible use of aircraft.

The airplane has been used in the inspection of power lines. It can rush repairs and men for emergency work on telegraph or telephone wires. Mosaics are wanted of irrigation, reclamation and mining projects, of oil fields, proposed railway lines, in city planning and suburban development.

There are so many varied and scattered demonstrated applications of both airships and airplanes that it is futile to attempt accurately to estimate their possibilities. Every activity in which aircraft engages is followed in its train by incidental sub-activities.

The first line of defense of any country is by way of the air. Every airplane or airship put to a commercial use adds to national security, for each is a craft that immediately, without great change, may become an instrument of warfare—while as an instrument of peace it supersedes all other methods of personal communication.

Business needs the airplane.
Get into the Air, America!

"Wild Turkey, the Vanishing Bird"

By E. R. GAMMAGE

WILD turkey, the noblest bird of which Americans can boast, is now becoming almost extinct, along with some of the other invaluable treasures which abounded in this wonderful country of ours when it was first discovered. It was prized by the Indians long before white man set his foot upon American soil, and our forefathers considered it one of the blessings which God bestowed upon them to help them through their first hard winter in the new land and it held a place of honor on their table on that first memorable Thanksgiving day. It is difficult to believe that we, as loyal Americans who revere the memory of those first pioneers, could have so thoughtlessly allowed this wonderful bird to have been so wantonly destroyed when, with a little forethought and care, it could have been preserved in abundance for ourselves and our posterity. But such is the case and it is now only a fortunate few who can boast of ever having even seen a wild turkey.

When I was a small boy, wild turkeys were plentiful in East Texas and I can remember having seen hundreds of them on the mountain sides, and at one time I slipped up to within one hundred feet of some of them before they flew away. At that time, I had a worthless dog which I called "Catch," because he was foolish enough to try to catch everything I told him to. One day I pointed out a big gobbler and told "Catch" to get it, so he started after it and I after him. The gobbler had had his wing broken and could run only a short distance at a time but even then he kept us going for half a day and when at last we did get him we were seven miles from home. Needless to say how much a ten-year-old boy enjoyed lugging that fifteen-pound turkey all the way back home.

There are several subspecies of wild turkeys in Texas, in Florida, and on the southern borders and they sometimes interbreed with our domesticated turkeys. They were introduced into Europe in the sixteenth century.

The turkey of Central America excels all others in its various colors and magnificent plumage which combines metallic, green, blue, black, yellow, and red. It lives in the open country and forest rather than in the deep forest, as does the wild turkey of North America. The male bird has no tuft on the neck and the adults measure about forty-eight inches in length. The wild turkey can be distinguished by the chestnut, instead of white, tips on upper tail coverts and tail. They roam about in droves of from six to fifteen, roosting in well-wooded bottom lands in a chosen rendezvous.

In March, the males begin to gobble and then many a battle is fought to determine who shall be leader of the flock or the sultan of the harem. While the mother turkeys are brooding or caring for their young, the males are pushed away to enjoy each other's company.

The mother bird makes her nest on the ground and conceals it as well as possible but takes the added precaution of covering the eggs when she leaves them in search of food. She lays from nine to eighteen eggs and they average 2.55 by 1.80 inches in size and are a rich, dark-cream color, thickly sprinkled or finely dotted with round spots of brown and umber.

E. A. McIlhenny and Chapman have written some excellent books on the wild turkey and have illustrated them with most interesting photographs.

Reaping the Whirlwind in North Africa

"I WAS in Morocco, all over it, including a spell with the Spanish army in the Riff hills for a large part of last year. In a month or so, I shall be returning, and may go along to Tunisia, where I was through most of 1923. My own private view is that things are working hotly for a great upheaval along the whole of North Africa. I was deeply impressed by what I found in Morocco."

So writes a well-known writer and traveler to a representative of this paper. To any one who knew Morocco in the days before the coming of the French, when the country was innocent of highways and railroads, when, in place of the present magnificent harbor at Casablanca, for instance, was nothing but the immemorial water gate and slipway of every Moorish coast town, to anyone who knew Morocco in those days, the statement quoted above must have a significance all its own.

It was Lord Curzon who said many years ago, "Drop a stone into the pool of Islam, and, no matter how long it takes, the ripples will travel to the farthest shore." For the last fifty years or more, Europe has been dropping stones into the pool of Islam in North Africa. First came the French in Algeria; then the British in Egypt; then the French again in Tunisia; then the Italians in Tripoli, and, lastly, the French and the Spaniards in Morocco. With each onslaught the eddy has grown stronger, until today a veritable wave of revolt is surging back and forth between the Red Sea and the Atlantic.

The fact is that although the government of backward races may be a necessary business in international development, it is always a difficult not to say dangerous business. It is, moreover, almost always a thankless business, and can only be undertaken with any promise of ultimate success in the spirit of real disinterestedness, such as actuated the best American statesmen in the Philippines and the best British statesmen in Egypt and India. Even then the road is always rugged and thorny. There is a story told of a certain British general, who, having been sent on a punitive expedition against a small tribe on the northwest frontier of India, dispatched this cryptic message to the war office in London—"Bunchu is hell, but the Bunchus like it."

The trouble is that the Bunchus always like it, and nowhere have they liked it more devotedly or resented disturbance more vigorously than in North Africa. Particularly is this the case in that storm center of the last fifteen years, Morocco. And why? Because, in the case of Morocco, more than in any other North African country, is the existing settlement rooted in fear and intrigue. Fifteen years ago, Great Britain acquiesced in the establishment of a French protectorate over Morocco in return for France's full acceptance of her own protectorate over Egypt. She made one reservation, however, namely, that Spain should be given the great tract of country known as the Riff, immediately across the straits from Gibraltar. Great Britain did not want France as her neighbor, and so the whole thing was arranged in the interests of "the high contracting parties," and the Bunchus were left out of it.

From the very first there was trouble. Spain has no genius for administration. The Spanish Zone, as the Riff was called, quickly became a cave of Adullam for all who desire to plot against France, and during the war it was a veritable hotbed of German intrigue and a thorn in the side of all the Allies. Today, after the expenditure of great treasure and many lives, Spain is withdrawing, and the Riff is apparently to be allowed to sink back into "the changeless calm of the changeless East." Can it be allowed to do so?

The question is not an easy one to answer. Europe has been sowing the wind in North Africa through many decades; it looks as if, in this decade, unless something is done, some move of real adjustment and statesmanship is made, she may reap the whirlwind. Perhaps the League of Nations may prove itself big enough and vital enough to come to the rescue. If it does, and does so successfully, it will have done much to establish its influence, and to win converts among those who are still skeptical as to its real sanction and authority.

Shrimps and Shrimping

THOSE epicureans who delight in eating shrimps may wonder how and where they are caught.

The shrimp itself is a small crustacean, having a slender body, long legs, and a depressed abdomen. Some of the larger species are nearly as big as lobsters. These larger ones grow in the West Indies and Central American waters. In northern waters, they are smaller but the larger of the northern shrimps are awkward creatures to handle as they are armed with long, sharp, saw-like spears with which they are able to inflict bad injuries upon the hand of the careless fisherman.

The shrimps, in their native habitat, are really active and graceful, and are so nearly like their surroundings that it is very difficult to see them when they are at rest. In the shallow pools they are so active that it takes an alert fisherman to net a catch. Where fishes which eat them are plentiful, the shrimps hide during the day and wait for their food until night. They excavate holes in the sand with their hind legs, sinking part of the body into the hole thus made and throwing the sand over themselves. They undergo the molting process as do crabs and lobsters.

In England shrimp fishing as an industry has assumed immense proportions. In the Thames, below London, the shrimping boats present a scene of intense activity. The boats themselves average forty feet in length and have high bows and sheer-line sweeping rapidly downward toward their square sterns. A low freeboard aft is necessary for proper working of the trawl.

In drawing up the trawl, a large wooden winch is used; the warp is passed round the drum, and the mate winds it up while the skipper coils the slack down. The catch is spread out on the deck and sorting is proceeded with at once. Crabs, seaweed, unedible fish and other articles go overboard in a cascade. Sizeable fish are tossed into a receptacle and the shrimps themselves are divided into two heaps. One heap consists of brown shrimps, the other the pinks. The skipper sifts the undersized shrimps through the holes of a circular sieve while the mate pours water from overside on them to wash them. The small shrimps are returned to the sea after passing through the holes of the sieve. The size of the mesh in both the net and the sieve are legally determined and woe to the fisherman who is found with a smaller mesh than that proscribed by law.

The shrimps are cleaned and boiled in sea-water at once and when cooked they are ladled out of the boiling water with a hand net and are spread out to dry on a fine-meshed net spread horizontally. The dried shrimps are then packed in baskets, tied and labeled, and are sold to the trade when the boat reaches home.

How Washington Capitol Was Built

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quarrel with Thornton, and was compelled to resign the position. James Hoban, the architect of the White House, then undertook to complete the north wing, which he accomplished in 1800.

The construction of the south wing and the remodeling of the north wing, which had been very poorly constructed, were placed in the hands of Benjamin H. Latrobe, recently come from London, where he had had unusual advantages in the study of architecture. He was given ample authority and power by the commissioners, and completed the work in 1811, in harmony with his own plans. He then linked the two wings by a large wood bridge which traversed the space now occupied by the Rotunda.

Sandstone taken from quarries on an island in Acquia Creek, about forty miles below Washington, was used in building the walls of both wings; bricks manufactured in kilns erected on the Capitol grounds were used on interior work; lime was secured in the vicinity of Washington; skilled and unskilled labor was secured at Philadelphia, and other points; the necessary hardware was obtained only after great inconvenience, trouble and expense from wherever it could be had, as there were no large stocks of specific articles in any city in the country.

The end appeared to be in sight, however, when Latrobe turned over the job in 1811 completed as far as it was then possible to do.

Then, during the evening of August 24, 1814, the British troops invaded Washington, burned the Capitol, the White House and other public buildings and many private homes.

At the time this occurred, Latrobe, the actual architect of the Capitol, was in Pittsburgh, helping to build a steamboat for a man named Robert Fulton. Upon being immediately recalled to Washington, he made careful investigation as to the results of the fire on the Capitol. He reported that the walls and foundations were not injured, and that restoration of the structure could easily be accomplished. With great diligence he proceeded with the work of restoring it, and upon which he labored until 1817, at about which time he resigned.

Charles Bulfinch, an architect from Massachusetts, succeeded Latrobe and for ten years applied himself to work on the Capitol, following the designs and plans of Latrobe. He informed Congress in 1827 that the Capitol was finished.

Latrobe's major architectural contributions were the old hall of the House of Representatives, now Statuary Hall; the old Senate chamber, now the United States Supreme Court's chambers, the Law Library quarters, and the old lobbies. Bulfinch completed the wings, linking them by means of the central rotunda, with a low dome. He also constructed an important portion of the Library of Congress, which was in those days housed in the Capitol.

At that time, the edifice occupied approximately one and one-half acres, was three hundred and fifty-two feet long, and one hundred and forty-five feet to the top of the dome. The construction cost up to that time amounted to nearly $2,500,000.

At the end of about twenty years, the membership of the Congress had so increased that an enlargement of the Capitol became necessary, and in 1850 it was concluded to "extend the wings by greater wings, called extensions." These were to be of marble and linked with the original Capitol by ample corridors.

Thomas U. Walter, an architect of Philadelphia, was appointed to do the work, which continued him in the position until 1865.

The cornerstone of the House extension, the south wing, was laid by President Fillmore on July 4, 1851. An oration was delivered by Daniel Webster, Secretary of State. The ceremonies, like those of forty-eight years before, when President Washington laid the cornerstone of the original Capitol, were under the auspices of the Masonic Order, the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Masons of the District of Columbia wearing "the regalia worn by President Washington" on the former occasion.

November, 1867, saw the completion of the extensions and other alterations. The new dome required nine years to construct—at a cost of $1,250,000. Approximately $10,000,000 was spent in the reconstruction of the edifice, which, added to the cost of the original structure, made the total expenditure approximately $13,000,000.

The Capitol covers considerably more than three and one-half acres; the Capitol grounds comprise about forty-five acres; the total length of the building is 751 feet and 4 inches; including porticoes, and steps, its width, or depth, is 324 feet.

This magnificent structure, whose wonderful and beauteous artistic character has drawn from the pens of competent critics more adulatory praise than, perhaps, any similar edifice in the world, and which has been acclaimed one of the world's masterpieces of gigantic architecture, had its simple and modest beginning in the following specifications set forth in the advertisement in 1792: "A conference room, a room for representatives, sufficient to accommodate 300 persons each; a lobby or ante-chamber to the latter; these rooms to be of full elevation, 12 rooms of 600 square feet area each for committee rooms and clerks' offices to be of half the elevation of the former."

Judging from the throngs of sight-seeing visitors that daily surge through the Capitol, month in and month out, year in and year out, regardless of whether Congress is in session, it is not difficult to receive the impression that practically everybody in the United States has inspected the interior of the Nation's pride. It abounds in works of art; paintings large and small, depicting early historical incidents in America; statuary, good, bad, and indifferent; mural decorations of highest artistic value, which have never been completed and probably never will be.

Nurmi, Record Breaker of Records

World's Swiftest Runner Conquers, Comes, Sees, and Conquers Again

By PAUL MACDONALD

IT SEEMED sheer folly to try. It simply could not be done. There was something about an invasion of the United States that crushed the invader. Why could not Paavo Nurmi read the history of international sports' competition within the last three years and gather his lesson from that? Why hurl himself into the face of the inevitable? Why could he not rest on the honors so brilliantly won in the Olympic Games in Colombes Stadium near Paris last July? Why not stay in his native Finland and retain the glory that he so firmly held? Would they never learn?

There was the history of international competition in recent years. Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen, most gifted woman tennis player on the other side of the Atlantic, the pride of France. She came to this country, failed completely, and left nothing but a bad impression and a record of defeat. Georges Carpentier, the only talented ringman that France has produced, holder of the heavyweight championship of Great Britain and the Continent, came to the United States and was crushed by the American Jack Dempsey. The women tennis stars of Great Britain came to this country and lost. England sent her best amateur golfers to America to compete for the Walker cup. They lost. Great Britain sent her representative polo team here and the British four met humiliating defeat. And, as with men and women, so with horses. First, the British turf star Papyrus engaged in a match race on this side and lost. Then there arrived Epinard, king of the French turf, engaged in three match races on this side and failed to finish in front once. A hoodoo attached itself to foreign competitors in this country, that seemed certain.

Why should Nurmi try? Being an amateur and wishing to continue as one, there was no money involved, no large purse that would soothe his feelings if he failed. He had no financial guaranty. If he failed he failed completely and dimmed the glamour that was his after his Olympic Games' victories. What made it seem more foolhardy was that Nurmi would have to run indoors, on board tracks. He had never run indoors. In Finland, where he trained and ran nearly all his races, it was always outdoor running. There is a vast difference between outdoor and indoor running. Even those used to indoor running can never do so well indoors as they do outdoors. Furthermore, indoor running reduces a man's ability for outdoor running; it affects the legs.

Nurmi was, therefore, going to a strange country, into a strange climate, under strange conditions to try to prove himself the world's greatest distance runner over board tracks indoors. He was going to do what no invading athlete had been able to do in years.

That was all late last autumn. Since that time Nurmi has made the trip across the Atlantic and has made his début indoors and the newspapers have told you the result. Nurmi, who had never before been on boards, smashed record after record, running into the ground the pick of American distance men and some of his fellow countrymen who had preceded him to the United States and already proved consistent winners on this side. Nurmi smashed marks that had stood for years, records that seemed safe even from Nurmi indoors. His career, under roof and electric lights, was one record-wrecking performance after another. On a Thursday night he ran in New York, on a Friday night in Chicago and on Saturday night he was back in New York. Three meets in three nights. Two long railroad jumps between meets. And one or more records broken in each meet. Nurmi not alone proved himself superior once but he did it every time he stepped on the boards, proving conclusively that starting from scratch there is not a man in the world that can run with him.

Since Nurmi's first race in the United States I have heard several opinions advanced by track experts that Nurmi, while the best in the world today, could not have beaten several British and American professional runners that preceded him. The natural answer to these assertions is the records. But the sponsors of the cause of the old-time professionals are not stopped by that. They tell you that the professionals who used to run 25 and 30 years ago, and even before that, ran for money and not for records. Since they ran for money and since they tried frequently to bet on themselves, records were a handicap to them. It would be difficult for a runner to get a match if his record showed that he had covered a mile six seconds faster than his opponent ever ran the distance. Even if he got the match who would want to bet on the opponent? The professional who ran for money, therefore, tried always to run no faster than he had to run and still win. His object was always to prevent anyone from finding out how fast he could really run. For his own purposes it was always best to make each race as close as possible. The ideal ending to a race would be a tight finish that left the spectators convinced he had run his level best; leave them under the impression that the beaten man was unlucky and another race would find the result reversed. That meant a return match and since the professional was in the game to make as much money as possible the more races he ran the more money he got.

The explanation is logical. The professional runners wanted victories and not records. The reason is plain. Sometimes they were not so keen for victories. Some of them purposely lost. There were times when a runner found he could make a great deal more money betting against himself and losing than he could possibly make by betting on himself and winning. Crooked foot races developed. One day came exposure. More followed. Foot racing by professionals was killed as a sport.

Probably some of the old-time professionals could have run faster than they did. It may be true that there were faster men in the past than Nurmi. Maybe some of those that were never extended could have beaten Nurmi at their best. But the world will not judge by

(C) Wide World Series

PAAVO NURMI

supposition. The only proof lies in the record books and Nurmi, first outdoors and then indoors, has shrouded the performances of the past. Regardless of what might have been, Paavo Nurmi, the Finn, is regarded as the greatest runner of all time in the eyes of the world and in the record books.

He is a strange character, this Finnish phantom, strange at least to many of us. He is shy, reticent, retiring. He cares nothing for society. He is much of a recluse, a man who prefers his own society to that of others. When he went to Chicago, a great throng gathered at the depot to bid Nurmi welcome to the Middle West. The train pulled in but no Nurmi alighted. He had left the train at a suburban station and gone to the Coliseum by taxicab to escape the cheering mob of well-wishers. He does not attend banquets, or dinners, or parties. Social functions do not appeal to him. All Nurmi cares about is running and, even the disappointed social leaders must admit that he does that fairly well.

Since his performances in the Olympic Games last year Nurmi has been the most discussed athlete in the world. To receive all the publicity that has come to Nurmi the natural conclusion is that he must be an excellent showman. The strange part of all this is that Nurmi is no showman.

To prove how far Nurmi goes in observing the letter and spirit of the amateur rôle, Nurmi turned down an offer of $500 to permit his name to be used over a newspaper article. His refusal was cold, almost indignant. How many American athletic stars can say as much?

What makes Nurmi a great runner? Here is a man of normal athletic build. He is about 5 feet 10 inches tall and built like the great majority of other men of that height. He has ordinary arms and ordinary legs. There is nothing about him that would indicate his running ability. Place Nurmi among a thousand men and you certainly would not single him out of the lot, nor would you select him if he were among 100 or among 50.

Nurmi is great because he picked a goal, found the path leading to it and stuck to that path. That is the simplest explanation. He did not develop overnight but gradually. It took years and years of hard and consistent work to swing him to the top. It took the kind of training that few men have cared to undergo.

Running from 20 to 30 miles a day Nurmi prepared himself for the great test. He had been running ever since a boy and when he finally decided to develop himself into a champion runner he agreed to do the work demanded. He shunned alcohol and nicotine. He lived on simple foods. He never overate. He got enough sleep and learned how to relax.

The kind of running that Nurmi does cannot be accomplished as the result of a few months' training. It is the result of a steady grind that covers years. Long-distance runners must train differently from other athletes. Development is slow.

What brought world renown to Nurmi was his work in the Olympic Games when he ran the world's best milers into the ground in the 1,500-meters race. In the field was Stallard, pick of the British team. He finished 60 yards behind Nurmi. As he crossed the finish line Nurmi slowed down, grabbed his sweater from an attendant and ran off the field. Stallard, finishing next, fell in a heap as he crossed the line and several physicians worked over him more than 20 minutes before they could revive him. Nurmi had run every competitor to the ground.

Forty minutes later the runners were called out for the 5,000-meters run. Nurmi was entered in that. Nurmi appeared from his dugout, fresh and natty. Apparently he had just arrived. Nurmi jogged back and forth to limber up for the 5,000-meters finals. And he won the race as easily as he had captured the 1,500-meters run. He took the lead soon after the start and continued at a steady pace. His speed threw off every other runner but Willie Ritola, a star of the previous Olympic Games and running under the same colors as Nurmi at Paris. But Ritola, a great runner himself, could never catch the flying Nurmi, who seemed to float along the ground never increasing nor slackening his speed, ever running at the same steady gait. He finished as he had finished the 1,500-meters race, without an extra effort. All through the longer race, like in the one run 40 minutes previously, Nurmi moved like a machine, with perfect precision and pace. After he crossed the finish line he ran off the field, showing no sign of having done anything more strenuous than engaged in a brisk walk for a few blocks.

There has been nothing like this double performance in any other Olympic Games. Considering Nurmi's work in the two races and the close proximity in which they were run, he had established himself in a single afternoon. His best single feat came later in the 10,000-meters run. This was a cross-country race run under a blazing sun with the thermometer around 100. Again Nurmi showed the same pace and mastery of it and once more he finished fresh with Ritola landing second place and coming across the line long after Nurmi had trotted off the field. Ritola was more than 500 meters behind Nurmi when the winner finished. Almost every other competitor dropped out before the race was half over. Many of them fell unconscious. The blazing sun, the oppressive heat, and the pace had no apparent effect on Nurmi.

The secret of all this is that Nurmi did not run 10,000 meters in practice to train for a 10,000 meters race. He ran 30,000 and 40,000 and 50,000 meters daily. A man who runs three, four and five times the distance that he will be called on to race is not going to mind the distance of the race. Nurmi, running 20 and 30 miles a day, found a race of six miles little more than a jog.

By continuing along the lines that he has followed Nurmi will probably run even better in the future. He has been running since a boy and came to attention as a runner five years ago but it was not until within the last two years that he gave promise of doing big things in distance races. As I have said, distance runners develop slowly. They rarely do their best work before they reach the age of 30. Go through the records of distance running in Olympic Games' competition and you will discover that the best performances have been delivered by men between the ages of 30 and 40.

Nurmi's work in the Olympic Games of 1924 was remarkable but I believe that his work indoors in the United States was even more remarkable. Considering it from every angle there is really nothing in the athletic history of the world that can compare with it. Nearly always Nurmi was compelled to run under adverse conditions. He was in a strange land and under strange conditions. The food, water, atmosphere, everything was new to him and confusing. He had never run on a board track. He had never run under artificial light and indoors. He had to beat the greatest runners of a nation that was supreme in Olympic Games' competition. He rarely faced the same conditions in any two meets. Some of the tracks over which he ran were gradually banked and others had steep banks. Sometimes there was no pitch to the turns and the number of laps varied on nearly all of the tracks. But still he ran, breaking record after record.

What has been the result of Nurmi's performances? The government of Finland recently estimated that Nurmi had donated $10,000,000 to good will for Finland in the United States. Charles E. Mitchell, president of the National City Bank of New York City, and Leonard Astrom, Minister of Finland, concur in this estimate. The credit of Nurmi's native land has been greatly benefited by his work in the United States. Of course, he had the assistance of other Finnish athletes. Kohlemainen, Ritola, Stenroos, all Olympic Games' heroes, contributed to establishing a firmer place for Finland among the nations of the world. It naturally follows that a nation producing Nurmis, Ritolas, Kohlemainens, Stenrooses, and their kind, must be a sturdy and progressive country. They have advertised Finland to the world and made the world interested in the mother country and her products.

He has done something for the United States as well. He is creating a new interest in track and field athletics. He is inducing young Americans who would not walk or run otherwise to do that very thing. He is setting an example, the value of which cannot easily be measured. And, if I may add the observation, he is showing us something in the way of amateurism and sportsmanship.

BRIEFLY TOLD

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. The set includes: "The International Jew," Vol. I, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

The pheasant is the best earthquake predictor known, the bird crowing before or during every slight shock, according to a Japanese writer.

A billion dollars' worth of Liberty bonds have been converted into worthless securities.

Dried yak meat, often 100 years old, forms the staple of the Tibetan diet.

To feed their population, England, Scotland and Wales have to import more than nine months' food supplies.

The cherimoya, a new fruit discovered in Ecuador, is described as vegetable ice cream, because of its white flesh, which has the consistency of firm custard and the combined flavors of pineapple, strawberry, and banana.

Unlike the Chinese who prefer male children, the native African welcomes a girl because her work at home is valuable and she has a cash price, when she comes of marriageable age, in cattle, goats, or sheep.

The largest clamshell in the world, weighing twenty pounds, is in the Museum of Natural History, New York City.

Forty of the forty-eight states constituting the Union have prohibited prison whippings.

"Banks lose $200,000,000 annually through forgery and embezzlement," says Edward E. Gore, eminent accountant. Bonding companies, he said, are more concerned with getting back the money than jailing the offender.

An uncollected balance of $15,000,000 on centenary pledges due the Methodist church of the South proves that it is more difficult to pay than to promise.

"Will you have a drink?" was the first question addressed to me in New York by my publisher. "Cocktail, sherry, port." "But where do you get it from?" I began, astonished. "From the Rabbi, who has an allowance of ten gallons of sherry a year for spiritual purposes, of which he retails nine."—*"A Tour Through America," by Cecil Roberts.*

The Lapps train their dogs to act as living hot-water bottles, always sleeping between the tent wall and the human being, to protect him from draft.

One-third of Scotland has changed hands through the real estate market during the past six years.

Rule G, the railroad regulation prohibiting the use of intoxicants by employes, has been amplified by the New York, New Hampshire and Hudson Railway to include narcotics.

Every British aviator flying over Afghanistan carries a letter sewed into his coat stating that if the bearer is returned unharmed to the British lines, his rescuers will receive ten thousand rupees or approximately $3,500.

"Three things are not permanent without three things: wealth without commerce, science without argument, nor a kingdom without government."—From Apologues and Morals of Shaikh Muslih al Din, Persian poet of 1190, a descendant of Ali, Mohammed's son-in-law.

New German stamps are to bear the portraits of noted Germans.

A prairie chicken flying into the headlight of the locomotive of a fast Canadian passenger train extinguished it, causing delay to the train.

The chimes from the four huge bells that make up the new carillon of the Basilica in Quebec are far sweeter than those of the old bells destroyed in the fire of December, 1922.

Miguel Paz Barahona's inauguration as President of Honduras marks the first instance in twenty years where a chief executive of that country has taken office through peaceful elections.

A railroad is being built through Sherwood Forest, the rendezvous of Robin Hood.

A gold nugget, part of the original gold taken from Sutter Creek, California, by James W. Marshall, January 24, 1848, is the property of a New York man.

The average of marriage in Germany is 28 for the man and 25 for the woman; in Denmark, 29 for the man and 25 for the woman; in France, 29 and 25, respectively; in England, 28 and 26; and in Italy, the man is 28 and the woman 24 years at the average age of marriage.

A Canadian team of horses holds the world's record for the greatest traction pull, which is 3,100 pounds.

The only existing copy of the June, 1923, issue of trade returns, published by the Japanese Government printing office, is one mailed to the United States Department of Commerce a few hours before the earthquake which burned the others.

Watch bracelets were common in 1570, when the ladies carried two watches, one on the arm and the other in the pocket.

Galileo's discovery of the pendulum was put to use to perfect a clock, before which time no pendulum clock had ever been made.

The presence of time cannot be felt, seen, heard, nor weighed.

About one out of every thousand fox puppies is born hairless, and, though healthy, remains hairless throughout life.

The playing of cards and dice was forbidden in Spain as early as A. D. 1387 by John I, King of Castile.

Rare books are being registered genealogically in the same manner as blooded stock.

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"I Read in the Papers—"

I read in the papers that Abby Rockefeller will marry "a struggling lawyer," and I am properly impressed. Most sincerely do I trust that the reporters are giving us a true fairy story. But I will believe it only as the lawyer keeps on struggling and makes his own way. It is in so much better taste than marrying a lounge lizard, so much more moral somehow than a marriage joining fortunes would be, that people just naturally hope that the bride's family will not go and spoil it all by relieving the young man of any of his struggle. That is the way it should be in America. Just as brains are always coming up from poverty to wealth, so brains ought always to be going from wealth into poverty, until all phases of our life become leavened with ability. Living on a small income would be the preferable way to live, if we only knew how. It is a far more comfortable way to live, if we only knew how. The very best life now lived in this country is the plain common life, but if it were more marked by good taste and dignity, it would be a life without peer.

I read in the papers that King Alfonso of Spain is experiencing a very favorable reaction from the Ibanez attacks. And it bears more than the earmarks of a manufactured hurrah. The people of Spain, not only, have expressed their attachment to the royal family, but in other countries the voice of confidence has been raised. For example, Dean Inge, of St. Paul's, London, has come to the front with an explanation of the king's treatment of the scholar Miguel Unamuno, which must be credited. Uanmuno's base and unfounded references to the character of the Queen were of such an exasperating nature that his polite banishment must be regarded as an act of mercy rather than of autocratic oppression. Poincaré has testified to Alfonso's neutrality during the war with a leaning of benevolence toward the Allies. But the Directorate still continues, and may for 20 years more. A little while ago the Directorate seemed to be in the throes of trying to find a place to let go. The new policy seems to have been a bold appeal to the people, and the people appear to be satisfied.

I read in the papers the withdrawal of the United States from the opium conference. It is a great pity that the facts about this matter are not more generally known. The United States, pilloried the world around as being the most "materialistic" nation, went into that conference with the straightforward proposal to limit the production of opium to the medical needs of the world. Our representatives fought with consideration and wisdom, in the shadow of the very League of Nations itself, for a moral reform sadly needed in this world. With what result? They met with a double-dealing and insult. Lord Cecil, upon whom the professional pacifists of the United States shower compliments and money, was the chief obstacle to any settlement, and his last proposal would have insulted professional crooks. The "materialistic" nation, upon a straight test, proved more idealistic than the nations that deride us. And we let ourselves be derided, that's the curious thing!

I read in the papers a great deal about the air fracas. Outside the printed accounts, I have this information: Since June 30 last year navy airmen have made 53,000 flights. During that time there were 112 accidents. Thirty of these accidents were due to failures of material, and 25 of the 30 were due to engine failures. There is a total enlistment of 3,482 in naval aviation. This includes 358 pilots, five observers, 15 students, and 15 under flight orders. The Navy recognizes the hazardous nature of flying by granting those under flight orders 150 per cent of the base pay of naval officers. Any facts are welcome in the blizzard of conflicting statements.

I read in the papers that Soviet Russia is in trouble again. The stoppage of private enterprise has resulted, naturally, in a stoppage of business. Freedom to transact business one with another is one of the inalienable rights of the people; liberty to trade is part of liberty itself; but the Soviets don't see it. I never understood that passage in the Bible—"for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie"—until I studied Soviet Russia. It seems borne out by history that no contributions have ever been made to economic knowledge or political freedom by men who denied God. That denial seems to abstract the essence of right thinking from all forms of intellection. This Great Denial leads to every other, until the system built upon it becomes a vast lie. And the only way to remove such a lie from the earth is to let it mature, let it reach its logical development and burst with the fullness of its iniquity. That is what is transpiring in Russia. The delusion of the lie is there, and Destiny seems to have delivered the responsible heads completely over to it.

I read in the papers the story of Lawrence Tibbett, American, whose excellence compelled an ovation at the Metropolitan. There is always a joy in hearing of another man's success. This man wanted to sing. And taking the thronged road of ambition, he met the thousand pin-pricks that test people who try that road. Then came Opportunity, and though he was not ready for it, he buckled in. Then came success. They didn't know it was Tibbett the audience was thundering for. Tibbett himself didn't know, until all the stars had gone to take the curtain call. He, journeyman-singer that he was, had just casually noted it as part of a star's due. And then a messenger came back stage telling Tibbett that he was the cause of the thunder. And he went out in a daze. And the first person he saw was his wife standing up, clapping her hands and crying. I'll say that's success, when your own wife goes to pieces over your work. If Tibbett is never heard of again, he has scaled the apex of success.

DEA

The Ford International Weekly

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MR. FORD'S page this week deals with the subject of discontent as an element in a person's career. There is a healthy form of discontent which is sometimes called ambition. (p. 7)

MUCH has been written recently about the assassination of President Lincoln, and what became of J. Wilkes Booth, the assassin, after the event. Much confusion has been caused in the minds of the public in consequence of the stories about Booth having escaped at the time he is said to have been shot by his pursuers, and that he lived many years after. These matters have been thoroughly investigated by THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, and the result is being given in a series of articles of which the first appears on page 3.

DO OUR readers know who the "Little Peoples" are? Thomas A. Edison says they are minute intelligences within us that act as memories. He says that millions or billions of little peoples, perhaps, come together in a certain individual. (p. 2)

ROBERT BROWNING and his wife Elizabeth Barrett Browning are today among the most widely read of the poets. Both were delightful personalities, and their conjugal affection found voice in some of their most charming verses. There is a lady still living who met and talked with Robert Browning, and this interview she relates for our readers. (p. 4)

WHENEVER there is a new President elected or a new government takes office Washington is besieged by swarms of job-hunters. Political pull is the means employed. Some interesting side lights are thrown on this matter in this issue. (page 5)

NANKING is a fine old Chinese city, famous for centuries for its beautiful porcelain and silks. Part of the city was recently burned and looted, and an eyewitness tells what happened, and gives a vivid sketch of the weird ideas of justice prevailing in the Flowery Land. (p. 6)

THE crossing of the River Jordan by the Israelites of old was less spectacular and much more orderly than the crossing of the Rio Grande by the armies of aliens smuggled into the United States by way of Mexico. (p. 9)

THERE is a devastating army which every year destroys millions of dollars' worth of property in the United States. Whence this army comes, and how it is fought is graphically related. (page 10)

MANY people think that some baseball leagues are rolling in wealth, and that beyond the salaries of a few stars, their expenses are comparatively small. (p. 11)

SHERWOOD FOREST, Robin Hood and his merry men, the "Dukeries," and other things of interest in the heart of old England, are all centered in the ancient and royal town of Nottingham, still famous for its lace. This makes a story replete with romance. (p. 12)

ALTHOUGH Zion City has been much in the public eye, very few of the public have intimate knowledge of how this community is administered, or what it really stands for. (p. 13)

What Became of J. Wilkes Booth, Lincoln's Assassin?

When I Interviewed Browning

Job-Hunters and Job-Getting

Fire and Loot in Chinese City

Alien Smuggling Via Mexico

Fighting the Insect Pest Army

Millions Paid to Run Baseball

Nottingham, City of Robin Hood

International "Booklegging"

Zion City and How It Is Run

Thomas A. Edison Tells About the "Little Peoples"

Do You Know the "Little Peoples"?

Edison Says They Are Minute Intelligencies That Act as Memories

By ALLAN L. BENSON

This is the second talk with Mr. Edison. The first appeared last week.

"HOW do we remember?" I asked Edison. "Well, now let us see," he began. "In the first place, we do not remember. A certain group of our little people do this for us. They live in that part of our brain which has become known as the 'fold of Broca.' Broca discovered and proved that everything we call memory goes on in a little strip not much more than a quarter of an inch long. That is where the little people live who keep our records for us."

The older Edison becomes the greater seems to be his interest in what he calls the "world of the little peoples." The "little peoples" in your body, for instance, are the minute intelligencies that constitute the cells of which your body is composed. In your body there are billions of such intelligencies, each an expert in its own field, but knowing nothing about anything else. Some of the little peoples that compose your stomach-cells, for instance, can perform miracles of chemistry that no chemist can perform, but you would drop dead if they were to jump into your heart and try to function as a pump. A few million intelligencies have nothing to do from the time you are born until you die but to act as your memory. Such, at any rate, is Edison's theory of what you are and how you work.

"Some of the little peoples who enable us to remember things," he continued, "do nothing else during our entire lives but watch moving picture shows. Everything that comes in through the eyes comes in the form of moving pictures. These pictures come so rapidly that, like the pictures on a screen, they seem to be but one picture, but in fact they are millions. The optic nerves bring the pictures through the small holes in the front of our skulls into our brains where the little peoples whose function it is to remember can see them. We do not remember everything we see because everything is not worth remembering. Little Peoples, like 'big peoples,' are of various degrees of intelligence. Some will choose to remember what others will choose to forget. But whatever their intelligence, they all seem to be impressed by the startling and the unusual. The thing is remembered that makes an impression. When a human being is young and his little memory-people have empty record cases, many things make an impression. That is why so many childhood memories linger throughout our lives."

Seeing With the Eyes of Childhood

Edison then told a story to illustrate the tenacity of childish memory.

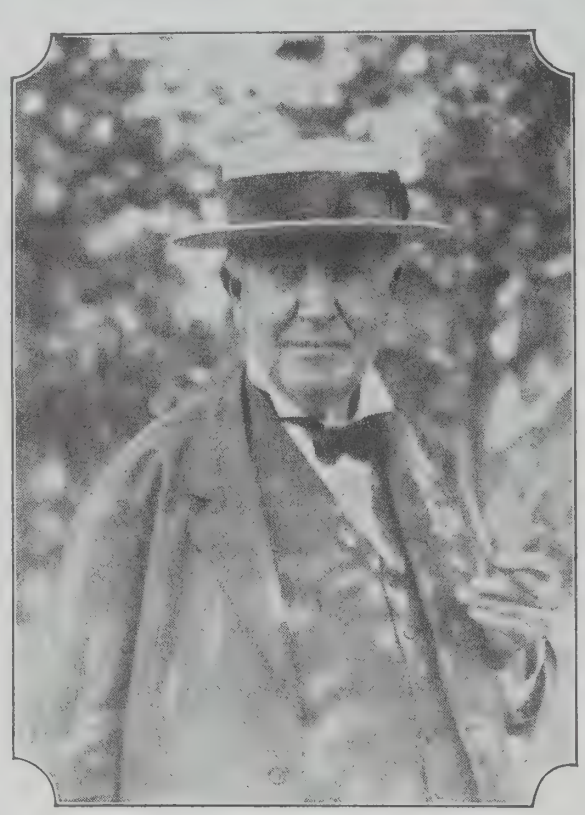
"A man was here the other day," said Edison, "who had recently visited the old country schoolhouse where he was a pupil when he was five years old. He told me that as he approached the place everything seemed much as he had left it almost half a century before: the hill down which he used to coast had somewhat flattened out; it was not the little Matterhorn, the memory of which he had carried with him so many years, but a very gentle slope. As he drew nearer the little building his mind was flooded with memories; this thing, that thing, and the other thing—there they were just as he had left them. But when he approached one of the side windows and looked into the room where he learned the alphabet, he got a great shock. Something was wrong with the windows! They were too low. As he looked through the little panes of glass he became distinctly uncomfortable. What was the matter? Then the answer came to him. The last time he had looked through that window he was so short that he had to grab hold of the sill to pull himself up. He had grown so tall that his eyes were perhaps three feet above the sill.

"Now see what had happened. For more than forty years some of the little people in this man's brain had carried about with them a certain recollection about those window sills. The recollection was that the sills were so high one could not look through the windows without pulling himself up. Waking or sleeping, wherever he went during those forty-odd years, that recollection was with the man, though he did not know it. During this time, the substance of his body, including his brain, had changed several times, but the little peoples that live in the cells had not changed. The moment the little peoples in that man's optic nerves began to see moving pictures of those old window sills and sent the message back to the brain, some of the little people in the fold of Broca began to stir. They had heard about those window sills before. They were so high that nobody could look through them without pulling himself up!"

What a Good Memory Really Means

Edison does not believe that all of the memory little peoples remember the same things.

"There may be twelve or fifteen shifts," said he, "that change about and are on duty at different times like men in a factory. I infer this from the fact that we sometimes have to send for the particular ones that have the records we want. That is what we do, I think, when we cudgel our memories for the things we want to recall. We have forgotten a man's name, for instance. We ask the shift of little peoples who happen to be on duty, 'What is that man's name?' They were not on duty when the name was given to them to remember and they don't know. After a while, suggestion or something else summons the shift that has the name and they give it. I therefore take it that the possession of what is called a good memory really means the possession of the ability to summon the particular groups of little peoples who have the records we want. Haven't you noticed that when you get in touch with the right group the thing you want to recall comes crashing into your consciousness with no evidence whatever of impaired vitality? The little peoples, who have remembered perfectly, seem almost to shout at you the information you want. Therefore it seems likely that remembering a thing is all a matter of getting in touch with the shift that was on duty when the recording was done."



THOMAS A. EDISON.

What a host of little peoples record and hold the things we wish to keep on file in our minds! Edison himself seemed almost awestriken at the contemplation of the probable number

Believes Little Peoples Are Immortal

"Why there are 125 million little strands," he said, "in the thing we call the optic nerve. Each of these strands is a mass of cells and each cell is a mass of 'little peoples.' There must be billions of them!"

Edison believes these little intelligencies—these little peoples—are immortal; that they go from one body to another and never die. He says it "does not stand to reason" that the individual is immortal, because the individual is but a collection of minor intelligencies, all of whom may never again be quartered within a single body.

I asked him why these little intelligencies thought it worth while to spend an eternity in a succession of human bodies?

"Just to get experience," he replied. "They seem to crave experience. As I see it, something like this happens: Millions or billions of little peoples, perhaps, come together in a certain individual. Some want to do one thing and some another. Some have high ideals and some have not. For a while, they fight out their differences and then the stronger group takes charge and this group dominates the man's life. If the minority is willing to be disciplined and to conform there is harmony or at any rate something that approximates it. But oftentimes the minority is not willing to conform. It is outraged at what it conceives to be the indignities that the majority heaps upon it. Minorities then sometimes say, 'To hell with this place; let's get out of it.' They refuse to do their appointed work in the man's body, he sickens and dies, and the minority gets out, as does too, of course, the majority. They are all set free to seek new experience somewhere else."

Edison, like Lincoln, Washington, and some others, sometimes says "hell" when he wants to get a lot off his mind in an instant.

I asked him if, in his opinion, memory-cells carried recollections from one human life to another. The first sentence of his answer showed that, however much he may doubt that immortality is in store for the individual, he would be glad if he could believe it.

"I should like to think so," he said after a pause. "I should like to think that the recollections of experiences in one human life are carried forward through an endless succession of other lives. If the same little peoples were forever grouped together we should then have immortality and, what is perhaps more important, we should be able to begin each new experience with all the wisdom that we had gained during the ones that preceded it. This, however, is not what happens. Each generation is not able to profit from the mistakes of its ancestors. Each generation commits most of the same follies that have been committed since the beginning of time.

"Nevertheless, I believe that some of our experiences are carried forward into succeeding generations. How else shall we account for what we may call inherited wisdom? Put your finger in a sleeping baby's hand. What does the baby do? It closes its hand on your fingers. Why? Because some of the little peoples in this baby remember the time when their forefathers lived in trees and it was necessary, to keep from falling and breaking their necks, to close their hands upon the limbs of trees.

"What we call 'inborn traits' are recollections of earlier experiences that the little peoples have brought along with them. Take an Indian baby, for instance. No matter how hard or how long you may try, you can never make a white man out of that baby. The little peoples in the baby will not permit you to do so. They have their ideas, gained from preceding experiences, of what a human being should do. You may repress these little peoples to the point where you believe you have made an Indian into a white man, but, when you least expect it, they will jump out at you and startle you with a war whoop. Of course, what you do to the red little peoples will constitute part of the recollections that they will carry on into their next life-experience; and when there have been enough such experiences the Indian's 'inborn traits' will have been changed.

"That is about the way I look at it. I do not see how there could be any such thing as carrying from one person to another the bulk of the recollections that the little peoples have as they go along. These minute intelligencies that carry our records would become so burdened, if they did not forget most of their experiences, that they would have no further capacity for memorizing. And inasmuch as the same little peoples never reassemble in another body, there can be no such thing as the perpetuation of the individual in another earth-life. Such things can happen, as they say, 'only in the movies' or in literature. Rudyard Kipling, in one of his best stories, had a London bank clerk get a glimpse of a former incarnation when he was a Greek galley slave. That was literature, but it was not science."

The Bank Clerk Who Was a Galley Slave

The wonder of the world appears to grow upon Edison as he himself grows older. Some minds naturally go out to the big things of the universe—the suns, the planets, the great constellations and the great spaces—but Edison's mind seems to go out to the infinitely little; and nothing seems so little that it does not disclose life. He spoke with awe of the fact that when New Hampshire granite is ground up and placed in water, minute particles of life appear upon the surface; particles of life that for perhaps hundreds of millions of years were locked up in the granite.

The mystery of life is even more of a challenge to Edison that it is to the ordinary man. For almost twenty years I have listened to him, from time to time, as he speculated upon it. Always he has reminded me of a man walking around an object, to view it from every angle. He seems to go about his philosophizing as he does to make an invention. He experiments with ideas as he does with materials. I suspect that he sometimes tries out opposing ideas to ascertain which one he can most successfully defend. Lincoln used to do this in politics. Before he became finally committed to anything he used to try to see how good an argument he could make against it. A few years ago, Edison told me he thought there was so little life-force in the world that it could not accept more than a fraction of the opportunities for its expression. The other day he told me there was probably ten times as much snake-life force in the world as could find means of manifesting itself. I do not know whether he meant that snake-life is so preyed upon that it finds difficulty in getting on the map, or whether he is experimenting with a new concept pertaining to the volume of life-force.

Life a Force Flowing Into a Mold

Edison has an entirely original concept with regard to life. He sees it as a force that flows into a mold and functions according to the mold. He says a seed, or an egg which is but another name for a seed, is wholly without life and is nothing but a blue print. Life-force flows into the seed and manifests itself according to the plans and specifications laid down. If the seed be that of a chicken, the life-force soon arrays itself in feathers and begins to cluck or crow. If the blue print was laid down by a flower there comes another flower. It was with this theory in mind that Edison, a few years ago, conceived the idea of a deficiency of the amount of life-force available to this planet. He said the earth would long ago have been smothered in codfish if there had been enough life-force to convert all of the eggs into fish. Luther Burbank, however, does not agree with Edison that seeds are merely blue prints, having no life.

Perhaps the most amazing demonstration that Edison or anybody else ever gave of this power took place a few years ago. Edison spent a day going through his cement factory. He took no notes on paper, but the next day he dictated a list of 600 things that he wished done to the machinery and fixtures, in each case stating carefully the exact nature of the thing he wished done. This involved the naming of machines, and the citation of various shafts, belts, wheels, bearings and what not that were to be fixed. I doubt if anything like this was ever done before by any man. Yet, when Edison was a young man, standing in line before a tax-collector's window, he was asked his name could not tell it, and was fired out of the line. But that, of course, was because he was thinking so hard about something else that he forgot both who he was and where he was.

You now have Edison's answer to the question, "What is memory?" It is the action of a particular form of intelligence, manifested by a certain group of the "little peoples." What is man? According to Edison, man, too, is nothing but intelligence.

"I consist," said he, "of 182 pounds, mostly of gross matter. Whatever intelligence I may have is furnished by my little peoples who weigh nothing."

Did Lincoln's Assassin Escape?

In This, the First Installment, Is Told the Story of the Armstrong Myth

By F. L. BLACK

IT WAS on the night of April 14, 1865, after committing his appalling crime, that John Wilkes Booth escaped from Washington with David Herold, an accomplice. Together they worked their way down through Southern Maryland into Virginia, where Booth was shot in a barn, about ninety miles south of Washington, eleven days after the assassination. Presently, however, rumors began to spread over the country that the man shot in the burning barn was not John Wilkes Booth, and that the officers in charge had wilfully deceived the government that they might procure the immense reward offered for the capture. It was said, and by many believed, that the real John Wilkes Booth had escaped to the Island of Ceylon, to Mexico, to Palestine. It began to be whispered that Andrew Johnson, Lincoln's successor in the Presidency, was the instigator of the horrible crime and that his motive was personal ambition.

Instead of dying out, these whispered rumors finally broke into print, and many newspaper and magazine articles, as well as several books, have been published from time to time in an attempt to prove them true.

During 1920-21-22, the mummified body of a man who committed suicide at Enid, Oklahoma, in 1903, was exhibited in many western and southwestern towns as the body of John Wilkes Booth. With it were pictures of the Booth family, copies of affidavits, and other supporting "evidence" to prove that the mummy was in reality that of the country's most abhorred assassin.

Scores of impossible stories of the escape, subsequent life and lonely death of Booth have been printed with a wealth of circumstance to support them, and thousands of persons may be found, especially in the South, who will never believe that Booth perished in the Garret barn.

One of the first of the published rumors that Booth escaped appeared in 1867 in the Louisville, Kentucky, *Journal*. This story claimed that John Wilkes Booth had been seen alive in the East Indies and that a Captain Tolbert had won the bet of a large sum of money by demonstrating this fact. A letter published in the *Journal* claimed that Captain Tolbert, who commanded a privateer in the South Pacific and Indian oceans, while in Bombay had learned that Booth was hidden on the Island of Ceylon. This story was apparently never fully investigated and whatever circumstantial evidence there may have been to sustain the statements in the letter was never disclosed.

The most definite and persistent of all the rumors that went the rounds was that which may be called the Armstrong Myth. According to this version John Wilkes Booth had lived for years at Atlanta, Georgia, "not as a recluse, not as a skulking wretch stealing out at night in the shadow of a nation's curse, but as a clergyman of the Episcopal church, and in the open light of day."

There lived at Atlanta, Georgia, the Rev. J. G. Armstrong, rector of a local Episcopal church. He bore a superficial resemblance to the actor, JohnWilkes Booth. By degrees the rumor grew, supported by his power of dramatic preaching, that the clergyman really was Lincoln's escaped assassin.

Dr. Armstrong knew of the facial resemblance, was rather vain of his dramatic powers, and did not discourage the belief to live that he was the actor-assassin. Dr. Armstrong's taste was for the stage rather than the ministry, he took a deep interest in amateur theatricals, and his favorite plays were Shakespearean. It is said that once when Edwin Booth visited Atlanta, Dr. Armstrong occupied a stage box in the Opera House, and that Edwin Booth was so startled by Dr. Armstrong's likeness to his brother that he sought out the clergyman after the performance.

The Memphis *Commercial Appeal*, in 1922, brought up the discussion as to Dr. Armstrong and received many letters from persons who believed the story. One letter stated:

"It is well known by many people still living in Richmond, Virginia, that John Wilkes Booth preached during the '80s for five years or more at Monumental Episcopal Church under the name of Dr. Armstrong and afterward had a church in Atlanta, Georgia, and died a natural death during the '90s."

Another reads:

"About twenty-five years ago, I read in a newspaper, The New York *World*, I think—an article from a man who some years previously had visited a western city, I cannot recall his name, but there was no effort at concealment, and he wrote with every indication of candor and veracity.

"One night he attended church. The minister's name he was informed, was 'Dr. Armstrong.' When the minister rose to begin the service our narrator was immediately impressed with the peculiar familiarity of his voice and manner, but could not recall any specific occasion on which he had seen 'Dr. Armstrong' before.

"In the course of the sermon, however, 'Dr. Armstrong' began to recite 'The Siege of Corinth.' As the recitation proceeded with great dramatic skill and power, the listener at once remembered that some years previously he had crossed the Atlantic on a ship that carried an unusually large number of distinguished and interesting passengers, among whom was John Wilkes Booth and some of his theatrical friends.

"On several occasions during the voyage, Booth entertained the ship's company with dramatic performances and once recited 'The Siege of Corinth,' with startling power and effect.

"So when 'Dr. Armstrong' launched into the recitation, the hearer immediately recognized the tone and manner of Booth and was filled with astonishment, but thought it best not to mention the matter.

"Some nights after this he found opportunity to call on 'Dr. Armstrong' at home. He was ushered into the sitting room with the explanation that 'Dr. Armstrong' was engaged with some one in the study and asked that he await his coming. Some subconscious curiosity prompted him to sit where he could see the door to the study. He waited long and patiently, for he was determined to see 'Dr. Armstrong.'

"Finally the door to the study opened and 'Dr. Armstrong' and Edwin Booth came out into the hall. Edwin took affectionate and brotherly leave of 'Dr. Armstrong,' and quietly passed out. 'Dr. Armstrong' then came into the sitting room. He had a slight limp as of one who had suffered a broken ankle, and the writer satisfied himself that he was not mistaken as to 'Dr. Armstrong's' identity, but made no mention of having received any information to this effect from 'Dr. Armstrong' himself."

A third says:—

"I would like to answer the question 'Was the Rev. Dr. Armstrong and John Wilkes Booth, one and the same person?' by saying that I believe I knew John Wilkes Booth in the person of the 'Rev. J. G. Armstrong,' of the Episcopal Church in Atlanta, Georgia, and I further believe that my readers will agree with the assertion when they shall have finished this article, which, I shall recount as nearly as possible, at this late date, for it occurred many, many years ago, when I was quite a young man. I was a resident of Atlanta at the time, and held a position on the Atlanta *Constitution* and knew the 'Rev. J. G. Armstrong' very well. He was a very brilliant man, highly educated, and it was said of him that he was the possessor of the finest private library in the city.

"As well as I remember, he was a tall, 'rawboned,' sallow complexioned man, with features as clear-cut as a cameo, with a limp on the left leg, I believe. His hair was long, falling almost to his shoulders and as black as a raven's wing. I used to wonder why he did not have it cut, but I learned later that he wore it in that manner to hide a disfiguring scar on the back of his neck. That was 'J. G. Armstrong,' or John Wilkes Booth, as I knew him.

"Now for the startling story!

"One day an old man, a stranger in the city, was standing in the main entrance of the Kimball House, on North Pryor street, when the Rev. J. G. Armstrong passed. He took one glance at the tall, limping figure, threw both hands above his head and exclaimed:

" 'John Wilkes Booth, as I live!'

"With this exclamation, he staggered and would have fallen, but for the assistance of two men, who helped him to a seat in the lobby. Soon recovering, he asked one of the men who the man was. 'That is Rev. J. G. Armstrong, of the Episcopal Church,' he was answered.

" 'That may be the name he goes by here, but his real name is John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of Abraham Lincoln,' he replied, and no amount of reassurance could shake his opinion.

"The story got into the papers, of course, and was played up in a more or less humorous vein and after the usual nine days' wonder was forgotten."

It is claimed that the Reverend Armstrong on several

(*Concluded on page 4*)

The body of John Wilkes Booth, assassin of Abraham Lincoln, was offered to THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT for One Thousand Dollars.

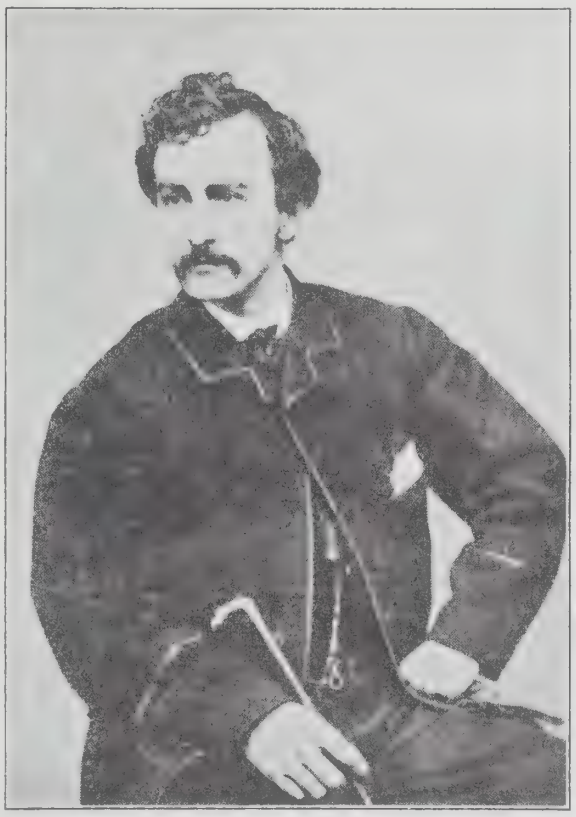
Affidavits and a wealth of circumstantial detail were to accompany it.

This was in 1920. The mummified body was owned by a citizen of Tennessee.

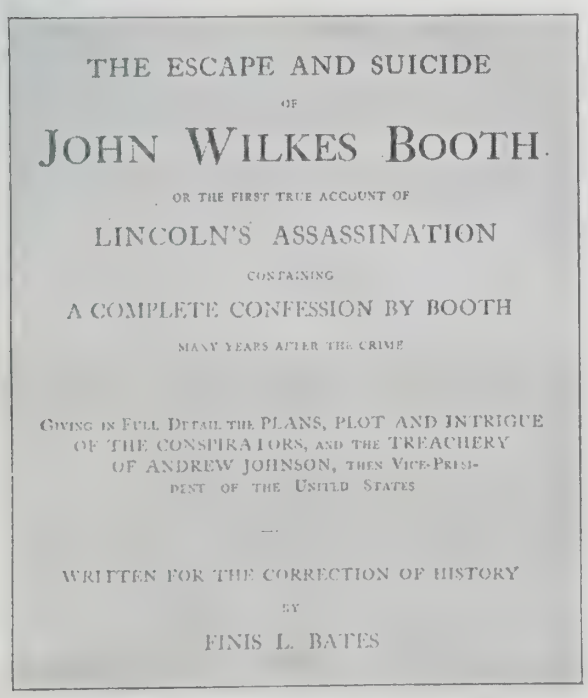
Since that time the rumor has broken out anew that the murderer of Lincoln escaped and lived undetected for 38 years after; that the nation was deceived by the report of his capture; that the large reward offered for Booth, dead or alive, was collected under false pretense.

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, curious to know the basis for the rumor, conducted a thorough investigation into every phase of the matter and convinced itself of the spurious nature of the Booth myths, all and sundry. The accumulated material was laid away as of no timely interest until a recent fresh revival of the myth brought it to mind again. In *Harper's Magazine* for November, 1924, and in *Collier's* for December 27, 1924, articles on the question have appeared, while more recently American newspapers everywhere have carried *International News Service* stories purporting to be exclusive interviews with the surviving relatives of Booth—all of which provide amusing reading for anyone in possession of the facts.

It is proposed to give readers of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT a complete view of the evidence in the possession of this paper, that they may judge for themselves whether the fascinating stories of John Wilkes Booth's escape and survival are hoax or truth.



JOHN WILKES BOOTH, assassin of Abraham Lincoln.



THE ESCAPE AND SUICIDE

OF

JOHN WILKES BOOTH

OR THE FIRST TRUE ACCOUNT OF

LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION

CONTAINING

A COMPLETE CONFESSION BY BOOTH

MANY YEARS AFTER THE CRIME

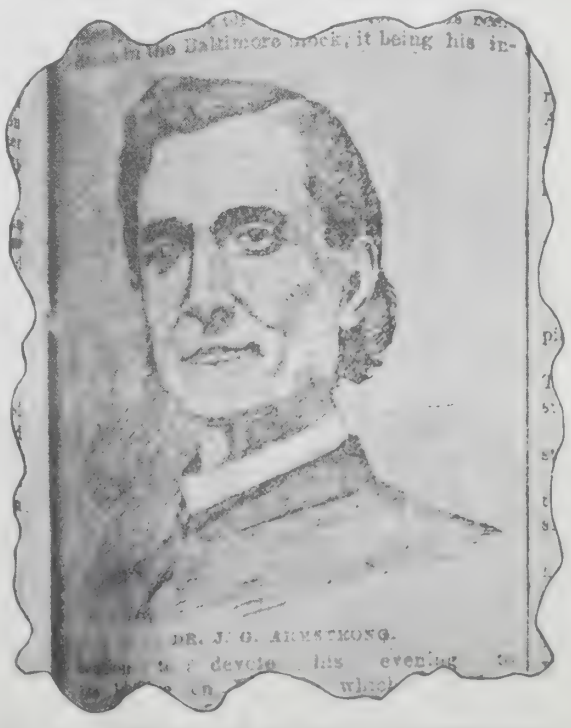
GIVING IN FULL DETAIL THE PLANS, PLOT AND INTRIGUE OF THE CONSPIRATORS, AND THE TREACHERY OF ANDREW JOHNSON, THEN VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

WRITTEN FOR THE CORRECTION OF HISTORY

BY

FINIS L. BATES

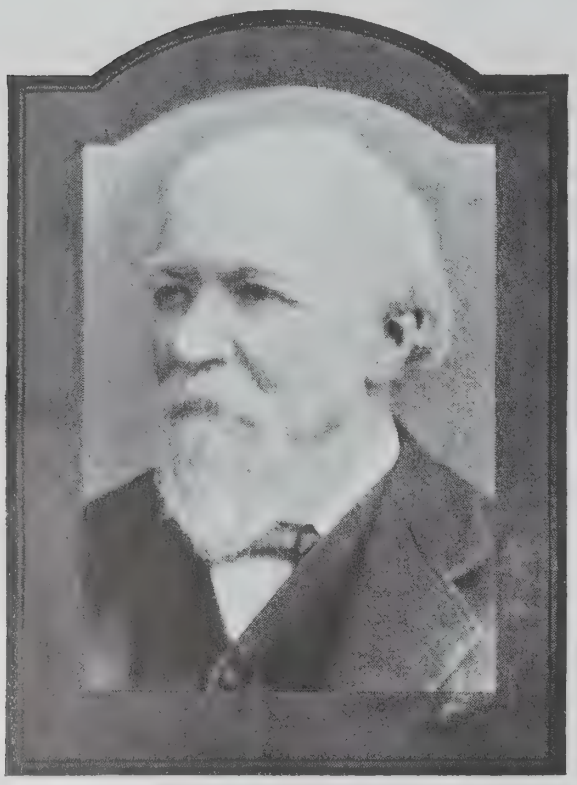
The title page of Finis L. Bates' book.



DR. J. G. ARMSTRONG.

DR. J. G. ARMSTRONG, who was taken for John Wilkes Booth.

A Memory of Robert Browning



Robert Browning,

"THERE is really no harm," said W. D. Howells, "in seeking the presence of a famous man. There are bores everywhere, but he is likelier to find them in the wonted figures of society than in those young people, or old people, who come to him in the love of what he has done."

This is finely, generously said, and it is my only excuse for having intruded myself, now many years ago, into the honored presence of Robert Browning. He was the supreme enthusiasm of my youth, and his influence abides with me to this day. Knowing this, a dear old friend, a lover of the young, gave me a kindly note of introduction with which I found myself one day before the house in Warwick Crescent, London, where the poet lived while in England. He was preparing at this time to leave it finally, and the clang of the knocker, or bell, reverberated through an empty hall.

The manservant after ushering me into a small study rather slowly and stiffly mounted the long flight of stairs leading to the floor above. Evidently Mr. Browning was in a room over the study, for I could hear a brief murmur of voices, the sound of someone rising from his chair with an energy that overturned it, steps hastening through the upper hall and springily descending the stairs. As these steps drew near, a feeling of positive fright assailed me; gladly would I have run away could I have done so unseen, but there was no escape and I sat helpless. Now the steps were at the door, an energetic hand threw it open, and before me stood Mr. Browning with a look of welcome and both hands hospitably outstretched. A cordial handclasp, a word of inquiry about the lady who had sent me there—

"How is she? Well, I hope." I merely nodded: speech was impossible.

"Active as ever, in spite of her years?" Again I nodded.

"And her sister, Miss ———, how is she?"

Through stiff lips I managed to articulate, "Well."

By this time we were seated, Mr. Browning in a chair opposite and close to mine; now all at once he became silent. I stared down at my folded hands, but felt that he was looking at me. Seconds passed, minutes; still silence. Finally, with an effort, I raised my eyes to his, and—lo! the spell was broken. Mr. Browning twinkled—there is no other word for it—and began to laugh.

"There now!" he said, "that is better. Now we can talk."

And talk he did, and question, though my replies were still monosyllabic. Pulling the letter of introduction from his pocket:

"I see," he said, tapping it, "that you like my poems."

"Yes," I murmured.

"Good! I like to be liked. And what do you like best of mine?"

Many of the shorter poems flashed to mind, but, of all things, I must name "Sordello"! He looked sincerely amused:

"Some of my friends think it obscure. Do *you* understand it?"

Rather vaguely I said, "I think so."

His amusement persisted:

"We are told that the proof of the pudding is in the eating—can you quote from it?"

By good fortune, the fine lines occurred to me:

> "That autumn eve was stilled;
> A last remains of sunset dimly burned
> O'er the far forests, like a torch-flame turned
> By the wind back upon its bearer's hand
> In one long flare of crimson; as a brand,
> The woods beneath lay black."

Luckily for me he did not seem to remember their initial position in the poem, and listened gravely: "That's not so bad," he observed.

And so the talk flowed on, he, as I now recognize, trying with wonderful gentleness to put at ease the badly scared girl before him.

He succeeded so well that presently I ventured to ask him a question long on my mind:

"Was there any picture of 'Flush'?"

"My wife's verses," he quickly replied, "there could be no better or more faithful likeness"; adding, "But I think I have somewhere a lock of Flush's hair." He sought through several drawers of the writing table before finding it, and gave me from its precious contents three hairs which I treasured for years.

From the lock of hair he looked up at a large portrait above the table: "My wife," he said gravely. "I hope you know her poems, too. They are far better than mine."

With thanks for the gift and for his kindness, I now rose to go, but—

"Wait!" he said, "Here is something you will like to see."

The something was a little volume with Mrs. Browning's delicate autograph on the flyleaf. I ventured to touch the yellowed page, and he smiled gently as I did so. Then he reverted once more to myself, asking various questions about my home, my college life, and my plans for the future. I remember confessing that I hoped I might write a little.

"There are too many who write 'a little,'" he said. "Be very sure that the call is clear."

Again I rose to leave, and again he exclaimed:

"But wait! I have forgotten one thing. Come back!"

He led the way down the hall to a disordered dining-room on whose wall were pinned several photographs.

"My son's work," he explained. "He is a sculptor, and I think this is the best thing he has done. I am very proud of it, and of him."

The photographs were three different views of Robert Barrett Browning's statue of Apollo, in the guise of a python wooing a nymph. The great serpent's coils embraced closely her lovely, drooping figure, and beautiful as is the group I was frankly horrified. I said as much.

"Well," admitted Mr. Browning, "the model felt quite as you do, I am told, at first; but the python never hurt her, and she ended by growing fond of it. It was a god, you know"—and he twinkled. "Not only that, but it grew fond of her." Again he twinkled: "She was a very nice girl, you see."

Once more I rose to go, and this time he shook hands and said goodby. But midway down the steps his voice again arrested me. Always I shall remember his very gentle, sweet expression as he said:

"My child, we are at the two extremes of life, and probably shall never meet again. Once more, goodby."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

With kind courtliness he bent, kissed me lightly on either cheek, and bowed in final dismissal.

From the street I looked back. He still stood there, an unforgettable figure, motionless, yet, even so, radiating vitality. Some years later, in Westminster Abbey, I paused by the slab marked "Robert Browning." It was heaped with flowers, mostly white, but among them glowed one bunch of deep red roses. Whoever placed it there had the right sense of fitness.

Those who love Robert Browning may be glad to add this little reminiscence to their store of memories. It is a reminiscence of gracious and exquisite kindness from a very great man to a very insignificant girl. She had no claim upon him save a passing introduction, but he honored the poor little draft with the full wealth of his goodness.

—E. L.

Did Lincoln's Assassin Escape?

Concluded from page 3

occasions confessed that he was John Wilkes Booth and there is no doubt but that he enjoyed the notoriety he received as a result of the resemblance. Dr. Armstrong died in 1891. The story given to the newspapers by his physician was that the cause of death was apoplexy. Stories were later published to the effect that it was due to an overdose of morphine.

The Armstrong Myth spread until it was finally and thoroughly investigated by the New York *Herald*, which carried the following story in the issue of April 26, 1903.

"When Dr. Armstrong died a record of his life was made public. According to it he was born at Ballymena, Ireland, on July 24, 1828, and was educated at Queen's College, Belfast, under the direction of his uncle, the famous James Glasgow, D. D., after whom he was named. He came to America in 1856, and prepared for the Presbyterian ministry in 1857 and 1858 at Xenia College, Ohio. His first charge was at Sidney, Ohio, where he married Miss Alma Hitchcock. She is still living in Atlanta, Georgia.

"From Sidney he moved to St. Louis in 1863, where he had trouble with the Presbyterian church and resigned to become an Episcopal minister. He attended St. Paul's Episcopal College and worked his way through as instructor in Hebrew and metaphysics in 1870, and was ordained as an Episcopal minister by Bishop C. F. Robertson at St. Paul's Church, Palmyra, Missouri, in 1871.

"From Palmyra he moved to Hannibal, Missouri, in 1871 to 1874; then to Wheeling, West Virginia, from 1874 to 1878; then to Richmond, Virginia, from 1878 to 1884; then to Atlanta, Georgia, from 1884 to 1888, where he again had trouble with his bishops. He gave up the ministry and lectured from 1888 until 1891, when he died suddenly.

"It is necessary to prove his career only prior to 1865, the year in which Lincoln was killed, to show that Dr. Armstrong was affecting a pose in permitting the rumors about him to be circulated. And a telegram to any one of the places mentioned in the above history would be sufficient. The following comes from the Rev. Dr. William G. Moorehead, president of Xenia College, where Dr. Armstrong, according to his record, prepared for the Presbyterian ministry in 1857, eight years before Lincoln died. Dr. Moorehead knew Dr. Armstrong in 1862, and speaks of his resemblance to Booth:

" 'I find in the records here,' he says, 'that James G. Armstrong was a native of Ireland, born at Ballymena in 1828; that he graduated from Queen's College, Belfast; studied theology in the Xenia Theological Seminary; was licensed to preach in 1859; settled at Sidney, Ohio, 1859; removed to St. Louis in 1863, and was afterward connected with the Protestant Episcopal church and settled at Wheeling, West Virginia. He was rector of one or more churches in the South, the last being at Atlanta, Georgia, I think, where he died some years ago. He married in Sidney, Ohio. He was somewhat lame, walked with a cane, but had a very handsome and attractive face. He so closely resembled John Wilkes Booth that he was actually mistaken for the actor, and one or more papers of the country some years ago confounded him with Booth. He was gifted as an orator, clear and keen of intellect, but erratic and opinionated, as I knew in 1862. Whatever became of his family I do not know.'

"All of which proves conclusively that the Rev. Dr. Armstrong lived in the western part of Ohio at the same time that J. Wilkes Booth was living at Baltimore and Washington. There is, therefore, only one supposition remaining, and that is that the Rev. Dr. James Glasgow Armstrong was the Rev. Dr. James Glasgow Armstrong and not J. Wilkes Booth, the assassin of President Abraham Lincoln."

The last and most elaborate Booth myth, the one which has caused the recent magazine and newspaper interest, owed its existence largely to the work of Finis L. Bates, a lawyer of Memphis, Tennessee, who wrote a book of 309 pages, first published in 1907, and owned the mummified body which was exhibited in southern and southwestern towns as that of John Wilkes Booth. More than seventy-five thousand copies of the book have been sold, and due to the astounding claims and accusations it contains, purchasers of the book are led to feel that they have made a discovery in concealed history. And as few of its readers have any opportunity to check the claims and "definite proof" so positively stated, the story succeeded in gaining numerous believers.

The title sheet is an elaborate affair, which sets forth the thesis the author hopes to sustain.

It was this claim that THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has investigated. It has in its possession and will publish all the available material bearing on the identity of the man who was shot in the Garret barn by Federal authorities as John Wilkes Booth. This, we believe, is sufficient to dispose of the question finally. The territory of the flight and capture was thoroughly covered, the identical sites examined, the living witnesses were interrogated, the contemporary evidence was again weighed, many forgotten records have been ransacked, and the mute gruesome relics of the crime have been made to yield their testimony.

It is now possible to enable the candid reader to determine the question with finality, and succeeding articles will, it is believed, fully serve this end.

How Job-Hunters Land Their Jobs

Presidents Have Been Unmercifully Harassed by Patronage Seekers; Need to Weed Out Undesirables and to Bar Unfit Applicants

By TOM EVERRITT

> "Government was instituted for the protection of individuals—not for their support. Office was to be given upon qualifications to fill it—not upon personal wants of the recipient."
> —*Thomas H. Benton*

THE invisible link that unites the Capitol, at one end of Washington, with the great governmental departments and the White House, at the other end of Washington, is political patronage. This link is unseen by the general public of the United States, but is clearly discernible to the naked eye of any close observer in Washington.

One end of the patronage link is securely bolted, at the Capitol, to the Senate and the House of Representatives. The other end, which extends to the governmental departments, is likewise securely fastened into the money requirements, called "appropriations," of those departments, to secure which it is necessary to apply to the Congress—meaning the Senate and the House of Representatives.

The demoralizing influence of this invisible power of political patronage has polluted the very vitals of our entire government structure to such an extent that it has produced, on the one hand, a set of bulldozing Senators and Representatives, who will refuse to vote for appropriations, necessary to carry on the government, unless jobs are furnished their political backers and constituents, and a set of recreant administrative officials, on the other hand, who furnished the jobs to secure their appropriations. There are exceptions, but not a sufficient number to warrant giving them here more than a line; although they deserve high credit for standing against the pie-hunters.

The Job-Hunters and the Presidents

The above was submitted to several government officials, to several experts on Civil Service and to several Senators and Representatives who are not patronage hunters, and each of them agreed that the greatest single need in the Capital of the United States today is the destruction of political patronage.

The political history of the United States shows that every President, not excepting George Washington, and including the present incumbent of the White House, has been unmercifully harassed by patronage seekers, job-hunters and patrons of the "pie-counter."

Probably no man has better defined conditions than Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri, who served thirty years in Congress. In his book, "Thirty Years' View," he has this to say, which is as true today as it was in his day:

"Government was instituted for the protection of individuals—not for their support. Office was to be given upon qualifications to fill it—not upon personal wants of the recipient."

Of course, since Benton's time, the U. S. Civil Service has become a government organization of great magnitude and of efficient operation. But the Civil Service does not cover the entire field of government employment activities. There is a sufficient number of "excepted" positions to keep the patronage pot boiling more vigorously than ever.

Some of the positions "excepted" from the Civil Service rules by the provisions of an Act of Congress, are about 16,500 jobs filled through nomination by the President of the United States and confirmed by the United States Senate. Of these, about 14,500 are postmasters at first, second and third class offices. The remaining 2,000 are the higher administrative officers of the government, including members of the Cabinet, assistant secretaries of departments and heads of bureaus at Washington, collectors of internal revenue, collectors of customs, registrars, receivers and surveyors-general of the Land Office; surveyors, special examiners, appraisers and naval officers in the customs service; superintendents of mints, assayers in mints, supervising inspectors in the Steamboat Inspection Service, commissioners of immigration and naturalization; U. S. marshals and deputy marshals, and others—something for every Congressman.

Approximately 250 Jobs Around the Capitol

But these are not all that are "excepted." Let us take a look at the others: there's the U. S. Shipping Board and Emergency Fleet Corporation, with their thousands of employes; there's the Library of Congress, with many; there are all the Federal courts; there is the District of Columbia government, not including police and fire departments; there is the city public library; there is the Federal Reserve Board, with thousands of others; there is the Federal Farm Loan Board; there is the War Finance Corporation; there is the U. S. Railroad Administration; there are the U. S. Prohibition Enforcement officers; there are the Deputy Collectors of Internal Revenue; there are the Commercial attaches in the Department of Commerce; there are Census Bureau Employes; there are Veterans' Bureau employes, and there are attorneys, special experts and special agents in practically all of the services which have been created during the past eight years.

In making an accurate statement upon the matter of "excepted" positions, it will never do to omit the Capitol patronage—that is, in the Capitol itself—which is a personal right attached to the members of the Congress. They have, by custom, made it personal.

There are thirty-four Senate committees—committees on this and on that—to which may be added the "*Patronage Committee*," making thirty-five in all. This Patronage Committee is a strictly private and confidential committee. It is a silent, gum-shoe concern. It is composed of Senator Irvine L. Lenroot, Republican, of Wisconsin, chairman; Senator Frederick Hale, Republican, of Maine, and Senator William B. McKinley, Republican, of Illinois. They meet privately and allocate, or distribute, the Senate's Capitol patronage to the other Republican Senators, in large or small amounts, according to the degree of their loyalty to the party leaders. Of course, a few Democratic Senators, who generally vote with the Republicans, get a few crumbs. The scramble after these jobs is terrific. If the Democrats were at present in possession of the government, the situation would be exactly reversed, and the Republicans would be holding the small end of the stick.

There are approximately 250 jobs around the Capitol, such as watchmen, policemen, doorkeepers, elevator men, and others, that are disposed of by the Senate Patronage Committee. In addition, there are about 450 other jobs, such as personal and committee clerks, assistant clerks and messengers, which are not under control of the Patronage Committee, but are under the personal control of individual Senators. In other words, there are about 700 jobs on the Senate side of the Capitol.

Bones That the Dogs Fight Over

On the House side, there are about 1,485 jobs, of which approximately 600 are under control of the House Patronage Committee. Yes, the House, also, has such a committee. It is composed of Representative W. W. Greist, Republican, of Pennsylvania, chairman, who has associated with him in this problem Representatives James C. McLaughlin, Republican, of Michigan, and Daniel R. Anthony, Jr., of Kansas.

Senators and Representatives may quarrel with each other about one thing or another; they may bitterly differ upon matters of legislation; they may have social differences, and little offense will be given or taken. But—when one of them transgresses upon the other's sacred and holy "patronage rights," friendship ends, the deadline is crossed, hostilities commence and the battle is on.

But let us get back to the White House. Every President, since the beginning of the government, as herein stated, has been worried, annoyed and plagued by hordes of office seekers, the majority of whom have, necessarily, been disappointed in their quests for jobs.

Nearly every President has indicated in messages or statements that he favored some plan to relieve the pressure of patronage. Some have actually partially relieved the situation by covering into the U. S. Civil Service certain positions. Unfortunately, however, it seems that this has always been followed by the creating of new jobs of other kinds.

President Coolidge has urged the classification under the Civil Service law of first, second and third class postmasters. There are 944 of the first class, 3,999 of the second class and 10,745 of the third class—all presidential appointments. There are 36,478 fourth-class postmasters and 44,984 rural mail carriers who are within the Civil Service.

These fourth-class postmaster and rural carrier appointments are the bones that the "dogs of the spoils system" fight over. The average Representative will spend more time jockeying about one of these appointments with the politicians back home in Squashtown than he will give to the most important piece of national legislation. They are the cause of more trouble to the Civil Service Commission than all the other classified positions put together, because the average Congressman wants to appoint his man regardless of the outcome of a Civil Service examination—even if his man fails in the examination.

Regardless of the fact that the Civil Service law provides "That no recommendation of any person who shall apply for office or place under the provisions of this act which may be given by any Senator or Member of the House of Representatives, except as to the character or residence of the applicant, shall be received or considered by any person concerned in making any examination or appointment under this act," these Senators or Representatives, by some device or other, usually succeed in having their personal selection appointed to these fourth-class postmasterships.

Let us proceed to the Prohibition Enforcement unit. The Anti-saloon League has a majority in both branches of the Congress. It has always been able to obtain there anything it went after. To secure the one-half of one per cent alcoholic content provision written into the law, the Anti-saloon League gracefully yielded to Congress the right to except the Prohibition Enforcement field force from the operations of the Civil Service law, thereby creating more patronage for Senators; for, be it known, members of the House of Representatives have little or no say in the appointment of the members of that force. At present, there are 1,050 enforcement officers in the United States, including fifty-one state directors, the head of the field force, group heads, inspectors, and special raiders. There are, in addition, 715 men who comprise what is known as the "mobile force," who have "runs" that cover the entire country and who report to only one chief.

"Enforcement" Officers and Prohibition

With all due respect to the reputable members of this force of 1,765 "enforcement" officers, it is known that the entire organization is permeated by characterless men—political ward heelers from the tenderloin districts of our big cities, ex-bartenders, ex-saloon keepers, some former criminals and a motley crew of incompetent and not over-honest political nondescripts. In the appointment of this assortment of political patronage pilferers, the members of the United States Senate show their utter disregard for the honorable enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment.

As said before, these men are exempt from the operations of the Civil Service act. Many Prohibition Enforcement officers have been indicted by grand juries and dismissed. The distrust by the public of this branch of the government service is so great that a movement is on foot to place the entire Prohibition Enforcement field unit under the Civil Service act with the understanding that the present force will not be covered into Civil Service without examination. The Anti-saloon League is now heartily in favor of this. The proponents of the proposition point to the high character of the 357 members of the narcotic unit, who are under Civil Service, and who obtained their places through competitive examinations. It is believed (in which the Anti-saloon League concurs) that competitive examinations embracing mental qualifications, character and high-grade experience will weed out present undesirables and future unfit applicants; thus, by a process of elimination, giving to the Prohibition Enforcement unit a force of men that will eventually cause respect for the law. The application of the merit system to this department of the government will, at least, do much to head off inefficient and characterless men.

In his Message to Congress in December, 1923, President Coolidge said: "The Civil Service Commission has recommended that postmasters of the first, second and third class offices be classified. Such action, accompanied by a repeal of the four-year term of office, would undoubtedly be an improvement. I also recommend that the field force of the prohibition enforcement be brought within the classified civil service without covering in the present membership. The best method for selecting public servants is the merit system."

Best System the Merit System

It appears to be up to the Congress of the United States to step in and relieve this intolerable situation by passing the necessary laws. It is obvious that the President will sign them.

It is only fair to state here that there are many Representatives and several Senators who wouldn't "walk across the street" to ask for or demand a job for a constituent or for a political ally "back home." These men attend to the business of legislating; which is the purpose of their presence in Washington.

It is safe to say that the miserable condition of the public service outlined herein will not, within another generation or two, be cured by Congress, unless the people of the country demand it.

Chinese Bandits Wreck and Loot a City

Some Heads Were Cut Off, But They Were Not the Right Heads

By VOL REMARC

Nanking, January 10—

THREE nights after I arrived in Nanking the wealthy business section of the city, known as South City, was looted and partly burned, the loss mounting into millions of dollars and several lives. It is said that comparatively few of General Chi Hsieh-yuan's soldiers were guilty of the looting.

I had expected to spend the winter months in Pekin, but instead I am spending them in Nanking, a city not lacking in an eventful, picturesque and interesting past, and by no means devoid of thrills since I have been here.

When the Kiangsu-Chekiang provinces started a war early last September I made my plans to spend the winter in Pekin, engaging passage on a ship sailing out of the port of Shanghai, October 1. I had been told that October was an ideal month in which to see Pekin for the first time. However, before the first of October the war had widened its scope and had taken in the vicinity of Pekin. In fact, it promised at that time to center about that city, and, in addition, a decidedly anti-foreign feeling had shown itself there and foreigners not then within the city were urged to postpone their visit until the trouble was over. As I had planned to spend the next winter in Nanking I simply shifted the years about in my plans, for in China one goes to see a place when one can, never knowing what the next day may bring forth.

So it was to Nanking I came, to find that Nanking was not without its stories of coming troubles. Nor for that matter is any part of China without some disquieting rumors at the present time. However, it seemed reasonably quiet, and besides there were two American gunboats anchored in the Yangstze River off Nanking, each with a sizeable landing force of well-trained men. They seemed to spell safety, if not peace, especially as the commanding officer on one of these vessels was a friend of mine, and his wife and two other friends were already in Nanking, and had offered to find a boarding house for me in their compound.

So in Nanking I arrived on a bright, warm, sunshiny December day, and in Nanking three nights later I saw part of the city looted and burned while I was safe in bed a mile distant.

I had often wondered just what I would do if I were caught in a city that was being looted. I had framed my plans and rehearsed my part to the last line. But I didn't get the opportunity to appear on the stage at all. I just simply sat up in bed, watched the flames mounting higher and higher, and breathed a little prayer of thankfulness when I saw them spreading in the other direction and knew that, for the moment at least, I was safe.

I felt very calm, and very sorry for the poor Chinese who were being looted and burned, or killed in cold blood, all for a bit of plunder. The flames were so fierce that the countryside was almost as light as day, and I could see stealthy figures, bent under heavy loads, as they scurried over the fields away from the conflagration. I wondered what outrages they had committed to secure their ill-got gains; I wondered if they were robbers or merely people slinking off into the night, hoping to save some of their own wares out of the horror they were leaving behind. The looting and the fires seemed to be confined to South City, and if it could only be kept within those bounds, we, living in the vicinity of Nanking University campus, were safe.

It had been an exciting night and I was very tired. Just as the first sign of dawn appeared I lay back on my pillow and must have slept at once. It was broad daylight when I was awakened by the coolie pounding on my door and calling upon all his ancestors to help him impart to me the information that my bath was long ago drawn and now almost cold, after he had gone to all the trouble of getting it the right temperature to suit a very fussy "missie."

The street after the looters were through with it. This street is named San San Ka and was once one of the busiest streets in Nanking.

All that was left of a silversmith's shop which stood beside the Zen Ang temple.

The new administration at Pekin had deprived General Chi of his position as tuchan of Kiangsu, and ordered his departure from Nanking. The new administration that came into being after General Feng's *coup d'etat* in the middle of October is anti-Chihli, while General Chi is an old Chihli war horse. Under plea of possible looting if he left, Chi stayed as long as he dared, and then left very quietly at three o'clock on a Sunday morning. The looting started at midnight on Monday. It was not unexpected by the citizens, either native or foreign. As rumor tells it, Chi's soldiers had not been paid for three months, and an unpaid soldier usually goes out and collects, which means that he goes out and loots as soon as the opportunity offers. But Chi's men were loyal to him, and showed him the respect of waiting till after he had left Nanking before they started looting, thus allowing him to save what "face" he had left, after Pekin's action.

Some say that Chi left Nanking a bankrupt; others are equally positive that he had been able to "squeeze" several millions of dollars out of the war. The general belief is that he left broken in spirit and purse, for his arch enemy General Lu Yung-hsiang, over whom he had won a "victorless victory," not three months before, was being sent by Pekin into Nanking as pacifist commissioner, or peace governor, or call it what you will, it makes no difference; the thing that really counts is that he was being sent here to succeed General Chi, and that Lu from henceforth was to be the big gun in Kiangsu, Anhui, and Kiangsi provinces, while Chi was being forced out in the night to take refuge wherever he could find it. Rumor has it that Pekin had gone so far as diplomatically to suggest that he travel for a number of years in America and in Europe. Chi for the moment is a down-and-outer. That is the manner in which China sometimes rewards her bravest warriors.

In a few hours after Chi had left Nanking, the merchants heard of it and began to make preparations against loss of their goods. A leaderless army soon gets out of hand, and General Lu had not yet arrived in Nanking, and not knowing when he would, many of the shops and several of the banks closed their doors and nailed up their windows. The largest curio shops buried the best of their treasures. The silk shops sent bales of their best silks into Shanghai, and the silk factories stopped their looms and hid their raw materials. The same is true of the tapestry shops and the looms in the factories that turn out the most marvelous tapestries in the world.

But at that there were enough desirable silks left in the South City silk shops alone to net a haul of more than a half-million dollars. The silver shops suffered a like loss, and the tapestry industries a like sum. In addition, the crazed soldiers smashed looms, and burned blocks of stores and houses.

A familiar sight on Nanking streets, a priest.

Several men and women who sought to protect their property were shot dead, and others were trampled to death by looters and the fleeing populace.

But the looting was all confined to South City. It is said that a certain high official in the city had ordered his troops not to interfere in South City, but to see that the looting was confined to that section. According to the Chinese and to the missionaries of the city no effort was made on the part of this official to stop the looting or to prevent its being started. There are estimated to have been only about 150 of Chi's soldiers actively engaged in the looting. No arrests were made that night, nor were any made the next day. By the end of the first day when no arrests had been made, the populace became so incensed that this high official's ears were reached, and he decided it was about time something was done.

The next day it was announced that a hundred of the looters had been arrested, and that they would be executed, ten a day till the last man had paid the penalty. The executions began that very day.

That satisfied the people until the following day when inquisitive ones visited the execution grounds and found that civilian prisoners in the public jails had been dressed up in soldiers' uniforms, and led to the execution grounds, and decapitated. The discovery was made when, on the official's orders, the heads and their detached bodies were left lying on the ground, that the curious might view them. Then it was discovered, so it is claimed, that the men who had been beheaded were not soldiers, despite the fact that they were dressed in soldier uniforms.

As far as I can learn the executions took place as scheduled, for but two days. What became of the other eighty who were supposed to have been captured no one seems to know.

Nanking is a wonderful old city; how old is a disputed matter. Mythology and history are so interwoven that the exact date of its founding will always be doubtful. The earliest legend of the founding of the city tells of a northern king who had three sons, T'ai-peh, Tchong-young and Ki-li. Seeing that the youngest, Ki-li, was the father's favorite the oldest sons went into voluntary exile to free him from the embarrassment of their presence in choosing an heir. They went to live among the barbarians of the south, and there, having disfigured themselves to hide all traces of their royal birth (which included cutting their hair), they founded the city of Nanking. That was in the year 1260 B. C.

Historically, however, no such great age is attributed to the city, though no one claims it is of recent growth. The finest of the Confucian temples in the city is situated on the site of a former arms factory. That factory existed during the reign of the King of Wu (495-473 B. C.) and the village that grew up around it was pointed out in the Han dynasty, about the time of Christ, as one of the antiquities of the Wu kingdom. For this bit of history I am indebted to a paper read by Mrs. Margaret Thomson before the Women's Club here, who says that in 372 B. C. another settlement was made just outside the present South Gate. Then again in 222 B. C. came the Emperor Tsin Che, the greatest monarch of that era, who was a sort of Oriental Louis the Eleventh. In that year he had great trenches dug along the sides of Purple Mountain, and through the surrounding hills, in an effort to release the "imperial air" which should bring good fortune to his family and the surrounding region. It is thought that the canalization of the river, Ta'in Hwai Ho, that bounds the city on the south and west, and branching divides it at Fu'tz Miao, had its origin in these excavations.

According to this same paper, the settlements continued to increase and before the time of Christ there was a new city, T'ai-tcheng (the city of the platform) that although once destroyed in A. D. 280 was rebuilt and formed the dwelling place of kings and rulers for many centuries. The city had been known by seventeen different names, in as many periods of the world's history.

(*Concluded on page 15*)

A beggar who rolls over and over in the mud.

Mr. Ford's Page

THE Cave of Adullam, we are told, was a general refuge for "every one that was in distress, every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented." Distress may be relieved, debts may be paid, but discontent is like a disease that is hard to eradicate. There are two classes of discontented persons: those who are not satisfied with being what they are, but can give no valid reason for such dissatisfaction, and those who wish to be what they are not and bring forward specious arguments in support of this aspiration.

On the one side the discontent may be called negative; on the other it is distinctly positive. Probably the original inhabitants of the Cave of Adullam were of the former class, for their grievances do not seem to have taken any definite shape.

In almost every society and organization there is always a number of Adullamites of the negative class. They will do nothing, will promise nothing, and agree to nothing; and as a rule if they will trust to nothing it usually follows that nothing will be trusted to them.

When discontent of this kind takes hold of a man it has a disastrous effect on his efficiency, both mental and physical, and prevents advancement. His imaginings are like a thick fog that looms up and impedes the passage of a ship. Vision is clouded and progress retarded.

Discontent is like a poisonous fungus which throws out millions of spores and destroys all with which it comes in contact. Discontent frequently leads to disaster, and the victim blames everything and everybody except the real cause—himself. When trouble comes he retires into himself and multiplies imaginary wrongs. It is then that he seeks an atmosphere in harmony with his mood until he conceives the world has acquired a better appreciation of his value.

But the Adullamite finds it more difficult to find a suitable location for the nursing of his grievances than he anticipated. The cave, so to speak, seems to be overcrowded. The friends to whom he relates his story turn a strangely unsympathetic ear. Others listen only to scoff when his back is turned. After a time the victim of this distemper begins to think that all men are against him, and he develops into a sort of an Ishmaelite, wandering about from place to place.

There are thousands who would otherwise be good citizens who reach the nomad class through the avenue of discontent. The man with a chronic grievance is one of the most miserable creatures on earth. He hugs his delusion like a precious treasure, worships it like a fetish, and gloats over it like a miser. He finally arrives at a stage where if anyone in good faith offers or suggests a mode of alleviation, he regards the advice with profound suspicion, and even resentment. He prefers to capitalize his grievance and grow more miserable on the proceeds.

At length he reaches that frame of mind which makes him the avowed enemy of everything constructive.

He has come to the conclusion that the world owes him a living, and that it should be administered to him with a silver spoon. But there is already too much spoon-feeding in the world. Its tendency is to do away with that sturdy independence which formerly characterized certain races, and which has been at the bottom of all real progress. The desire to get things easy is growing stronger in a large proportion of the human race today, and there are governments and administrations who pander to this weakness in their eagerness to achieve power and to retain it.

Honest endeavor, no matter in which way directed, is never lost. It is like a precious grain of radium and is bound to get somewhere, but the man with the chronic grievance seldom gets anywhere. There are some who deliberately go and bury their talent like the man in the Bible. They go still further than their scriptural prototype by continually digging it up again and reburying it without making use of it.

There is a story in Esop about a man who dug a hole in the ground and placed therein all the gold he possessed. Every day he went and visited his treasure, gloating over it and passing it through his hands. One day some of his neighbors unearthed the hoard and carried it off. When the miser came as usual and found his treasure gone, loud were his lamentations.

"Did you ever make use of your gold?" he was asked by one of his friends.

"No," he said, "but I loved to go to the place where it was hidden owing to the pleasure it gave me."

"Then," was the reply, "if the gold was of no use to you, there is no doubt you will derive just as much pleasure from visiting the hole wherein it was concealed."

Brooding over fancied wrongs and hatching of imaginary grievances are plagues that afflict the world today. It is a sort of mental hypochondria which is practically incurable. The ordinary hypochondriac derives a singular satisfaction from reading the pages of patent medicine almanacs and selecting the particular disease which fits his fancy and affords him the best opportunity of taking his favorite medicine, but the poor victim of discontent can turn to none of these things. He can only wait for some congenial companion with whom to discuss pet symptoms for which there seems to be no remedy and for which none is wanted.

Mankind may be divided into two classes: those who blame themselves for their misfortunes, and those who blame somebody else. This blaming of somebody or something for all the ills that happen from earliest childhood is not an uncommon symptom. It starts when the child lets a dish drop on the floor and smashes it. "It fell out of my hand," he will say. He does not admit that he carelessly let it drop. Perhaps a little later in life he will stumble over a chair and will straightway accuse someone of having left the piece of furniture in his way. In reality it was because he did not look where he was going that the accident occurred.

At school a boy of this type invariably fails to win the prize. Laziness and neglect of his studies have caused him to miss the honor; but he asserts that the prizewinner's success is due to favoritism on the part of the teacher, and that he, the loser, has been deprived of his rights. His story is unfortunately believed by a fond father and mother who confirm the child in the opinion that he has been the victim of a grave injustice.

One of the most deadly mistakes that parents can make is to encourage their children in matters such as these. It causes a child to grow up irresponsible, unreliable, and untruthful. At college one of this type is usually a failure, in the office or factory an inveterate grumbler. Faults are never admitted, blame is always denied. It is not uncommon to hear such an individual declare that he "never made a mistake in his life." People who are firm in this belief are found everywhere, harboring ill-will against all who venture to doubt their assertion.

In place of retiring into the obscurity and the mist of misdirected energy to brood over fancied misfortunes, it is better to go forward in the broad daylight of conscientious effort. In the journey of life it is those who are not afraid of the heat and the glare of the noonday sun and the brightness of the skies, who can fix their unwavering gaze on the gleaming tops of the everlasting hills, and who seek the purest atmosphere and the clearest prospect who are the most successful.

Happiness is a jewel that is picked up on the highway of effort, not on the bypath of indolence.

ONE of the greatest obstacles to a man's advancement is discontent, not the healthy discontent which is at the back of all legitimate ambition, but the discontent which, negative in its tendency and destructive in its quality, sucks the sap from the tree of prosperity and leaves nothing but dead branches behind. Nothing is gained by sitting down and blaming the world for all the ills by which one is overtaken. It is far better by self-analysis to ascertain just how far the world is to blame, and then by deduction to square one's own side of the balance. A happy and contented individual is an asset not only to his employer but to the whole community. A happy and contented nation is an example to the whole world. Where there is contentment there must be peace.

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Justice Before Charity

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT is in receipt of a letter from George W. Armstrong, of Fort Worth, Texas, setting forth a plan to urge President Coolidge to negotiate an international conference for a settlement of the French war debt on a basis of the purchasing power of the dollar when the money was advanced, which he claims was considerably lower than at this time. Mr. Armstrong gained considerable note three years ago by the publication of vigorous attacks on the Federal Reserve System. He incloses copies of a letter written to him by M. Clementel, French minister of finance, and another he has sent to President Coolidge.

Nobody could object to the proposition that it is unfair to compel the payment of a debt contracted when dollars had only half their present purchasing power in dollars of today; but France is not alone in this. Every national debt has been contracted on the same basis.

More than half our own debt is represented in guaranty bonds which the United States must pay, and must be paid in dollars of the redemption date, although borrowed in dollars worth less money. Any difference conceded to France must be made up by the taxpayers of America, who bought the war bonds, for it was the man in moderate circumstances who raised the war funds. Shylock waited until deflation to secure the same bonds at a discount, and now the man compelled to suffer the squeeze is being asked to share the new addition to the burden with the French people, including the money kings represented by M. Clementel.

"Cui bono?"

Is it not plain. Hidden back of the proposition to compound the French debt to this nation lie millions of French securities held by the Shylock class, and any concessions the United States makes will increase the chances that these securities will be paid in full, though acquired at a discount. Further, the more of her debt she can satisfy, the more she can borrow, on terms more usurious than ever.

If the people of the warring nations, Entente and Allies, could get together in a representative conference of statesmen, as devoted to their countries as the tools of Shylock are to their master, every war debt could be paid in a year, and without usury.

Meanwhile, Justice comes before Charity and any concession now is unjust to the American taxpayer, whose plight is as hard as is his French comrade's.

M. Clementel closes his letter to Mr. Armstrong with a sentiment which makes one wonder.

> "It is my understanding through certain friends in America that your personal relations with the President are friendly. I congratulate myself that you were willing to constitute yourself one of the advocates of the cause of the Allies with him and especially of the cause of France."

That quotation alone, when read by President Coolidge, in the copy sent with Mr. Armstrong's appeal, is apt to have an effect not intended.

A Classical Renaissance

GREEK is not reviving but Latin, it would appear, is again commanding attention. In the state of Indiana 8,000 pupils, representing 294 high schools, recently participated in a Latin contest. Texas, Arizona and other states are turning their attention to Latin. Of the forty-eight state superintendents of public instructions, thirty-nine are in favor of Latin, seven are non-committal and two are openly opposed to its teaching. The total enrollment in Latin in the secondary schools of the country last year was estimated at 940,000 and an additional 40,000 took Latin in the colleges.

The American Classical league last fall made a voluminous report embodying the results of an investigation made in the past three years in the matter of Latin teaching. The league holds that the relationship between proficiency in Latin and comprehension of the principles of English grammar and syntax can be traced with certainty, and that pupils excelling in the dead language were found for the most part among the best trained in other respects.

This shows that a "dead" language is no more dead than the corner stone of a modern structure which rises majestically above the earth.

What Does It Mean?

IS THE Dominion of Canada arriving at that state of national mentality which led up to the "Boston tea party" and Bunker Hill? Canada feels sore, and naturally so, because she has been severely snubbed by the mother country. The lion has given her cub a nasty scratch. What is it all about? Simply a decision by His Majesty the King's Privy Council that the Canadian Industrial Disputes Investigation Act is unconstitutional.

Pending an appeal for a reargument of the case, Canadian public opinion is seriously disturbed and has a tendency to review the whole subject of relations with the mother country.

According to an authoritative statement the present situation was brought about by an appeal to the Courts last year by the Ontario Hydro-Electric Commission, whose employes had applied for a Conciliation Board under the Disputes Act, which provides for the compulsory setting up of such a board at the instance of either party. The Dominion Government insisted on putting the Act into force, and was upheld by the Canadian Courts. The Privy Council, on appeal, has not only freed the Ontario Hydro-Electric Commission from interference by any Conciliation Board, but has scrapped Canada's seventeen-year-old legislation.

The fat is not yet in the fire, but it is showing signs of beginning to drip. As one Canadian expresses it, "Had bombs been dropped in every industrial center in Canada by the dignified members of the Judicial Committee of the Imperial Privy Council they would have caused scarcely more sensation than was raised by their Lordships' decision."

This Industrial Disputes Act has been the ewe lamb of Canadian legislation, and the cutting of its throat has come as a shock. Under it no fewer than 441 Boards of Conciliation to settle labor disputes have been appointed, and in all but 37 of these cases strikes were avoided. And now this medium of peaceful settlement has been declared *ultra vires*.

Is it an augury of future events that while Canada has thus had one of her pet laws scrapped by the supreme judicial body of the British Empire, an important treaty between the United States and Canada has just been ratified by the House of Commons at Ottawa. The treaty deals with rum-running, the drug traffic, and the recovery of stolen goods, and has already been ratified by the United States Senate. An agreement of this beneficent nature is bound to draw the two countries closer together.

Canada thinks she can legislate for herself; Great Britain does not think so. The United States thinks that Prohibition is a good thing, but Britain views the matter differently. Between two countries there is co-operation, between two there is disagreement. What this means in relation to the future of the countries concerned will be another chapter in history.

Playing the Game

GOLF should be regarded as a medium for the attainment of health and happiness in pleasant companionship, says John D. Rockefeller. With this mental attitude many will agree. It goes without saying that all outdoor games should have health, and consequently happiness for their object, otherwise they would be a sheer waste of time. Any so-called recreation that does not improve either the mind or the body ought to be promptly scrapped.

Perhaps there is nothing that more quickly destroys all pleasure in a game, no matter of what kind, than an irascible or easily offended partner. This usually makes a pain of what is meant as a pleasure, and robs the pastime of all its beneficial qualities.

There is another kind of sportsmen who never know how or when to quit. They take their recreation in large doses, and for one unaccustomed to this sort of thing, there is more pain than pleasure. While a healthy spirit of emulation is good, the desire to "show off" which characterizes so many golf players, as it does devotees of other games, is a thing to be shunned.

The Next on the List

AND now it is Zinovieff, the man on account of whose activities in the Red Internationale Secretary Hughes said the Soviet government should not be recognized by the United States. Danton, Robespierre—the "sea-green incorruptible"; Trotsky, the commander of the Red army and popular hero, all had their day, and then the weather changed and they went down before the storm.

Most of the world's revolutionaries have been shiftless ne'er-do-wells who blamed the world for their failures, and sought their revenge by trying to destroy all that the world held sacred. This is what the Jew Zinovieff has been trying to do. But he has gone about it the wrong way. He has been trying to assume the mantle of the Hebrew prophet who brought the tables of the law from the top of Mount Sinai. He is, however, but a shoddy sort of a Moses, and the nations through which he has broadcast his decrees have refused to take them seriously or to drink from the muddy stream of Bolshevism.

The undermining and destruction of the Anglo-Saxon race through the disintegration of the United States and the British Empire is the modest program nourished by this unwholesome demagogue. He has failed in his schemes. More than this, so far as his projected international holocaust is concerned, he has stirred up a resentment against all things Red that has reacted to the consolidation of the forces of constitutionalism. And now his friends of the Internationale, and the Soviet, which is run by the Internationale, have come to the conclusion that he is merely a stupid and overfed blunderer, and he is likely to follow Trotsky to the Crimea or some other place where oblivion awaits.

A world's court before which such men could be impeached and brought to trial would be the finest kind of internationalism that could be thought of. The disturbers of the world's peace are not nations, but individuals who for a time dominate nations. Have these men removed to some carefully selected region where they can only preach to penguins or polar bears, and the human race would be able to pursue its legitimate course.

About Cover Designs

THE people who appear on our magazine covers are undoubtedly retained for sound commercial reasons. They are mostly carefully complexioned persons with regular features, painted in tones that pleasantly blend against harmonious backgrounds.

And yet, try facing an entire news-and-magazine stand decked with scores of monthlies on whose covers these attractive figures are disposed. You are reminded of face creams, breakfast foods, Wearever Hosiery, Stylmore Klothes, Kloskutt Kollars—for the advertising pages are thick with figures of just this sort—and that's about all.

In this unending procession of colorful trimness there is a trace of perfection gone to seed.

Here and there we recognize a type which at its inception held truth and life—a girl with hair falling in careless ringlets whose laugh you can imagine; a young, ruddy, slightly sullen fellow, whose neck, despite the forward thrust of the head, swells manfully at the nape. But they are *only types*, now. They have postured in every fashion against every imaginable background; the gayety or sullen manfulness that attracted us has become conventionally frozen upon their features, and what was living in them has slipped out and away.

Some new impulse is needed—some impulse in its working at once violent and precise—which will break through the glazed face of contemporary magazine-cover art, and let the life it tries to embellish, but hides, come pouring through.

Most of the so-called rebels are engaged in a mystic shuffling of geometric forms. The bulk of the remainder continue to be freakish without being interesting. Of all the artists at large today, those who devise covers for our periodicals are nearest the stream of contemporary life. They are confident and competent. Perhaps, as in all groups, most of them would prefer to drift along the line of least resistance. But we feel sure that at least a few of them are entirely too proud to shirk a task which needs so obviously to be performed.

It is evidence for our contention that German artists of the most commercial sort—that is, the designers of advertising posters—are making wonderful progress in interpreting truthfully and arrestingly the spirit of this age. These stout fellows have not allowed themselves to be driven to pattern-making or embroidering by the uproar, the struggle, the huge uncompromising structures of our industrial world. One sees in their work that the steel-hard Time-Spirit has surrendered to them its truth.

Smuggling the Alien Through Mexico

Rio Grande Takes Place of Jordan in Crossing to Promised Land

By MAX BENTLEY

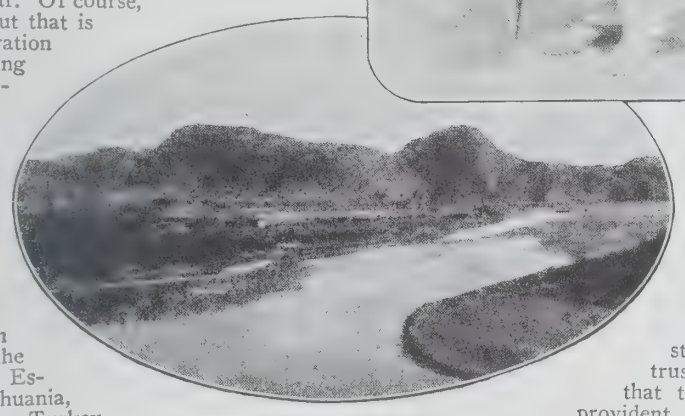
MORE aliens are being smuggled into the United States than are regularly admitted by law. Here is a new form of bootlegging that has become an industry rivaling rum running; safer and more profitable, too, because the smuggled goods can run and hide, and pays well—anywhere from $50 to $2,000—to be surreptitiously delivered across our borders. Smuggler rings reaching entirely across the world have been operating since we imposed our first literacy test on immigrants. Lately, with the passage of the new Immigration Act of July 1, 1924, the industry has branched out enormously.

The rum runners make their major drive on the Atlantic seaboard, but the alien smugglers are mainly choosing the land route through Mexico. That has made the Rio Grande, the boundary between Mexico and Texas, strategically the most important stretch of our six or seven thousand miles of international border. From end to end—El Paso to Brownsville—it fairly bristles with mounted immigration inspectors trying to spread themselves thin enough to cover 1,400 miles of water front.

It is not a very great distance from El Paso to Brownsville: on a straight line only about 700 miles; but the border does not follow a straight line. It follows the Rio Grande, and the Rio Grande is the crookedest large stream on the continent. And easily fordable, too, over most of its course, with its low banks and shallow water stage nine months of the year. For 800 miles it traverses lonely regions having but fringes of population; and this condition is very hard on the immigration men. There is no telling how many foreigners succeed in slipping through at these remote places. But at the bridgeheads—El Paso, Del Rio, Eagle Pass, Laredo, Rio Grande City and Brownsville—they are being turned back by the thousands. THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT lately sent me down the Rio Grande, and I spent much time with our hard-worked immigration riders. Without an exception they told me that smuggling operations across Mexico are attaining simply enormous proportions.

The new law limits the entry of aliens for citizenship to 2 per cent annually of the nationals of any country resident in the United States in 1890. While it remains in effect the quota allotment for all nations will be only 164,667 a year. Of course, the significant thing about that is that the bulk of immigration to our shores will swing back to the so-called Nordic strains of Western Europe—the British, Dutch, Germans, Irish Freemen, Scandinavians, and Swiss—and away from the South European-Slavic tide that has been engulfing us for twenty years. In that period the bulk of immigration has come from Armenia, Bulgaria, the new Czecho-Slovakia, Esthonia, Greece, Italy, Lithuania, Poland, Rumania, Russia, Turkey, and Jugo-Slavia. The new act limits the quota for these nations to 17,314, combined—hardly more than one-half the allowance to the Irish Free State alone (28,567), and only 10½ per cent of the quota allowed to all nations.

The most important bridge in America, from the point of view of immigration. The international bridge at Laredo, Texas, over the Rio Grande.



Above—Our new *visé* regulation imposed on Mexican laborers crossing to work on Texas farms is a heavy handicap. They can't pay it. Oval—Why the Rio Grande is easy to cross. Mexico on the left bank.

Such a drastic cut in immigration at once explains the rise of alien smuggling; and the allotment of the quota explains why practically every foreigner apprehended along the Rio Grande is a South European or Russian Slav.

Lack of understanding and good-fellowship between the United States and Mexico is an even more pertinent reason why the smuggler ring makes its major onslaught at the Rio Grande. Thus far Mexico has done nothing to hinder the passage of aliens across its territory. An immigration official told me that a shipload a month are dropped on the wharves of Vera Cruz and Tampico by certain "outlaw" steamship companies that have refused to allow our Consular agents abroad to inspect their passenger manifests. Elsewhere the new system of hand-picking the immigrant at the port of departure is operating without a hitch.

It must be perfectly obvious to the Mexican authorities that immigrants landing in such numbers at Vera Cruz and Tampico are ultimately destined for the United States, and that fraud will be practiced; yet apparently nothing is being done to stop them. They come right up to the border, after massing at Monterey, Chihuahua, Nuevo Laredo, Juarez and Matamoros. It is only when our immigration men catch them and attempt to throw them back that Mexico will have none of them.

That is the way we see it, but our neighbor undoubtedly sees it differently. For example, Mexican border officials claim that the new *visé* regulation imposed on Mexican nationals seeking lawful entry to the United States, added to the old head-tax law, is so unjust as to amount practically to barring them. The Texas border country has always depended on itinerant Mexican labor to harvest the autumn cotton crop and work in the irrigated valleys of El Paso, Laredo, and the lower Rio Grande where nearly 400,000 acres of land are in cultivation. The annual movement of this labor to Texas has amounted to several hundred thousand. At Laredo alone the movement for June, July, and August of 1923 was 23,464.

The wholesale employment of Mexican labor on Texas farms has been a splendid stabilizer in providing a living for the improvident peon residing along the border. It has likewise done much to break down barriers of misunderstanding and mutual distrust—it has been found that the peon, if he is improvident, is faithful and trustworthy to a marked degree. But the new *visé* regulation if continued may result in putting an end to the friendly interchange, and bring about no end of mischief—including, among other things, a revival of liquor smuggling. The native Mexican intoxicants—*tequilla, mezcal, aguardiente* and the deadly *sotol*—are easily made, easily smuggled, and easily sold; and the Mexican, like every other human being, must live.

Here is how the *visé* rule bars him: Under the old head-tax regulation it was merely required that he deposit eight dollars upon entry, for himself and every member of his household over the age of sixteen, to be remitted if he returned to Mexico within six months. It was simply a deposit of good faith: a safeguard that the literacy regulation was not being avoided. But now, under the *visé* rule, he is required to deposit an *additional* $10 (the $8 head-tax still stands) for every member of his household including babes in arms—and they always bring along the babies. The $10 is not remitted.

In most instances that is impossible. A family of ten, which is an average-sized family in Mexico, crossing to pick cotton in Texas is required to deposit $180. It cannot be done; not one peon in a hundred ever *saw* that much money. As against a three months' seasonal movement of 23,464 in 1923, Laredo's entries for the same period of 1924 fell to 7,772—and in hundreds of cases American employers advanced the money themselves because they desperately needed labor at any cost.

Mexico's failure to co-operate at her own ports has made Immigration Districts Nos. 22 and 23, covering the Rio Grande, the most important in the country from the point of natural security. To illustrate with one of a dozen incidents told me:

Last October, a ship sailing from a European port dropped 200 aliens at Tampico. They were openly bound for the United States—illegally, of course, since, under Article 23 of our old immigration law, aliens must have resided two years in territory contiguous to the United States before applying for admission. We have efficient Federal agents at Tampico. They traced this movement across the interior, to Nuevo Laredo, and the first group attempting to cross were promptly picked up by Inspector Trout's patrol.

They were a defiant lot. Their bolshevistic avowals were brazenly written on the walls of the Laredo jail—"Long live Lenin! Long live the Third Internationale! Comrades, arise!" and similar nonsense. Here was a significant thing: the inscriptions were written in excellent English.

Last year nine United States border officials were murdered. In most cases alien smugglers were the murderers. There is no more desperate crowd on the border than the *jefes* who direct the movement and the *coyotes* and guides who execute it. Six Italians attempting unlawful entry were murdered on the Mexican side, twenty-five miles from Laredo, and their naked bodies found weighted and sunk in the Rio Grande. The seventh man, left for dead, lived to tell the story. He said they had been escorted from Vera Cruz to Nuevo Laredo, carefully drilled, and then stripped to the skin, presumably to swim across. Then they were shot by their guides.

Evidence is overwhelming that the ring extends to the Old World; indeed, that it has its source there. An immigration official told me the story of a young man from the free city of Danzig, whose quota, only 228, had been quickly filled. He was first caught at Laredo in April, 1924, and sent to New York for deportation. Deportees have the choice of paying their own way back, shipping in the crew, or traveling as guests of the United States Treasury. This young man paid his own fare. A few months later he was picked up again, the second time with his wife, one hundred miles in the interior of Texas. He had returned by the same route and eluded the patrol posted at the river, but the second line of defense posted in the back country got him. He had plenty of funds and was well educated, and in a cheerful humor. When the immigration men questioned him he merely laughed and said, "I'm putting out nothing."

But sixteen Basques caught at Laredo were more communicative. They said they had shipped from Bilboa, Spain, after paying 4,200 pesetas each to a Spaniard to be delivered safely in Wyoming where they intended joining a Basque shepherd colony. They were duly landed at Vera Cruz and under escort taken to Mexico City, and thence to Nuevo Laredo. They were put across the river at night, and on the American side were taken in hand by Mexican guides who started them afoot across country. They were deserted the first night out and the next day were captured by a pair of immigration riders—penniless, hungry, frightened, and generally disillusioned.

At Tacubayo, a suburb of Mexico City, lives a Mexican lawyer who in times past specialized in forging Mexican naturalization papers at $500 each, and made a fortune. That worked excellently under our old law, but the new act makes the place of birth control the alien's status: applying for admission, he must have a birth certificate. So the lawyer went into that business, the business of forging birth certificates. He was injudicious enough to visit the border himself, and our consul at Nuevo Laredo complained, and the Mexican authorities jailed him very promptly. His occupation had come to light when a Greek applied for admission at Laredo and in broken Spanish solemnly swore he was a native Mexican—and produced his papers to prove it. He broke down under pressure and told the whole story.

Out of his own rich store of experience a veteran of the immigration service told me a story that gives a bird's-eye picture of the whole situation. It shows the ramifications of the new business of bootlegging the alien:

Calabria is a mountain-locked province lying in the toe of the Italian boot. Its people are nearly 100 per cent illiterate. But in the days before there was a literacy test, or a quota, they fared to America in large numbers to do manual labor, but very rarely to become naturalized. In 1920 a party of them returned home for a visit, and during that visit the Congress of the United States passed a strange law cutting off their return. They had remained away too long to be admitted as non-immigrants, or as domiciled aliens exempt from literacy test and quota. Besides, they were hopelessly illiterate. There was simply no chance for them. What were they to do?

Years before two brothers from Calabria had gone to France, become naturalized Frenchmen, and set themselves up in business at the famous old port of Marseilles, as steamship agents. To make the story short—how they saw the possibilities, and so on—they sent emissaries throughout Italy to look for just such unfortunates as the marooned Calabrians. The emissaries were instructed to "sweat" the American consulates, these naturally being thronged with Italian prospective

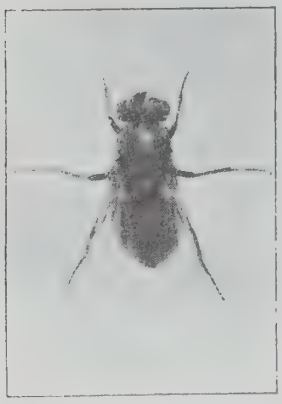
(*Concluded on page 13*)

The Rising Tide of Insect Pests

Destructive Army Against Which War Is Being Continuously Waged

By WILLIAM ATHERTON DU PUY

THERE in the great pine forest on the mountain side it looks as though a fire were raging. To be sure a swath of red is running along yonder ridge. Yet this must be a strange fire, for there is no smoke and the glow has been constant for days. These trees, in fact, are not on fire. They are, however, suffering as much. They are being done to death. They are "red tops," trees with their throats cut screaming for help.



The house fly which has killed more men than all the wars.

These great monarchs are being killed by tiny dark, turtle-like insects not bigger than grains of wheat. And they are being slaughtered so wastefully! Each is dying that its persecutors may get but a few thimblefuls of food. But in getting this bit of food the tree's arteries, through which its sap circulates, are slit and the tree dies.

The pine beetle, a boring beetle, is here at work. It works in that soft layer between the bark and the wood which is the sap channel. It cuts grooves through it and when these run all around the tree it is deadened. No sap can pass up to nourish it.

The wise forester is as frightened at the appearance of "red tops" as at an actual fire. The only advantage is that he has more time to fight this menace. He goes into the forest in the winter, cuts down the trees that are affected and, if there is a stream near, puts their trunks to soak. Thus does he drown the grubs that are sleeping through to spring and keep the fire from going on. If there is no stream near, he peels the trunks and burns the bark.

There is a cousin of this bark beetle which bores into the solid wood. The result of its work is often seen in otherwise excellent hardwood that is full of holes. It is called the ambrosia beetle because of the food crop it raises in its tunnels. It is a gardener and the crop is for all the world like asparagus. It grows only in trees that are dying and whose sap is fermenting. The beetle fertilizes, plants, waters and harvests its asparagus in such trees. There is one disturbing fact in its manner of life. If it does not keep the asparagus cut that crop will overrun the place and smother it.

This fact ends regularly in a tragedy. The females, wiser than their husbands, realize that conditions favorable to their manner of life cannot long continue in this dying tree. They bore their way out and hunt a happier situation before it is too late. The males stay behind. Thus, with the population reduced by half, the asparagus cannot be kept down. It grows rank and smothers the male beetles.

Another cousin of this group is the powder post beetle. It bores in hard, dry wood and its sawdust may sift down from one's own ceiling. It attacked and ruined the beams in Westminster Abbey, in London, some years back. The hardwood handles of implements in the tool house often suffer from it. These beetles are the enemies of wood. The weevils that get into the corn meal are also beetles of the same family. Bookworms that bore holes through the volumes on library shelves are beetles. So are potato bugs. So is that most troublesome emigrant, the European corn borer, that is attacking America's biggest crop and threatening devastation. So, in fact, is that arch villain that has whipped the United States for thirty years and robbed America of her dominance in a great crop, the boll weevil of the cotton states.

Then there is the beetle flank attack, but recently made, as such things go, by the Japanese beetle which has dug itself in around Philadelphia and threatens to prove a menace many times more deadly than the boll weevil. This Japanese beetle stole a ride to America, half a dozen years ago, in the roots of certain iris plants brought over by a New Jersey nurseryman. The next year it covered three square miles, the next six square miles, then 48, then 260, then 2,500. It spreads like a widening ripple when a stone is thrown in the water. It looks as though it were destined to cover the United States.

Wherever it goes it digs in, the grubs living on the grass roots. They are particularly fond of lawns and golf courses. When they get thick they cut the grass roots as might a spade and it dies.

Finally the grubs turn to beetles the size of your thumb nail and take to the orchards and corn fields. They eat all the fruit and all the corn. If you are in the infested area, and get up early in the morning when they are cold, you can shake a tubful from each tree in your orchard. You may think that you have thus got rid of them. Next morning, however, there will be another tubful waiting for you. The state and national insect experts are stumped. They have so far been unable to halt the onmarch of the Japanese beetle.

Thus does it develop that most of the insects of the beetle tribe, characterized by the crust-like wing, are pretty dangerous citizens and likely to give man a great deal of trouble and cost him much money. The one outstanding exception is the little speckled ladybug of the nursery rhymes. She is a helper of man, renders yeoman service by eating large quantities of scale insects that would otherwise kill the plants he cultivates.

These scale insects form another group that is frightfully destructive to the crops grown by man. Outstanding among them are the plant lice, or aphids. They are the tiny insects, the giants among them but a quarter of an inch long, that are to be seen in the hearts of the roses one gathers in the summertime, or as "the blight" on many plants. They are sapsuckers and it is as such that they do their damage. Sapsucking is their characteristic trait. They all have augers with which to sink wells to the sap from which to drink. They become so numerous on plants or even great trees that they drink all the sap and there is none left to keep the plant alive.

These aphids are among the most

Above, right—These aphids are sapsuckers. When enough of them get on a plant they drink all the sap and there is none left to nourish it. Above, left—The tent caterpillar, a destroyer of foliage. Oval—The trimmings on this caterpillar are the young of a parasite fly that have lived inside it and are now emerging. These flies are helping to defeat the gypsy moth.

interesting of insects. They are, for instance, the milch cows of the ants. The ants take care of them, chase the ladybugs away, nurse them through the winter in their burrows underground, and, through the summer, take honey from them as man takes milk from his cow. When you see columns of ants marching up some great tree of a summer day, it is the milking that calls them forth. The aphids pay in honey for the care that the ants give them. Out of the abundance of their sap they refine a bit of honey. When the ant appears he is likely to find a crop of it waiting for him. He coaxes the aphid, pets it, strokes its back, and it yields him yet other drops. The milkmaid ants fill themselves full of this honey and convert themselves into thermos bottles from which other ants, engaged in other tasks, may drink. Thus do the aphids feed the ant multitudes.

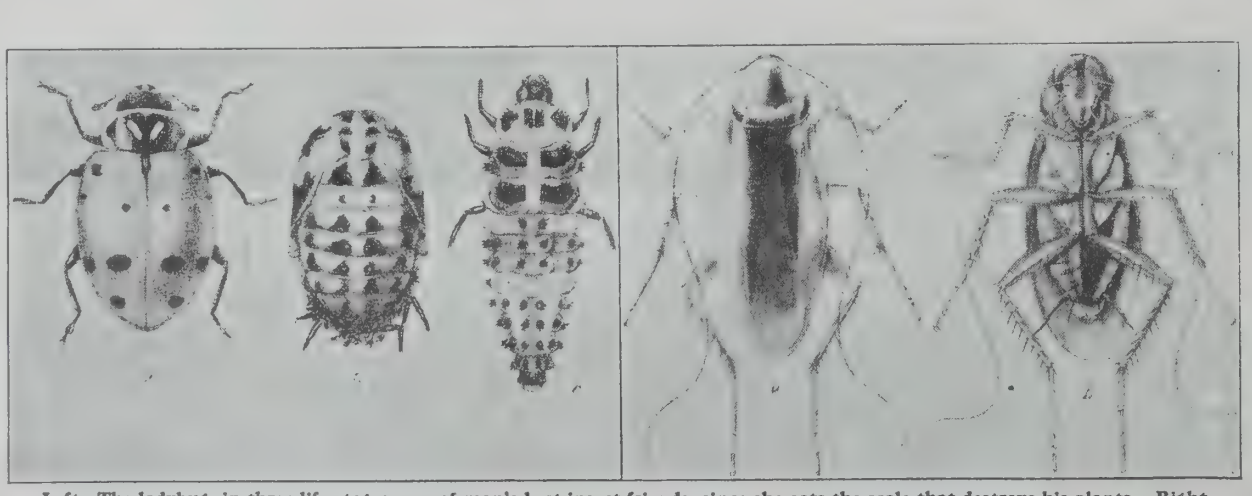
Here is another most remarkable thing about aphids. In the early spring when they first appear, there are only females. These females do a thing that is accomplished nowhere else in nature. They become mothers in the complete absence of males. They breed with inconceivable rapidity. One lonesome female in a garden on Monday may be the grandmother of millions of other females by Wednesday. This race of females keeps on multiplying in this way through the summer but in autumn, suddenly, the method is switched. There appears a generation in which there are both males and females. The females of this generation do not give birth to great numbers of tiny insects as did their mothers. Instead they lay a single egg. This egg does not hatch out until the following spring when it starts the new generation of females.

Another odd and remarkable thing about these aphids is the fact that, during the earlier generations of the season, they are wingless. They may have lived, during this time, for instance, in a plum tree. Being without wings it has been impossible for them to leave this plum tree. Within them, however, is an instinct that warns them that the time has come when the plum tree food supply is insufficient for the family. They must move to pastures new. So, of a sudden, there appears a generation that is fitted out with wings. It takes to them and flies away, perhaps to some hop field where the growing plants furnish an abundance of food. Here they settle down and breed other generations of wingless aphids. Then the hops mature. The sap is soon to stop flowing. Presto! A new generation with wings is bred and flies back to the orchard.

All of these sapsuckers are enemies to plant life. Perhaps the most frightfully destructive of them is the San Jose scale. This is the individual that has made it necessary for orchardmen in most parts of the United States to spray their trees with insecticides if they would harvest any fruit. The San Jose scale came into California, some 30 years ago, on imported trees. It has spread all over the country. It is because of it that the back-yard orchard has ceased to exist, that the fruit of the nation must be raised by scientific orchardmen operating on a big scale. This loss to the nation is almost beyond computation.

Then there is that other great tribe of insects, the scale wings, the interests of one branch of which seem almost always to run counter to those of man. The scale wings are the butterflies and the moths. They get their name from the fact that scales are laid on their wings like shingles on a roof. It is these scales, rubbing off, that leave a powder on your hand after you have caught a moth. The scale wings are divided into a day shift, consisting of the butterflies, and a night shift, consisting of the moths. It is the night shift that does the damage.

The clothes moth has always been with us, takes its toll of garments spoiled from most families at all seasons. Where it does not it levies its tax for moth balls and other methods of protection. Yet the clothes moth as an enemy is a mild creature compared with many another enemy of the fluttering night wing. There is the well-known cankerworm that assails the trees of the nation spring and autumn. There is the shabby little yellow-brown moth that is the mother of the army worm which sometimes exacts a heavy toll in the injury it does to grain crops. There is the codling moth which does its utmost to put worms in all the apples of the nation. It lays its eggs on the fruit or on the leaves near it and these hatch out into tiny worms. They know by instinct that the vulnerable part of the apple is the



Left—The ladybug, in three life stages, one of man's best insect friends, since she eats the scale that destroys his plants. Right—The American cockroach which has spread all over the world by dent of riding in ships.

(*Concluded on page 14*)

What It Costs to Run Baseball Clubs

Ty Cobbs and Babe Ruths Come High; and So Do Bats, Balls and Uniforms

By PAUL MACDONALD

THE daily newspapers tell you in flaring headlines that a new world series attendance record is set, that the football season establishes new crowd marks, that more people witnessed sport in the United States during 1924 than in any previous year. You learn that more money was spent in watching sports in America last year than at any time in history. You learn that no people since the world began invest so much money for the privilege of watching others play than you and your fellow Americans. You ponder over the millions and millions of dollars that are handed over annually for tickets.

But did you ever happen to consider the cost of staging these events?

We hear a great deal of the fortunes that are handed over by the spectators but we are told nothing that concerns the cost of producing the drama of sport. News writers deal only with one side of the subject. They leave you under the impression that it is a matter of "all coming in and nothing going out."

Professional baseball and college football draw the largest crowds in sport. Each exceeded all previous attendance marks last year. The National League beat its previous record by more than 200,000 and the American League had a similar record. Yet persons who believe that a major league ball club is a "gold mine" for the owners will be surprised to learn that one National League club lost money last year and that there has not been a season in the National League when one or two clubs did not lose. The American League has a similar history and a few years ago other owners had to come to the financial assistance of one who fell so far behind that he faced retirement. One major football eleven lost money last year and will have to abandon all sports unless the alumni come to the rescue. Football is counted upon to maintain practically all the other college sports because football at most of the colleges is the only sport that provides a revenue; the others are conducted at a loss. Recently basketball began to make money at some colleges but not at all.

Let Us First Consider Baseball

Turning to the other side of the ledger, the side that the newspapers rarely dwell upon, let us first consider baseball, a game that started upon its real professional career in 1871 and has since become the best-known sport in the United States. To conduct baseball upon its present mammoth scale means huge investments. Many millions of dollars are invested in real estate and stands. The stadiums of the two major circuits alone mount into millions and the top minor leagues have also been adding brick, steel and concrete amphitheaters in recent years. Besides the money actually invested in these structures, they come rather high in the upkeep. A force of groundkeepers to look after the playing field and the stands; skilled workmen to make repairs that are needed from day to day; the clerical forces in the office, the gatemen, these require quite an outlay of money. The ball park is located as near to the heart of the city as possible, on expensive ground, and rarely covers less than a city block. This means high city taxes.

Besides these minor items there is the pay roll of the skilled athletes, the players themselves. In the major leagues there is no limit to the salary paid a ball player. The Detroit club pays Ty Cobb the sum of $60,000 a year. The New York club pays Babe Ruth $50,000 a year. They are the highest paid players in the history of sport but there are plenty of other players who get in the neighborhood of $20,000 annually. Minor league owners protect themselves by agreeing upon a certain sum for salaries each month and a certain number of players between stated dates. In the majors there is a player limit but no salary limit. A big league team can carry twenty-five men at any time but no more between set dates. It can pay the twenty-five men any sum of money it feels like paying. The two New York clubs and the Detroit club have the highest salary lists.

Some Salaries Paid to Players

It costs a heap of money to carry on in major league baseball. The New York Giants, as an example, must take in $550,000 at the gate before they can begin to count profits. The earnings of this club would be slim if it were not for the added income derived from staging boxing bouts and football games at the Polo Grounds. Across the river from the Polo Grounds is the Yankees' Stadium, home of the New York Americans. This is a larger and costlier amphitheater than the Polo Grounds and costs more money to operate. The American Leaguers miss much of the added revenue that their rivals receive. Since the Polo Grounds is more convenient than the Yankees' Stadium it secures nearly all the big football contests and boxing bouts that are held in New York.

Clubs must buy players and they do buy them—and yet here comes one of the fallacies of major league club owners. Years ago the owners decided that a big purchase price for a ball player was splendid publicity. It showed the patrons that the club loosened its purse strings to provide the best playing talent procurable. Price was no object where the patron was concerned. Naturally the owners began to exaggerate. If they paid $10,000 for a ball player they announced the price as $78,500. Then they found a comeback. If the player failed to look like a $78,500 performer the patrons criticized the owner more than the player with comment something like this, "The club's willing to spend dough all right but what the club needs is a guy at the head of it that knows how to spend money and can tell a ball player when he sees one. Why, the cash they paid for that ham would buy a pennant team." The owner made a blunder when he padded the price. But the average major league club owner is a shortsighted and stupid person.

The money spent for playing talent represents only in small degree the purchase prices of certain players. A big expense is in the search for new material. Every club has a staff of salaried scouts. From the time the first college game is played early in the spring until the professional season ends in October, these scouts roam the country, looking over collegians and then the minor league players. They spend six months every year combing the ball lots of the United States for possible talent. Scouts are expensive not so much because of the salaries they receive but because of the money it costs to send them about the country.

But the scout part of the hunt for players is only a minor bit of the general expense. Most of the major league clubs have many men on a private pay roll. They are umpires, managers, or veteran players in various minor leagues. These hired agents, good judges of ball players, write confidential reports to the major leaguers giving them inside information on the promising recruits. Any major league owner, by a liberal expenditure of money, can therefore have all the information he wants on any player in the minor leagues. He can check and re-check these various reports and get a fairly definite idea of the player's value.

What a Player Needs Most of All

According to the 1924 report of the treasurer of the National Association of Baseball Leagues, the major and minor leagues paid through the association in 1924 the sum of $2,113,408.45 in the purchase of players, assignments of contracts, drafting players and placing them out on options. Considering the vast sums invested in professional and organized baseball this amount is small; only part of it was used in the purchase of players, the remainder going for various other purposes.

Even after a player is secured the owner can rarely use him. What a player needs most of all is experience and few of the men gathered from the minor leagues ever get a regular job on a major league team the first year they report. The player is sent to one of the fast minor leagues for more experience. He is signed to a major league contract and the big league club that has him under contract loans him to the minor league club. The salary that the contract calls for is nearly always more than the minor league owners can pay and so the big league club has to make up the difference. All big league clubs pay part of the salary of minor leaguers each year.

The salary matter of the big league regulars and substitutes has been touched upon. Salaries in the majors have mounted high in recent years. There are few players today getting as low as $3,000 a season; most of them are getting $8,000 and more. Few big league clubs pay as low as $150,000 a season for the twenty-five men and coaches and managers that they carry during the pennant race. Nearly every club carries one or more outstanding stars who get outstanding salaries. When the New York Americans began paying Ruth the sum of $50,000 a year they jerked up the big league salaries. All the other stars demanded increases because of Ruth's $50,000, and they got them.

There are still other matters connected with running ball clubs through pennant races. For one thing, the balls used in play. The major leagues, naturally, use the best obtainable. They do not pay quite so much as you pay over the counter when you go to your favorite sports goods store and ask for a major league ball but they still pay more than $1 each. In 1906 the eight clubs in the American League spent $5,000 for baseballs. In 1924 the eight clubs spent more than $40,000. Each club last season spent more money for balls than the entire league spent 18 years ago, at least they averaged more because all clubs do not use the same number of balls. The National League used 3,602 dozen (or 43,224) baseballs last year, an increase of 139 dozen (or 1,668) over the number used in 1923. The major leagues tried last year to cut down the number of balls employed in presenting baseball to the American public. One reason for the enormous number of balls used was the pitching rule that demanded a ball be thrown out when it showed the least wear. This rule was passed to prevent pitchers using unnatural means to get an unusual break to their deliveries. The elimination of the spitball, the emeryball, the shineball, and all the other freak deliveries, brought this about. A ball that was soiled or scratched served the same purpose and the pitcher was able to accomplish his end without violating the rule. Since the cover of baseballs in recent years has been made of the finest leather procurable it was easily damaged. Umpires received instructions to be more lenient in enforcing the rule and to permit balls to remain in play longer. This request was observed by the umpires but it did not cut down the number of balls used.

The Purchase of Balls and Bats

The two New York teams lead the major leagues in the number of balls used. The giants last season purchased 630 dozen. Balls used in every major league game are furnished by the home club. Each club plays one-half its games at home. The New York Giants played quite a number of double-headers and taking this fact into consideration the Giants used more than 100 balls every day they played at the Polo Grounds. They spent more than $100 for balls, on an average, for every game they played at home. The record of the New York Yankees is similar. The Yankees lead the American League both in the number of balls purchased and in the number used to play their games.

Not all of the balls bought by major league clubs are used in play. There are more balls used in practice than in the actual game and there are still more given away. Some years ago someone conceived the original idea of having a baseball signed by a star for a souvenir. The idea took hold and major league clubs spend thousands of dollars every year furnishing the enthusiasts with balls signed by stars. Babe Ruth has signed as many as 60 a day. John J. McGraw has signed a similar number. And what becomes of the balls that are a bit soiled? Some of them are used in batting practice and fielding practice. Others are given away. Some are sold at a discount. Many are sent to orphan asylums.

Bats are quite as necessary as balls. The average number of bats used by a major league club is 25 dozen. These bats average $2 apiece. It costs the clubs about $600 a season for bats. This is a trifle compared to the sum spent for baseballs but even so you will wonder what any club wants with 300 bats a season and how any player can use as many as 12 bats. The 12 is just the average a player. Some use more and some less. It is true that a player can use but one bat at a time but he may try out 20 bats before he gets the one he wants. If he gets 20 bats he is likely to discard 19 of them. If a player made three hits in four times at bat in the opening game of the season, using the same bat all afternoon, you may be sure he is going to continue using that bat until he gets into a slump.

It Costs Money to Keep Them Going

Ball players believe that all bats contain a certain number of hits. They are convinced that some bats hold more hits than others. A player who is getting plenty of hits will treasure his bat above all else, soundly believing that it is the bat that is responsible for his success. He constantly discounts his own ability in favor of the bat. Take a dozen bats of absolutely the same size, make, and shape and the ball player will use not more than two or three in the lot, probably none. If he gets into a slump he will discard the entire dozen and wire to the bat factory for a new lot. Considering the other expenses of baseball the owner feels that he can well afford to humor these whims of his performers.

Clubs must also furnish the uniforms. In the American League a ruling was passed in a recent season compelling all clubs to buy two sets of home and two sets of road uniforms. The idea is to have the players looking neat and clean at all times. If they happen to play on a rainy day and on a muddy field, the uniforms are sent to a dry cleaner that evening and the club looks spick-and-span in a new set of uniforms the next

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Nottingham, Merrie England's Hub

Near Here Are "The Dukeries" and the Haunts of Bold Robin Hood

By PAUL TYNER

NOTTINGHAM is one of the livest towns in the Midlands of England and impresses one as very up-to-date and businesslike. It is the seat of the lace and hosiery industries. Many of its buildings are on what would be considered a large scale, even in Chicago. Its post office, stock exchange, town hall and a score or more of banks, insurance offices and office buildings, university and schools, to say nothing of its factories, are of imposing architecture. Then there are the big railway stations, theaters, hotels, churches, palatial cinemas and massive stone bridges spanning the lordly Trent.

Despite its modernity in these respects—and the town's population is nearing the half-million mark—the voyager in search of the historical and picturesque finds Nottingham a center of absorbing interest. Short trips by autobus take one through Sherwood Forest, the haunt of Robin Hood and his merry men whose exploits are made familiar to present-day Americans by the film in which the spry "Doug" Fairbanks has so lately scored a big success. Once in Sherwood Forest, one is easily tempted to go a little farther afield, and see Newstead Abbey, the ancient home of Lord Byron, passing on the way through "The Dukeries," a stretch of splendidly wooded manors in which no less than five ducal domains meet. Nowhere outside England are seen such well-kept park lands.

But Nottingham's pride is Nottingham Castle, no less for its present beauty and usefulness, and their relation to the everyday life and work of the community, than for its ancient historical associations. The castle is an institution and a landmark that would confer distinction on any city.

In the article on Durham Castle, was pictured the meeting of ancient and modern in the transformation of a medieval fortress into a twentieth-century university. Nottingham Castle presents the same sort of antithesis in its evolution. What for centuries had been a famous military stronghold is now the City Art Museum. What is more, it is a model, in my humble opinion, of what a modern art museum should be.

We have here no mausoleum of mutilated marbles and dusty "old masters," no storehouse of headless and legless torsos, noseless Apollos and armless Venuses; no splintered and fragmentary Jupiters and Minervas. Here no phantasmagorias of color spread over acres of canvas perpetuate more or less accurately this or that painter's conceptions of how historical personages possibly looked, or the artist's idealizations of famous battles and other events with more or less fanciful admixtures of symbolism and allegory.

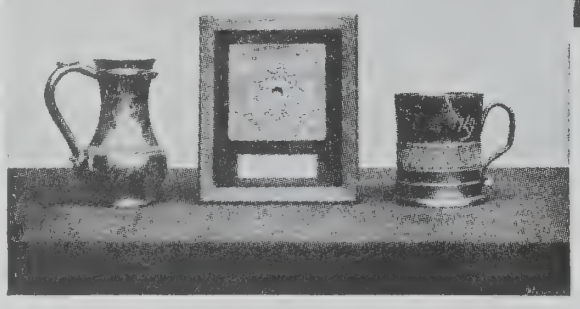
Not that Whistler's symphonies in blue or silver, or pink and yellow, or the charming landscapes of Corot and Millet, have not their place. There are a number of persons who need these helps to see the beauty of a sunrise or a sunset and to appreciate the play of light and shade and tint and form in nature offered to us all in the changing appearances of sea and sky, field and forest, lake and river, mountain and valley.

One reaches the castle in an easy five-minute walk from the Market Square in the heart of the town by a narrow and winding street lined with ancient shops and dwellings and leading by a gradual ascent to the castle gates at the foot of a broad flight of steps that rise to the beautifully kept lawns and gardens that surround an immense brown sandstone building in the Gothic style and occupying the crest of a plateau commanding extended views on all sides over the city of Nottingham and the beautiful countryside of the Trent valley.

The site seems to have been appreciated from an early period for its command of the southern passes of the Trent River. Saxon and Danish fortifications preceded the famous fortress built here in the year 1068 by William the Conqueror, to hold the heart of England in subjection. The man he placed in command was William Peverill, a name that will remind lovers of Scott of "Peverill of the Peak." In this royal castle, an important council was held by Henry I in 1109. Between this date and 1153, the Castle changed hands several times in the internecine wars of the period.

It was in 1153 that Henry, Duke of Normandy, afterward King Henry II of England, granted the castle and town of Nottingham to Ranulph, Earl of Chester, who was subsequently poisoned by one of the Peverills. Some twenty years later, King Henry gave the castle to his son, Prince John, and spent vast sums on its strengthening and extension.

Richard the Lion-Hearted, however, retained the castle in his own hands on coming to the throne, and until 1191, when, during his absence on a Crusade in the Holy Land, it was surprised and captured by John whom Richard Coeur de Lion found defiantly living there on his return to England. The King promptly sent an army to besiege the place, but John and his beleaguered followers held out for months until Richard himself joined the besieging force, when it fell after four days' vigorous bombardment. A few years later, John, having been pardoned by his big brother, was allowed to return to Nottingham and even after ascending the throne he continued to make the castle his favorite residence. It was here, indeed, that King John perpetrated one of the blackest deeds in English history when he hanged the twenty-eight Welsh boys he had been holding as hostages for Prince Llewellyn.



Above—Nottingham Castle Gate. At left—Nottingham pottery. Above, at right—English state carriage, 1698.

Throughout the remainder of the Middle Ages, Nottingham Castle remained one of the most important of the royal fortresses, large additions to the original building being made during the thirteenth century and the place becoming the scene of many important councils.

Perhaps the most romantic event transpiring here—and the one out of which the visitor today gets most thrills for his "thruppence"—was the dramatic surprise and capture of Earl Mortimer, the lover of Queen Isabella. The Queen and Mortimer had sought refuge from the jealous ire of King Edward II in Nottingham Castle, as a place of impregnable strength and security. But they fell victims to the treachery (or loyalty from another point of view) of the deputy governor, who informed the King, then only 18 years of age, of a secret passage leading from his house without the walls into the heart of the stronghold.

The King, fiercely determined on revenging himself, personally led a party of armed men up the steep and rocky passage on the night of October 19, 1330, surprising and capturing Mortimer after a short struggle. The execution of the unhappy Earl a month later at Tyburn marks a point in the nation's history. Going today through this dim, dank, dismal and rocky tunnel, since known as "Mortimer's Hole," one could easily imagine the scene of Mortimer's capture and realize the emotions of the lovers so rudely torn apart—one to die on the scaffold, the other to eat out her heart in grief and despair, a prisoner of state in London's dread Tower.

During the reign of Henry IV, Owen Glendower (son of the Welsh chieftain of that name) was confined in the dungeon of Nottingham Castle after his capture by Henry, Prince of Wales, in 1411, and was taken thence to his death in the Tower.

The castle's greatest splendor was reached in the reign of Edward IV (1461-1483), who built a great square tower at the northwest corner of the middle bailey, now the site of the Castle Green, and a whole new range of state apartments in the more comfortable, not to say luxurious, style of his time. Further additions were made by Richard III, who set out from Nottingham Castle in 1485 for the disastrous battle of Bosworth Field which is immortalized in Shakespeare's play. And from this same stronghold, a few years later, his successor, Henry VII, marched to the battle of Stoke.

The castle had fallen into a state of neglect and decay—possibly through royal apprehension of the power for mischief that possession of such a stronghold placed in the hands of recalcitrant nobles—when, in August, 1642, it became identified with an event of prime importance, not only in English history but in the clash between monarchism and the rising tide of democracy the world over which formed a sort of prelude to the birth of the American Republic. Here Charles I raised his standard at the beginning of the civil war between Royalist and Parliamentarian, Cavalier and Roundhead. The standard was raised on the top of the Castle's highest tower, but, being blown down by the wind (ominous circumstance), was hoisted again, this time on a hill outside the walls. Shortly afterward, the castle was captured and garrisoned by forces of the Parliamentary party under Colonel John Hutchinson, who held it throughout the war. Following the execution of Charles after the trial at Whitehall, in which Hutchinson figured as one of the judges, he incurred Cromwell's displeasure by dismantling the fort.

This Hutchinson, by the way, was the progenitor of a notable Massachusetts family. Only a few years ago, I had a most interesting talk in Salem, Massachusetts, with old John Hutchinson, eldest of a family of eight brothers and sisters, who for years traveled up and down the land "singing in the freedom of the slave."

These Massachusetts Hutchinsons played a conspicuous part in the Abolition movement, and may be regarded as its minstrels, often obtaining the ear of the public for their songs when its more fiery apostles were denied a hearing.

On the occasion of my visit, John Hutchinson had just entered his eightieth year, but was still hale and hearty, his head crowned with a thick thatch of snow-white hair, while a flowing white beard emphasized the benevolence of his noble features and winter-apple complexion. His blue eyes flashed as he recounted certain reminiscences of the anti-slavery pioneers, his colleagues, Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, Lyman Beecher, William Lloyd Garrison, Lydia Maria Child, Lucy Stone, and Harriet Beecher Stowe. In a voice that was still remarkably full and clear-toned, he sang for me "Bold Harry of the West," a campaign ditty in praise of Henry Clay. The last survivor of this interesting singing band, John Hutchinson, had then recently celebrated his seventy-ninth birthday by the gift to his native city of a beautiful park.

When I asked the secret of his vigorous old age, he smiled and said sweetly: "I breathe and I hum!" suiting the action to the word by taking a full deep breath and humming an old ballad on its exhalation. It's not such a far cry, after all, from Nottingham in Old England to Salem in New England!

What the seventeenth-century Hutchinson had left of Nottingham Castle was demolished by order of Cromwell's Council of State. After the Restoration, the estate was granted to William Cavendish, first Duke of Newcastle, an ardent royalist and a man of great wealth who had shared the exile in France of the Stuart princes. He it was who built the present castle in a style more suggestive of a French chateau than of an English fortress.

It was five years in building, being completed in 1679. Above the principal entrance on the east front, facing the town, may still be seen the mutilated remains of an equestrian statue of the first duke, who was a great authority on horsemanship and author of a treatise on the subject. This mutilation of his statue took place when the castle was attacked and its interior burned by a mob during the Corn law riots.

During the Revolution of 1688, this new building was the scene of an historic event which may have had much to do with the change of dynasty following on the expulsion of the Stuarts and the bringing of William of Orange to the English throne.

On learning that William had been invited to England by the Protestant party, the Princess (afterward Queen) Anne deserted her father's court in London on the persuasion of the Duchess of Marlborough (the clever and intriguing Sara Jennings) and fled to Nottingham Castle, where she resided until the Valiant Dutchman, with his wife (her elder sister Mary), became joint sovereigns of England. When James heard the news of his daughter's adhesion to the party opposing him, he is said to have burst into tears and exclaimed: "God help me; my own children have forsaken me!"

After 1795, the Dukes of Newcastle do not appear to have favored their Nottingham residence, and in 1831, during the disturbances throughout the country over the Reform Bill and the demand for the repeal of the Corn laws, the building was entered and set on fire by a mob as already described. Although the interior was practically destroyed, the exterior, thanks to its solid masonry, was comparatively uninjured. But the building was left a ruin for 40 years or so until in 1875 it was taken over by the Nottingham Town Council, restored and adapted for use as the "Museum of Fine and Decorative Arts." The museum was opened on July 3, 1878, by King Edward and Queen Alexandra (then Prince

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Booklegging in the Nineteenth Century

By CAPTAIN ELBRIDGE COLBY

THE rum fleet was once a book fleet. Instead of evading the laws, the invaders came with full sanction of law. Carrying volumes in portfolios instead of bottles in boots, they legged it across the Atlantic to provide what America could not furnish. Theirs was "high grade stuff"—far superior to the "home brew" of local amateurs. The pirates on the high seas of the nineteenth century were book pirates.

In St. Paul's Churchyard, London, were agents who seized the first volume off a British press, snatched page proof or galley proof if they could, and dashed madly for the waiting packet. A race across the seas! A quick delivery! And an American printing shop turned out the works of Edgeworth, Byron, Dickens, Austen, Scott, or Thackeray, in such plenitude as to satisfy the bookish thirst of the American reading public. In 1825, a Philadelphia firm received advance copies of some cantos of "Don Juan"; thirty compositors set to work immediately and in thirty-six hours an American edition was on sale. For his work of capturing the ideas and fixing the imaginative concepts, the British author received nothing in the way of royalty. The text was pilfered. In one instance a Waverly novel was even stolen from the Constable storeroom—burglary of the material volume as well as of the intangible genius, burglary committed to save time. All the New York, the Boston, or the Philadelphia publisher wanted was to get a few hours start on his competitors. With the name of a British author on the title-page, the book had an assured sale. If the sale were taken quickly, the profits were big. But the British author got no satisfaction in the form of compensation. And the nearby American authors in the vicinity of the printing shops could not stand the competition: his need for payments nearly put him out of the field. What publisher would pay for an American book when he could cheaply pirate a good British book? Said a Philadelphian to William Gilmore Simms in 1841: "We do not see much hope in the future for the American writer of light literature—as a matter of profit it might be abandoned." Said Lowell: "We steal Englishmen's books!" Said Poe to Lowell in 1844: "How dreadful is the condition of our literature! We want two things certainly:—an International Copyright Law, and a well-founded monthly journal." The second was soon to come, with the establishment of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The first, the international copyright, had to wait until nearly the end of the century.

All through the eighteen hundreds the merry races went on. Look at your Stevenson or your Kipling or your early Hardy novels. How many volumes on your shelves were pirated? William McFee tells of purchasing in a department store a cheap paper-bound Conrad, pirated like the rest. Under such circumstances, the wonder of it is that Irving, and Hawthorne, and Cooper, and Poe, and Gilmore Simms managed to gain any audience at all. Is not all of this really a reason for the outstanding position of the intellectuals and superior culturists of Boston in the annals of American literature? What they wrote was not light literature. It was "high-brow" stuff. And beyond what they wrote, only things with a distinctively American scene or an American flavor seemed to survive at all. It was cheaper to pirate British books than to pay an American author, cheaper to print a foreign novelist who was sure to sell, than to print an American embryo genius whose volumes might clutter the storerooms indefinitely. The publishers, being human, turned their attention toward the quick turnover.

Occasionally there was some slight inclination to pay the pilfered Londoner for his far-sped fiction. In 1829, Washington Irving wrote to William Godwin:

> "If you can furnish me with a manuscript copy of the earlier part of the work, and supply the subsequent part in sheets as struck off, so as to give some bookseller in America the decided start of his competitors, I think it highly probable I can get something for it to repay you for your trouble."

Yes, there was an inclination to pay, but it was not for the work, merely for the "decided start of his competitors" that the publisher was willing to make disbursements. A publisher of Mrs. Browning's poems proudly announces on the title-page:

> "From the last London Edition, Corrected by the Author."

Further attempts to assume an authenticity in regard to American editions are indicated in the following note to another volume:

> "AUTHOR'S EDITION.
> Having received what I consider to be sufficient remuneration for my poem of 'Aurora Leigh' from Mr. Francis, of New York, it is my earnest desire that his right in this and future editions of the same, may not be interfered with.
> "ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING"
> London, Oct. 21, 1856.

Still, the United States was not then more moral than it is today. The spiritual heights of literature were as perverted as the spirituous liquor smugglers. Right through the customhouses they came, boldly; and as boldly opened and advertised their stolen wares. Though now the dilution is with water so as to make a single Scotch commodity into four or five, the expansion in quantity then was by means of printer's ink and cheap paper, and a single pirate book was duplicated thousands and thousands of times into a large edition. All that, too, without contribution to the prosperity of Bermuda, Havana, or the Bahamas, or raising any question as to "continuous voyage." It was in 1842, of books and not of bottles, that Charles Dickens wrote:

> "The more you see of this plunder and the dirty hands into which it goes, the more you will feel and advocate the necessity of a change."

The change was to come with the passing of time and the enactment of new legislation. Yet still the work went blithely on. There were doctor's prescriptions in those days, too, material sent through as it were in bond, bearing a validating label like the following:

> "It is my earnest wish that with Messrs. Ticknor and Fields alone the right of publishing my books in America should rest.
> "ALFRED TENNYSON."

When the change came, it was a change indeed. The infantry industry of American letters took a sudden boom. In the nineties and the early nineteen hundreds, there came a deluge of American fiction. We had the romanticism to get out of our systems; and the imitations of foreign styles and foreign traits. Once freed from the bookleggers and the state of the public law, it took some time for a true American spirit to be evidenced in our literature. The competitive effect of cheap English books had stifled and scattered and localized our own efforts. Only with the progressive twentieth century is America beginning to take a substantial place in the sunlight of the world of books.

Avoiding Pitfalls in Tourist Camp Sanitation

By DR. OSCAR DOWLING

THE automobile, the modern magic carpet, has brought with it many problems, among them one having an important bearing on the public health.

By helping to increase the amount of travel it has also increased the opportunities for spreading disease. Insanitary conditions which in olden days might affect only a small group in a small community now have grave potentialities. They may cause typhoid fever, for example, in the person of an auto tourist, who then may leave a trail of infection over many miles.

With the development of auto tourist traffic has come the establishment of tourist camps which invite the traveler to tarry awhile and enjoy the hospitality of the community.

Such camps vary from mere vacant land which offers nothing but parking space to those which furnish not only essentials but such conveniences as shelter, heat, light, and even provisions for doing laundry work and for recreation.

Two fundamental essentials for such camps are: a safe water supply and sanitary disposal of the body wastes. No camp is worthy of the name which does not furnish these. The water supply may vary from a simple well, properly built and wisely placed, to a supply from a city purification plant equipped with the most modern devices, operated by competent men under the supervision of skilled scientists. The waste disposal system may vary from the simple pit privy, properly built and wisely located, to a water carriage sewerage system with ultimate disposal of the sewerage by modern biochemical methods. But whatever the degree or style, these provisions can be, and must be, safe and sanitary. Else the camp, instead of being a mark of the community's hospitality to a stranger within the gates, becomes a snare and a delusion. Let me say here and now to a community about to establish a tourist camp: Don't do it at all, unless you can do it right.

To be sure, to do it the right way may cost some money. Not much if the provisions are simple, perhaps a considerable sum if all the desirable conveniences are provided. Any health department will gladly give details for construction of wells and toilets, and many are in a position to provide for inspections of camps and camp sites and for tests of water supplies, so it will not be attempted in this short article to give a treatise on camp sanitation.

As to providing for the cost of camp arrangements and camp maintenance, and it is sad but true that unless supervision is provided the maintenance will most likely not be sanitary, it is considered that the auto tourist, no more than anyone else, need not expect to get something worth while for nothing. The auto camp should be self-supporting. A moderate fee charged to campers will not only help to pay for maintenance, but will help to make a permanent camp in a place intended only for transients. Additional revenues can often be obtained by selling franchises to filling stations, and so on.

Of course, no system of tourist camps, camp sanitation and board of health regulation can take the place of common sense and some knowledge on the part of the tourist himself. All is not gold that glitters, and everyone should know that not all water, be it ever so clear and sparkling, is fit to drink.

Tourists should investigate the quality of the water they get. The supplies of most cities are good. Some state boards of health are testing roadside supplies and posting notices announcing their quality. Such signs may be accepted. Wherever there is any doubt about the safety of a supply the water should not be used, or should be boiled before using. The tourist should also bear in mind that a certain amount of responsibility devolves upon him. Too often the traveler in leaving behind the cares of home or business leaves behind as well the social amenities of life and does things he would not think of doing at home. Aside from such obvious things as respecting the property of others, particularly fruit and flowers, refraining from littering the landscape with paper, tin cans, and so on, it should be borne in mind that practically all states have in their codes something which meets the exigencies of such cases as these.

A knowledge of the principle of first aid and a first-aid kit should be part of the equipment of every auto tourist. One should learn how to take care of his own physical well-being and provide the needed equipment.

What It Costs to Run Baseball Clubs

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afternoon. These uniforms, four to each man and 100 to the team, cost $25 each when bought in big lots. The clubs buy them and the clubs pay to have them cleaned. Also, the clubs provide heavy sweaters or jackets for the players to protect them on chilly days. These cost from $15 to $35 each, depending upon the style the club prefers. About 30 are purchased each year, for the chilly days come in the spring and the autumn, at the beginning and end of the season, when there are from five to ten recruits on hand for early and late trials. The players buy their own underwear, gloves, shoes and shoe laces.

The foregoing information gives a fairly accurate account of the money spent by the two major leagues, but baseball is not confined to the two major leagues. The major leagues form less than one-thirteenth part of organized baseball. When the season of 1924 started there were 28 minor leagues in the United States and Canada. These 28 leagues embraced 202 towns and cities. Then there were numerous leagues playing three and four games a week, numerous twilight leagues playing practically every day, and any number of semi-professional and shop leagues. These are all outside of organized baseball, rather outside the National Association of Professional Baseball Leagues. But it costs money to keep all of them going. The minor leagues last year employed 6,123 players. They spent more than $20,000,000 in salaries. They spent another fortune for bats, balls, uniforms, traveling expenses, executives, clerical forces, building expenses, and repairs.

It costs well over $100,000,000 to play baseball before paying patrons in the United States each year. No one knows how much more. The sum may be twice $100,000,000. Considering the many sources of expenditure, the amount rises to staggering proportions.

Smuggling Aliens

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immigrants seeking consular *visés* and information on the state of the quota.

In April, 1922, Vera Cruz began to fill with Italians who were said to be bound for farm tracts in Mexico for colonization purposes. That, of course, was a blind they had used in getting by the Italian immigration authorities back home, since Italy does not grant passports to its subjects until they can show they are not attempting to enter any country illegally, and have never been accused of crime.

From Vera Cruz the movement worked its way to the Rio Grande, in small groups, finally uniting at Matamoros, opposite Brownsville. They applied to the immigration authorities for transit privileges to Canada; were denied; and crossed the river by stealth. They were apprehended, given hearings, and deported.

Five Calabrians told what had happened to them. A representative of the Marseilles steamship agency had come to their village and made this offer: that for 5,000 lires he would guarantee passports out of France *viséed* by the French and Mexican authorities; and a safe landing anywhere in the United States. They were told that the steamship agency had branches all over the world and was so rich and powerful as to be able to put them on trains and carry them to destination without stealth and without interference.

Five accepted the offer and paid 25,000 lires—in advance. They were taken to Marseilles, added to a growing company, and in due time landed, first at Vera Cruz, then Mexico City, and finally Matamoros—shepherded every foot of the way. When the "transit privilege" strategy failed they were taken from a Matamoros hotel at night, with several hundred companions, escorted on foot up the Rio Grande to a point opposite Fort Brown, put across in skiffs, loaded into automobiles and carried to a neighboring town, and then instructed openly to buy railroad tickets to San Antonio.

The movement was positively expeditionary. Of course, it created a furor. Immigration men swarmed to the scene.

Despite its checks, the business of smuggling aliens across Mexico goes on, and grows larger. But at the same time the defensive strategy of our immigration men is getting to be more and more effective. The net draws closer day by day. It is an interesting thing to watch, how these devoted men do their work along the fitful, far-away Rio Grande.

In next week's DEARBORN INDEPENDENT Mr. Bentley will describe the work of the mounted immigration patrol on the Mexican border.

The Rising Tide of Insect Pests

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eye at the end. Here they bore in, feed until they are mature, crawl out again, having quite spoiled the apple, and go into the cocoon stage to live through the winter. The fruit growers fight these moths by spraying their trees carefully, trying always to get some of the poison in the bud end of the apple so the worm will get it when he starts boring.

There is, of course, the well-known case of the attack of the gypsy moth, introduced from Europe, on the trees of New England and the 50-year war to check it. There is, finally, that recently arrived pest, the peach moth, just now becoming an outstanding menace, threatening to wipe out the peaches of the nation.

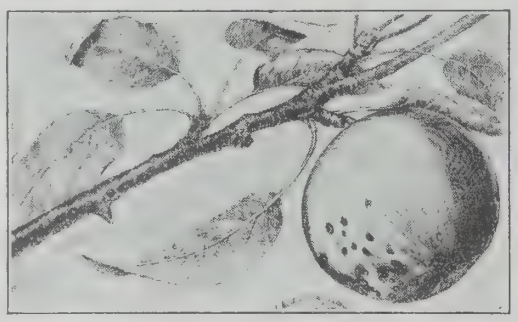
The arrival of the peach moth was spectacular. She came in on the flowering cherry trees that the Empress of Japan sent to Mrs. William Howard Taft, a dozen years ago, and which, growing about the Tidal Basin, are the springtime glory of Washington. She got in, despite the fact that the cherry trees were fumigated with more than usual thoroughness. She sleeps so soundly in her cocoon, it seems, breathes so little, that poison fumes do not kill her.

A parasitic fly laying its egg in the cocoon of a tent caterpillar.

It was not known that she was here for some years after the cherry trees were planted. Then she began to appear in orchards about Washington and was traced back to her origin. It was demonstrated that she was an importation, a native of Japan.

When the air-tight cocoons of the peach moth hatch out in the spring, the moth immediately starts laying its eggs in the twigs of trees. When each egg hatches, the larva crawls out to the tender tip of the twig, eats in through the bud, and starts down through the pith of the hollow in the twig where the going is easy. It thus blights the twig, puts it out of business. Each larva is likely to blight three or four twigs before it spins its cocoon and goes to sleep. It does not take many of them working thus to quite ruin a peach tree.

Later, when the twigs are no longer tender, there is the fruit itself which is satisfactory food for the grubs. They begin to bore into the peaches when they are half-grown causing them to become defective. They attack them when they are nearly ripe and penetrate to the seed. During years of their abundance they make all the peaches in the orchard wormy. They spoil the crop. They do not limit themselves to the peach trees but visit around among the pear, cherry, and quince trees. They cannot be successfully fought by spraying as are the codling moths because spray is not effective on the fuzzy skin of the peach. So far they have baffled the experts. The battle with them is one of the vital new issues in America's contest with the insect.



Different phases of the San Jose scale which has driven out the small orchard.

Insect enemies are innumerable and there is one broad fact that begins to stand out as the study of them progresses. It begins to be demonstrated that the insects, in a world dominated by man, have peculiar advantages. As man remakes the world in his own interest he fixes it likewise as a better place for the insects. The boll weevil, for instance, amounted to nothing in its native haunts in the Mexican mountains. Given unlimited food supplies by the broad acres of cotton which man planted, however, it spread like wild fire. The gypsy moth in its native haunts in Europe never made much of a stir. When brought to America, released in her virgin forests, freed from certain enemies of its old home, it rolled on like a tidal wave. The Colorado potato beetle, native of the Rocky Mountains, never amounted to much. It did not have the food supply to make it powerful. Man, coming into its native haunts, planting vast acres of potatoes, gave it its chance. The Japanese beetle and the peach moth were unimportant insects in the Orient, but, brought to America, they found an opportunity they had never known before.

The spread of the cockroach, under man's inspiration, is one of the outstanding romances of the insect world. It is an odd thing that the cockroach did not exist in Europe until ships began going to the Orient for spices. These ships returned from India filled with innumerable black bugs. The Spanish called them "cucarache" which meant "wood louse." Hence the name cockroach. The liking of the cockroach for warmth and narrow, dark spaces fitted it ideally for traveling about the world in the holds of ships. Thus this fellow from India came to all the ports of the world and from them spread to the houses of man wherever they are found. Later, another variety of cockroach, a little fellow, arrived in Europe by way of Germany and came to be called the German cockroach. It came to New York at about the time the Croton reservoir and water system was completed and Gothamites thought that it came through the pipes. They therefore called it the Croton bug, also the water bug. Today it has a place in most of the pantries of the nation. Two other species of cockroach came to light in widely different parts of the world, one in Australia and one in America, this last the biggest of them all. They, too, have been carried all around the world in ships. Thus it has come to pass that all the cities of the world now have or soon will have, thanks to the activities of man, four varieties of these kitchen pilferers.

All of this is quite aside from the ravages of insects as carriers of disease, is apart from the menace of the flies through typhoid, the mosquitoes through malaria, the flea through bubonic plague, the tsetse fly of sleeping sickness fame, which prevents the development of Africa, and many others. I have here been speaking of those insects only which take material toll of those supplies upon which man depends for his well-being.

Man is suffering stupendous material losses through insects—greater losses than from any other agency. His own activities create favorable opportunities for the insects. Those enemies of man are gaining ground.

Almost anything may happen in insect land. There may today be some tiny, obscure, unheard-of insects in the back lands of Patagonia, of Mongolia, that tomorrow may be ravaging man's stores in Melbourne or Minneapolis. Appreciating which possibility, such progressive governments as that of the United States are scanning the insect horizon with much interest.

Importing Animal Diseases

FEDERAL veterinary officials exercise painstaking care to exclude animal diseases from abroad. Fragile articles such as china and novelties imported in great quantities require careful packing. In the past the packing has been, for the most part, hay and straw. Such packing material originating in a country where foot-and-mouth disease exists, may carry infection; consequently the official regulations now require the destruction of foreign packing material of that kind upon arrival from a country known to be infected, unless the shipments are accompanied by certificates of approved disinfection issued by the American consular officers in the country of origin.

As a further means of tightening the quarantine against animal diseases from abroad, the Bureau of Animal Industry reports success in efforts to have straw and hay replaced by packing of non-agricultural origin. Excelsior, shavings, sawdust and paper are used largely in the new packing, and shippers have gladly co-operated with the officials in replacing the dangerous germ-laden packing with the new product. Hides and skins, that are to be imported, receive a very thorough disinfection, and every possible precaution is taken in connection with the importation of animal by-products and animal feed.

On December 12, 1924, the Board of Health of New York City declared an embargo upon the shipment of live poultry from the states of North and South Dakota, Kansas, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Nebraska. This was done as a consequence of the outbreak of a serious disease which apparently had its origin in the states mentioned. It is believed that Dr. V. A. Moore of Cornell called the attention of the United States authorities to the existence of the disease which he is said to have diagnosed as European Fowl Plague, a malady which, as far as is known, never existed before in the United States. Others say the disease was nothing more than infectious bronchitis, a disease that is not uncommon in all parts of the country. When the disease was at its height thousands of chickens were killed daily in the cars by health officers at the live poultry market in the Jersey City yards. At the time this embargo took effect the cold storage people had an immense stock on hand for the Christmas trade. These chickens and turkeys were put into storage at about 22 cents a pound. Immediately upon the declaration of the embargoes on poultry the price of turkeys jumped and kept jumping until it reached 44 and 45 cents a pound. The storage men made a rich killing and the poultry raisers of the Dakotas, Kansas, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Nebraska lost out.

Nottingham, Merrie England's Hub

Concluded from page 12

and Princess of Wales). Interesting marble statues depicting Edward and Alexandra as they then appeared adorn the entrance hall.

One may still traverse the old secret underground passage of "Mortimer's Hole" and view the dungeon as it existed in the days of the Plantagenets. Steps cut in the rocky hillside lead down into the old moat, now filled with shrubbery. At one end of the grounds is preserved a section of the old city wall that goes back to the days of the Roman occupation, and in the museum itself is preserved a number of prehistoric and British-Roman objects, weapons, tools, utensils, and so forth, dug up near the old wall.

The great brick ovens of the castle, built in James the Second's day, now form an exhibit in the Textile Room which occupies what was the kitchen of the castle, while in the main hall are many specimens of decorative lead-ware in the form of rain-water pipe-heads, pump fronts, well-copings and panels, besides several fine garden vases mounted on pedestals and an Elizabethan oak doorway that long formed part of an old house in Bottle Lane, Nottingham, destroyed in 1864. These old builders built better than they knew!

Certain it is that the enthronement on this commanding site of a civic institution owned and controlled by the community and free to all—an apotheosis of the town's chief industries and a central feature of the municipality—fitly succeeds to dominance in the landscape, and in the life of the people, the earlier symbols of monarchical rule and the sway of a military autocracy.

Symbol of the new spirit also is a majestic modern edifice that rises just outside the castle gates on the town side and whose many windows look across to its pleasant grounds with its statues, shrubbery, and fountains. This is the Nurses' Memorial Home and embodies Nottingham's very sensible war memorial. In place of the usual marble or bronze column, arch or statue, it embalms the memory of the heroes who fell in the war in the shape of a permanent home for the most overworked and underpaid professional women in Britain, a home where between hospital and other engagements they may live comfortably and conveniently at nominal cost.

In the south court of the building are two interesting examples of the seventeenth-century coach-maker's craft. One is a state carriage and the other is a post-phaeton built for Thomas Baskerville, High Sheriff of Wiltshire in 1698. Not far away stands a traveling carriage built for use on the Continent at the beginning of the nineteenth century and the sumptuous state carriage of the Viscounts Galway built about 1800 and last used on the occasion of the coronation of the present King George V.

A sedan chair—from which the design for these early swinging state carriages was obviously drawn, as was that of the later stagecoach from the private carriage, and the English railway compartment of this present day from that of the stagecoach—stands nearby with two early bicycles, precursors of the present-day safety bike and, it might be argued, of the modern motor car.

The great distinctive feature of the museum is the Textile Gallery, containing not only a rich permanent collection of laces and embroideries, but also of typical machines illustrating the evolution of the art of machine-made lace and hosiery from the first crude hand frames and pillows to the modern lace machine—a marvel of intricate and delicate adjustment.

About a quarter of a century since a prominent and wealthy Nottingham lace manufacturer became a follower of John Alexander Dowie, noted in his day for his declaration that he was a reincarnation of the Prophet Elijah and for his sensational and effective religious propaganda. This Nottingham man was persuaded by Dowie to cast in his lot with the Dowieite community. He dismantled his Nottingham factory, took all his machinery to America and set it up as the central industry in that curious community, "Zion City."

The European situation is found to be as directly responsible for the stagnation of the Nottingham lace industry as it is for the distress among the cotton operatives in Lancashire, the coal miners in Wales and the North of England, the cutlers and toolmakers of Sheffield, and in the potteries of Derbyshire and Staffordshire.

Yet the Nottingham folk, despite all this hard times talk, struck me as remarkably cheery. Optimism is in their blood and they are able to get some fun even out of the "industrial depression" of which one hears so much. Consciously or unconsciously, they are practical psychologists, always looking on the bright side, expecting better things to turn up and willing to turn them up with pick and shovel if necessary. Like the hero of James Whitcomb Riley's verse, remembering that every cloud has a silver lining, they believe in "wearing their clouds inside out."

"I see," said a visitor in the coffee room of the County Hotel, "that a writer in this morning's *Guardian* declares Nottingham's lace industry has dropped to the lowest ebb in its history."

"Splendid!" rejoined a Nottingham man. "You know when the tide has ebbed a turn is due and the flow-tide begins. Now we are going to have the most prosperous season the trade has ever known—and we had better get ready for it."

That sort of spirit will take a lot of crushing. It cannot be kept down very long. It should be said that much of this optimism may be traced to Nottingham's institutions. The very influence of the castle on the heights conveys a sense of strength and stability. Then there is the great open market where consumer and producer meet without the costly intervention of the middleman. Not only fruits, flowers and vegetables in great variety, but also poultry, rabbits, eggs, butter, cheese, honey and jams, beef, mutton, ham and bacon, to say nothing of clothing, pottery and chinaware, may be had in this market at astonishingly low prices.

The Marvels of Zion City, Illinois

Voliva Calls It "a Theocratic Government" and It Works Very Well

By WILLIAM A. M'KEEVER, A.M., LL.D.

TO WORK diligently day by day, without felt pressure from above; to play spontaneously but in a manner conducive to health and morals; to have social fellowship, but always through clean and aspiring contacts—these are three of the great, age-old concerns which seem best suited to shape the destiny of mankind. Zion City, Illinois, with its 5,000 inhabitants, claims to have entered upon this tremendously significant course of human progress.

"A theocratic government," Wilbur Glen Voliva, the General Overseer, calls it, and he himself is the theocrat. He conducts all the affairs of Zion in his own name, never makes use of anything like a board of directors, appoints the Apostles and the Managers of the various departments, and does so because he regards himself as having been divinely called to take over this one-man government.

"The Christian Catholic Apostolic Church in Zion" was founded more than thirty years ago by the late John Alexander Dowie, who, after a brilliant and spectacular career, passed away in the midst of the seeming defeat and break-up of his institutions. Before finishing his career, however, he had purchased more than 600 acres of land at a point 50 miles north of Chicago and had laid out the nucleus of Zion City. After his death, there came bankruptcy and disorganization. The news press jested with his once-brilliant project and the entire affair seemed about to fade out of existence. Fortunately, as his successor, he had appointed the present General Overseer, who seems to possess business ability sufficient for a railway system or a banking corporation and at the same time the elements of a successful religious leader.

When Mr. Voliva took over the affairs of Zion everything was in the hands of a receivership. The industrial institutions, poverty stricken and dismantled, were all offered on the general market to the highest bidder. The General Overseer himself was found, by a committee appointed to investigate his worth, to be in possession of 83 cents. Not being permitted even to hold meetings on the Zion tract, he pitched a massive tent on some leased ground outside, paid $100 a Sunday for free taxicab service for all comers and conducted revival services in his original manner. The members of his flock rushed to his aid with prayers, with acclamations of joy and with contributions of money that were amazing.

It is too long a story to be told here but there can be little doubt that Mr. Voliva has conducted a brilliant and successful business enterprise as well as an astounding all-round human enterprise. He has fought successfully nearly three hundred lawsuits, involving millions of dollars, and has never been fined more than one cent. He has purchased from the receivers the original Zion tract and holdings for a sum of $950,000; has invested other vast sums in the repurchase of the industrial plants—excepting only the lace factory—has established some three dozen business institutions on a paying basis, causing them to earn about $3,500,000 a year and has made the entire citizenship of Zion apparently happy, healthy, and prosperous. As reward for all this seemingly miraculous achievement, Mr. Voliva receives no salary, only an allowance for himself and family, up to the present maximum of $250 a month. No drug stores, no medical doctors, no pork, no tobacco, and no daily newspapers—these are the astonishing situations which are found in this modern theocracy at Zion City, Illinois. Out of a record of 1,000 infants born during the last sixteen years, only three have been lost at the time of birth. Prayer alone is resorted to for healing the sick. It was my privilege to see an industrial employe step out of his place and go aside with one of the Apostles of the church, where prayers were offered for the recovery of an infected hand.

Here we find one of the most complete printing plants in the country, setting a goal of $700,000 in business for this present year. There is one of the most complete, well-equipped bakeries and confectionery plants in the country, with a business extending over a very wide territory. The handkerchief and apron factory, the general store, a banking institution and others that could be mentioned, all show a net business that indicates a satisfactory degree of business confidence. At the beginning of work every morning, the employes of all the industrial institutions are assembled in their respective "Prayer Rooms" for brief religious worship. For one minute, at 9 o'clock in the morning and again at 9 o'clock in the evening, every member of Zion stops wherever he is for prayer.

The school system of Zion consists of all the traditional grades, including a four-year college course, but is not what our leading educational critics would rank as "strictly modern" and "scientific" in standard. The Bible is taught in every grade, from kindergarten to college graduation. Since literal interpretation of the Bible is made and many of the accepted conclusions of medicine, physiology, and the like are disavowed, the texts and methods in the schools are made to conform to Zion's belief. However, Mr. Voliva has invested $25,000 in a modern gymnasium and has encouraged play and recreation among the young.

Mr. Voliva's manner seems to be somewhat that of the beneficent despot. He calls his people together for a series of meetings and Bible lessons on Sunday and has his auditorium filled to capacity with 4,000 hearers at the main meeting in the afternoon.

Socially, jazz does not exist. There is no dancing and nothing which the most prudish individual might regard as injurious to morals. Social life is expressed through the frequent mingling of the people at school, gymnasium, playground, church, and in the industrial institutions. Since the employes in the plants are all well paid, there being no labor unions or lodges of any kind to cause the usual Capital-Labor disturbance, every one seems to regard himself as being on a brotherly basis with his associates.

Zion is modern enough to have gone into the radio broadcasting field. Its station, WCBD, sends out General Overseer Voliva's sermons on Sunday nights, and he is listened to by tens of thousands because of his remarkable, forceful, and clear-cut enunciation and equally because of his hard-hitting method. He is one of the few speakers who can get real oratorical effects over the radio.

The transmitting room of this broadcasting station, like those of other centers, contains heavy curtains hung from walls and ceilings. These deaden echoes and eliminate outside sounds. A pick-up instrument, or microscope, mounted on a standard, conveys the voice or music into a laboratory-like room containing various pieces of electrical apparatus, such as transmitting vacuum tubes, panel boards, storage batteries, and so forth. Here the music or voice is amplified by means of vacuum tubes which increase the volume of the sound waves thousands of times. This amplified sound then enters another bank of vacuum tubes, called modulators of the electric waves sent through the other. Many stations employ from 500 to 1,000 watts of radiated energy, that is, the electrical power delivered to the aerial.

Above—WILBUR GLEN VOLIVA. Below—The Auditorium at Zion City.

One of the Zion City stores.

The radio station.

Chinese Bandits Wreck and Loot a City

(Concluded from page 6)

There are people in Nanking today who proudly claim descent from the kings of Wu, which is sort of putting one over on the several thousands of Americans who proudly claim their forbears came over on the small ship *Mayflower*.

Nanking just now is quiet, and to a measure content. The Chinese merchants are hard pressed, for the China New Year is almost here—it comes January 24 this year—and in China a man pays his debts on that day; otherwise he is disgraced or commits suicide. The soldiers who have been so long idle about the city have brought but little trade to these merchants, and the well-to-do townspeople have bought but little here, where the best goods of the merchants have been hidden to protect them from expected looting ever since the Kiangsu-Chekiang war ended in October. The wealthy class, generally speaking, have stayed right in Shanghai, waiting for peace to come once more to Nanking.

And so it is the comparatively few who watch for the coming of the China New Year in 1925 with the usual spirit of glad anticipation. War is just what Sherman said it was, and it makes no difference in what part of the world it comes. Wars in China have come with such regularity and so frequently for so many centuries, that one wonders that there is a smiling face left in the land.

Yet it is a happy land, and it seems that the poorer and lower classes are the happiest. The coolie, the hardest worked, poorest paid and most downtrodden of them all, is seemingly the happiest. A few coppers a day will fill his rice bowl. He knows no other want. He was born to freeze in winter and roast in summer, so why worry because the winds are chill now and he is dressed in rags? Next summer will be as hot as today is cold, and there is no need to kick. Of course, he does not reason this all out, for he is a coolie and not born to reason. He is born to take the place of a beast of burden, and to be glad that he has strength enough to perform his duty. For to work means, if he is fortunate, to eat. To eat and sleep is a coolie's measure of happiness.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. The set includes: "The International Jew," Vol. I, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

The Pathans of the mountains of Afghanistan live without schools, police, lawcourts, taxes and, free from the chains of civilization, enjoy the blessings of barbarism.

Certain African tribes paint their bodies white as a symbol of mourning.

The speed of the waves was measured on a trip from Southampton to Trinidad. It varied from one mile an hour to a little more than eight miles an hour.

Some 50,000 passengers have flown across the English Channel since the Armistice, most of them traveling in British machines.

"You can see a much cleaner show today in a burlesque house than on the legitimate stage. There are three clean musical shows in Chicago that are 'turning them away.' They are drawing bigger houses than any smutty show ever got."—*Fred Stone,* famous comedian.

Gas warfare was not unknown to the Spartans, who in 431 B. C., in besieging the cities of Belium and Platea, burned pitch and sulphur under the walls of the cities to break down their defense by suffocating the defending troops.

The first American flag ever exposed to enemy fire was that floating over Fort Schuyler, near Rome, New York, on August 2, 1777.

Sixty billion cigarets were smoked in the United States in 1924.

Windows in York Minster, England, have not been washed in more than 600 years.

An interesting court scene was recently enacted in Chicago in a personal injury case in which the plaintiff, after four physicians had testified that he was hopelessly paralyzed, threw down his crutches, and, walking about the room, revealed that he was an investigator for the defendant railroad, and charged that he had conspired with an attorney to obtain a verdict fraudulently.

It cost twenty times as much to recruit the 2,400,000 men who fought on the Union side during the Civil War as it did to recruit the 4,800,000 raised by the United States in the late World War.

A device which sends out wireless distress signals from ships automatically has been invented. The S O S. call and the latitude and longitude of the stricken vessel are given.

The Binet intelligence test proves that boys from Hindu, Mohammedan, and so-called outcast families are as intelligent as are the boys of the Brahman caste.

President Coolidge had a new suit made in Newburgh, New York, in a union shop, and each garment bears the union label, according to the *Garment Worker.*

Rabies were known even in Aristotle's time, he having written an article about the disease.

A recent ice crack in Lake Mendota was so severe as to shake all the buildings along the lake front, including the great University of Wisconsin library.

An average of seven or eight earthquakes are recorded weekly at the Hawaiian Volcano Observatory.

Celibacy was punished at Hilton in Dorset, England, in the eighteenth century, the register of the parish in 1739 showing that all unmarried persons more than 17 years must either serve in the army or pay a fine.

No son of a Yale graduate will be refused admission to Yale if he passes the examinations.

Moslem shepherds of Morocco wear a long strand of hair on the otherwise shaven head. By means of this strand the Faithful hope to be pulled up to heaven.

The Basque gypsies contracted their marriage by throwing a jar toward the sun and counting the fragments.

The leaning tower of Pisa, Italy, is in danger of entirely toppling over. A deep trench dug more than a century ago about the base permits infiltrations of water which soften the earth causing it to yield under the weight.

Playing horseshoe on Sunday was forbidden in Lincoln, Nebraska, as late as 1920.

The Knights of the Garter in England were preceded by Knights of the Round Table, which fell in desuetude after the new organization was started.

Cows in Holland are kept in pastures by ditches of water instead of fences.

About 20 per cent of the rural population of Russia is now enrolled in co-operative enterprises.

Due to a process called compensatory growth, if one kidney of a dog is removed, the remaining kidney will almost double in size within four or five weeks.

Due to the weather last year, the female flowers on England's hazelnut bushes blossomed before the male flowers, resulting in a crop failure.

Gorillas and all the animals of nature native to the region are protected in a tract of territory 250 square miles in area in the Belgian Congo State.

Girls herding ducks or geese is not an uncommon sight in certain parts of Europe.

An eighth of the deaths in the registration areas of the United States are caused by heart diseases, this being the most common cause of death.

Practice with the bow and arrow on holidays was compulsory in London in 1309, Edward III requiring that each man own a long bow of his own height.

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"I Read in the Papers—"

I read in the papers that Great Britain has passed air estimates involving an expenditure of $107,596,500, and that the home defense air squadrons are to be increased to 25. Is Britain going to rule the air? There is a Greek myth, antedating the Christian Era by many years, which says that Daedalus, an Athenian, was banished to Crete for murder, and that while there he designed the Labyrinth, that strange maze of intricate passages from which no one could escape except by flying upward. Daedalus got into trouble with Minos, the prince of the country, who caught him in his own trap, as it were, by casting him into the Labyrinth. Here the engineering skill of Daedalus came into play, for he designed a pair of wings for himself, and a pair for his son Icarus, and while Daedalus escaped to Sicily in safety, Icarus flew too near the sun and, melting the wax of his flying machine, took a nose-dive into the sea. Here is a lesson, thousands of years old, which politicians and flying men might well ponder.

I read in the papers that Charles G. Dawes, Vice-President of the United States, grabbed a big broom and made a vigorous attempt to sweep away a large and varied assortment of cobwebs from the Senate chamber. In doing so he raised considerable dust, but when the air had cleared it was evident that something had been done which had enlarged the vision of most of the members. The Senate has been so much wrapped up in tradition that it has treasured its cobwebs rather than otherwise, and Mr. Dawes' vigorous action has shocked the sensibilities of some of the slumbering legislators. But, as the Vice-President expressed it, "under the inexorable laws of human nature and human reaction, this system of rules, if unchanged, cannot but lessen the effectiveness, prestige and dignity of the United States Senate." Some sage of the past wrote that "rules were made but to be broken," but Mr. Dawes evidently believes that rules were made to be revised, and that the revision has sometimes to be drastic. The Senators gave him "a slap on the wrist" in acknowledgment of his zeal, but in return it is not unlikely that there will be some get rapped on the knuckles.

I read in the papers that the Ontario legislature has voted in favor of 4.4 per cent beer. This means that although the plebiscite which was taken at the end of last year gave a majority in favor of the continuation of the Dry laws, the intent and purpose of the Dry laws is to be largely defeated by the manufacture of a beverage which will maintain a benevolent neutrality, as it were, in regard to the whole question of Prohibition. If this new law is confirmed, it is quite possible that the term 'near beer," formerly so popular, will be changed to "almost beer." Moreover, a proposal has been made that the price of this "almost beer" will be fixed "so that," as one of the speakers expressed it, "when our American friends come over, as we hope they will in large numbers to have their thirst assuaged, they will know what they have to pay." This solicitude on the part of the Ontario government is quite affecting. Premier Ferguson says that this beer enactment is "necessary in the interests of *temperance.*" This suggests a new cross-word puzzle: "Is Ontario Wet or Dry?"

I read in the papers that someone had heard the "first robin," and I am safe in saying that for the next few weeks the advent of "first robins" will be read in the papers by a good many other people. There are some people who would like to have the distinction of having heard the "last sparrow." This refers to the English or European variety which is by no means universally beloved. It is in fact the Ishmaelite among birds; but, nevertheless, according to holy writ, we are told that the Lord of all living creatures exercises a benignant care over this "bird of low degree." I have been told that some people during those cold winter days have been putting out crumbs to feed the hungry sparrows, and I met a man who said that he liked to hear their cheerful twitter when the skies were drear and all other feathered things were absent. After all, there is good in everything, if we but look for it.

I read in the papers that "Mussolini's power remains unshaken while his foes falter." Opinions regarding the Italian dictator considerably differ according to the source from which they come. Stable government cannot be maintained for too long a period by the aid of guns and bayonets, clubs and castor oil. The ax and rods of the fasces were "good medicine" during the régime of the Caesars, but imperialism cannot flourish on the soil trodden by Garibaldi. The return of constitutional government to Italy, or "normality," as Mussolini loves to call it, cannot be long delayed.

I read in the papers that an old-timer who has developed many properties in the interior of Alaska called recently on the second assistant postmaster-general with a plan for re-routing mail so as to give the Chisana district a once-a-month mail service. Chisana is a river valley lying between the Nutzotin and Wrangell Mountain ranges. The second assistant postmaster-general informed the old-timer that, "if he didn't like it in there he didn't have to stay." This seems to be the accepted attitude adopted by bureaucratic Washington toward those who are battling against odds to wrest wealth from the frozen North—and increasing national wealth so that these same chair-warmers may more cozily toast their limbs while they help themselves to another piece of cake. We agree with the Alaska weekly which would like to drop one of those gentlemen down in the Chisana with a can of Carnation, a chunk of dog-fish and a handful of raisins, and tell him, "Now rustle, confound you, you may get a letter from home about June if some sourdough is kind enough to bring it in to you." If he returned safely he would be a more courteous public servant.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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MR. FORD'S page deals this week with the pleasure that may be derived from excursions into the haunts of Nature; the riches of the countryside. (p. 7)

THE second installment of the story which tells of the assassination of Lincoln and its consequences will be found to be of particular interest. Just what happened after John Wilkes Booth fired the fatal shot has been wrapped in confusion by irresponsible writers. Here is the story in a concise and clarified form. (p. 3)

JUST how young people regard the approach of age, and their attitude toward aged people generally forms the theme of Luther Burbank, whose knowledge of plant life may have led the way to his intimate knowledge of the human plant. Some people regard age as a doubtful blessing; but there are others who do not. (p. 2)

THE surprising influence which the Jew has acquired in the affairs of Central Europe is not generally known. It is not realized that when Shylock is "stacking the golden hay" he may also be monopolizing the rays of the sun which give life to the rest of mankind. We are told on good authority what a good harvest he has got out of Germany. (p. 4)

THERE is romance even in the most prosaic of things, if the telegraph can be so called. Some of the greatest inventions have not reached their goal without a struggle. How Morse perfected his scheme for the transmission of messages by electricity is an epic in perseverance. (p. 9)

LAST week we told of the difficulties that have to be encountered in putting down the "bootlegging" of immigrants into the United States via Mexico. In this number some interesting details are given of the work of the mounted rangers who patrol the banks of the Rio Grande. (p. 12)

FLORENCE E. ALLEN is an associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Ohio. She is of the opinion that decisions in courts of law should be grounded on facts rather than on prejudice as expressed by the emotions. She considers, among other things, that "there is too much emotionalism in the conduct of our government." An interview with this lady unfolds some other interesting opinions. (p. 10)

IT HAS been said that the history of Canada is the history of the Hudson's Bay Company. Certainly the "Company of Adventurers" to whom Charles II granted a charter had nothing in mind but the making of profit for themselves by the sale of furs. But unconsciously the project was the means of doing some valuable pioneering work which laid the foundations of Canada's prosperity today. (p. 13)

THERE is much talk nowadays about the big sums that are made by professional players in various games, and the colossal receipts that are taken at the gates. But against this there has to be set the enormous expenses of the sports organizations. This week there appears the first part of a story by one who has an intimate knowledge of this. (p. 14)

ONE of the outstanding humorists of the present day is undoubtedly Will Rogers, the ex-cowboy who varies his entertaining patter by his skill in the manipulation of the rope. (p. 5)

L. Burbank on Youth and Age

MAR 28 1925
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

How Lincoln Met His Death

Germany's "Financial Managers"

Will Rogers and His Humor

Early Days of the Telegraph

Talk With Judge Florence Allen

Mounted Patrol of Rio Grande

The Hudson's Bay Fur Company

Age of Million-Dollar Stadiums

Youth, and How It Looks Upon Age

Some Regard Age as a Doubtful Blessing, But Age Has Its Compensations

By LUTHER BURBANK

Robert Louis Stevenson said, in speaking of happiness, that, "The pleasure is in the journey rather than in the arrival." This might be paraphrased by saying that "Pleasure lies in anticipation rather than in realization." But in this article Luther Burbank, the great trainer of plant life, gives us some new thoughts on the matter. As a keen observer he has seen that age has its hours of gladness no less than youth, and that when a certain milestone has been passed the desire is to live still longer.

IN MY journey through life I have often had occasion to marvel at the manner in which youth looks upon age. Little children always want to live to be old and confidently expect to reach at least 90. But when they pass the age of 10 a change comes to them. Age does not look so good. They seem to regard old people as they might regard cripples or invalids. They are to be treated kindly, apparently because of their supposed disabilities, but they are not envied. Children who are still romping and playing recoil a little from a period of life from which all romping and playing have gone.

I once knew a young woman who had such an aversion to age that she vehemently insisted that she did not want to live to be more than 40 years old. She held to this idea all through her twenties. During her thirties she did not say so much about it. Apparently she passed 40 without knowing it and now, as she is approaching 50, she is as certain that she would like to live to be 100 as she was sure, as a young woman, that 40 years would be enough for her. But she is as much of an exception to the rule now as she was when she was young.

When "Luther" Had Not Enough to Eat

Most persons regard great age as a doubtful blessing.

I cannot speak from experience about great age. My mother, who lived to be 97, was able to do so, but I who am only 76 cannot. I have lived long enough, however, to become convinced that our ideas about the relative values of different periods of life are all wrong. We glorify youth—after it is ended. We belittle age—before we reach it.

What is so wonderful about youth? Both my experience and observation indicate to me that it is the hardest time of life. I am not now speaking of school days, though they are hard enough, but of the days and years immediately following when young men and women are suddenly pushed out to sink or swim in a world that they know little or nothing about. I almost died at this period of my life. I am alive now only because a kindly old lady in Santa Rosa, California, where I have lived ever since, rescued me. I had been working for a pioneer nursery man in Petaluma, a few miles away, and sleeping over the greenhouse. I had no escape from the hot, humid atmosphere of the greenhouse either night or day. Incidentally, I did not have enough to eat. I gradually grew weaker and finally came down with typhoid fever.

I came back to Santa Rosa to convalesce and this old lady saw me.

"Luther," she said to me one day, "you don't look to me as if you had enough to eat."

I was too weak to enter into an argument and so admitted that what she said was true.

"I am going to send you a quart of milk every day," she added. "I want you to use it."

I was glad enough to drink it. A quart of milk came every morning and I noticed that she had mixed cream with it. I picked right up and was soon well again.

What boy who goes away from home to make his way in the world does not run out of money, at least once, and go hungry for a few days or weeks? Of course, such an experience does one no permanent harm, provided it is not too long continued, but it is far from pleasant, and it is but one of a multitude of hardships that come to young men who have to fight the world for a foothold and don't know how to do it.

When the struggle is ended and the battle won, men and women are prone to look back to youth and idealize it. They decorate it with rainbow trimmings, forget all the storms, and imagine that the sunshine was a thousand times nicer than it was. But when one forces his mind back into the past, and with determination goes about it to dig the very truth out of his recollections, it comes to him clearly that *at no time when he was young did he think he was having such a glorious time.* He recalls that life was very hard. More than likely he floundered about a good deal before he found something that he could do. While he was floundering he was perhaps discharged several times because he did not fit the niche into which he had tried to place himself. Youth, too, always has to contend with low wages and the scale of living that accompanies them.

Youth Travels on Its Illusions

Youth travels on its illusions. If it were not so it could not stand the struggle. Belief in the things that are not so is what keeps it going. Youth believes certain things are coming that are not coming, and is glad. Youth sees a world so full of good things that it seems necessary but to choose what it will have.

This leads to dreaming of the future. Youth dreams and muses of the days to come. And over these dreams is sprayed the seductive incense of mystery. In this world of wonders what has fate in store for the particular young man who is doing the dreaming? Of course, some day he will be married. Who will be his wife? Inasmuch as she will naturally be about his own age, she must be somewhere now. Right now, within the last two seconds, she has breathed! But where is she? Heaven only knows. And that is what makes the dreams of youth so intoxicating. They are shot with mystery and confidence. Life cannot fail. It must come through with a great prize package.

Youth finally finds work that it can do, gets its feet on the ground, marries and sets out to conquer the world. When one looks back at it, this period seems pathetically humorous. Nobody ever conquered the world. Nobody ever can conquer it. The most that anybody can do is to conquer himself—to shift his vision from the things that are not worth while to the things that are.

Pursue Purposes That Are Worth Pursuing

This is life's greatest and only worth-while task. Only to the extent that we accomplish this do we accomplish anything.

This is not a pleasant task. It is very, very hard. It is hard because most of us have to be beaten and clubbed by circumstances to convince us that we are on the wrong track. We want to pursue purposes that are not worth pursuing. We want to be what is not worth being. In our ceaseless search for happiness, we go to springs that have no water and chase rainbows that have no end.

Thus we spend what are generally regarded as our best years—the latter part of youth and all of middle age. By that time, most persons have learned that happiness can be gained only by letting one's own soul out into the sunshine. I use the word "soul" not because it fits definitely into my thought but because, when used, it has a meaning that is understood. I mean we should do the things we want to do, provided the doing of them harms neither ourselves nor invades the rights of others. We shall not always know what we want to do, but only by trying shall we ever learn. At least we have a right to try. Happiness often comes from doing what one does not want to do, but that is only when one's luck is better than his judgment. If judgment, as a rule, be not a better guide than luck, one's place, it would seem to me, is in an institution for the feeble-minded, rather that in the outside world.

As one becomes older he looks down upon the world as if from a mountain height, sees the struggle from which he has emerged, and wonders what it is all about. So many little men, hurrying here and there, on so many little tasks! In a little while they will all be dead, but for the moment they seem not to realize it. What it is all about nobody knows. We know only that it is life as it appears on this planet.

Something That Exists in the Past Tense

What keeps us going? What force is it that drives us on? What are we trying to get?

We are trying to get happiness. Nothing else. Schopenhauer called the force that drives us on the "will to live," but I think it is something more than that. I think it is the will to live happily. We want to live but merely to live is not enough. We want to be happy.

And what is happiness? Nobody knows exactly. As far as my experience and observation go, happiness is something that usually exists only in the past tense. Almost nobody is happy *now*, but everybody can tell of innumerable occasions when he *was* happy. We are not necessarily happy when we laugh. More likely we are only amused. I doubt if deep happiness ever wears a smile. It is too penetrating for that.

This elusive thing that we seldom recognize until it is gone is the thing we are all pursuing. Wherever we go it seems just around the corner and we quicken our steps to catch it. Always it is just ahead or just behind us.

If we would stop it would catch us, more than likely. Often, when we stop, it does. That is why people, as they grow older and cease pursuing happiness, find more of it. Nothing is more certain than that happiness cannot be outfooted, waylaid, tied hand and foot and put among one's other possessions. When men set out to accumulate fortunes they try to outrun happiness—and they fail. I read a little while ago the statement of an eastern insurance company that the percentage of suicides among millionaires last year was higher than in any other class of our population. Baffled in their "will to live happily" they chose not to live at all.

The Older We Grow the More We See

In every normal person the will to live grows stronger with the years. One may philosophically reconcile himself to death, but he nevertheless does his best to keep from dying. Strangely enough, the will to live is weakest in youth. The young are careless of their lives. Even if middle-aged and old men could do it, does anybody suppose they could be induced to go up in airplanes and do such stunts as the young do? They have learned to value life too highly to risk it unnecessarily.

My mother who, as I have said, lived to be 97 years old, used to say that the years she spent in California, during the latter part of her life, were the happiest of all. I believe that most old persons, who are well and in comfortable circumstances, enjoy the latter part of their lives the best. I know I do. Every year is better than any that preceded it. I enjoy life because I am doing what I want to do. Money is not the incentive. As far as that is concerned, I could be idle the rest of my days. I work because I enjoy what I am doing.

Robert Louis Stevenson was right when he said, in speaking of happiness, that "The pleasure is in the journey rather than in the arrival." I am quoting from memory, not from text, but this was the substance of it. The older we grow the more clearly we see that life is not what in youth we supposed it to be. The goals for which we set out are seldom reached, but instead we are ushered into a good many places that we did not have on our maps.

In my opinion, the element of surprise in life adds much of zest and charm to it. Life would soon become dull if we knew, from the beginning, just what was to happen to us.

I know, because, when I was a boy I had the peculiar faculty of knowing, to the smallest incident, just what was going to happen during the day. It was as if a curtain were raised and I were given a full view of the immediate future as far as it pertained to me. This faculty did not remain with me long and I am glad it didn't. The days of which I had been given a preliminary view were the dullest days of my life. Life became flat because, knowing what was coming as I did, it contained no surprises.

What Edison Said About His Body

I think it would be a good thing if the young would associate more with the old and I know it is a good thing for the old to associate with the young. In Santa Rosa some of the older people have organized what they call the "Borrowed Time Club," meaning thereby, of course, that nobody is eligible who has not reached the age of 70. They elected me an honorary member of it but I never have visited it. There is a woman in Santa Rosa 91 years old who feels about the club as I do. Her pal is her great-granddaughter. This old lady lives at a hotel and other guests cannot believe it when they are told her age. She does not look a day more than 70 and is very spry even for that age. She has a son 71 years old who is often mistaken for her brother.

I hope every younger person who may read this will believe me when I say that for all such "the best of life is yet to come." The body will have lost much of its strength, but what does that matter? Remember what Mr. Edison says of his body—that his only use for it is to carry his brain around.

All of us live "upstairs" if we only knew it.

It is the faculty of youth to derive pleasure from the putting forth of physical powers, but it is no less the faculty of age to derive pleasure from the use of the mind. A mind that has been properly employed never grows old. Give a mind things to feed upon, keep it in touch with the world, and it remains forever young. And if it be coupled with a youthful heart, nothing about such a person is old except his body. And that does not count.

How Lincoln Met Death

The Second Installment of This Series Gives the Story of the Assassination

By F. L. BLACK

Booth in the act of leaping out of the box to the stage, after shooting the President. From a contemporary print. His spur caught in the flag that was draped in front of the box.

THE identical flag lowered at Fort Sumter on April 14, four years before, was raised at the hour of noon over the battered fort by General Robert Anderson, who had been in command when it was lowered. The Civil War was over; the North victorious. In Washington the week had been one of constant celebration. The feeling of the North cannot be better expressed than in an editorial, "The Dawn of Peace," which appeared in the New York *Daily Tribune* on the day of Lincoln's assassination.

* * * *

"The path of Peace opens pleasantly before us. There may be thorns in the way as we advance, obstacles to be removed, pitfalls and snares to be avoided, but we look back to the dread road we have traveled for four long and weary and painful years, and the road before us smiles only with summer sunshine.

* * * *

"It is a moment only for rejoicing. The hours of despondency—how many we have passed through!—the fears that courage, or strength, or resources might fail us, have passed away. The good fight has been fought; the Right has triumphed. We are a Nation, no longer divided against itself, but one, indivisible, united, FREE.

* * * *

"The war is over. The house is to be set in order, but the cause of disorder exists no longer. Within the week the President has issued two Proclamations giving notice to the world that we are not now a distracted household, that the nations are to conduct themselves accordingly, and cannot again be permitted to take advantage of our disturbed condition. . . . The dispensation is over, the new era begun! The throes, the pains, the tortures of birth are finished. A new world is born, and the Sun of Peace rises in splendor to send abroad over the land its rays of warmth and light! Never before had nation so much cause for devout Thanksgiving; never before had a people so much reason for unrestrained congratulation and the very extravagance of joy."

* * * *

Into this picture steps the assassin—

The story of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln could not be more clearly and graphically told than from the testimony given under oath at the trial of the conspirators held in Washington, May 1 to June 30, 1865, the trial of John A. Surratt, June 10 to August 10, 1867, and the impeachment investigation of Andrew Johnson by the House of Representatives in 1867.

The incidents leading up to the assassination began with General Grant's order in April, 1864, prohibiting the exchange of prisoners between North and South. The most serious need of the Confederacy was man power. Consequently, the liberation of southern captives in northern prison camps became the goal of expeditions organized by Confederate agents both at Richmond and in Canada.

John Wilkes Booth, an actor and the son of an actor noted for his eccentricities, had achieved his stage successes in the South and was completely in sympathy with the southern cause. With a sense of theatrical values, Booth, as early as August, 1864, conceived the idea of kidnapping President Lincoln and carrying him to Richmond as a hostage. To carry out this purpose he recruited other southern sympathizers, four of whom paid the death penalty for their part in the affair. All attempts at kidnapping proving fruitless and being deserted by some of his confederates in the plot, Booth decided to abandon further attempts.

As far as can be ascertained from the testimony the first definite resolve by Booth to assassinate Lincoln was made on Tuesday night, April 11. Booth had arrived in Washington from New York, Saturday, April 8, and on this Tuesday evening, accompanied by Payne, one of the conspirators, he listened to President Lincoln's speech given from one of the White House windows to a crowd assembled on the lawn. According to Payne's statement, made before his execution, Booth became enraged when the President said that he favored the elective franchise for the more intelligent Negroes, and "he tried to persuade me to shoot the President while in the window," but Payne claimed that he told Booth he "would take no such risk; and Booth remarked: 'That is the last speech he will ever make.'"

Let us account chronologically for the principal characters taking part in the tragedy:

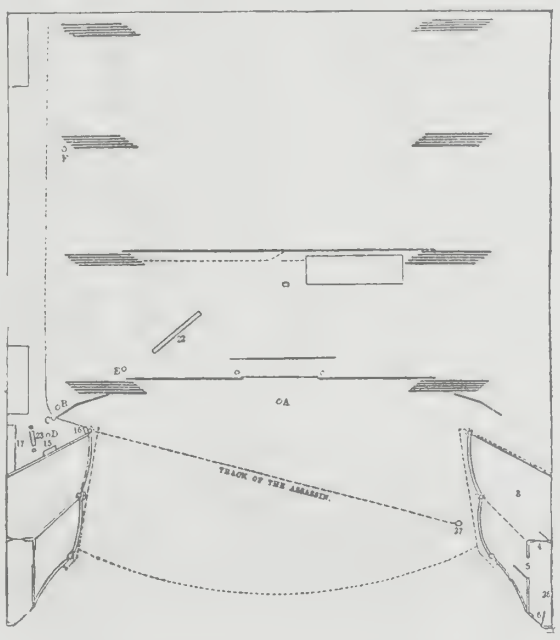


Diagram of the stage at time of assassination. Twenty-nine persons were passing and repassing upon the stage and through the passages at the time the assassin crossed it and dashed for the rear entrance.

A—"Asa Trenchard," (Mr. Harry Hawk.)
B—Miss Laura Keene.
C—Mr. Ferguson.
D—Gas Man.
E—Stage Manager, (Mr. Wright.)
F—Mr. Wm. Withers, Jr., (Leader of Orchestra.)
3—Box of President.
4—Door to box.
5—Door to box.
6—Entrance to passage.
16—Prompter's desk.
26—Hole in the wall, to fasten door, (three feet six inches from corner.)
27—Torn place in carpet, (two feet from lower box where Booth landed.)

David Herold, the conspirator captured with Booth, according to the Washington *Star* of April 22, 1865, was "talking to friends in front of the Metropolitan Hotel on Wednesday (April 12) of last week."

Wednesday afternoon, Atzerodt, the conspirator selected to kill the Vice-President, ascertained the location of Mr. Johnson's room at the Kirkwood House. On Friday, the fourteenth, before 8 a. m. he registered and was assigned a room there, although he had put up previously at the Pennsylvania House whenever in Washington.

After firing the fatal shot, Booth exclaimed, "sic semper tyrannus!" On Thursday morning, the day before the assassination, he asked another guest at the National Hotel whether "tyrannus" was spelled with two n's or two r's.

The testimony of C. D. Hess at the conspiracy trial covers all the known activities of Booth on Thursday afternoon.

"I am manager of Grover's Theater, and I have been in the habit of seeing John Wilkes Booth very frequently. On the day before the assassination he came into the office during the afternoon, interrupting me and the prompter of the theater in reading a manuscript. He seated himself in a chair, and entered into a conversation on the general illumination of the city that night. He asked me if I intended to illuminate. I said yes, I should, to a certain extent; but that the next night would be my great night of the illumination, that being the celebration of the fall of Sumter. He then asked, 'Do you intend to' or 'Are you going to invite the President?' My reply, I think, was, 'Yes; that reminds me I must send that invitation.' I had in my mind for several days to invite the Presidential party that night, the fourteenth. I sent my invitation to Mrs. Lincoln. My notes were usually addressed to her, as the best means of accomplishing the object."

Booth's last letter to his mother bore the Washington, D. C., post office stamp, dated April 14 and was headed, "April 14, 2 a. m."

On the morning of the fatal day, about 9 o'clock, Booth had a hair cut at a barber shop near Grover's Theater. We now follow his actions as covered by the testimony of H. Clay Ford and others:

"On the 14th of April last I was treasurer of Ford's Theater. I returned to the theater from my breakfast about half-past 11 o'clock that day, when my brother, James R. Ford, told me that the President had engaged a box for that night. John Wilkes Booth was at the theater about half an hour afterward. I do not know that the fact of the President's going to the theater that night was communicated to Booth, but I think it is very likely he found it out while there. I saw him going down the street while I was standing in the door of the theater; as he came up he commenced talking to the parties standing around. Mr. Raybold then went into the theater and brought him out a letter that was there for him. He sat down on the steps and commenced reading it. This was about 12 o'clock. He stayed there perhaps half an hour. I went into the office, and when I came out again he was gone. . . .

"There were several around Booth, talking to him. Mr. Gifford was there; Mr. Evans, an actor, and Mr. Grillet, I remember, were there at the time.

"The President's visit to the theater that evening could not have been known until 12 o'clock, unless it was made known by some one from the Executive Mansion. It was published in the *Evening Star,* but not in the morning papers."

James R. Ford:

"At the time of the assassination, I was business manager of Ford's Theater. I was first apprised of the President's intended visit to the theater on Friday morning, at half-past 10 o'clock. A young man, a messenger from the White House, came and engaged the box. The President had been previously invited to the theater that night, and I had no knowledge of his intention to visit the theater until the reception of that message. I saw John Wilkes Booth about half-past 12, two hours after I received this information. I saw him as I was coming from the Treasury Building, on the corner of Tenth and E streets. I was going up E street, toward Eleventh street; he was coming from the direction of the theater."

James J. Gifford, stage carpenter, Ford's Theater:

"I saw J. Wilkes Booth, about half-past 11 or 12 o'clock on the fourteenth, pass the stage entrance and go to the front door. He bowed to me, but we had no conversation."

Louis J. Carland, costumer at Ford's Theater, testified on trial of John A. Surratt that he knew "John Wilkes Booth quite well and had seen him three times April 14, 1865; the first time a little after 12 but before 1 o'clock in front of the theater, the second time between 5 and 6 p. m., the third time still later than this."

Sometime during the afternoon Booth bored a hole in the door of the Presidential box and secured a bar for the passageway door leading from the dress circle to the box.

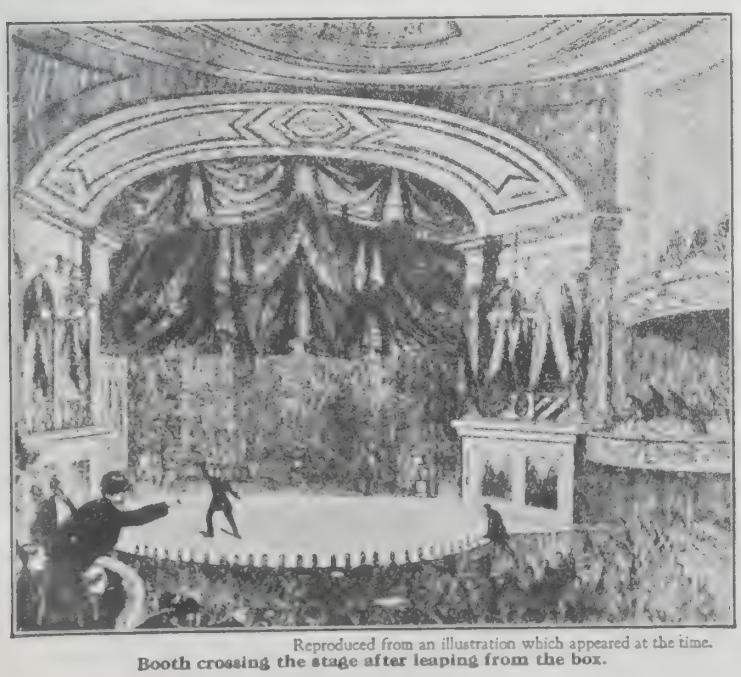
Louis J. Weichmann, a boarder at the city home of Mary Surratt, the woman whom the government executed in connection with the assassination, testified that he hired a buggy at Howard's Livery Stable about 2:30 on April 14 and drove Mrs. Surratt to Surrattville (ten miles distance) arriving there about 4:30. Just before leaving the city he saw Booth in the parlor with Mrs. Surratt. Anna E. Surratt, in defense of her mother, testified that John Wilkes Booth was at their Washington House Friday, the fourteenth, and that her mother was preparing to go to Surrattville and that the carriage was at the door; that Booth only stayed a very few minutes.

James W. Pumphry:

"I reside in Washington City, and keep a livery stable. I was acquainted with J. Wilkes Booth. He came to my stable about 12 o'clock of the fourteenth of April last, and engaged a saddle-horse, which he said he wanted about 4 or half-past 4 that day. He had been in the habit of riding a sorrel horse, and he came to get it, but that horse was engaged, and he had in its place a small bay mare, about fourteen or fourteen and a half hands high. I have never seen the mare since."

Thomas J. Raybold, an employe of Ford's Theater, Mary Jane Anderson, who lived back of the theater, James R. Ferguson, keeper of a restaurant adjoining the theater, and others testified that they saw Booth at the theater that afternoon.

Continued on page 11



Reproduced from an illustration which appeared at the time.
Booth crossing the stage after leaping from the box.

Where Shylock Stacks Golden Hay

How Germany's "Financial Managers" Have Worked While Sun Shone

By WALTER M. WOLFF

BERLIN—

WITH the reports of the recent Barmat Brothers and Kutisker exposures and the Holzman affair in Germany, the Castiglioni case in Vienna, and a host of other remarkable disclosures in which ernment officials and bankers of renown were cated, the eyes of the world have been opened very to the surprising influence of the Jew in the immediate affairs of Central Europe.

To say the least, the vast and elaborate Semitic financial structure in Germany has suffered a grave shake-up which is certain to develop into very serious complications and unpleasantness if further corruption is permitted to see the light. That corruption actually exists is now far beyond the pale of doubt. What Julius and Salomon Barmat, Jacob Michael, and other Jews have done to shake the confidence of the public in German financial methods may be the signal or warning that other even greater exposures are in store.

In an article published in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, in the issue of January 17, the American people were introduced to the true "force major" in Germany today—the German Jew. The latter's impulsions upon the economic, political, and even the social life of the German Republic was discussed and it was learned that the extent of his multifarious grip upon the very destiny of Germany itself was almost incredible. Though but a small percentage of the population, yet everywhere there was the Jew. Scarcely an important German organization or institution existed, it was found, which did not have a Semitic influence within it or behind it. There was, furthermore, no avenue of escape from the Jew. The activities of the German people were so snugly and tightly made fast, we observed, that even Prometheus chained to his rock could not have felt more uncomfortable. We likewise perceived that the German Jew is not only the shrewd business man, the astute banker, and the invincible money lender. He is vastly more than all of these; *he is German finance itself* or the great bulk of it, for *there is no such thing as a "German" banker in the strict sense.*

The Average German a Good Banker

There are, to be sure, Germans and non-Jews engaged in the profession of lending, borrowing, and issuing money in all parts of Germany today, but the amount of real influence which these men exert upon the national finances is so small as to become almost negligible. The average German is notoriously a poor banker himself, and there are living at the present time very few truly prominent *German* bankers in Germany. We could name all the outstanding figures grouped under the last-mentioned category on the ten fingers of our hands. But what, in the meantime, can be said of the Jew? What of the alien race within the German borders? Without the slightest difficulty one could fill many pages of a good-sized tome in recording the names of Jewish families which have for centuries been the apex, the *"sine qua non,"* in the monetary affairs of Germany. Early he came, found fertile fields and fickle minds, and he has conquered all obstacles to complete economic domination. As "financial manager" of Germany today, the German (International) Jew has no competition whatsoever.

There is a young Jew in Germany at the present writing whose name only yesterday was practically unknown and his praises were unsung. Today he wears the shoes of Hugo Stinnes. This man is Jacob Michael, known as the present "King of the Berlin Stock Market" and one of the keenest of the new school of Jewish money lenders in all Europe, if not in all the world. But it is not so much of special interest to know Jacob Michael personally as it is to consider his remarkable methods in the manipulation of the German finances, and particularly the system—of which he is the criterion—by which the German Jews have loaned and borrowed huge sums of money at their own rates of interest. It is our purpose in this article to explain the methods and principles whereby Jewish hands juggle the German finances at the expense of the masses of the German people. Evidences of the manipulation of the people's money have, as we have previously noted, leaked out and now lie shamefully exposed in open view. Heads of old established banking institutions and industrial enterprises have fallen under the spell of Jacob Michael and his colleagues, among whom were the International Barmats and Iwan Kutisker. The Minister of the German Postal Administration, who immediately resigned, was sorely involved in the big mess, and there is a long list of guilty names yet to be recorded which may eventually take toll from every station of life in Germany—from the office boy to the Reich's president himself.

People's Money Shamefully Manipulated

Jacob Michael is a man scarcely thirty years of age, and his remarkable rise has been due largely to the late abnormal conditions and circumstances existing in Germany, but also to his own politic foresight which is that of a man more than twice his years. Michael also owes much of his success to a former colleague, Hugo Herzfeld, the notorious stock broker, now deceased. In this connection it might be said of Hugo Herzfeld that he was one of the very smartest of the German Jews for a time, and his name was, like Michael's today, heralded in every large banking house on the Continent. Herzfeld was a master of psychology and he made it his hobby to buy up the shares of some one of the leading German industrial corporations, forcing a demand for his newly acquired stock, and then selling out his holdings at a huge profit to another speculator. Herzfeld bought, for example, the majority of stock in the well-known Bochumer Guss-Stahl Gesellschaft, Bochum, one of the largest of the famous Ruhr enterprises, and then sold the entire lot to Hugo Stinnes who in turn annexed the concern to his other vast holdings in the Rhineland. But Herzfeld, like Otto Markiewicz and a of other Jewish financial wizards, could not long endure the mad grind and whirl with Mammon, and he died in the best years of his life while on a hurried vacation trip to Italy.

While Herzfeld was purely an ace on the Berlin stock bourse, Jacob Michael has not centered his activities to one avenue only. Michael's greatest rôle is that of loan shark, and due to his active participation in the German inflation swindle his vast fortune—estimated to be more than one hundred and fifty million gold marks—has been acquired much more quickly than Herzfeld's. The wealth amassed by the keenest of the American financiers is easily eclipsed and seems unimportant when placed alongside the pelf of this Jewish marvel. But Germany can boast of several Semites who are or were well on the golden trail blazed by the illustrious Michael, whose name less than twenty months ago was hard to find in the roster of German-Jewish financiers located in Germany.

What Jacob Michael does not own or control in Germany today, it might be said, isn't worth owning or controlling. His influence is manifested in almost every important industry in the country, chief among these being the chemical, textile, and metals industries. In the critical days of 1922 and 1923 when all Germany excitedly fled from the paper mark, to stave off insolvency, Jacob Michael and other German Jews were quick to take advantage of the situation by following Herzfeld's example in buying up large parcels of stock of German corporations whose financial embarrassment had driven them to the wall. These groups of concerns, most of them formerly German owned or controlled, are now known as "Konzernen," the Michael-Konzern, of course, being the greatest and most influential of all.

But how did Michael come into possession of the original capital with which to finance his conquest of German business? We must not lose sight of the fact that it was during the late months of the critical year 1923, while all Germany chafed and fevered under the excitement brought on by the hourly depreciation of the medium of exchange, that Jacob Michael and many score of his associates took scandalous advantage of Germany's pecuniary plight, and laid the foundations for fabled wealth almost within the bat of an eye.

Trillions of Marks for a Dollar

In previous articles which have likewise appeared in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT on the subject of the unparalleled German inflation fraud, we observed that wealth came almost exclusively to the privileged class—the bankers, politicians, and industrialists who were allowed to convert their paper profits into stable foreign currencies, an act which was denied under penalty to the masses of the people. Furthermore, the artful business men of the country, Jews and Gentiles alike, invested their huge inflation profits in new factories, canals, ships, villas, and what not, at very small cost, indeed, due to the cheapness of German labor which received ever-depreciating paper marks to the very end.

But Jacob Michael went a step farther than most of the parasites engaged in the wholesale exploitation of the wealth and resources of Germany. He worked the game from both ends. While the rest of the world was frantically at work dispossessing itself forever of the doomed, dying, apparently worthless paper marks, Michael gathered together all his holdings of German stocks and foreign exchange, and forthwith proceeded to buy up all the "worthless" paper marks on which he could lay hands. Michael knew that whatever goes up must come down sooner or later, and to all appearances in November, 1923, the end was in sight. Further depreciation of the mark now had become useless; no one would any longer accept the trillions of so-called bank notes, and revolution was imminent throughout the country. The people were sick of inflation and starvation, and they demanded an immediate stop to the farce. And so it actually happened at this particular moment that the downward rush of the currency suddenly came to a halt. Overnight, almost, the greatest finance manipulation of all time had come to a close with a bang. Bottom, apparently, had been reached and to go farther was impossible. And now this selfsame Jacob Michael found himself in possession of quadrillions of paper marks which only yesterday nobody would accept as a gift. He had staked all on the final stabilization of the German mark at *four trillion, two hundred billion* paper marks to the dollar—and won! Whether, now, Jacob Michael had been previously tipped off by certain German Government officials or Reichsbank directors regarding the precise period chosen for a definite stabilization, would be very difficult indeed to prove. However, we may be reasonably certain that Jacob Michael and other prominent Jewish bankers sufficiently informed themselves in time to know just what tomorrow's weather would be.

It was even possible to obtain, for a time, as high as eight or ten trillion marks for one American dollar because most Germans were decidedly skeptical that an actual stabilization which would be permanent had been effected. But it was not long before the German business men began to regain confidence in the mark, and to believe that the government now actually meant business. Consequently, the mark gradually receded back to the convenient level of four trillion, two hundred billion marks to the dollar. Jacob Michael, with his keen acumen, or whatever it was, had sensed the true situation and he had become the undisputed world's largest holder of German paper marks.

Also, soon after the final constancy of the German monetary unit had been re-established, German trade and industry began to rally from the effects of the inflation. Prices at once soared far above the world market level in Germany as a result of the reaction and return to actual, basic values. Germany soon realized that only yesterday she had been paper rich but gold poor. Money which had flooded the country before, now became extremely scarce. The Reichsbank presses were not able to print paper marks in trillion-mark denominations fast enough, and to check further inflation of the currency it had to limit its output of notes to the point of bare necessities. The German people awoke to the terrible realization that in actual dollars and cents they possessed little or nothing, monetarily speaking. But it was not so with Jacob Michael and his consorts. These individuals had begun to prepare for the harvest.

Let us draw, for a moment, a picture of the situation in Germany at the beginning of the year 1924. Business crippled and almost at a standstill, but struggling to continue. The people penniless, or with paper marks still in their possession, a trillion of which had now become the equivalent to *one* gold mark (23.8 cents). Money and credit as scarce as victuals in Old Mother Hubbard's cupboard, but the demand for them increasing daily. Jacob Michael and the watchfully waiting Jewish money lenders tarrying "just outside" to supply the hungry mob with the sweetest of soothing sirups. With this rough sketch before us, what happened?

Shylocks Were Stacking Golden Hay

With interest rates on the Berlin exchange amounting to not less than *twenty per cent per diem* for exceedingly scarce money, it became possible for those pecuniarily well-situated Semites, who knew what was coming beforehand, to double and triple their original holdings within a very few days. Michael, of course, during this critical period in Germany's financial history, was the chief money lender in the country, and he was able to "salt" away weekly many millions of real gold marks as interest profit. During the greater part of the year 1924 the extreme money stringency continued unabated, and the German Shylocks succeeded in stacking piles and piles of golden hay while the sun shone.

But Jacob Michael, although very shrewd in every sense of the term, is yet due for a deal of worry; his troubles have begun in earnest. Apparently, the inside ring of politicians and bankers and diverse associates who undoubtedly had something to do with the touching off of Michael and his cohorts at the psychological moment—or was it vice versa?—overdid the whole thing, and finally the pot boiled over. Michael has now been accused of having perpetrated the greatest case of flagrant usury and fraud ever exposed in Europe. His contemporaries have likewise been indicted in connection with the embezzlement and misappropriation of the funds of the old "Prussian Seehandlung" or "Staatsbank." While there has been considerable agitation waged in the Jewish-controlled German press in defense of Michael, it seems that "little Jake" has gone to Switzerland presumably on an extended vacation, but there are grave suspicions that he has but chosen a safe retreat whence he can observe favorably which way the wind blows in Berlin. It is typical of the International Jew that once he has been found out, he invariably plans a "vacation" or "retires" across the borders of the country which he has just exploited. Some of our German Jews "visited" the United States at critical periods in their affairs.

But to the details. Jacob Michael and the Barmats were connected with several of the prominent banking houses in Germany, and both had intimate relations with German state and municipal financial institutions as well. Michael is said to have rescued in the nick of time several provincial banks from liquidation by loaning them funds at fabulous rates of interest. To be sure, the firms which fell into Michael's lair ultimately repaid their obligations, but at what a price! For a long time, it seems, Jacob Michael was veritably the Czar of all Germany and was able to exercise power of life and death over the purse strings of the less fortunate. A few striking examples of Michael's methods are discussed herewith.

Drew Interest at 4,800 Per Annum

Between the nineteenth and twenty-ninth of November, 1923, Jacob Michael loaned to a certain Berlin firm, against triple security, a sum of money at the rate of *thirteen per cent a day* interest, or 4,800 per cent per annum! To a certain German bank in Berlin Michael loaned for a period of eight days, after the paper mark had been definitely stabilized, the sum of 860,000 trillion paper marks, for which he demanded and received by way of interest 203,350 trillion marks. (One trillion paper marks =One Rentenmark, Reichsmark, or gold mark.) The said bank, of course, found tremendous difficulty paying back the loan, and its prestige was not a little affected. Another German commercial enterprise was lured into Michael's clutches when it borrowed on the seventeenth day of November, 1923, the sum of ten quadrillion paper marks and paid for the privilege at the rate of *twenty-three per cent per diem!* Call money at the same time in Berlin averaged only 8½ per cent a day. But the strange and sinister part of this business was that German merchants were able to obtain only very sparing amounts of money on the Berlin market. The big, worth-while sums which were so sorely needed to refinance stagnant trade pursuits, it appears, were loaned exclusively to the Jews at the low prevailing rate of

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The Humor of Will Rogers

Ex-Cowboy Entertainer, Who Chews Gum, Throws Rope, and Comments on Topics of the Day

BY D. JAY CULVER

WHO is the worst bore in the world? Probably you have already named your candidate but Will Rogers nominates the irrepressible story-teller who always has "a new one" up his sleeve. "Here's a dandy. Stop me if you've heard it. . . ." That's the way they invariably begin.

"I am proud of the fact that I have never told a typical stage joke," Will Rogers boasted to the writer recently.

This may sound rather paradoxical coming, as it does, from the man who is the leading humorist in America today but it isn't quite so strange when he explains what he means by a stage joke.

"Stories about Scotchmen, traveling salesmen, stage-door Johnnies and the rest of the stock characters are on my blacklist. I tell nothing but 'gags.' They're short comments on the day's news. I read the evening papers and then just tell about what I find in them. I get some of my best stuff from the editorial pages. Speaking of the other kind of jokes, I suppose I've been told 9,000,000 and I've forgotten them all. I bet I couldn't remember one if you locked me in a room for forty-eight hours. Every time I see a story-teller coming I try to sneak away and if I can't make it, I shut both ears. You can't stop 'em once they get the habit of repeating stories. That's why they're such pests. It gets me specially riled when they hint that I can twist their jokes around and use 'em in my act in the 'Ziegfeld Follies.' If I ever told stuff like that, maybe they might be excused but I never have and I never intend to. I'd go back to my ranch out in Oklahoma first."

Night after night people flock to the "Follies," largely to see and hear Will Rogers. The girls have made this show a national institution but at present, this rough-and-ready ex-cowboy is the principal drawing card.

He occupies a peculiar position in the amusement world. Twenty years ago, he was just a plain, ordinary cow-puncher who knew how to make a rope obey his every command. This wasn't so unusual in Oklahoma, though. Today, he is one of the few original comedians on the stage, a keen and recognized student of political affairs, and the writer of a weekly article, satirical but sane, on current topics. He is known from coast to coast and he knows everybody worth knowing. Last summer he hobnobbed with the Prince of Wales when he was in this country, played polo with H. R. H. and told him his best gags. He knows the leaders in politics and in the business world. His income is one of the largest earned by a member of the theatrical profession. And yet, he is the same big-hearted, generous cowboy who started out a good many years ago to see the world. But more of that later.

WILL ROGERS.

No luncheon is complete without Will Rogers as the after-dinner speaker. No matter what the occasion is, he can find the appropriate thing to say and he says it without hemming or hawing. He talks with the same nonchalance before bankers, ad-getters, scientists, and big business men. Apparently quite casually, he pricks the toy balloons of their conceit and "kids" them about their pet foibles and weaknesses.

It seems casual enough but if one were to look into the matter, he would find that this ex-cowboy, who never got any farther in school than McGuffey's Fourth Reader, had made a pretty thorough study of the profession or business to which his hearers belonged. And what pleases them is that he has the courage to come out and say things that they would hear from no other man. He doesn't hurt their feelings. They laugh at themselves and seem powerless to resist his line of chatter.

"How can you tread on their toes without hurting them?" we asked.

"Well, you see it's like this. I never tell 'em anything that isn't founded on fact. No matter how much I may exaggerate, there must be an element of truth in everything I say. Another thing. It's a lot in the way I say it. I don't jump on them and bawl them out the way a lot of public speakers do. I just sort of kid 'em along—as if I knew all their secrets and there wasn't any use for 'em to try to keep anything back on me. I've always found that big men appreciate jokes on themselves. I never need to worry about their becoming offended. It's the little fellow who is just beginning to get up in the world who is easily upset.

"I recall when President Roosevelt was in the White House and I was a cub performer, I took several flings at Teddy. Later when I was invited to the White House, I remarked on meeting Roosevelt:

"'Well, I hope you are not going to put me in jail.'

"Roosevelt laughed heartily and said, 'Will—I'm going to call you Will—don't be afraid you will hurt my feelings. Whenever you can use my name to advantage go the limit.'"

"Will Rogers' Illiterate Digest," a recently published collection, in book form, of his weekly articles for the newspapers, contains many fine things, but nothing better than the chapter entitled, "Wilson Could Laugh at a Joke on Himself."

In this brief chapter, Will Rogers presents a picture of the late President Wilson that is new to most readers. We will endeavor to pick out a few passages from it to give an idea of what it is like.

In describing the first time he appeared before the late President, he writes:

"I was on the bill late, and as the show went along I would walk out of the stage door and out on the street and try to kill time and nervousness until it was time to dress and go on. I had never told jokes even to a President, much less about one, especially to his face. Well, I am not kidding you when I tell you that I was scared to death. . . .

"But here I was, nothing but a very ordinary Oklahoma cow-puncher who had learned to spin a rope a little and who had learned to read the daily papers a little, going out before the Aristocracy of Baltimore, and the President of the United States, and kid about some of the policies with which he was shaping the destinies of nations. . . .

"Fortunately I kept a copy of the act I used that night. My first remark was, 'I am kinder nervous here tonight.' It was so obvious everybody laughed. Then I tried several gags about the Mexican situation and our lack of preparedness. Then I first pulled the one which I am proud to say he afterward repeated to various friends as the best one told on him during the war. I said, 'President Wilson is getting along fine now to what he was a few months ago. Do you realize, People, that at one time in our negotiations with Germany that he was 5 notes behind.'

"How he did laugh at that! Well, due to him being a good fellow and setting a real example, I had the proudest and most successful night I ever had on the stage. He came back stage at intermission and chatted and shook hands with all.

"When he passed on, the world lost a friend. The Theater lost its greatest supporter. And I lost the most distinguished Person who ever laughed at my little nonsensical jokes."

In another part of the same book, Will Rogers remarks: "A comedian is not supposed to be serious nor to know much. As long as he is silly enough to get laughs, why, people let it go at that. But I claim you have to have a serious streak in you or you can't see the funny side in the other fellow." Nobody needs to have it explained after reading his tribute to President Wilson that Rogers has a serious streak himself.

At the "Ziegfeld Follies," he frequently recognizes prominent persons in the audience. He makes them stand up while he introduces them to the crowd. If they don't get up he threatens to rope them and get their white shirt fronts soiled. Needless to say they comply with alacrity. No other comedian would dare take so many liberties with his audiences. But he not only gets them up and pokes fun at them while they are standing there but he makes them like it. Anybody who can do that is a genius.

Not long ago, he met his match. He observed Chauncey Depew, the grand old man of American humor, now in his ninety-first year, in the audience and he called upon him for a speech. Mr. Depew rose obligingly and remarked, "I have been entertaining people for seventy-one years now and I have never had to use a rope!" The audience burst into laughter.

The next day, at the matinée performance, Rogers told about his experience and wound up with this frank admission, "Well, he sure hung one on me that time. If he ever comes back I won't give him a chance to speak."

On another occasion, he spied Mayor Hylan in the theater and made him rise. Then while he was standing

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Will Rogers in "The Headless Horseman."

Fallacies of Finance

The Gullibility of America, and Something of Two Famous "Bubbles"

By GEORGE [illegible]RRETT DE MORE

THE history of American speculation has never been written. To trace its development we have only fragments from the various financial periodicals and anecdotes of such characters as Johnny Miller and Charlie Howard, William M. Sheridan and the Burr Brothers in the field of swindle and Jacob Little, Daniel Drew and James R. Keane in the realm of stock speculation.

The course is marked with such mileposts as the carpetbaggers of the post Civil War period, the Louisiana Lottery, the flotation of the United States Steel and Amalgamated Copper shares, the Northern Pacific panic and the period of frenzied finance and credit inflation following the World War.

There is no record of the billions of dollars honestly earned by thousands of workers and taken by the financial sharpers who follow upon the crest of each wave of prosperity—financial parasites who trade upon the ignorance of the unsophisticated and the human weakness of hoping to gain great wealth with the expenditure of least effort.

Working in cliques unmolested by law until Kansas led in 1911 with a statute regulating the sale of securities; since then defying blue-sky legislation through the assurances of crafty lawyers that such laws are unconstitutional, the practitioners of low finance have eaten the country like a plague of locusts, eclipsing all former records of the greed and graft of early high finance.

From 1903 to 1911—according to a tabulation by the *Financial World* in the latter year—unscrupulous promoters took a toll of more than a billion dollars, divided between 119 mining companies, capitalized at $528,000,000; forty-one oil companies, capitalized at $83,500,000; eighty miscellaneous companies with a capitalization of $448,000,000.

As this tabulation contains the operations of the larger promoters only, it is certain the total was $500,000,000 greater.

Today these same systems, larger grown, reap a harvest of between $500,000,000 and $1,000,000,000 annually in the United States.

Gathering around them impressionable young men, the apostles of "get-rich-quick" have formed organizations which are in fact schools in the art of swindle. Graduates have scattered to the far corners of the nation until today for every promoter of the magnitude of George Graham Rice, William M. Sheridan, L. E. Cooke, or Leroy Sargent we have a thousand operating on a smaller scale.

With the ingenuity of a Lorenzo Tontine, the Neapolitan who originated the financial scheme bearing his name, the unscrupulous promoter in America has devised a variety of frauds calculated to circumscribe the law, remove the suspicion of the public and rob the purse of the unfortunate led away by golden promises of easy wealth.

Some of these frauds are as simple as the shell game, as old as the lie; others as complicated as the fourth dimension, devised on the spur of the moment to capitalize the popularity of a new instrument such as the radio.

How are all these things possible? Are the American people naturally gullible? Is the delusion of sudden wealth through the purchase of any kind of stock peculiar to America?

The Oriental is shrewd, the Frenchman is thrifty, and the Englishman is careful and even suspicious in financial matters; the Scotch are traditionally "canny." Stories of gigantic swindles in the countries of Europe are most infrequent. None of the barely plausible schemes which year in and year out net millions in America would receive a moment's notice among foreign people. Why then the Americans?

With this in mind I discussed the question with a psychologist.

"The ease with which the average American is swindled through fake stock schemes is due to three causes," was his answer.

"First, we have a national trait of optimism, born of remarkable progress in a comparatively new land, which is nourished by the examples of individual success in the industrial and financial worlds.

"Second, our immense national resources have been transformed into wealth through the medium of the stock company, which, though entailing the evils of luxury and ease for a certain class at the expense of the majority, in many instances creating the dangerous condition of absentee ownership and centering the balance of power in the hands of a financial oligarchy dominated by a few individuals—was the only medium at hand to finance the marvelous industrial state America has become.

"The third cause is one which is found in every country in the world at some period or other when the mind of the people becomes obsessed with a single idea to the exclusion of all else. When a country is engaged in trade expansion and the cycles of prosperity recur at short intervals, each wave washing the sands of wealth higher and higher, the fixed idea becomes the making of money. An industrial expansion like ours which bids fair to establish American prestige and power in every habitable spot in the world has ever been paralleled with the evils of excessive speculation, through which the financier deludes the man carrying the brunt of the burden with his prospectus of amazing wealth to be won at the flip of a coin. Just take a look at history."

The records of the past yield a wealth of material regarding the action of a people obsessed with a fixed idea, particularly when that idea is that the royal road to wealth is speculation.

The period of the Tulip Mania in Holland was preceded in Europe by that curious spectacle of a continent in the grip of atavistic impulse, giving rise to the Crusades. Later the delusion of the Philosopher's Stone caused untold suffering.

It is probable there were financial swindles and instances of blind speculation before Holland was deluded into creating an artificial wealth, even in Grecian and Egyptian times. Since man has first found a moment's peace from relentless nature by assuring himself a food supply, he has been obsessed by the idea of accumulation and possession. Just as in the earliest times it was for the greater number of flint axes and spears that one man competed with another, so today it is dollars, the most popular unit of wealth. It was this instinct which gave rise to the collecting of tulip bulbs in Holland early in the seventeenth century.

The stage was set for just such an exhibition of frenzied speculation as occurred.

The Spanish Jew—the aristocrat of the race, endowed with great artistic sense and financial ability, who thrived in England and Germany, coming thence to America to bid for control of both the artistic and mercantile worlds—had been driven out of Spain and found refuge in Holland. He taught the Dutch how to create an artificial wealth which soon made it the envy and wonder of its larger neighbors. The Netherlands became a country of daring traders and the wealth of the little land was pyramided higher and higher.

It was inevitable that a medium of speculation to suit the public fancy outside legitimate trade would be found. The tulip bulb became the fixed idea, the symbol of wealth, this lowly root becoming more desired than diamonds.

Contracts were made to deliver roots at a future date. The contracts were sold, resold and sold again, each transaction at a higher price, creating an artificial value.

Contracts for roots that were never grown, could never be grown, became an instrument of finance more prized than gold or silver, an instance proving that the value of precious metals is based solely on man's belief in their worth.

At the peak of speculation one root sold for 2,500 florins in goods. In this merchandise was butter valued at eight and one-half florins a pound, thus putting a valuation on this single tulip bulb of 21,250 pounds of butter.

The mania spread to other countries. The economic balance of the continent was upset, all by this delusion that tulip bulbs were of great value and would continue to increase in value year after year.

Suddenly, as with all similar speculations, in 1639 the bubble burst, leaving in its wake impoverished families, suicides, bankruptcies, and a disorganization of trade which worked hardship for a decade.

Holland paid a terrific price to learn the evils of blind speculation, but the lesson was never forgotten.

The result of the Tulip Mania was a reaction to conservative investment which continues to this day.

The Hollander has had instilled in him the knowledge that misplaced confidence in a financial fallacy will prove costly and he has been content with a legitimate return on an investment backed by the highest security.

Under this policy, which became a national tradition, the country built up its wealth on a firm foundation, until when the treasure store of the New World was opened up, the Holland Dutch contributed largely to the financing of railroads in America, taking in return a mortgage on the property. It was not until the World War that the United States, wasting a large percentage of its wealth in speculation as foolish as the Tulip Mania, completed paying its debt to the capitalists of Europe.

The Louisiana Lottery awakened the American people to the evils of this form of gambling and the lottery has been stamped out never to return. But no such example has ever been made of stock speculation in companies which are within the law but nevertheless pure frauds.

England and France learned lessons in the Mississippi and South Sea bubbles, which subsequently bred a conservative policy of investment in these peoples.

In many respects the frenzied speculation at the times of the bubbles in these countries parallels the speculation in mining, motor, oil, radio, aircraft, and miscellaneous schemes of the last decade in the United States. But a few hundred wild ventures placed in operation in England between 1711 and 1721, taking a toll of 3,000,000 pounds sterling, look very slight when compared with the thousands of fake companies formed in the United States the last ten years and capitalized at approximately $5,000,000,000.

Hundreds of these companies are known and many of them are doing business at the present time. An incredibly small number, less than 2 per cent of the fakers, have paid the penalty of their fraud by serving prison sentences.

The financial swindler thrived in England until driven out and the English Companies Act passed; a piece of legislation which makes impossible such schemes as are practiced in the United States today. He will thrive in America until the hand of public opinion is raised against him and adequate national laws passed. Constant publicity is the public's only defense against the subtle schemes, constantly changing in practice.

McGuffey's Maxims

Little Tales of Conduct From the Famous School Reader of the Last Generation

THE WOLF

1. A boy was once taking care of some sheep not far from a forest. Near by, was a village, and he was told to call for help, if there was any danger.

2. One day, in order to have some fun, he cried out with all his might, "The wolf is coming! the wolf is coming!"

3. The men came running with clubs and axes to destroy the wolf. As they saw nothing, they went home again, and left John laughing in his sleeve.

4. As he had had so much fun this time, John cried out again, the next day, "The wolf! the wolf!"

5. The men came again, but not so many as before. They saw no trace of the wolf; so they shook their heads and went back.

6. On the third day, the wolf came in earnest. John cried in dismay, "Help! help! the wolf! the wolf!" But not a single man came to help him.

7. The wolf broke into the flock, and killed a great many sheep. Among them was a beautiful lamb, which was John's, and which he loved very much.

8. The truth itself is not believed,
From one who often has deceived.

Caro D. Coombs on Budgets

By DIRK P. DE YOUNG

"WOMEN do not like to keep complicated budgets," says Caro D. Coombs, secretary of the Division of Remedial Loans of the Russell Sage Foundation, New York City.

Miss Coombs is quite an authority on thrift and thriftlessness. She prepared a model budget for Uncle Sam during the war, after much personal investigation among women, while for several years she has had charge of credit union organization in the Empire State, a system of co-operative banking for persons of limited means.

Even such a simple matter as keeping a check book, in accord with the statements rendered by the bank, is a great task for many of her sex, according to her, to say nothing of the bookkeeping involved in most of the budget-book schemes. Most housekeepers like the idea of accounts, but they flounder when they get too deep into the science of budgeteering. Besides, they don't generally like to follow a hard and fast rule of posting items in their books. They want to do it a little different, so to speak, than the lady across the street, just like a woman wants her hat or her dress to express some individualism alongside the apparel of her sister.

Miss Coombs consequently encourages budget-keeping by making the books as simple as possible. In her house-to-house canvass to get first-hand facts on the subject, she discovered that most people hated the average account book with its lines and spaces. The women she talked to preferred a plain notebook, with few rulings in which to get tangled up, rather than the complicated budget books all ruled up in red and blue compartments with sundry heads and subheads. Moreover, it was also learned in those visits that few women like to balance their cash every day. As a result she thinks it best to encourage budget-keeping by the simplest possible set of books, leaving much to the discretion of each particular household. According to her experience—several years of promoting thrift among all classes of people—we enter into the idea of thrift and systematic spending with a better spirit if we are allowed to express great individuality in the process.

People do not like to be told what and how to do things too much, Miss Coombs explained. Nearly everybody likes a good sermon—from the pulpit—but preachments on how to do everything get to be stale discourse. Her idea is to get women interested in keeping accounts of some sort, no matter how crude, and thrift will follow.

Mr. Ford's Page

THOSE who take a delight in the glories of nature are never really poor. Much of the joy of life is missed by those who pursue their way blindly through the world taking no heed of those things which ought to delight the eye and elevate the mind.

It is said that no other people on earth are so sensitive to the charm of a landscape as the people of Korea. "They will travel miles on foot to climb a pass or see a view." These Koreans have got hold of the right end of things. There is nothing more inspiring than the beauties of nature, nothing more refreshing to the mind than the infinite variety of form and color and atmosphere that is to be found in the prospect of mountain and lake and woodland and field.

There is no country in the world that is richer in the range and variety of its natural features than the United States. At all seasons of the year and in all parts of the country there is something that is worth seeing, something that even the dullest soul may admire. There are certain parts of the world where restrictions are imposed on those who would climb mountains or explore the woodlands, but in this country the most gorgeous gifts that nature can bestow are there for the seeking. One who possesses these gifts and appreciates them can never be poor, on the contrary he is in possession of a heritage that is richer than any other that the world can bestow.

Let us pause for a moment and see what this means. An expensive house may be built with the finest materials that can be procured, and endowed with all the features that the skill of the architect can devise, but what is it that gives the real beauty to the structure? Is it not its setting, its environment? What would any home be without the background which nature supplies? A group of shrubs here, a plot of flowers there, a shade tree where its beauty appears to the best advantage and where its utility may not be lost.

Even in the crowded cities where utility has played havoc with trees that flourish and flowers that grow, the ugliness of the surroundings will be redeemed by a tiny patch of green grass or a solitary shrub.

Not so long ago one could scarcely pass a cottage or a humble dwelling of any sort but there would be a fuchsia bush with its rich purple tassels, or a box or tub filled with scarlet geraniums or blue lobelia. This custom is by no means dead, but generally speaking there does not seem to be the same interest in the garden plot that there used to be.

But there is no finer garden, no more magnificent park than that which Nature herself provides. The means of cheap and rapid transit now available make it easy for the city dweller to reach those scenes. But one wonders whether those so readily brought in touch with Nature's haunts fully appreciate her delights. If they do not they are missing a rare opportunity. Let them think of the Koreans who will travel "miles on foot to climb a pass or see a view."

The man who takes pleasure in the works of the Creator is never at a loss. His possessions are not circumscribed by any man-made boundary. There is no more refining or enlightening influence than that which is derived from intimate contact with things not made by man and which man with all his skill can only imitate.

The copying of ideas from nature is the basis of all decorative art. It is said that the fabric known as "shot silk" was suggested to the designer by the variety and beauty of coloring in the glow of a sunset sky. The reflection of the clouds in the lowly bosom of a lake may inspire the highest ideas. There is scarcely an aspect of nature that has not suggested some thought sufficient to lift mankind out of the rut of everyday sterility and set us on a higher intellectual level.

But perhaps the greatest delight of all is the feeling that no matter how lowly one's position may be there is always the azure of the sky, the purple of the hills, and the russet and green of the woods and fields. There is the song of the birds and the music of wind and wave and waterfall.

The thought that all this is free to us, that no deed or legal process is required to make us the owners of it, and that in finding pleasure in it we are following one of the oldest and most refining instincts of mankind, is highly inspiring. To some the mountains may make the greatest appeal, to others the sea, to others the woods and fields, to others the rolling prairies.

Few realize how rich they are in the unrestricted enjoyment of all these things. The only one who is really poor is the prisoner pining in his cell for the fresh air and envying the sparrows that chirp in the prison yard.

There are not two days in the year when the pictures presented by Nature are exactly alike. Each season has its forms, its colorings, and its atmosphere. There are the browns and grays of winter, the delicate greens and purples of spring, the gorgeous tints of summer, and the russets, scarlets, and golds of autumn. A continuous and ever-changing mosaic is thus supplied. No artist has ever been able to duplicate these things; all that has been done has been to imitate; but even those feeble attempts to depict on paper or canvas or carve in stone those things which delight the eye are given places of honor in our drawing rooms and art galleries.

Take those sculptured masterpieces of nature which men travel many miles to see; the snow-clad mountain tops, the frowning cliffs, the subterranean caves with their fairyland of wonders, the infinite variety of contour and color that is to be found in the lonely canyon. There is not an hour, or not even a second, that those lights and colorings are not changing, that they are not passing from one phase of beauty to another.

To the enjoyment of these wonders of earth and sea and sky there is no limit. They are there for the seeking. Modern transportation has made it easy to reach all parts of the country.

Strange as it may seem, it is frequently those who have the grandest works of Nature at their doors who are blindest to their beauties and who are fondest of going off long distances in search of things that they might have been able to enjoy much closer at hand. It is but natural that people in inland towns, sometimes hundreds of miles from the sea coast, should wish to see the ocean and enjoy the opportunity of inhaling its bracing breezes. It is also to be expected that those who have been brought up within sound of the sea should long for those scenic wonders which lie for many miles inland. Of course, tastes in scenery differ as they do in almost everything else. Some love the rugged mountains, others the quiet, peaceful valleys.

That "distance lends enchantment to the view" may be a trite phrase, but it is a true one. The landscape always appears more beautiful when it is viewed through the haze of an autumn day, or in the mellow rays of a glowing sunset. That thing is always the most desirable which for the moment we cannot reach. This is why people are on many occasions impelled to look farther than there is any necessity. There are those who cannot see any good in that which is easy of access, and go in search of that which is difficult to attain.

A man may be possessed of all the material wealth of the universe, but if he lacks the faculty of enjoying the best gifts of the Creator, he is the poorest of the poor.

THERE is on this continent almost every variety of scene that the wide world can furnish. There are mountains which for majesty and grandeur cannot be equaled in any other country; stately rivers, magnificent lakes, boundless woods, mighty waterfalls. In spite of improved highways and cheaper transportation this vast heritage is not appreciated as it ought to be. We are always seeking for those things which are in the clouds, not for those that lie at our feet. It is not that which we hold in our hands or store away that makes up wealth, it is the faculty of fully appreciating and enjoying those things without which the world would be a vast sterile tract as devoid of beauty as the moon with its oceans of ashes and burnt-out craters, which nothing can redeem.

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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War on Waste

THE United States Chamber of Commerce has proposed a war on waste which shall save to industry, hence to the people, ten millions of dollars annually through the elimination of useless cost in manufacture and distribution.

Recognition of an evil is the first step toward its abolition. Unless such recognition be more than merely the passing fad of the hour, the pet hobby of a small part of the membership of the organization, little is to be hoped for from the proposed drive for economy. If, however, it shall prove the determined effort of a strong civic body to rid itself of an incubus, the estimated saving will be found extremely conservative, and but a fraction in comparison with what may be accomplished by broadening the drive to include other fields.

Wastage in many lines is deliberately excused on the ground of the prodigality of Nature. Few blossoms come to fruitage, and the bountifulness of the harvest is trifling compared with that which would have followed the germination of every seed. When, as is often the case, it is possible to better the quality of the product of garden or orchard, we do not hesitate to prune and thin out the stand, be it tree or bush or vine. This is justifiable waste, but where production is governed by the whim of the faddist, there is an inevitable diversification which is bound to be an enormous loss due to discarded or unpopular style.

A maker of men's hats is said to have in stock 3,684 styles and colors to select from, yet a survey of his business shows 90 per cent to be confined to seven styles and ten colors. It is plain there is waste in supplying so many units.

In the finances of the nation can be found the greatest example of waste; yet in few discussions of the cost of useless things is it pointed out or even referred to specifically. Perhaps the Federal Reserve System is the most expensive of the useless machinery the people must maintain. For all that is claimed for it, there is no question of its failure as a business enterprise, as a protection to the nation in time of stress, and as a scientific advance in the banking business. An absolutely private body, its expense to the government exceeds that of any bureau in official life. Yet the stockholders in the Federal Reserve banks complain of inadequate returns—unjustly, it may be, but they complain—and the unreasonable restriction imposed by the governing board. The State banker who thus complains has no reason for doing so. He is not compelled to join the system, but the National banker has just cause, since he is conscripted and must be a member to retain his government charter.

The system itself lies like a parasitic tumor on the body politic. The Treasury itself could provide the reserve necessary, and the issue of currency could be based on national securities. The maintenance of a currency at gold par is impossible without government authority. Why, then, subsidize a group or class and give it power of taxation as well?

Another wastage is the numerous forms of the circulating medium. The Bureau of Engraving and Printing is ceaselessly producing new issues, none like the others, of the nine government styles in current notes or demand certificates of indebtedness. But one style for each denomination, and fewer denominations, would save to an aggregate hardly believable, besides restoring the principle of free banking under license and regulation, a saving beyond comprehension.

Matrimonial Agreement

BELIEFS as to the dissolubility or indissolubility of marriage differ between clergyman and clergyman, creed and creed, Church and State. Opinion concerning its worth and practicality varies even more widely. Suggestions for making it work are as plentiful as the sands of the sea, and no two are entirely alike.

Whatever the question asked regarding this interesting matter, there seems to be no unanimity whatever in the chorus of replies which every day claim space in the newspapers.

If only judges, clergymen and laymen in general might, with respect to harmony of view on this subject, follow the example of the daily press itself! What unity, what overwhelming oneness might then be discerned, where now is a veritable Babel of bickering and confusion!

"Do married men live longer than single men?" asks someone or other, we dare say, in some newspaper or other, on each of the three hundred odd days of the year.

"No," comes the prompt reply, "it only *seems* longer."

There are by actual count 2,856 variations of this sweet-smelling hardy perennial, but in no case does the conclusion fail to assay, in effect: Marriage is a Long Sentence.

In two inches of newspaper column, headed "In Brief," at the writer's elbow, we find:

"Husband: A man who serves five minutes as commander-in-chief and the rest of his life as a private.

"With waning of the honeymoon the misguided man discovers that the coming woman has arrived."

Two inches west of these pearls of thought—so carefully sifted out from among the less lusterful and set fittingly in that short, precious space—the eye beholds:

"After a man has been married a year he doesn't get brain fag from thinking of his wife when she is spending a few weeks in the country."

The manner in which the author of this gem has abjured commas and hastened breathlessly onward, that the conclusion might not find the flush of inspiration chilled, would give one to believe that the emission quoted contains some fresh and startling truth.

Reflection, however, and a careful re-reading of the piece, will bring one regretfully to the conclusion that the Creative Urge has here—by the strange fatality that rules all genius—run down the identical drain where once trickled the classic entitled, "My Wife's Gone to the Country."

Naturally, we refuse to join in the exultant refrain.

All this goes to show how tensely and indefatigably our newspapers strive to keep alive and active their faith in the tedium of marriage. Such insistent devotion applied, say, to the cause of administrative efficiency would lower our taxes at least 20 per cent within a very few years; but in the meantime it is possible that the victims of marriage might forget their plight.

That would never do.

Let marriage be for all time, or part time; let Federal employes multiply until there is nothing to divide; let institutions rise, fade, pass away. These are but "the fashions of this earth." As such, the press treats them unenthusiastically, holding them at arm's length.

The matrimonial wheeze, however, is eternal.

Telling the Truth

ANSWERING the Federal Council of Churches at its annual meeting, Robert E. Speer uttered the following striking words:

"The hardest thing in the world is to tell the truth: the desire to tell it is easy, but to get the facts, to estimate and interpret them properly is most difficult."

Commenting on this statement, the *American Friend* thinks Dr. Speer too optimistic in considering the desire easy. It says in substance: We may think we desire to tell the truth, but when thoroughly aroused for or against some movement or cause, however good, our zeal sometimes outruns our relish for hardpan facts.

The Quaker press generally may be praised for its close adherence to the teachings of the Master it professes to serve. Were the same thing to be said of all religious papers, it would end a great deal of the intolerance with which humanity is cursed.

The courage displayed in the confession should be a spur to self-examination. The commentator illustrates the difficulty of confining argument to truth, or rather the proneness to present only a part of the truth, carrying a lesson as to the wisdom of taking nothing for granted. So prevalent is prejudiced argument, that one owes it to himself to inquire into the merits of both sides.

Rack and Rope

THE days when every "civilized" country had its official torturer and lord high executioner are happily gone, but the age of the rack and rope has by no means died out. The subject of capital punishment is one which is receiving more and more attention these days. It has not only passed beyond the bounds of the village debating society, but it is seriously discussed by some of the leading men of all lands. It formed the subject of debate at a meeting of the Oxford University Union quite recently, and some interesting facts were disclosed by Commander Kenworthy, a member of parliament.

He said that in England murder was not the only crime for which death was the punishment. Sheep-stealing was still a capital crime in England, though it was not so in Scotland, and although there was more sheep-stealing in Scotland, that was possibly because of a greater liking for mutton. Hanging, drawing, and quartering was still in the penal code, and had been carried out within living memory, for treason, which consisted of criticizing the government of the day. Torture and flogging were also still possible under the penal code of England.

There are still some Americans who believe that the dungeons of the Tower of London are the scenes of terrible happenings in which the official torturer and his satellites "do their office" on poor victims whose cries and groans are heard at midnight in the precincts of the grim old fortress. The late W. S. Gilbert may be partly responsible for this, for, in his comic opera of "The Yeoman of the Guard," one of the lyrics informs us that:

> "The screw may twist and the rack may turn,
> And men may bleed and men may burn."

But such ghastly happenings are unheard of these days, and there is absolutely no chance of their ever being revived unless a Bolshevist regime gains the upper hand at Westminster and puts in force the methods by which Lenin and Trotsky brought the blessings of "freedom" to benighted Russia.

The supporters of the abolition of capital punishment at the Oxford debate maintained that it was not a deterrent to the taking of human life, and that in countries where it had been done away with there had not been any increase in the number of murders. Some American jurists have a different opinion, and point to the strict administration of British law as a reason for the comparative immunity of that country from serious crime. One of the stock arguments of the abolitionists is that "human life is sacred." It seems a pity that they cannot drive home this precept in the wolf-like minds of the thugs and gunmen. By doing so they would kill capital punishment much quicker than by any other method.

French Finance

THE French Minister of Finance recently spoke in a reassuring fashion of the French nation's ability to settle the French Government's outstanding debts. In the course of his speech he referred to these debts as "loans contracted in the defense of her (the French nation's) frontiers." And for a triumphant conclusion he inventoried the reserve wealth of the nation, in part, as: "The fertility of its soil, developed and improved by the labors of many centuries, its network of roads and railways; its rivers and streams, regulated and widened by the canals, its telegraphic and telephonic system, and all the equipment accumulated in its harbors and factories."

It is no desire to criticize adversely the French or the French Government that causes us to look askance at this optimistic oration. But it is difficult not to remember that during the years which have passed since the Armistice, the French Government has on occasion used its borrowed money to provide rather aggressive defense for frontiers not under its flag, separated from French boundaries by alien soil some hundreds of miles in extent. These frontiers, moreover, had been fixed and guaranteed by the signers of the Treaty of Versailles.

Of course, since this long-distance defense was provided for, the personnel of the French Government has changed. But the sanguine and ingenuous setting forth of the items listed above seems to indicate that the change has been *only* with respect to personnel.

This casting into the financial scales of the hard-won and fundamentally necessary improvements made possible by the rigorous thrift of the French people—of fertility and of facilities almost as basic under modern conditions as the soil itself—fails distinctly to inspire confidence in the economic wisdom of the present rulers of France.

When the ancestral acres are spoken of as though they were mobile capital, or its easily convertible equivalent, we are apt to be reminded of how that which the spendthrift father has not presumed to endanger represents only ready money to the indigent son.

The Telegraph's Eightieth Birthday

Many People Were Terrified at Morse's "Newfangled Contraption"

By VIOLET K. LIBBY

IN THESE days of radio and wireless, telephone and telegraph, few persons realize that it was only eighty years ago that electricity was first used to send messages. The new age of easy communication was inaugurated in a most modest way on April 1, 1845, when the first public telegraph office was opened, and it was a long time before the public would overcome its prejudice and make any practical use of it.

For several years previously scientists on both sides of the Atlantic had been experimenting with electricity—Benjamin Franklin was one of the first—and in 1827 a young man named Dyar put up on a Long Island race course a telegraph line which communicated signals by the discoloration produced by an electric current upon a piece of wet litmus paper. He was met by intense prejudice when he tried to introduce his idea into general use, and it was even rumored that he was in league with the devil. In fact, feeling against him and his invention ran so high that he went in fear of his life, and finally was forced to leave the country.

Professor Samuel Finley B. Morse, who devised the first practical scheme for sending messages over long distances, was a well-known historical painter, and the founder of the National Academy of Arts and Sciences, of which he was the first president. Although he knew practically nothing about electrical science, he was the first to see the possibilities for communication in the use of electricity and the electro magnetic experiments of Joseph Henry and others.

It happened that in 1832, Morse, who was on his way back from a trip to Europe, was present at a discussion on electricity among his fellow passengers on the packet *Sully*. Professor Charles T. Jackson, a well-known scientist of Boston, made the statement that a current would manifest itself at the distant end of a conducting wire instantaneously.

If this were so, thought Morse, why could not messages be communicated over long distances by the same means? The idea interested him so much that he spent the rest of the voyage speculating on the possibility of putting it into concrete form, and as soon as he landed he started to work to develop the code which bears his name, and the apparatus for transmitting it.

A rare old drawing of Broadway in 1845. The three-story houses on the left stand on part of the ground now covered by the immense building of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

Professor Leonard D. Gale, of New York University, helped him work out his experiments, but lack of funds proved a serious hindrance. Morse was so convinced of the possibilities of his plan that he gave up his painting and devoted all his time to the telegraph, with the result that his income was reduced to the vanishing point.

Eventually a rough, clumsy telegraph was put up for demonstration in a room at the university, and here Alfred Vail saw it, and immediately recognized its great possibilities. The son of Judge Stephen Vail, the owner of the Speedwell Iron Works, of Morristown, New Jersey, he was able to give Morse the help which he so much needed, and eventually undertook to make at his own expense a complete set of instruments, defray the cost of securing patents, and devote his whole time to the development of the telegraph, in which he was to receive an interest. Thus it came about that the first telegraph instrument was constructed at the Speedwell Iron Works, and this probably explains why such very heavy apparatus was made. The original relay instrument weighed 300 pounds.

In 1837 Morse applied for a patent for the system, and the next year he and Vail, after giving successful demonstrations in New York and Philadelphia, went to Washington, where a room of the Committee of Commerce was placed at their disposal.

Here the two inventors strung up ten miles of wire, and proceeded to explain the working and practicability of their scheme to Congressmen, men of science, representatives of foreign governments, and finally to President Van Buren, who came with all his Cabinet to inspect the apparatus.

All these people saw and marveled, but very little practical assistance was forthcoming. Fortunately for Morse, however, there was one man who saw the possibilities of the system. He was the Honorable Francis O. J. Smith, member of Congress from Portland, Maine, and chairman of the Committee on Commerce, which at his instigation made a most favorable report to Congress on the scheme. He also offered to become permanently interested in the invention, an offer which was later accepted by Morse, on the condition that he should obtain a leave of absence for the remainder of his term and not stand for re-election.

Congress, unfortunately, was unmoved by the report, and refused to make the appropriation which Morse was seeking for further experiments, and it was not till 1843, ten years after Morse first conceived the idea, that the Honorable C. G. Ferris, an influential member of the Committee on Commerce, became interested, and made another report to Congress, as a result of which a resolution was offered to pass a bill to appropriate $30,000 for further experiments. After a debate in which the Representatives made great fun of the idea (one suggesting that an appropriation to promote mesmerism would be equally worthy), the bill was passed by the House 90 to 82.

The machine shop of the Speedwell Iron Works, at Morristown, N. J., where the first telegraph instrument was made. The boiler of the *Savannah*, the first steamship to cross the Atlantic, was also made here.

It still had to go through the Senate. The session was drawing to a close, and there was much unfinished business. Morse had staked everything on the success of his scheme, and was reduced almost to his last cent. Sick at heart, he sat in the Senate Gallery the last day, March 3, 1843, and watched the clock moving relentlessly on to midnight. At 10 o'clock one of the Senators told him there was not the slightest chance that the appropriation bill could go through so late, so he went back to his hotel, and spent his last dollars to pay his bill and buy a ticket back to New York.

Early next morning, as he sat at breakfast, to his great surprise, Miss Annie Ellsworth, daughter of his friend, Commissioner Ellsworth, the head of the Patent Office, came in and congratulated him, and from her he first learned that the appropriation bill had been signed a few minutes before midnight. Overjoyed with the news he promised her that she should send the first message over the wire.

It has often been claimed that Morse did not actually invent the telegraph, and at one time there was a great deal of controversy over the subject. His own words, in a letter to Congress in 1849, probably sum up the situation best. He readily admits that in the construction of this telegraph he uses many things invented by others. The chief merit he claims is that of so combining things and inventions already existing as to produce a result never before attained, and this is the essence of his invention. Morse had the genius to see the practical possibilities in the electromagnetic experiments of Joseph Henry and others, and the courage and perseverance to develop them. Alfred Vail was his right hand through all this time, and it was on his mechanical genius that Morse relied to overcome the technical and mechanical details of the scheme. The connection of Ezra Cornell with the invention was also an important one, and far-reaching in its results.

It had been decided that the first experimental line should be constructed between Washington and Baltimore, and should be laid underground. A specially designed plow was needed to make the trench between the two cities, a distance of 40 miles, and Mr. Smith found Ezra Cornell, an expert mechanic in a plow factory in Albany, New York, and brought him to Washington. Cornell was a man of "great practical talent, strong convictions, sinewy integrity, a rigid economist, and a man of stern, sound judgment." Years later, when the telegraph had made him rich, remembering his early struggles to get an education, he gave land and money for the university which bears his name, and which stands on the site of the machine shop where he was first employed.

Cornell invented a plow, and the trench was made. A specially constructed five-wire cable was brought from New York, and several miles of it was laid, and then it was suddenly found that it would not work on account of the great escape of current. Consternation prevailed, for more than two-thirds of the appropriation had already been spent, but at the eleventh hour it was decided to place the wire on poles, a copper wire covered with cotton saturated with gum shellac being used. The electromagnets used for the relays weighed 185 pounds, as against the portable ones weighing a few ounces, now in use, and the coils were of heavy wire of the same thickness as the line itself.

May 24 was set for the first public test. True to his promise to Miss Ellsworth, Morse invited her to send the first message. The four words from the Bible which she chose, "What hath God wrought," were flashed over the line to Baltimore, in the presence of a number of officials. In a few seconds they were flashed back again, and the test was complete.

Morse's faith in the practicability of his system was vindicated, but it was still a long time before the public could grasp or make use of its possibilities, and when Morse offered the invention to the government for $100,000 the Postmaster-General said he was not satisfied that under any rate its revenues could be made equal to its expenditures, and the offer was refused.

The inventors then undertook to develop it independently. They planned to extend the line from Washington to New York, and to raise the necessary capital Ezra Cornell and O. S. Wood went to New York and opened an office at 112 Broadway, to demonstrate their machinery on a short experimental line. Permission to string the wires was obtained with the greatest difficulty. People were terrified of this newfangled contraption, and it was only after Professor Silliman, of the New York University, had given an opinion respecting its safety (at a cost of $50 to the needy exhibitors), that the owners of the neighboring houses would consent to the erection of the wires.

The price of admission to see the telegraph in operation was 25 cents, but this proved to be a very slow way of raising the required capital of $15,000, which was the estimated cost of the proposed line between Fort Lee and Philadelphia. The money was finally obtained, but chiefly outside New York, and then only by giving two shares for every one paid for. The Magnetic Telegraph Company, which had been organized with Amos Kendall as president, now started work on the new line, which, on account of the excessive terms demanded by the railways for right-of-way, followed the ordinary "wagon-road" from Fort Lee to Philadelphia.

To stimulate public interest the line between Philadelphia and Norristown, a distance of fourteen miles, was opened as soon as it was finished in November, 1845, but there were practically no messages, and funds ran very low; the assistants had no money and no salary.

Life, however, was not without its diversions. Nobody really knew very much about the eccentricities of electricity or the working of the telegraph, and repairs were always a matter of exciting experiment, as may be gathered from the following letter written at this time from Philadelphia:

"One morning not long after the line was opened we guessed by the tug of the magnet that the wire was broken not very far away. We had no repairer at Philadelphia, so it became Zook's duty to hunt the break and repair it. I therefore directed him to go to Norristown by car, and walk back till the break was found. He

(*Concluded on page* 15)

An old drawing of New York, looking down Broad street from Wall, 1873, showing the first Western Union office and the overhead wires.

A Woman Talks to Women—and Men

An Interview With the Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Ohio

By EMERSON ROBINSON

WHILE statesmen of high and low degree and politicians of all parties are seeking to fix the proper sphere of influence of woman in affairs of the nation, there is one woman who refuses to accept a fixed place for her sex and refuses to concede to any one the privilege of dictating certain causes in which she shall be especially interested.

And this is the chief reason why Miss Florence E. Allen, of Cleveland, is a judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio—the highest tribunal in the state—and herself the only woman to be so honored in America.

No one does thinking for Judge Allen except Judge Allen; she has her own views and she holds to them and you can explain your opposite attitude with all the force at your command, and she will tell you in the nicest way possible just where your argument has a flaw—and then you agree with her.

Many views which Judge Allen holds, she cannot discuss; the proprieties of her position forbid her to broadcast her opinions on subjects of which there might at any time be litigation. The judiciary occupies a peculiar place of respect in America in that it is the sole point of appeal whereby people have positive confidence they will get a fair and impartial hearing.

Judge Allen is not one to do or say anything that will impair this confidence in the courts. But there are some things that she can, with propriety, discuss and one of them is the proper place of American women in American politics.

"Every place is the proper place," says Judge Allen. "Why should any one seek to limit the women of America in the full uses of their recently gained franchise? Women should be just as much interested as men are, in any public question. Women are a living, active, responsible part of the commonwealth, holding equal responsibility with men in the conduct of the government.

"Some have said that women are too emotional to consider certain public affairs; that they will permit their emotions to rule their judgment.

"There is too much emotionalism in the conduct of our government; but emotion is not only an attribute of women; it is an attribute of men—a human attribute.

"Men express their emotion in a manner different from the manner in which women express their feeling. They are more apt to shout than to cry; but when it comes to feeling emotion, any one who has watched lawsuits conducted by men lawyers haranguing men on a jury can hardly say that men are not emotional. Every now and then in Congress emotion is so tense that members who represent the various issues can hardly be prevented from engaging in personal encounters. And this was true in the old days when no woman had invaded these sacred precincts.

"As a matter of fact man is not primarily a reasoning person but he is primarily an emotional being. It is always an effort for him to curb his emotions by the process of reasoning.

"Whenever any large grave proposition is offered to men or women, whether dealing with war or measures for the protection of women and children, they should give calm, deliberate attention to its features and scrutinize the facts from every conceivable angle.

"We shall make no progress unless we ground our decisions on facts rather than upon prejudice as expressed in our emotions.

"As an example, suppose that some measure is proposed before Congress or a legislature to remedy by law a condition which has commanded the attention of the people. The various women's organizations and clubs are asked to support it. But they should not be satisfied with hearing only one side. They should read the bill, study it carefully and then hear what its opponents as well as its proponents have to say. One of the faults of the American people is our inclination not to hear both sides of a proposition. Republicans do not often attend Democratic meetings or read Democratic newspapers and the Democrats seldom attend Republican meetings or read Republican newspapers. This is all the more unfortunate because, as a matter of fact, if a man has a slant in a single direction, he should take particular pains to inform himself of the other side of the controversy so that he himself can come to an unprejudiced decision.

"If I had before me in a trial court as a judge a man of whose guilt the preliminary hearing and indictment and all the circumstances of the case tended to show that he was guilty, I should be compelled as a judge to give that man a hearing in every phase of the case and would violate my oath if I did not divest myself of every prejudice in the conduct of the trial.

"If this is the case in a court, why should it not be the case among those bodies which shape public opinion? We sometimes speak of the cabinet of public opinion. That can hardly function fairly unless it gives a fair and unemotional hearing to both sides.

"It has been said in America since women got the vote that we should be used mainly as a channel for enthusiasm.

"Creating enthusiasm for certain objects is a worthy work, but let us by all means scrutinize the objects. It is because we possess 'the emotion of the ideal,' as Kidd says, that we confront certain grave dangers. We should be careful not to let our group act as cheer leaders in a game in which they do nothing but cheering.

"Every measure that we demand must be based upon our knowledge of actual facts. Some, for instance, speak of the codification of international law as a means to end war. Mere codification, using the word in its ordinary sense which is to compile, will do nothing of the kind. Law must be enacted, not merely compiled. To prohibit war, there must be a law against it and there now is no law against war; codification—that is, compilation—will not make one. You cannot find any international case where a nation has been convicted of making aggressive war, of stealing or extortion."

FLORENCE E. ALLEN,

Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Ohio.

There is another problem—a purely domestic one—which Judge Allen believes should demand the best study of the men and women of America. Admitting that the present period is one of rather loose living, she does not believe that the country is on the road to ruin but she does believe that the young people, now the object of so much discussion, will find themselves and normalcy restored.

Attendant crime, Judge Allen says, is due to a certain extent to our system of criminal procedure in which she sees radical need of reform.

"If there is one thing in America in which the women should be greatly interested it is the delay of the law," says Judge Allen. "This is a subject which has been thoroughly investigated and on which we have many expert conclusions and recommendations. While great gains have been made in the last ten years, much still remains to be done. It is said that in England it only requires a month to six weeks completely to dispose of a murder case after the prisoner has been apprehended. He is found innocent or guilty within that time, before the evidence is allowed to cool. In the United States, judging from my own experiences, it is a remarkable murder case which is concluded in less than a year. This delay favors the criminal as against the state.

"As much of the delay in our courts arises from statutory provisions it cannot be eliminated until the electors through their legislators enact new laws and this is a task which is important enough to enlist the fine devotion of women as well as men.

"Criminologists say it is not the drastic character of punishment so much as speed and certainty of punishment which deters crime.

"In connection with the evil of the law's delay, and it is a real evil, there also is the evil of the 'easy bond.' This arises largely from the fact that courts often are not apprised of all the circumstances. The fact that we have so much delay also complicates the bond situation. The prisoner is presumed to be innocent and, in certain instances, is innocent of the crime of which he is charged. Mistaken identity is always a possibility and the mere fact that a man has been arrested is not proof of his guilt. If the court knew when the application for bond was made that the prisoner would be tried within a week or two weeks, he would be less apt to fix a bond so low as to be out of all proportion with the importance of the case."

Judge Allen has been a student, a teacher, a member of the Fourth Estate, a lawyer, a fighter for equal suffrage, because she believed it was right, and finally won her way to the Supreme Court of a great state.

She is young, vigorous, happy-minded—and capable of taking care of herself in any argument—so if the politicians of America have in mind the limiting of the activities of women to a sphere for "which they are especially fitted" they had better revise their schedules. There's a battle due.

Where Shylock Stacks Golden Hay

Concluded from page 4

interest—and even less, while they in turn handled or negotiated the large transactions through the loaning out of money at usurious rates of interest in the manner indicated above.

Michael's dealings with certain German municipalities and districts are somewhat illustrated by the following. A letter addressed to the firm of J. Michael & Company, Berlin, states in part: "The distress and poverty of the people of the district of S——— and the inexperience of its representatives have been grossly taken advantage of through this business .... (meaning the loan of a large sum of the people's money to Jacob Michael)."

A third bank, the Thuringian "Staatsbank," unfamiliar with Jewish financial methods, loaned a large sum of money to Michael expecting to earn a comparatively moderate profit by charging him only six per cent a month for the use of the money. But what does Michael do? He loans the same identical money to the distressed "Scharlach" banking house in Berlin, at the most usurious rate of interest imaginable—*thirty-three per cent a day!* Quite naturally, it was not long before Scharlach could see no way out to meet his creditors, chief among whom, it now happened, was Iwan Kutisker and the bank soon fell into the latter's hands. But with this step Kutisker became Michael's debtor. To pay back what his (formerly Scharlach) bank now owed to Jacob Michael, it appears that Kutisker also proceeded to borrow money—probably because of a lower rate of interest—from the Thuringian Staatsbank; and it was at this juncture that the huge swindle was suddenly discovered. German financial investigators found an extraordinary case of "robbing Peter to pay Paul"—namely, Michael receiving money from the Staatsbank at six per cent a month and loaning it out again to the Scharlach Bank (later Kutisker) at 33 per cent a day; Kutisker also borrowing funds from the same Staatsbank, to pay Michael the extortionate rate of interest for the loan of the original sum which belonged to the Staatsbank, or more correctly, belonged to the people of Thuringia. A very singular bit of gyration, to say the least.

But the German post office authorities were also among the long list of Michael's victims. In the selfsame month of November, 1923, it so happened that the German Federal Postal Administration (Reichspost) became independent of the finances of the Federal Treasury and, due to the prevailing exigencies, borrowed the sum of four million gold marks from Jacob Michael which it soon repaid in full. Then, as its own earnings and general finances improved to a very appreciable extent during the early months of 1924, and Michael offered to pay a higher rate of interest than did the Reichsbank—which finally paid no interest at all for the privilege of borrowing funds from the Reichspost—the latter began to loan large amounts of its surplus cash to Michael. It was in this manner that Michael received during the first six months of 1924 forty-four million gold marks in cash and credit for which he paid interest at the rate of only 21 per cent per annum. Thus he used German official funds further to oppress Germans. With these and sufficient other funds at his disposal Jacob Michael continued to conduct his profitable profession of "loaning" money to needy Germans and to alien shyster financiers in the same class with himself. In the course of the last months of the aforementioned six months Michael refunded not quite half of the money loaned; the other half is said to have been absorbed by the "Prussian Seehandlung" or "Staatsbank," which is now one of the focal points of the corruption proceedings.

There is at least one German bank among the assembly of dupes, the "Deutsche Giro-Zentrale," which refused to continue extending credit to Julius Barmat early in his career because it "didn't like his looks" and considered most of the many "Konzernen" or trusts to be sheer inflation progeny. At that time it was the German Reichspost who then came to the rescue of the Barmats for "social and economic" reasons (in reality the discharging of employes, decreasing of salaries, and similar frugal measures). *With the help of the Reichspost* the Barmats were able to hold out until January, 1925.

It will thus be seen that the German Jew knows his trade exceedingly well. Why are Germans so innocent as to permit these perversions right in front of their eyes? What can the average German citizen and native do to prevent fraud and corruption at home when his every movement and effort, in a large sense, is completely under the influence and censorship of the alien race in his midst; when even his own chosen representatives become sorely entangled and inveigled in the smooth machinations of the money lenders and swindlers.

And so there is put on record as the climax to the greatest currency inflation (or deflation) fraud in history an exemplification of the most extraordinary direct misappropriation and manipulation of the people's money ever perpetrated in Europe. And still the last word has not been spoken. Corruption runs deep and it is running rampant in most of the civilized world today, the Semitic influence being either directly behind it or indirectly associated with it. What has been done in Germany is but an impressive example of what can be done and will be done elsewhere upon the slightest provocation. The International Jew has quite sufficiently demonstrated that although paper specie may be "worthless" to Germany and to a misguided, deluded world at large which still clings with blind fear to false monetary doctrines, it is nevertheless valuable enough, when subjected to proper manipulation, to burn, if necessary, the greatest of nations, to make a racial holiday.

How Lincoln Met Death

Continued from page 3

Thus, we have quite definitely accounted for the movements of the assassin up to the evening of the assassination.

On Friday afternoon, after learning that the President and Mrs. Lincoln, accompanied by General and Mrs. Grant, would attend the performance of "Our American Cousin" at Ford's Theater that night, Booth went to Grover's Theater, where he wrote a letter intended for the *National Intelligencer*, a local paper. This was to give his justification for the assassination. He intended to post it but accidentally meeting John Matthews, a fellow actor who was playing that night at Ford's Theater, on Pennsylvania Avenue, he gave it to him instead of mailing it and asked him to deliver it the next day. Matthews was so frightened after the assassination that reading this letter and finding that it was a statement of what Booth was going to do, he destroyed it, but testified it ended with the statement, "The moment has at length arrived when my plans must be changed. The world may censure me for what I am about to do; but I am sure that posterity will justify me. Signed, Men who love their country better than gold or life. John Wilkes Booth—Payne—Atzerodt, and—Herold."

During the afternoon Booth called at the Kirkwood House and left his card for Colonel William Browning, secretary to Vice-President Johnson, with a notation, "Don't wish to disturb you. Are you at home? John Wilkes Booth." Booth had known Browning in Nashville, Tennessee. Colonel Browning remarked when handed the card by the clerk: "It is from Booth. Is he playing here?" The explanation that has been made for the card was that the Vice-President being an intended victim, Booth desired to learn what his plans might be for the evening.

G. A. Bunker, room clerk, National Hotel, testified, "I last saw him (John Wilkes Booth) about 7 o'clock of the evening of the assassination, when he passed out of the hotel for the last time. He spoke to me as he went off."

Atzerodt made the following statement before his execution:

"On the evening of the 14th of April, I met Booth and Payne at the Herndon House in this city at 8 o'clock. He (Booth) said he himself should murder Mr. Lincoln and General Grant, Payne should take Mr. Seward, and I should take Mr. Johnson. I told him I would not do it; that I had gone into the thing to capture, but I was not going to kill. He told me I was a fool; that I would be hung anyhow, and that it was death for every man that backed out; and so we parted. I wandered about the streets until about two o'clock in the morning, and then went to the Kimmell House, and from there pawned my pistol at Georgetown and went to my cousin's house in Montgomery County, where I was arrested the nineteenth following."

Payne, when asked by his counsel as to the nature of the conspiracy, replied: "It was a plan to carry off Lincoln and give him up to the Confederates, but when that failed, Booth, who was the only one in earnest, proposed to kill Lincoln and all the Cabinet. All the rest backed out and scattered like a lot of beggars. We never heard of Surratt, of Arnold, or any of them again. I told Booth that I would go in with him, and he preferred to kill Lincoln, while I was set upon Seward. I deserve to be killed, and so does Booth. The rest were women and babies."

General and Mrs. Grant did not attend the theater with the Lincolns that evening, the following reason being given by General Grant in his personal memoirs:

"While in Washington I was very busy for a time in preparing the necessary orders for the new state of affairs; communicating with my different commanders of separate departments, bodies of troops, and so on. But by the 14th I was pretty well through with this work, so as to be able to visit my children, who were then in Burlington, New Jersey, attending school. Mrs. Grant was with me in Washington at the time, and we were invited by President and Mrs. Lincoln to accompany them to the theater on the evening of that day. I replied to the President's verbal invitation to the effect that if we were in the city we would take great pleasure in accompanying them; but that I was very anxious to get away and visit my children, and if I could get through my work during the day I should do so. I did get through and started by the evening train on the 14th, sending Mr. Lincoln word, of course, that I would not be at the theater."

Mrs. Lincoln then invited in their place Miss Harris and Major Rathbone, daughter and stepson of Senator Harris.

About 9:30 Booth rode his horse up to the back door of the theater and called for Edward Spangler, a stage hand, in whose care he left the horse and passed through the theater to the front. Spangler turned the horse over to Joseph Burroughs, a boy who carried bills for the theater. A little after 10 Booth called for whisky at a restaurant adjoining the theater and at ten minutes past 10 re-entered the front vestibule of the theater and asked the time of the night doorkeeper. Then, according to this witness, "he slipped out and walked in again, entering by the door that leads to the parquet and dress circle. Came out again and then went up the stairway to the dress circle."

Making his way to the aisle leading by the wall toward the door of the President's box he stopped and leisurely took a survey of the house, and selecting one of his visiting cards showed it to the President's messenger, entered the door of the lobby leading to the box—closed and barred it and then after peering through the gimlet hole he had made in the afternoon and finding all clear, he opened the box door, pointed the pistol at the President's head and fired the fatal shot.

Major Henry R. Rathbone, who with Miss Harris accompanied the President and Mrs. Lincoln on that last night, graphically describes in his testimony what took place in the box:

"On the evening of the 14th of April last, at about twenty minutes past 8 o'clock, I, in company with Miss Harris, left my residence at the corner of Fifteenth and H streets, and joined the President and Mrs. Lincoln, and went with them, in their carriage, to Ford's Theater, on Tenth street. On reaching the theater, when the presence of the President became known, the actors stopped playing, the band struck up 'Hail to the Chief,' and the audience rose and received him with vociferous cheering. The party proceeded along in the rear of the dress-circle and entered the box that had been set apart for their reception. On entering the box, there was a large armchair that was placed nearest the audience, farthest from the stage, which the President took and occupied during the whole evening, with one exception, when he got up to put on his coat, and returned and sat down again. When the second scene of the third act was being performed, and while I was intently observing the proceedings upon the stage, with my back toward the door, I heard the discharge of a pistol behind me, and, looking around, saw through the smoke a man between the door and the President. The distance from the door to where the President sat was about four feet. At the same time I heard the man shout some word, which I thought was 'Freedom!' I instantly sprang toward him and seized him. He wrested himself from my grasp, and made a violent thrust at my breast with a large knife. I parried the blow by striking it up and received a wound several inches deep in my left arm, between the elbow and the shoulder. The orifice of the wound was about an inch and a half in length, and extended upward toward the shoulder several inches. The man rushed to the front of the box, and I endeavored to seize him again, but only caught his clothes as he was leaping over the railing of the box. The clothes, as I believe, were torn in the attempt to hold him. As he went over upon the stage, I cried out, 'Stop that man.' I then turned to the President; his position was not changed; his head was slightly bent forward, and his eyes were closed. I saw that he was unconscious, and, supposing him mortally wounded, rushed to the door for the purpose of calling medical aid.

"On reaching the outer door of the passageway, I found it barred by a heavy piece of plank, one end of which was secured in the wall, and the other resting against the door. It had been so securely fastened that it required considerable force to remove it. This wedge or bar was about four feet from the floor. Persons upon the outside were beating against the door for the purpose of entering. I removed the bar, and the door was opened. Several persons, who represented themselves as surgeons, were allowed to enter. I saw there Colonel Crawford, and requested him to prevent other persons from entering the box.

"I then returned to the box, and found the surgeons examining the President's person. They had not yet discovered the wound. As soon as it was discovered, it was determined to remove him from the theater. He was carried out, and I then proceeded to assist Mrs. Lincoln, who was intensely excited, to leave the theater. On reaching the head of the stairs, I requested Major Potter to aid me in assisting Mrs. Lincoln across the street to the house where the President was being conveyed. The wound which I had received had been bleeding very profusely, and on reaching the house, feeling very faint from the loss of blood, I seated myself in the hall, and soon after fainted away, and was laid upon the floor. Upon the return of consciousness I was taken to my residence.

"In a review of the transactions, it is my confident belief that the time which elapsed between the discharge of the pistol and the time when the assassin leaped from the box did not exceed thirty seconds. Neither Mrs. Lincoln nor Miss Harris had left their seats. (A bowie-knife, with a heavy seven-inch blade, was exhibited to the witness, stains of blood being still upon the blade.) This knife might have made a wound similar to the one I received. The assassin held the blade in a horizontal position, I think, and the nature of the wound would indicate it; it came down with a sweeping blow from above."

William Withers, Jr., in his testimony tells what happened after the fatal shot was fired:

"I am the leader of the orchestra at Ford's Theater. I had some business on the stage with our stage manager on the night of the fourteenth, in regard to a national song that I had composed, and I went to see what costume they were going to sing it in. After talking with the manager, I was returning to the orchestra, when I heard the report of a pistol. I stood with astonishment, thinking why they should fire off a pistol in 'Our American Cousin.' As I turned round I heard some confusion, and saw a man running toward me with his head down. I did not know what was the matter, and stood completely paralyzed. As he ran, I could not get out of his way, so he hit me on the leg, and turned me round, and made two cuts at me, one in the neck and one on the side, and knocked me from the third entrance down to the second. The scene saved me. As I turned, I got a side view of him, and I saw it was John Wilkes Booth. He then made a rush for the back door, and out he went. I returned to the stage and heard that the President was killed, and I saw him in the box apparently dead."

The assassin was identified by other members of the theater staff and persons in the audience who saw him leap from the box and rush across the stage. In leaping from the box he caught his right spur in the American Flag, "the mute avenger of the country's fallen chief." This threw him to the stage in such a manner that he fractured his left leg at the ankle. Rushing to the rear door, Booth struck and knocked down the boy who was holding his horse, and leaping to the saddle rode away.

During this time Payne was making a wild attempt on the life of Seward, the Secretary of State, and would have succeeded but for an iron brace holding in place the Secretary's recently broken collar bone, and the efforts of the attending nurse.

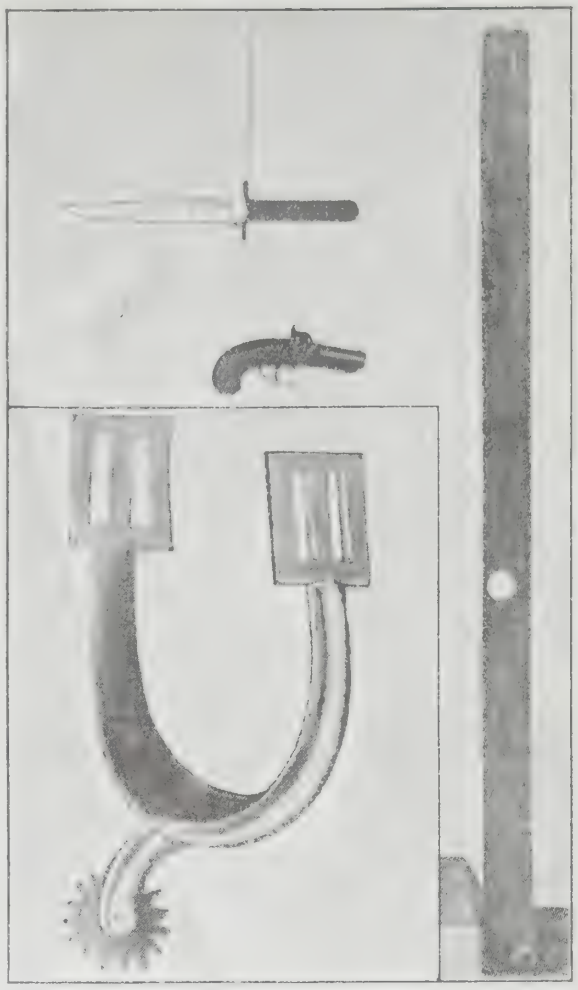
Atzerodt, as was told in his confession, did not carry out the part assigned him in the plot, did not occupy his room at the Kirkwood or take away the weapons left in the room for his use by Herold, but wandered around on horseback until he learned that Booth had carried out to the end the horrible drama, and Atzerodt, terror-stricken, struck out early the next morning for the home of a cousin twenty-two miles away, where he was later arrested.

At 7:22 the next morning, in the house across the street from the theater, Mr. Lincoln died, without having regained consciousness.

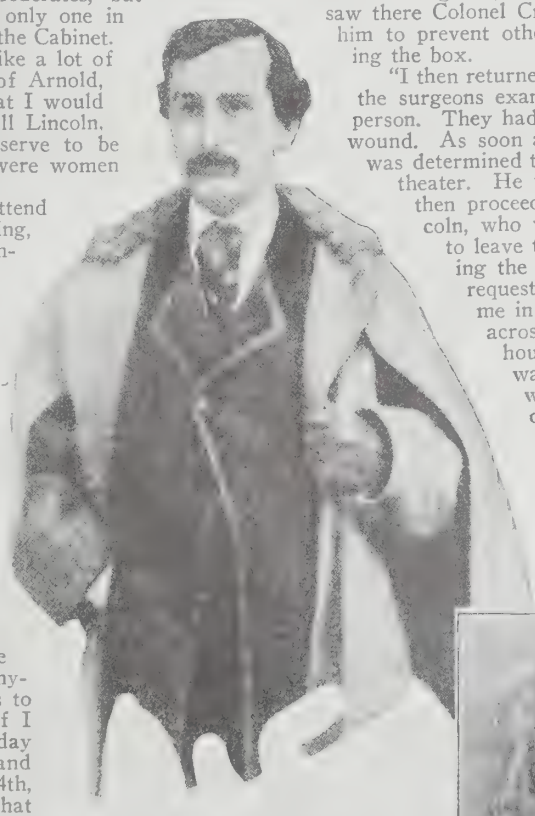
Herold's actions on the fourteenth are best described by John Fletcher.

"David E. Herold came to our stable in company with the prisoner, Atzerodt, about a quarter to 1 o'clock, on the fourteenth of April, and engaged a horse which he told me to keep for him and he would call for it at 4 o'clock. Before he mounted the horse he asked me how late he could stay out with him. I told him he could stay out no later than 8 o'clock, or 9, at furthest. After that hour I became very uneasy about the horse, and wanted to see about it before I closed up the stable; and that is how I got to see Atzerodt and Herold.

(Concluded on page 15)



Relics in the secret archives of the War Department. Above—The dagger with which the assassin wounded Major Rathbone. This knife bore the inscription "AMERICA—Liberty and independence—THE LAND OF THE FREE AND THE HOME OF THE BRAVE." Center—The little derringer used by the assassin. Below—Spur worn by Booth. When he leaped from the box to the stage it caught in the flag, which caused him to fall and break his leg. At right—The wooden bar used to prevent admittance to the box after the assassin had entered.



JOHN WILKES BOOTH.

GEORGE A. ATZERODT.

LEWIS PAYNE.

The Job of the Immigration Service

About the Work of the Mounted Men Who Patrol the Rio Grande

By MAX BENTLEY

This is the second and concluding article of the series describing the smuggling of aliens via Mexico.

AMERICA seems to have brought peace to Europe with the Dawes Plan, but will some American now think up a way to end the war at home?

It rages on several fronts, this war, this unique war—unique because *we* are being invaded. A hostile rum fleet stands off the Atlantic Coast, while along the Mexican border we are confronted by an allied force of more races than were ever marshaled against the Germans. And it includes nationalities that once upon a time fought with us: Italians, Czecho-Slovakians, Poles, Basques, various grades of Russian Slavs, and Jews from the four corners of the earth. They are the immigrants barred by the quota and the literacy test, but determined to settle among us notwithstanding.

The American takes his blessings for granted. He knows he lives in the most favored of nations and lets it go at that. He does not see his homeland as others see it; it does not occur to him that there are some tens of millions of fellow beings who would like to live in America, too; whose desire to live in America amounts to even more than despairing poignancy. Why, it amounts to life's passion with them, and some hundreds of thousands among these tens of millions from the other side have saved up enough money to patronize the various smuggler rings, and now they stand before the Rio Grande awaiting the supreme moment—the moment to steal across.

To see these things the native American should go down to the Rio Grande and sit in awhile with our immigration men, as I have just done.

The business of smuggling in the alien has reached enormous proportions along that fitful stream. A serious condition had existed there for years, but passage of the new Immigration Act of July 1, 1924, magnified it tenfold.

Why? Because that act reduced the immigrant quota to the lowest figure known, 2 per cent annually of the number of nationals resident in the United States, and based that 2 per cent on the census of 1890. The purpose was to swing the balance of immigrant population back toward where it stood thirty-four years ago, when we were drawing our foreign element from the so-called Nordic strains of Western Europe—the British, Dutch, Germans, Irish, Scandinavians, and Swiss. Our own people, in other words. That explains why the polyglot invader now at our doors hails from Eastern and Southern Europe.

To repel his invasion is an even more pressing task than beating off the rum fleet, for *this* involves the very security of the Republic. It is the riffraff of Europe that stands on the south bank of the Rio Grande. Most of the nations are co-operating with us in our effort to determine for ourselves how—in what numbers and of what nationalities—our increment of population shall be made up. Under the new law we handpick our immigration at the starting place, through our diplomatic service, until the quota represents the best. It is the ignorant foreigner who cannot meet the literacy test of our government or the character test of his own government, that is now attempting to enter by stealth.

This is an era of big business. Every infant industry is nowadays speedily organized, systematized, and developed to the limit of efficiency. When the Congress of the United States decided, nearly a decade ago, to put a stop to indiscriminate immigration, that bit of legislation bore another infant industry. The new Immigration Act—the most stringent of our history—made that industry full grown almost in a day. There is not one smuggler ring; there are many of them—operating from foreign ports, well financed, with organized connections in the United States, and waxing richer and more powerful every day. Our immigration service is getting the facts hot from the bat: from the lips of the immigrant himself, after his thrust has failed.

The new law gives the Nordics all the best of it. For that reason among others, perhaps, but mainly because the Briton is a kinsman and traditionally a friend, we get the fullest co-operation from Canada. Smuggling is negligible on the Canadian frontier considering its length of more than 4,000 miles. But along the Mexican border it is terribly serious because, first, the Rio Grande lends itself to that sort of thing and, second, we have not reached an understanding with Mexico. The river is the boundary between Mexico and Texas all the way from El Paso to Brownsville. By airline the distance is about 700 miles, but by the twists of the river—and that is what counts—it is 1,400 long and lonely miles, mainly across a thinly settled territory. Through the middle and lower stretches the stream has low banks and is easily fordable. Every factor favors the smuggler; at least, until he gets over on our side.

Our failure to get an understanding with our neighbor allows the alien to come right down to the river without hindrance. Mexico has two excellent ports on her eastern shore, Vera Cruz and Tampico. Certain outlaw steamship companies are using them as points of debarkation for human cargoes ultimately destined for the United States—illegally. These companies refuse to submit their passenger lists to our consular agents abroad, and unless we adopt the good old custom of boarding at sea, or until Mexico does something to stop the free passage of American-bound aliens across her territory, we will continue to face a desperate condition at the river.

We treat them too leniently. All the immigration men say so. One exasperated official said: "Why, you'd think, from the way we have to handle them, that we thought we might be entertaining unaware the Grand Duke Nicholas Nickelbiski.

"To illustrate, when we catch them red-handed we can't handle them like other persons caught violating the laws of the United States. They aren't charged with any punishable offense. We can't hold them without a warrant and the warrant must come from Washington. Then we jail them, of course, but they have special quarters and food much better than the common run has, with privileges of exercise. They usually reward us by writing taunts and Red propaganda on the jail walls.

"When we question them we aren't allowed to go after them in the good old way of 'Here, you! Kick in or you know what!' We have to proceed, very cautiously and courteously, along about this line: 'Are you quite certain you are telling the truth?' Or, 'Come now, isn't it a fact that that birth certificate isn't yours at all?' If they get huffy and tell us where to go, why we have to stand it.

"And if the Department decides to deport them, they get a joyride in a special train to New Orleans, a nice steamship ride to New York, and the trip back home—without cost to them. That's the maximum punishment, sending them home at our expense. We know of more cases than one where some foreigner, after a few years in Mexico, gets homesick, or makes his stake and decides to go home and spend it. He hires a peon to skiff him across the river at a point where he is sure our men will find him. After a bit of four-flushing he 'admits' he is an alien trying to enter illegally—and Uncle Sam sends him home rejoicing."

Not providing punishment for the alien himself is the weak place in our armor, immigration men say. The punitive feature is handled under Section 8 of the old law, which covers only a conspiracy. That is to say, it provides a $2,000 fine and term of five years (the maximum) for any person (or persons) who "shall attempt, by himself or through another, to bring into the United States, or conceal or harbor, any alien not duly admitted by an immigration inspector or not lawfully entitled to enter or to reside within the United States." For the alien himself the law provides no punishment.

It doubles the burden of the border patrol. It makes bootlegging the foreigner far easier and safer than bootlegging liquor: easier because the smuggled goods can run and hide, and safer because the bootlegger can abandon his goods any time if hard pressed, as he almost invariably does. Thousands of aliens are caught, but rarely a conspirator.

Three classes of conspirators are at work in Mexico. The first is the *jefe,* or chief. He is the direct agent of the European ring. His representatives meet the ships and take charge of the contraband cargo when it is landed. He sees that his wards are taken to Mexico City, then concentrated at a convenient point near the border—like Monterey or Chihuahua—and then in smaller groups, escorted to the border itself. The six bridgeheads of Juarez, Villa Acuña, Piedras Negras, Nuevo Laredo, Reynosa, and Matamoros are never without some of these strange-looking people speaking strange tongues. We know them as foreigners or aliens or immigrants, but by the immigration patrol they are known by the generic name, "wetbacks."

The second class is the *coyote,* who handles the local movement on either side of the river. A party of wetbacks will be sent to a *coyote* in Nuevo Laredo by his *jefe.* He sees to it that they are kept together, given hotel accommodations at the border, and kept out of sight of our consuls. He coaches his group in the matter of etiquette required by the occasion, "frisks" them of their remaining funds, if they are stupid or trusting enough not to have hidden them, and turns them over to the guide.

The guide rounds out the triumvirate. He leads his charges to a designated point on the river, usually at night, puts them across in skiffs and delivers them to another *coyote* or guide, according to the size of the expedition. They are again drilled on how to answer if approached by suspicious characters (that meaning officers), and, finally, are taken in charge by another guide whose business it is ostensibly to lead them out of danger—past the three lines of defending immigration riders, to the railroad, and thence to their final destination.

Usually the guide deserts them the first night out, leaving them dozing around some camp fire to awake next morning unshepherded; and sometimes he murders them for what they have left. There is no doubt that the muddy waters of the Rio Grande cover the naked bodies of many, many unfortunate foreigners who believed that any crooked game could be played straight. But there are cases, too, where the ship company, the *jefes, coyotes* and guides, all along the line, have faithfully lived up to their contracts.

Here it is that the immigration men meet worthy foemen. Alien bands are sometimes found hundreds of miles in the interior, on railroad trains with colonist tickets, or riding in trucks or touring cars, with ample funds and food. Topographical maps that would do credit to skilled engineers, showing the locations of highways, crossroads, windmills, rivers, bridges, and railheads, are often taken from them.

The most elaborate communication system is maintained. As one immigration inspector described it from his own experience:

"My stretch covers seventy-five miles and I am supposed to handle it with two mounted men. We have twenty illegal crossing places to watch. It is a game of hide-and-seek between us and the operators of smuggler boats. Frequently we find and burn these, and occasionally we sight a boatman, but he is always on the wrong side of the river, sitting in the shade of a mesquite tree and looking as innocent as a newly born *caballito* gamboling in the blue bonnet patch at his feet.

"Long before we arrive on the scene that mysterious 'grapevine' of the Mexican has been working, and the approach of the *empleado* has been signaled to watchers on the water front. Customs and immigration mounted men long ago learned the futility of attempting to slip up on one of these Texas river-front ranches. On each of them the smugglers have a friend or two. The only effective way to catch a boat is to abandon your horse altogether and take to a car; drive boldly up to the ranch, visit awhile, and then depart briskly in the direction of the home station, dropping your partner to return by devious ways and await the movement of the boat.

"It is useless to let your partner out of the car under a mile from the place you want to watch. It used to be the opinion down here that the Mexicans had revived the system of runners followed by their ancestors, the Aztecs. Montezuma, although living in Mexico City, had fresh fish for his breakfast every morning, runners being utilized to convey the fish from Vera Cruz to the capital 200 miles away. My experience is that a modified runner system is in use now, plus signaling. When an officer is sighted approaching a ranch, a courier is started out by a short cut to get the news to the next ranch, and so on, until it reaches the illegal crossing place. The boatman is notified by the hoisting of a red tablecloth from a clothesline or tree. That means danger, and the boatman, if crowded, abandons his craft instantly and goes overside, or hides in the brush. If he has time he rows to the Mexican side, hides the boat in the willows, and awaits the hoisting of a white bed sheet, that being the 'all's clear' signal."

The other side of the picture is more comforting. While Districts Nos. 22 and 23, covering the Rio Grande, are the most important in the United States, while Laredo ranks next to Ellis Island in the number of immigrants *lawfully* admitted in a single fiscal year, it also happens that the defensive strategy has reached something near perfection. The defending force has been quadrupled. Motor trucks with a carrying capacity of sixteen each bear raiding parties from place to place. Captain William H. Hanson, in charge of the larger and more important District No. 22, has posted three splendidly organized lines of defense, and has enlisted the services of hundreds of other officers—customs men, prohibition men, Texas rangers, sheriffs and their deputies, judges, cattle inspectors—to say nothing of having perfected an elaborate system of ranch telephoning.

The first line of defense is the river itself. Aliens attempting surreptitious entry come down to the Rio Grande, often to break through there when their destination is New York, because they think it offers the least difficulties, and many do succeed in getting over the river. But their troubles have only started. They enter a lonely country of large ranches and few houses, and

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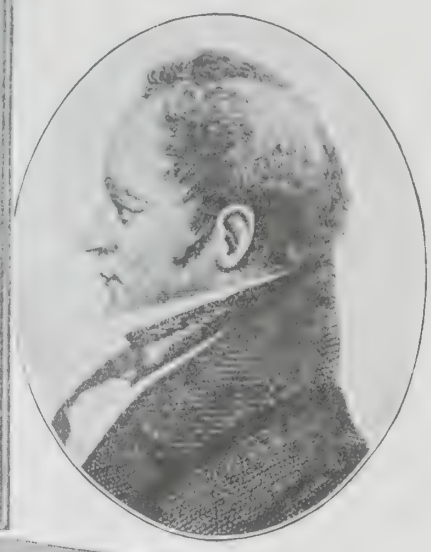
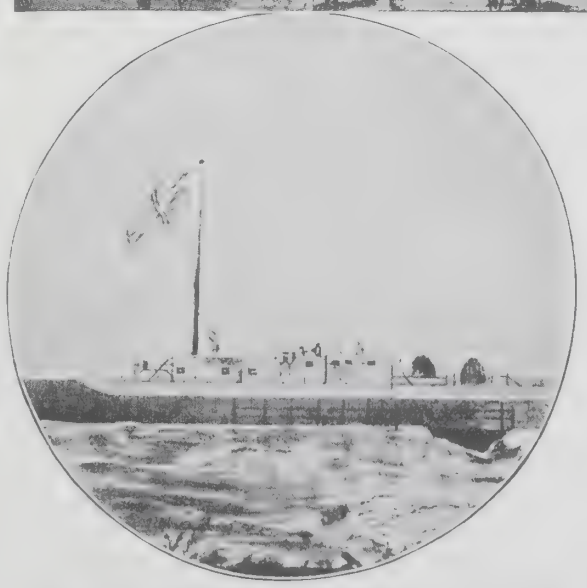
They are helping throw back the aliens who would enter the United States illegally. Company of the famous Texas Rangers, with the Rio Grande and Mexico behind them.

Regarding 'Company of Adventurers'

How "Merry Monarch" Helped Lay the Foundations of Canada's Trade





Above, left—ALEXANDER MACKENZIE. Center—Dog team and cariole at Fort Garry (now Winnipeg) in 1873. Right—SIR GEORGE SIMPSON. Oval—Interior of Fort Garry. Below—York Factory in 1853 (the great fur capital of the North). Fort York in 1782.

By D. M. LE BOURDAIS

IN 1666 the "Merry Monarch," Charles II of England, had been restored to the throne of his fathers but a short half-dozen years. Having recovered somewhat from the shock of the civil war and experiencing a certain reaction from the restraints imposed by the period of Puritan ascendancy, all England now turned eagerly to schemes of commercial and territorial expansion. Charles, though dissolute and pleasure-loving, was a liberal patron of the arts and sciences and did much to encourage trade and commerce.

Prominent among those cavaliers who found it necessary to derive from the pursuits of peace the stimulus previously found in the profession of arms was Prince Rupert, cousin of the king, the former dashing cavalry leader whose exploits at Edgehill and in other battles of the civil war had set England ringing with his fame.

It was at this most favorable juncture that two interesting and romantic characters appeared on the scene. They were two *coureurs des bois* of French Canada, Radisson and Groseilliers by name, who, believing themselves unfairly treated by the fur-trade monopolists in Canada, crossed the ocean to obtain redress in France; and, failing in this, were induced to proceed to London to lay their wonderful tale of riches and discovery before the English court.

Pierre Esprit Radisson was born in Paris in 1636. At the age of 15 he accompanied his parents to New France, where they took up residence in the village of Three Rivers. The next year, while out shooting ducks, he was captured by the Iroquois and carried by them to their lodges in what is now part of New York State. His audacious bearing saved him from torture and the stake and he was formally adopted into the family of an influential Mohawk chief.

Radisson seems to have adapted himself well to the Indian mode of life; but he longed to return to his people and at length escaped to the Dutch settlement of Orange, now Albany, whence he proceeded down the Hudson River to New York and then by ship to Amsterdam and back to Canada, arriving at Three Rivers in 1654. He found that during his absence his widowed sister, Marguerite, had married a young fur trader, Medart Chouart, who, when a lad of 16 years, had sailed from Rochelle with Maissoneuve in 1641. Chouart, through the subsequent inheritance of a small estate, adopted the title, "des Groseilliers," by which he is known to history.

Groseilliers had spent some years trading with the Hurons and had heard from the Indians of the vast stores of furs which were to be obtained from the natives living farther west and north. He longed to enrich himself by tapping the resources of this great territory. On the other hand, Radisson's was the ambition of the explorer. While a captive among the Mohawks, he states in his journal, he cherished the hope that it would be his destiny "to discover many wild nations."

Their inclinations lying in a similar direction, the brothers-in-law were not long in agreeing on a course of action. Accordingly, in June, 1658, they left Three Rivers on an expedition of exploration and trade among the Indians living beyond Lake Huron. They visited that territory which is now included in the states of Michigan and Wisconsin, and, proceeding southwestward, there seems to be little doubt that Radisson, at least, advanced westward as far as the valley of the Mississippi. Returning, their course lay farther north and they came in contact with Crees and Assiniboines, from whom they heard tales of the fabulous riches of the territory surrounding the Sea of the North.

In the summer of 1660 they returned to Montreal with a brigade numbering several hundred Indians and sixty canoes laden with furs. They were warmly received by the colony, as the increasing ferocity of the Iroquois had deprived New France of much of her former trade.

Their success fired the ambitions of the adventurers anew. They made preparations for another expedition to the *Pays d'en Haut*. But the fur trade of New France was regulated by license and no one could trade without permission from the governor. The success of Radisson and Groseilliers awakened envy in the breasts of the powerful fur traders of Montreal and Three Rivers, so when the explorers approached the governor for the requisite permission they were informed that it would be granted only on condition that they should divide the profits with the governor and also take with them two of his officers to act as auditors.

Naturally unwilling to accede to such a demand, they decided to proceed in spite of the governor, and one night slipped quietly out of the gates of Three Rivers. The next two years were spent in the territory between Lake Superior and Lake Winnipeg, where they built the first trading fort in what was later to be known as the Canadian Northwest; but there is some doubt whether they penetrated as far north as Hudson Bay, although they undoubtedly obtained much information regarding the best route to that region. Returning with another large flotilla of canoes laden with furs to Three Rivers in 1663, the two explorers met with a reception different from their previous one: the greater part of their furs were confiscated and Groseilliers was imprisoned.

Deeply resentful of such treatment, upon his release Groseilliers sailed for France to obtain redress; but in this he was unsuccessful. He then tried to interest French merchants in an expedition to Hudson Bay by sea; but in this, too, he failed. He thereupon returned to Three Rivers and with Radisson left New France and, after a further unsuccessful attempt to reach the Bay by sea, arrived in Boston in 1664. Here the adventurers met two commissioners who had been sent to the New England colonies by King Charles. One of these, Sir George Carteret, became greatly interested in their story and it was by his advice and through his influence that they finally reached England and were presented at the court of King Charles.

Owing to the war with Holland, the great plague and the London fire, two years passed without any very tangible results; but at length the interest of Prince Rupert being enlisted, sufficient funds were subscribed to outfit two small ships, the *Eaglet* and the *Nonsuch*, the latter a ketch of fifty tons.

In the morning of June 3, 1668, the two boats sailed from the Thames on their historic voyage. Radisson was on board the *Eaglet* and Groseilliers in the *Nonsuch*. The former met with misadventure of some sort and was compelled to return to London, but the *Nonsuch* experienced little or no difficulty in crossing the Atlantic and sighted Resolution Isle, at the entrance of Hudson Strait on August 4. By September 29 the Bay had been penetrated to its southeasterly extremity and anchor was dropped at the mouth of a river, which they named the Prince Rupert. Groseilliers and Zachariah Gillam, captain of the *Nonsuch*, landed and took possession in the name of the King of England. They immediately commenced the building of a fort, which was named Fort Charles. After spending the winter trading with the Indians they returned to England with a cargo of furs which more than met the expectations of the promoters of the expedition.

The success of this first voyage led Prince Rupert and his friends to apply to King Charles for a royal charter establishing their right to the exclusive trading privileges on the Bay, which, after some delay, was granted and signed by the King on May 2, 1670.

This charter probably is the most remarkable document of its kind within historical times. With a scratch of quill King Charles—the son of a monarch whose head, a short while previously, had been chopped off by his subjects, and whose brother was to be deposed a few years later by the same subjects—transferred to a group of court favorites, in fee simple, a tract of territory

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The Age of Million-Dollar Stadiums

Receipts Are Very High These Days, But So Are Running Expenses

By PAUL MACDONALD

A previous article showed that baseball draws the largest sums at the turnstiles and costs the most. The sport that comes second in these points is football. The rise of golf and football in popularity during the last five years has been one of the phenomenal features of American life. Ten years ago comparatively few persons cared about golf and still fewer understood football or cared to. Both sports "caught on" and kept expanding at an astounding rate. There has been nothing in sport to equal the growth of these two pastimes.

The gate receipts at football games in 1924 rose to almost unbelievable totals, but while the crowds increased the expense of producing college football went up proportionately. While few cared about football there was no need for million-dollar stadiums and the various luxuries that the game has developed but now, when the popular demand makes a spectacle of the favorite college game, there enters a list of additional expenses.

At the close of the last football season a coach remarked to us about this increased expense in football. "When I played the game," he observed, "we used to employ our worn-out shirts for bandages if we got hurt. Why one day a few weeks ago I saw more bandages put on the foot of one player who complained of a strain than our whole team had put on in any season that I played."

The most recent issue of the football guide gives a list of 392 college teams that play football. Each of these teams has one or more coaches. It also lists 144 scholastic teams that are under football coaches.

There are "major" and "minor" college teams. They have never been specifically grouped. The term "major" applies to the larger schools, the universities. The "minors" are the balance of the field, mostly the institutions known as "fresh water" colleges. To the list of "majors," if such a list existed, additions would have to be made each year, for there is hardly a season when some "minor" colleges do not develop teams that humble "major" elevens. The way football has been popularized has caused many small institutions to develop teams that would well serve any of the "major" schools. While an institution of learning may be known as a "minor" college it can easily have a "major" football team and many of them do.

Something About the Cost of Uniforms

All the "major" football squads have first, second, and third elevens. The first team is the pick of the lot, known as the varsity. The second and third elevens furnish the first and second string substitutes. But to get their regulars and substitutes the coaches have squads of a few hundred from which to pick. For instance, whenever the Ohio State University team took the field last season eighty-three players in uniform ran out on the gridiron. Only thirty-three warmed up, the other fifty squatting on the side lines. While the majority of colleges never bring that many on the field before a game they still have that many and more in uniform and on the various gridirons during practice days. To see 200 and more players working out any afternoon but Saturday and Sunday is a common sight on the playgrounds of the big universities.

More than 20,000 college football players were in uniform last season. The exact number was much nearer 25,000 than 20,000. To get an idea of what it costs to produce football teams consider the money spent at the University of Michigan, an institution that for twenty-five years has been famous for football play and that today remains a representative "major" college. Michigan had 300 players in uniform throughout the season of 1924. The squad of forty that included the varsity eleven were all fitted out in new uniforms while the remainder of the players at Michigan wore old football clothes. The cost of a uniform, itemized, follows: Pants, $8, shoes, $11, jersey, $6, shoulder pads, $5, headgear, $5, woolen hose, $2, underwear, $1.50, sweatshirt or sheepskin coat, $10; total, $48.50. Michigan used 144 footballs during 1924. These 144 footballs served all her teams and players.

To these items you must add the cost of expert coaches. All "major" teams employ a staff of coaches. There is a head coach and then his assistants, a line coach, backfield coach and coach for the ends. Usually there is a coach for punters and forward passers and, not infrequently, a coach for quarterbacks exclusively. Rarely does a team have less than five coaches and nearly all have more. The coaches' salaries will run from $10,000 to $25,000 a season.

College Football Teams Cost Money

Maintaining a football team is expensive, as you will note, but still the expense seems trifling when compared to the receipts. The receipts, however, are used for good purposes. The money taken in at football games pays for the other college sports. Among all college sports football is the only one that pays. In a very few colleges basketball is beginning to pay. Baseball pays in some, but these are rare exceptions, and the figures are small. Football must carry almost the entire list of college sports and the more money taken in at football the more play there will be in other sports at colleges.

These other sports are expensive undertakings. In basketball Michigan provides uniforms for the fifteen members of the varsity squad. These cost $18.50 apiece. To maintain basketball there is a specialist engaged as coach for the players at each of the major schools. Add the salary of this coach and then consider the other expenses, such as railroad travel and incidentals.

College baseball has never aroused any frenzy because professional baseball is so much better that the college game loses by comparison. The baseball squad numbers from 18 to 25 men and it costs between $35 and $40 to equip each player.

Track teams bring little revenue to a university but they have to be maintained at a large expense. There is at least one good track coach and he has one or two assistants. It costs more money to equip sprinters than distance men. Shoes for sprinters cost $9.75 and shoes for distance men cost $6.50. The shoes worn by weight men, jumpers, and hurdlers cost the same as those of the distance runners. Shirts cost $2 and pants, $1.50. The most expensive bit of wearing apparel for track men is the outer garment. This costs $10 but is necessary to protect them when not actually in motion.

Only comparatively few college teams have crews. Most athletic directors are against rowing because of the enormous expense. A crew costs from $18,000 to $25,000 a year. Crews must have training tables. Crews must have a new shell or two each year, costing $1,000 and more. Crews must have a coach and a trainer and handlers. Rowing does not bring in one cent of revenue. It is all going out and nothing coming in with the college oarsmen. The University of Washington crew went from Seattle to Poughkeepsie last June and participated in the collegiate regatta (incidentally winning the event). The trip cost $10,000. It was not possible for the university to pay the expense of sending the crew East but the $10,000 was subscribed by citizens of Seattle. A midwestern coach, who does not approve of rowing because of the enormous cost, told us that when the Washington crew went to Poughkeepsie and returned on $10,000 it was traveling as economically as possible.

There is little expense to college boxing and wrestling. Most major colleges employ a wrestling coach and a few of them employ a coach for boxers. The idea of having boxing is gaining adherents and sooner or later all big colleges will have specialists for this sport.

Soccer is played at many universities and so are tennis, lacrosse, and golf. The expenses of these games are paid by the football receipts. In the last few years polo has been added as a college sport. Polo is making converts in the collegiate ranks each year. Many colleges and universities also maintain swimming instructors. Swimming and water polo are two of the minor college sports. Hockey is another but the hockey activities of college students are limited almost exclusively to the eastern universities.

Equipment for these games runs high, considering the number of sports followed by our institutions of learning. Shoes for athletes are generally bought in large lots. They are not kept in stock by the sporting goods houses and have to be ordered specially. To save time all the major colleges have storerooms of their own. Michigan last year ordered $3,500 worth of football shoes and $1,000 worth of track shoes on the same day. Footballs also are bought in gross lots. From four to six dozen basketballs, costing $9 apiece, are used annually. Baseballs, costing $16 a dozen, generally arrive in 50-dozen lots to supply the varsity squad for a season. Poles used in the pole vault cost $5, javelins cost the same, discuses, shots, and hammers cost $7 each.

Must Turn to Huge Revenues

The upkeep of the play fields of a big college or university costs about $25,000 annually and this does not include improvements and additions. Tennis courts, baseball diamonds, track and field, football gridiron, soccer grounds, all need constant care and attention. Then the athletic office of every college of any size has to maintain a clerical force the year around. That is another fairly heavy item.

Considering these things, football has to turn in huge revenues to make the athletic wheel go around in the intercollegiate ranks. The more people that pay to see football games the more college sports there will be. The cost of staging football is high these days but is low when compared to the cost of maintaining college baseball, track and field, tennis, rowing, basketball, polo, golf, hockey, swimming, wrestling, boxing, soccer, lacrosse, and a few other sports.

Boxing provides some of our huge sport spectacles. You read of "million-dollar gates" at championship matches. We doubt whether any bout ever came near the million-dollar mark in gate receipts, but believe that a million dollars will be paid in the future. If Jack Dempsey, the present world's champion, could find a challenger who, in public opinion, would give Dempsey a hard fight and have a chance of beating him, the gate would easily go above the million-dollar mark. Or, if any promoter could convince the public that he would stage a heavyweight match as thrilling as the one between Dempsey and Firpo, the gate receipts could be run above two million dollars.

There have been some enormous "gates" at recent championship fights but what it costs to put on these matches is rarely considered. Dempsey wants $500,000 to step into the ring against any challenger. He has not defended his title in more than a year. He can afford to hold off more than a year at that demand. While paying Dempsey $500,000 it would also be necessary to pay the opponent of Dempsey a fat sum, probably $100,000 or more. The cost of the arena, the preliminary bouts, the pay demanded by the scores and scores of persons needed in preparing the stage of the fight and handling the crowds and various other expenses connected with selling tickets and getting them distributed, and the publicity, means that the promoter of such a bout must spend $750,000 or more before the men enter the ring. He must take in at least three-quarters of a million dollars; if he takes in any less he loses money. We are not alluding to any past happening but sketching out the next big heavyweight championship battle in which the present title holder will figure.

No fight in the past has cost $750,000, although a few have cost around $500,000. The demands of the champion were not so high at that time. No promoter has ever made big money on big fights. He may have done fairly well on one or two fights but if he continued staging them he experienced as many failures as successes. The cost of putting on a title fight is enormous and the match is not always appealing to the public. Tex Rickard, the best known and most spectacular promoter of all time, has made money on some of his fights but lost money on others. He is probably ahead of the game but not nearly so far as the public thinks. Rickard is the best showman of them all. He knows his public and he knows how to "build" a boxing show. But Rickard was well backed financially in his ventures. Behind Rickard stands Robinson, the circus man, and his fortune. To get his great crowds Rickard has spent money lavishly. He had big gate receipts but he also had enormous expense bills.

Horse racing is conducted on an elaborate scale in this country. It costs much money to maintain a racing stable. The income is never certain but the sport has never lacked followers. There are always enough men willing to risk what they have, or what money they can secure, in a racing venture. Good thoroughbreds are expensive; good trainers are expensive; oats, hay, and barley are expensive, as many owners have concluded when the bills piled up while their horses failed to finish in front. There is, of course, the constant possibility that some youngster will develop into another Man o' War or a racing machine somewhere near the standard of the great one. It is this hope that keeps so many of them hanging on.

Polo Is Being Played Extensively

August Belmont was the most important figure in thoroughbred racing in the United States. Most of the success, the prestige and the development of the sport, were due to the work of Belmont in behalf of thoroughbred racing. He maintained stables and a stud farm for years. It was on his farm that Man o' War and other turf celebrities were bred. But the late Mr. Belmont made money in only a few seasons. Even a man of his position in racing, and one who bred and developed as many stars as his stables carried, could rarely make the game pay. There is a tremendous expense connected with racing and it is a constant expense, 365 days each year and 366 days during leap year. Horses must be kept in condition and trained and fed. To race them you must ship them about the country and this means money. It costs fortunes to maintain the racing establishments. The big tracks pay fairly well some years and other years they do not. One prominent track in Canada had to remain closed last season. The stockholders could not make money with the present high cost of racing.

Most of the other sports that provide spectacles are amateur. One of them is polo. Every three years England (rather Great Britain) and the United States engage in an international match. The most recent of these was held last year. It cost nearly $1,000,000 to play the two games that decided the international polo championships. The gate receipts did not come anywhere near paying the expenses, although record crowds attended. Polo ponies cost much money. Two of them sold for $10,000 apiece at auction immediately after the international matches last September. The cheapest in the lot was sold for $2,500. Trainers and grooms cost money the year around and to bring a string of polo ponies and attendants across the Atlantic is expensive business. Grand stands and various other items make the cost of international polo soar.

Polo is being played extensively in the United States at present. It is played by country clubs and colleges and by riding and hunt clubs. While one team may not use more than twelve or sixteen ponies in a match, few teams have less than thirty-five ponies. There are regular ponies and substitute ponies. Some never get into match play. A polo player may buy twenty ponies before he finds one that suits him particularly well. It is not possible for a player to be as efficient on one pony as he is on another. In polo much depends upon the pony, quite as much as upon the man and, strange as it may seem, a poor player does worse on a good pony than on a poor one while a good player will play poor polo on a poor pony. The pony has to fit the man and the man must fit the pony. The ponies are rated according to their ability, just as the men. A player may not find one pony to his liking in a lot of 100. It is a delicate matter—and an expensive one. Ponies make the game expensive. They have to be trained the year around and kept in condition. They must be well cared for by grooms. They need equipment and this is costly. Saddles, blankets, mallets, bridles, bamboo balls, all figure in the cost of polo. It is no game for the man of moderate means and surely not a game for a poor man. It is played on the largest field used in any sport and the fields are expensive. They must be level and the turf must be smooth. Getting turf into this condition is not so easy as it sounds. A new kind of grass is now used on the polo fields, a thick and tough grass that withstands the hoofs of the ponies and the mallets of the riders better than ordinary grass. Getting this grass started is difficult. It means money, time, and labor.

Will Polo Take the Place of Baseball?

Still, there is nothing more exciting or thrilling than this game of the wealthy man. It cannot but appeal to the masses as well as the classes. We believe that in future years polo is going to be one of the most popular games, that there will be professional polo teams as there are now professional baseball teams, playing in major leagues and organized on a general plan. It may not be looking too far into the future to predict that some day polo will take the place of baseball. The taste of the public changes in sports. If you doubt this statement ponder a few moments and consider tennis, golf, and football, twenty years ago and now.

The Telegraph's Birthday

Concluded from page 9

was then to send a message by planting a piece of wire in the ground and tapping on it with the line wire. That done he was to find a puddle of water in which he was to stand, and, putting the line wire to his tongue, receive my acknowledgment. All went well until this latter performance, which was followed by an ominous silence, and then by the hugest of Pennsylvania profanity. The truth was, the strength of the current had upset him. When an hour or more afterward Sam came into the office covered with mud, and with madness in his eye, we learned our first lesson in the danger of line-testing repairs. What most grieved Zook was that he had performed his electrical gymnastics in the presence of a large crowd, who had rather enjoyed his very original entertainment."

The line between Philadelphia and Fort Lee was finished on January 20, 1846, and the first New York office was at 16 Wall Street, and afterward at Post's Building behind the Merchant's Exchange. Messages had to be sent across the river, whether for delivery or transmission, as no way to carry the line over the North River had been found. Several attempts were made to cross the Hudson, one of them involving a detour of 105 miles up the river to Anthony's Nose, with the wires carried across on high poles. It was not till February, 1856, that the crossing was finally effected by an armored cable insulated with gutta-percha.

The first year was full of discouragement. The wires were down thirty-six days in the first five months, small boys joyfully made targets of all the glass insulators, and at the end of the first year the company's total receipts only amounted to a little more than $4,000.

In spite of this the work went on, and New York and Washington were finally connected when the last piece of the line between Philadelphia and Baltimore was finished in 1846. This line was ordered to be covered with tar, and a newly landed Scotchman was engaged, who, with a tar bucket slung to his side, and a monster sponge in hand, tarred the line as far as Wilmington, Delaware, where, not surprisingly, he succumbed. Nothing daunted, James D. Reid, afterward the general superintendent of the line, himself took on the work, and lathered the line to the Susquehanna.

The year 1846 also saw the opening of the line from Albany to Buffalo, and the following year this was carried on to New York. The New York and Boston Telegraph Company also had a line in operation in 1846. Charges from New York to Washington were 50 cents for the first ten words, and 5 cents for each additional word; to Philadelphia 25 cents and 2 cents for each additional word; and to Boston 50 cents and 3 cents for each additional word, while it only cost 10 cents to send a ten-word message from New York to Newark or Jersey City.

The transcontinental lines which connected New York and San Francisco met at Salt Lake City on November 1, 1861, and since then a vast network of wire has spread out all over the country, till, at the present time, even the smallest towns are connected up by the two million miles of wire that now carry more than 155,000,000 messages a year.

Regarding 'Company of Adventurers'

Concluded from page 13

many times greater in extent than that over which his forefathers had ruled for more than 600 years; with power of life or death over all persons within that territory; with authority to make whatever laws they believed to be necessary; to undertake war or to make peace; in fact, no greater or more extensive powers were possessed by the lords and barons in the darkest period of the feudal ages. These rights and privileges so lightly conferred were to remain in force and effect for two full centuries—long after the Stuarts themselves had been shorn of their power—in spite of many attempts by force and by law to set them aside, until voluntarily relinquished by the successors of those original grantees.

The charter provided that "Whereas Our dear and entirely beloved Cousin, Prince Rupert, Count Palatine of the Rhine, Duke of Bavaria and Cumberland," and so forth, together with other noblemen, knights, and esquires including such personages as the Duke of Albemarle, the Earl of Craven, Lord Arlington, Lord Ashley—the two latter being members of the famous Cabal—Sir Philip Carteret, Sir John Kirke, and others, and "John Portman, Citizen and Goldsmith of London, have, at their own great Cost and Charges, undertaken an Expedition for Hudson's Bay . . . . for Discovery of a new Passage into the South Sea, and for the finding some Trade for Furs, Minerals, and other considerable Commodities, and by such their Undertaking, have already made such Discoveries as do encourage them to proceed further in Pursuance of their said Design, and by means whereof there may probably arise very great Advantage to Us and Our Kingdom. . . ." Then follows the official name of the company—"The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay"—regulations covering the appointment of a governor and a governing committee, and the names of the first governor—Prince Rupert—and the first committee.

The charter then went on through five closely written sheets of parchment to set forth in detail the powers, perquisites and privileges of the company; and it does not seem that anything which could have been desired by the petitioners, and granted by the king, was not included.

After the charter was obtained the company lost no time in entering into possession. By June in the same year all was in readiness for another trip to the Bay. Radisson and Groseilliers set out with three ships containing a stock of wares with which to conduct trade with the Indians. With them sailed also Charles Bayley, the first local governor of Rupert's Land. They established Fort York, now known as Port Nelson, which was destined to be for many years the fur capital of the North.

The articles mostly in demand by the Indians at this period were muskets with powder and shot, brass kettles, knives and hatchets. Some years later, however, supplies of tobacco, glass beads, red lead, looking-glasses and certain articles of fancy clothing were added to the cargoes.

The beaver skin became the standard of value and other furs and all articles of trade were rated as being of the value of so many "made beaver" or in a certain proportion to the value of one "made beaver." The trade values of some of the staple articles of trade in the early years of the company are as follows: 1 musket, 12 beaver skins; powder, 1 beaver for one-half pound; shot, 1 beaver for 4 pounds; hatchets, 1 large and 1 small for 1 beaver; knives, 8 large and 8 jackknives for 1 beaver; beads, 1 beaver for one-half pound; kettles, 1 beaver to the pound; tobacco, 1 beaver to the pound.

The later history of the Hudson's Bay Company will appear in an early issue.

How Lincoln Met Death

Concluded from page 11

"At about 10 o'clock, having a suspicion that Herold was going to take the horse away, I went across E street, and up Fourteenth street, till I came upon Pennsylvania Avenue, close to Willard's, where I saw Herold riding the roan horse. He seemed as if he was coming down from the Treasury upon the Avenue. He was passing Fourteenth street; the horse was pulling to get to the stable. I suppose Herold knew me by the light of the lamp, for he turned the horse around, and I hallooed to him, but he put spurs to it, and went, as fast as the horse could go, up Fourteenth street, making no reply to me. That was about twenty-five minutes past 10.

"I then returned to the stable for a saddle and bridle and horse myself, and went along the avenue until I came to Thirteenth street; went up Thirteenth street to E; along E until I came to Ninth, and turned down Ninth street to Pennsylvania Avenue again. I went along the avenue to the south side of the Capitol. I there met a gentleman, and asked him if he had passed any one riding on horseback. He said yes and that he was riding very fast. I followed on until I got to the Navy Yard bridge, where the guard halted me, and called for the sergeant of the guard. He came out, and I asked him if a roan horse had crossed that bridge, giving him a description of the horse, saddle, and bridle, and the man that was riding. He said, 'Yes, he has gone across the bridge.' 'Did he stay long here?' I asked. He replied, 'He said that he was waiting for an acquaintance of his that was coming on; but he did not wait, and another man came riding a bay horse or a bay mare, right after him.' 'Did he tell you his name?' 'Yes, he said his name was Smith.' I asked him if I could cross the bridge after them. He said, 'Yes, you can cross, but you cannot return.' I said, 'If that is so, I will not go.' So I turned around and came back to the city again."

Abraham Lincoln, himself, explained the laxity of the guards in allowing Booth and Herold to cross the Navy Yard bridge. Just before starting for the theater, two men who wanted a pass that they might get through the lines to go to Richmond called at the White House. Mr. Lincoln gave them the following notation:

"No pass is necessary now to authorize any one to go to and return from Petersburg and Richmond. People go and return just as they did before the war.

"A. Lincoln."

Let us follow the escaping assassin across the bridge from the testimony of Sergeant Silas T. Cobb:

"On the night of the 14th of April, I was on duty at the Navy Yard bridge. At about half-past 10 or 11 o'clock, a man approached rapidly on horseback. The sentry challenged him, and I advanced to see if he was a proper person to pass.

"I asked him, 'Who are you, sir?' He said, 'My name is Booth.' I asked him where he was from. He made answer, 'From the city.' 'Where are you going?' I said; and he replied, 'I am going home.' I asked him where his home was. He said it was in Charles. I understood by that that he meant Charles County. I asked him what town. He said he did not live in any town. I said, 'You must live in some town.' Said he, 'I live close to Beantown; but do not live in the town.' I asked him why he was out so late; if he did not know the rule that persons were not allowed to pass after 9 o'clock. He said it was new to him; that he had somewhere to go in the city, and it was a dark night, and he thought he would have the moon to ride home by. The moon rose that night about that time. I thought he was a proper person to pass, and I passed him. (A photograph of J. Wilkes Booth was shown the witness.) That is the man that passed first. He rode a small-sized horse, rather an undersized horse, I should think, a very bright bay, with a shining skin, and it looked as though he had just had a short burst—a short push—and seemed restive and uneasy, much more so than the rider. In all, I had some three or four minutes' conversation with him before I allowed him to pass.

"In perhaps five or seven, or, at the outside, ten minutes, another person came along. He did not seem to be riding so rapidly as the first, or his horse did not show signs of it as much as the first. I asked who he was and he said that his name was Smith, and that he was going home; that he lived at the White Plains. I asked him how it was that he was out so late. He made use of a rather indelicate expression, and said that he had been in bad company.

"Afterward, a third horseman rode up, and made inquiry after a roan horse; after a man passing on a roan horse. He made no inquiry about the other horseman who had passed first. He did not seem to have any business on the other side of the bridge that I considered of sufficient importance to pass him, and so I turned him back."

The assassination had caused a veritable reign of terror in Washington. The city, which had been in constant celebration over the Northern successes, can best be understood by those who were in any large American city on Armistice Day, November 11, 1918.

The reaction caused by the assassination of the President and attempted assassination of the Secretary of State led to the belief that a general southern plot was on foot to kill all members of the Cabinet. Arrests were made on all sides.

A succeeding article will describe the pursuit and capture of John Wilkes Booth.

The Humor of Will Rogers

Concluded from page 5

in the spotlight, Rogers kidded him about the city administration.

"Well, I see by the papers," he drawled between twirls of his busy rope, "that Mayor Hylan went down to examine the subways and he couldn't get in. . . . You know, New Yorkers are like gophers. Whenever they see a hole in the ground, they grab a nickel and duck for it. . . ."

The mayor laughed good-naturedly and sat down again, but not until the cowboy-comedian told him he might.

Here are some more lines that Rogers has pulled—selected at random from several different performances:

"What this country needs is more men to plow fields with a plow and not with a brassie."

"Our public men are speaking every day on something, but they ain't saying anything."

"Well, I see by the papers that the *ZR3* uses 2,000,000 cubic feet of gas and somebody with a sense of humor named it the *Los Angeles*."

"I've got a solution for the traffic problem in this country. Let all the folks going East go Mondays and all the ones going West go Tuesdays."

Some other actor asked him, "But how about North and South?"

Rogers looked at him condescendingly and replied, "There's no longer any North and South. We're all one."

"I am often asked where I get all my jokes. I just watch the government and report the facts."

Speaking of our National Defense program, he said: "Every time France or England builds a ship, we sink a bigger ship. No matter how fast they build them, we can sink them faster and bigger. And if they sink a bigger ship than we've got, why we go right ahead and build a bigger one and sink that. . . . America, the country that never lost a war or won a conference."

From these illustrations, you can see that he injects into every remark his own shrewd brand of humor. But as is often the case, the written word does not have the effectiveness of the spoken word. Will Rogers' deliberately slow and easy-going drawl and his very confidential tone of voice makes his remarks sound much funnier than they seem in type.

All the while he talks, he does remarkable tricks with ropes but few persons notice what he is doing while he is talking. When he stops chattering for a second and they see him whirling two ropes at once they begin to applaud, and he says:

"Thass right, go ahead and cheer Art if you feel like it. I'll tell you this. It took a lot longer while to learn this stuff than to learn to speak a piece."

There's more truth in his statement than the average person who hears him say it believes. He has been practicing with a rope since he was old enough to stand up.

"I get hard-boiled once in a while," he confessed, "and tell the stage doorman not to let anybody in to see me. He tells them I'm out but somehow or other they manage to get past him. I don't really mind."

The day we called on him, he was playing a matinée. We would never have guessed it from his manner.

He leaned back with his chair propped against the book-laden dressing table and proceeded to chat until the call boy announced it was time for him to appear on the stage.

He came back a few minutes later and picked up the thread of the conversation where he had dropped it. He didn't have to go on the stage again for half an hour. In that time, he recounted some of his experiences in his eighteen years on the stage.

The Job of the Immigration Service

Concluded from page 12

every house has a telephone. If they are not seen and reported by ranchmen they come to the second line. It is eighty to one hundred miles in the interior, and holds the highways leading into towns, and bridges over rivers and creeks. If the alien gets through there he reaches the nearest railroad center—and there meets the third line, posted around depots or cheap lodging-house districts or foreign neighborhoods, and trained to single out instantly the character whose garb and speech and actions show he is new to the country. If he runs the third cordon he earns his freedom—but few succeed in running it.

Indeed, few ever reach the third line of defense—the second line usually gets them. They are in a strange land, dependent on guides. If they attempt to buy food their speech betrays them. When they sleep it is beside camp fires, and the night is made horrible by the howling of coyotes (*real* coyotes) and other imaginary dangers. They must travel the back country, and that means long stretches without food or water. Every one's hand is raised against them; they have many enemies and not a friend. At the first sign of danger they are usually deserted by their guides. Such a combination will defeat all but the hardiest and most determined and resourceful blockade runners. In most cases, when they are finally captured they are bewildered, frightened, penniless, ready to tell the truth, eager to be sent home—an unhappy and disillusioned lot.

So it is that our famous deportation train—a special operating across the continent every two weeks—never lacks passengers. It follows the "rim" route from San Francisco to New Orleans *via* El Paso and San Antonio, sometimes dropping its cargo of deportees at New Orleans for transfer to ship, sometimes continuing straight to New York. Most of its passengers are supplied by the Rio Grande patrol. Often they are a defiant lot, shouting taunts as they are borne through American villages and towns. Again they are cheerfully glad to be homeward bound (without expense) after the baptism of fire they have passed through. But sometimes they sigh and weep as the countryside of the land of their dreams unrolls its marvels before them—through a car window.

From their point of view it may all be very sad, but from ours, whatever their mood may be, it is a good riddance of rubbish—practically without an exception.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. The set includes: "The International Jew," Vol. I, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

Speak not to the great man more than he requires, for one knows not what may be displeasing to him. Speak when he invites thee and thy word will be pleasing.—Precepts of Ptah-Hotep, 2500 B. C.

Dr. Sun Yat Sen, late President of Southern China, was once one of Greenwich Village's literary colony.

Aerial prospecting of the mineralized triangle bordered by the Yukon, North West Territories and Alaska is being carried out by a Vancouver engineer who has found large deposits of coal and iron in this region.

Narcissus, iris, marigold, bluebells, lilies and lupines grow wild in Algeria.

Two million dollars' worth of gold and silver was carried by airplane from London to Amsterdam in a single flight.

Richard the Lion-Hearted, during the Crusades in 1190, ruled that no person in the army beneath the degree of knight could play any sort of a game for money. Knights and clergymen might do so, but no one was permitted to lose more than 20 shillings in one whole day and night, under penalty of 100 shillings.

In the bakeshops of Rangoon, Burma, men sit with their bare feet in the flour, rolling the dough and frying puffs and doughnuts.

When the baseball hero makes an extraordinary play and the crowd goes wild, the extra strain on the grand stand amounts to 300 pounds a square inch.

The largest shipbuilding plant in the world is at Belfast, Ireland.

Enough soap is made by the Near East Relief Orphanage of Alexandrapol in Armenia to bathe their 12,000 orphans and still have some for sale.

Rouge is colored from a preparation made from the cochineal insect.

A gold-plated walking stick with a perfume holder in the top was carried by Henry the VIII.

Thirty tons of locust eggs were collected in the single month of March during a locust plague in Argentina in 1915.

Baron Hermann Augustus Adalbert de Buderus von Carlshausen, of the European nobility, is "door-slammer" of the Bridgeport, Connecticut, fire department. His duties are to close the doors of the engine house after the apparatus leaves, in return for which he gets his lodging.

Thirty falconers on horseback had charge of Edward III's hawks when he invaded France.

The episcope is an instrument that enables a surgeon to work alone in a perfectly quiet operating room, and at the same time permits an audience of medical students to watch the progress of the operation in a separate room.

Epictetus, the philosopher, in the year 89, was exiled from Rome and Italy by the Domitian edict against all philosophers.

The world and all things in it are valuable, but the most valuable thing in the world is a virtuous woman.—Mohammed's writings from the Koran.

Chemicals in quantities so small as not to injure fish or plant life are being placed in ponds and creeks of New Jersey to kill the mosquito wigglers which have jaws and feed on bacteria and other minute forms of life.

A through service from London to Paris without changing cars or alighting from the train will become effective shortly, when huge ferryboats carrying trains are put into commission between Dover and Calais.

The chamois of the Alps are being blinded by a new plague.

The Snake Indians were so called because of the characteristics of these natives in quickly concealing themselves when once discovered. They seemed to glide away in the grass, sagebrush, and rocks and disappear with all the subtlety of a serpent.

Tobacco seed, from which cigaret tobacco is grown, is so tiny that a single tablespoonful will produce plants enough to cover ten acres.

A 2,000,000 franc gold vein in a rock under the ruins of the Chateau de Machecoul, one of Gilles de Laval's (Bluebeard) strongholds, has been discovered. One of the misdeeds which weighed most heavily in his trial for sorcery was "the manufacture of gold," which the baron, together with an Italian alchemist, was accused of making with the blood of the 800 victims as the chief ingredients.

The Island of Formosa in the South Pacific possesses the highest sea cliffs in the world.

The ancient Romans used wire ropes and regulated the water supply in their homes by means of bronze plug valves similar to those we use today.

Heat, conducted through a large pipe to the interior of a stack of green hay, dries it as effectively as would the sun. In England, where damp weather prevails, this is a common practice.

Tej, the national beverage of Southern Abyssinia, is distilled from wild honey and is similar to the mead of the ancient Saxons.

Cairo, Egypt, a city of many languages, has adopted the automatic telephone system.

Be active, during the time of thy existence, doing more than is commanded. He is blameworthy who makes bad use of his moments.—Precepts of Ptah-Hotep, 2500 B. C.

The Island of Java is the most densely populated country in the world, 35,000,000 persons living on an area smaller than the State of Iowa.

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CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

"I Read in the Papers—"

I read in the papers that a New York man has given his 12-year-old son a $10,000,000 property that the lad may begin where his daddy leaves off. What a wonderful world ours would be if that were possible. If each generation began where the other left off, avoiding its mistakes, increasing its gains, carrying forward the vision! But it doesn't. This world has all the characteristics of the first grade at school. One class of beginners is taught and passes on. But the next class is beginners again. You can't say, "We shall now close up this first grade; the class is gone on; the next is a higher grade." No, for already new first graders are at the doors. Everything that's known, all the essential wisdom of life, was known long ago, but each generation seems to be a new first grade. The same old elementary lessons, the same old elementary errors; and presently enough of a b c and of one plus one to justify going on. The schoolroom has improved a bit, the slates and pencils and books, all the machinery of experience has improved, but try handing on your wisdom to your son; try handing on to this twentieth century the bitterly learned lessons of the first, try handing on last year's arithmetic wisdom to this year, and see how far you get. And perhaps it is all right.

I read in the papers that an old offender says once a man goes wrong, he is gone for good. Doubtless this is true of the congenital criminal, the man who has it in his blood, and whose social inhibitions have been broken down by his first taste of lawlessness. The tame tiger is not reclaimable after he has tasted blood. It is not true, however, of men who by accident and law have been temporarily classed as criminal. The notable quality of the old offender's statement is its contrast with the mawkish sentimentality that would place prisoners above others in the scale of humanity. An army nurse tells me that she was always finding the army judgment right and her own sympathetic estimates wrong in the cases of army prisoners she has had to handle. The difficulty is to maintain between the hard-boiled disciplinarian and the sympathetic sentimentalist the true balance of humanity. "Ma Pendleton," in one of Harry Leon Wilson's stories, had it sized up pretty well: "Prison reform, that was the first topic on which she delivered addresses to me. She could talk at length about the innate sterling goodness of the misunderstood burglar. I got tired of it. I told her one day that if you come right down to it, I'd bet the men inside the penitentiaries didn't average up one bit higher morally than the men outside. She said, with her pleasantest smile, that I didn't understand; so I never tried to after that."

I read in the papers that more than two-thirds of a million persons living in the United States today have been child brides who were less than 16 years of age when they were married, or have been married to child brides under that age. These facts have been made public by the Russell Sage Foundation. But then, it ought to be pointed out, there are fourteen states in the Union where marriage is permitted when girls are 12 years of age and boys are 14. If the marriage of children is allowed by law, is there anything extraordinary in their taking advantage of this law? It seems to have become a question in many parts of the country as to what a "child" is and what it is not. It is one of those terms that are used in a vague and indiscriminate manner. What is considered a "child" in one state is looked upon as an adult in another, but under no circumstances is the term more loosely and absurdly employed than when speaking of "child" labor. Under this statute, would those boy and girl husbands and wives be liable to purishment for performing the duties of their own household or supporting their own children? Or would it be necessary to engage a nurse or guardian not only for the boy and girl couple but for their children?

I read in the papers that there have been prosecutions for using the mails to defraud in the case of teachers of show-card writing and other things by which people are supposed to make fortunes in their spare time. What may be called the tuition fake, or schemes which pretend to teach almost every subject under the sun—"for a consideration"—is becoming a very widespread means of money-getting. In many of those schemes the "correspondence school" idea seems to be uppermost; that is to say, you can sit at your fireside, as it were, and have access to a special college course without the trouble of going to college. No doubt good work has been done by correspondence schools honestly and legitimately conducted, but this does not do away with the fact that there are thousands of more or less incompetent young men and women who are anxious, for the aforesaid "consideration," to tell the world where to succeed where they themselves have failed.

I read in the papers of the Flettner "rotorship's" successful voyages. According to our daily press, this product of German ingenuity is "sail-less, crew-less, and motorless." However, the Manchester *Guardian* is still published; and from the columns of this journal I learn that the "rotorship" can make headway "without a motor, without sails, and with a smaller crew than a regular schooner or steamer," but "must be looked upon as a sailing ship with an auxiliary motor, or a motorship with an auxiliary sailing apparatus, the one always auxiliary to the other." The special correspondent of the *Guardian*, who voyaged on the "rotorship" *Buckau* across the North Sea to Grangemouth, on the Firth of Forth, says further: "When operating with the rotors alone she is handled virtually like a schooner." This correspondent concludes that, like Fulton's steamboat, the "rotorship" must go through a period of development. ". . . . one cannot have a rotorleviathan all at once." What! "cannot?" It is very evident that the *Guardian's* correspondent has had little experience in our daily press.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses Tennyson's vision in "Locksley Hall" of the airplane as a peace instrument. (p. 7)

"PEOPLE who *talk* poor, and *live* poor, and *think* poor are very apt to *stay* poor," says Mrs. Shuey in "The Poverty Complex" on page 5. Much sound sense is in this little bit—far removed from the aerated nonsense sometimes uttered on this subject.

THIS is a pretty good "food for thought" number of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT. For example:

There is a look across the sea to the "Dole" in England. Judson Grenell tells more about that practice than any writer has ever told. When you read this, you have it all. (p. 6)

THEN there is a dash into a big American question. How much of our increased government cost is due to our regulation of lawless business? Never thought of that, did you? The man who writes it knows. He is in a position where he sees it all. His statistics will amaze you. (p. 2)

THE farmer cannot be left out of any discussion today. Yet so much of the advice given to him is wrong! Is it cheaper to limit crops, or to raise the largest possible crop? The answer is not just another guess. Let the city man read it, too, and get the idea. (p. 12)

"THEY were born in April but they were not April Fools," is a biographical article on April's gift of men to the race. (p. 3)

AND then there is a delightful ramble through old Cape Cod, by shore and bypaths, with nice pictures of old cottages and gateways and lights and dunes. Everybody likes to read about Cape Cod. (pp. 4 and 5)

THE Booth Myth is being effectually laid by this paper. File the articles away, for hereafter no one can discuss the theory that Lincoln's assassin escaped without referring to the complete and final investigation made by F. L. Black. He recreates history and every step he takes is based on copper-riveted facts. The third installment is a thrilling narrative of the flight of the fugitives as far as Port Royal. (pp. 9 and 15)

IT IS a rather readable Editorial Page this week. Some real ideas scattered here and there in it. The radio is killing jazz—glory be! The boss who finds his workmen going bolshy need not look for the cause in agitators, let him look for it in himself. How would it do to start an American newspaper in some of our cities where it is now "jingoism" or "slush" to sound the American national note among the dozen other national notes constantly being sounded? Is Josephus Daniels right about Mellon, Hoover and Butler? Are the Republicans right in their treatment of party critics? Is the speculative market an index of business? No! A half-dozen ideas worth mulling over. (p. 8)

INSECTS that give rich gifts to us—a charming little excursion into entomology (p. 11) and parasites (human) that take half a billion a year from American easy-marks with a few dollars saved up (p. 10)—constitute quite a contrast between human nature and just Nature.

How Big Business Affects Public

Born in April, But Not Fools

New England's Picturesque Spots

Effects of the "Dole" in Britain

Lincoln's Assassins—the Flight

Losing Billions in Fake Stocks

Insects as Suppliers of Food

How to Make Farming Profitable

Some Wonderful Gems of the Sea

How Much Has It Cost U. S. to Regulate Business Combinations?

How Far Is the Centralization and Growing Cost of Government Chargeable to the Law-Violating Tendencies of Big Business?

By HUSTON THOMPSON

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ONE day in the spring of 1884 my father brought his sons to Washington to view the sights of our Capital, hoping that the inspiration derived from this visit would make better citizens of us.

I recall that the most exciting thing we did was to go to the top of Washington Monument and look over the city. Within the last year I again ascended the monument and saw below me a great city of nearly a half-million persons. It so happened that I was looking down at the hour when the employes of the government were leaving their offices for the day.

Now, if I could have assembled the number of government employes in Washington, as well as those outside of it, for the years 1884 and 1924, in groups on the ellipse back of the White House and looked down upon them from my lofty elevation, I would have seen in the one group a few thousand persons and in the other 548,531. Such a contrast, when we consider that between 1884 and 1924 the per capita cost of government increased from $5.65 to $31.80, suggests some interesting queries: Why, for example, so tremendous a growth in the roster of Federal employes? Excluding the throng that has been added through the increase for national defense, *how many are employed directly or indirectly to meet the problems thrust upon us by the centralization of economic power in great business combinations?*

A 600 Per Cent Increase in Forty Years

Is there an increase in proportion to the normal expansion of the nation's business? What is there to this hue and cry against bureaucracy and centralization in Federal control over 110,000,000 in the Federal Government?

On that same day in 1924 I had occasion to go into the galleries of Congress and listen to earnest and almost despairing criticism against bureaucracy and centralization, but no explanation of their causes. A perusal of the debates of Congress for some years past reveals that the criticisms of 1924 were but a repetition of discussion over a subject that has disturbed our statesmen for many years.

In the business world I have heard anathemas uttered against government bureaus and commissions and "their interference with business." It has become a commonplace to tag this Senator or that Congressman with the word "Demagogue" or "Socialist," because he may, perchance, have advocated the creation of a new bureau or commission; yet I venture to assert that the harassed Senator or Congressman, who is doing his utmost in his desire to register the will of his constituents, would exclaim in despair that he knew of no other way of meeting their wishes.

The whole system of pyramiding new departments, bureaus, and commissions upon the government with the resultant increase in its cost and the removal from local communities of control over their own affairs seems to have been at all times condemned. It is strange, then, that Congress after Congress has continued to treat the disease with the panacea of more centralization.

The psychological effect upon the individual and his initiative who has lost or been compelled to surrender his local sovereignty for a long period of time can be measured, if we will but cast our vision across the ocean to youthful governments like Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, and others that have recently sprung up from under the yoke of former great centralized nations of Europe. Here, for the first time in more than 100 years, the people are being permitted to work out their own salvation and rule themselves under a democratic form of government.

In a number of these countries last year I asked the leaders what was the greatest problem they had to meet in the splendid upward struggle they were making from a very humble and weak beginning. The universal answer was that, having been compelled under the old system to surrender the function of local self-government, they had to grope their way back to the art of ruling themselves. To recreate this idea in the minds of the citizenry was the great problem.

In the light of the experiences of these nations and the principle of self-government that guided our forefathers in founding this great Republic, this problem of more centralization of government should be kept ever before us and we should seek a clearer understanding of its causes.

There is a mistaken idea abroad in the land that Federal government officials seek to initiate movements to take away control of affairs from local governments. My observation has been that control has usually been thrust upon Federal officials. Once intrusted with it, the departments usually absorb more power, unless they are manned by remarkable officials who must use their greatest efforts to prevent more power drifting toward them.

U. S. Officials Not Eager for More Control

Consider one phase of the situation. When the Packers and Stockyards Act created the bureau in the Department of Agriculture for regulating the Packing Industry, it was not long until it came into conflict with the livestock regulations of the State of Minnesota, which had been giving satisfactory results. Both houses of the Minnesota legislature and the governor petitioned Congress in an unsuccessful effort to prevent the new Federal law from displacing their own state regulatory machinery. It would have been an excellent combination to have had the state officials take care of the intrastate business of the packers at St. Paul and the Federal Government supervise the interstate business.

> Bread—Eight companies bake 12% of the 12,117,600,000 pounds used annually in the U. S.
>
> Anthracite Coal—Eight companies produce 75% of the hard coal used in the U. S.
>
> Flour—Eight companies control 27% of the U. S. output of wheat flour.
>
> Farm Machinery—Five companies control 90% of certain lines of farm implements.
>
> Steel—Eight great combinations, originally 130 independent companies, control 50% of the steel output of the U. S.

But there is a no-man's land between interstate and intrastate business over which it seems impossible to define the control. Some one must control it and if we set up Federal bureaus to regulate industry, it is certain that, sooner or later, they will be called upon to supervise the business of the industry in this twilight zone. Recently I called a learned Federal judge's attention to the problem of controlling this zone of doubtful jurisdiction and asked him how it was to be bridged. His reply was that he presumed the Federal Government would have to license all corporations doing an interstate business and forfeit their licenses if they transgressed their limitations. The obvious objection to this plan was that it called for more centralized control than ever.

If Federal officials do not usually seek to initiate the movement for power, where does it originate? It is my opinion that we will discover in the business world both an explanation and a remedy for this unwelcome expansion of our national government. To advance along the road to a solution we must enter the great arena of business and analyze the complex movements which confuse the ultimate consumer and the average citizen and note the effect.

Bigness Is Not the Danger Point to Be Guarded

After years of close-up study of business enterprises and their effect upon the public welfare, I have observed that they may be classified into two groups. The first of these gives the government practically no trouble, for they do not cause centralization of power. In this group are the co-operatives, such as the Minnesota Co-operative Creameries, composed of 475 farmer owned and operated creameries. Among all the Farmers Co-operatives in the United States in but two instances have any been summoned before government officials for their practices.

There are also the Consumers Co-operatives of the cities, who, buying only for their members and not being in a competitive business, have thus far produced no disturbing effect in Washington.

Another type is the individual corporation, which seeks a fair profit from its business by selling its output at a reasonable or lowering price and at the same time keeping up the quality. Often these individual corporations have grown more rapidly and received greater monetary returns than combinations of corporations who have taken over and absorbed their competitors through purchase or otherwise.

There are also "Trade Associations" in this group which serve a useful purpose both for their members and the people. They have energetic secretaries who are constantly co-operating with the Federal Trade Commission in seeing to it that some of their members cease practicing unfair methods of competition. These secretaries and their supporters who are in the majority in their organizations are elevating the standards and efficiency of their industry in many ways. This class deserves to be put on a public honor roll.

But there are other associations of corporations loosely joined together in organizations who start out with the best of intentions but who soon step across the legal and lawful zone and indulge in price fixing or regulation even though they already have before them decrees of our courts forbidding them again to practice this method of business so irritating to the public.

Adam Smith and Calvin Coolidge See Eye to Eye

Of the association groups there is still another class that is forever before the Federal authorities for legislative investigation or judicial action. Possibly having their prototype in mind, Adam Smith of England, the great economist, over a hundred years ago, indulged in the following language: "People of the same trade seldom meet together, even for merriment and diversion, but the conversation ends in a conspiracy against the public or in some contrivance to raise prices." This was the same Smith who was perhaps the greatest fighter of all time against price fixing and control—the effect of whose teachings are said to have saved England from a revolution.

President Coolidge, recently quoting this statement of Adam Smith's said:

"If trade associations could be so conducted that the public might be assured of all their potential advantages, and at the same time safeguarded against the disadvantages incident to restricted competition and the exaction of too liberal profits, they would render a large service to the community, and would be assured of a corresponding measure of confidence and support.

* * * * * *

"We have had a good deal of evidence in our own time that this dictum of the wise old Scotsman is quite as applicable in one generation as in another. It is this trait of human nature which has in more recent years compelled society to adopt regulative measures to protect itself. I am sure we can all agree that organizations of this kind will command the greater public confidence, and be the more capable of lasting usefulness, if they recognize the danger of falling into such practices."

These price-fixing groups have fought in the courts the efforts of the government to obtain current data so that it could be given to the ultimate consumer, as well as the Trade Associations members, thus putting the consumer on an equal footing with the seller in the market place.

When Business Combines Against the Public Welfare

The records of our courts show that these associations have indulged in lawlessness, such as blacklisting all those who did not live up to their price regulations and attacking those who were not members of their association. When government officials, seeking to enforce the law, have halted them in their tracks, they have raised a hue and cry of "less government in business," and when brought before the bar of justice they have pleaded that the law was indefinite, though they have been told repeatedly by the Supreme Court of the United States just what the law is. In the files of some of the cases I have examined was found the advice of skilled lawyers who told their members what the law was and warned them against the very practices in which they proceeded to indulge. In one form or another they have set up schemes of gathering data and at the same time distributing this information to the members of their association together with facts regarding stocks on hand and a formula by which they can compute the approximate price which they should charge. These have led to curtailment of production and to increased as well as uniform prices.

They have been able to regulate not only prices in groups of states, but, by sending messengers back and forth to the several groups, to keep from competing with each other, have brought about a price regulation throughout the entire United States.

It is a significant fact that in a study of the records of hundreds of these price-controlling associations, *I have never yet found those in control making a drive toward reducing prices.* On a rising market their letters and communications to each other or to other groups at a distance are a series of urges to advance prices. On a falling market, after a buyers' strike, the effort is to prevent price reductions and to maintain or increase existing levels by curtailment of production or otherwise. It is little wonder that the ultimate consumer looks on mystified and troubled and, finally, after discovering that these groups cannot be controlled except in small part by local officials, hurries to Congress for aid.

The Great Extent to Which Combination Has Grown in U. S.

There is no hope for avoiding runaway prices, curtailment of production, buyers' strikes, and unstabilized markets so long as this type insists on indulging in this foolish and dangerously injurious practice which, as the experience and history of other nations and our laws show, have always condemned.

It is impossible here, for lack of space, to give more details of their methods. They are, however, so simple that a child could tell that their practices would eventually bring them under the ban of the law.

Finally, there is the type consisting of a mammoth combination of corporations whose authority is centralized in one super-corporation. Compared in size with the Independents in the same industry it is like the giant trees of California that dwarf all other surrounding vegetation by contrast. More or less silently there has come together in practically every business that supplies the necessaries of life one of these combinations which produces or controls from one-third to 90 per cent of the commodity in the respective industry. So great is its power and so dominant the control that to name the price of a commodity is tantamount to fixing the minimum price for the Independents during normal times. It thus brings about in effect an autocratic minimum price control. The Independent fears to upset this price except in times of utter depression after a buyers' strike, when all control is thrown into the discard and the com-

(Concluded on page 14)

Born in April, But Not April Fools

Some Immortals Born in the Month of the Golden Daffodils

By THOMAS L. MASSON

WHO are these extraordinary persons, among many others too numerous to mention, who have all been born in the so-called fickle month of April?

Two of the greatest poets in the history of English literature, and a third who ranks well up in the list of immortals.

The greatest historian (with possibly one exception) and another who comes very close to him.

Three American presidents, one of whom saved the Union, another of whom founded one of the great political parties, and a third who had more influence over our foreign policy than any American, with the possible exception of Washington.

The first Prince of Wales.

Of all Europe's historical kings, the one who looms the largest.

Four of the greatest philosophers in the history of the world.

The most distinguished oldest inhabitant among us, alive today.

Two of England's greatest novelists, and one who, by competent critics, is considered the greatest American novelist thus far.

America's most popular, if not the greatest, naturalist.

Two great soldiers, perhaps the greatest that England and America have produced.

The man who discovered the circulation of the blood, one of the most far-reaching discoveries in the history of medical science.

The European statesman who is held by many responsible for the European war.

The most celebrated pioneer among Arctic explorers.

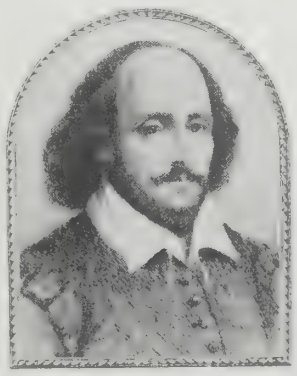
Two of the greatest literary critics.

And one Queen of England.

Keystone View Co., Inc.

JOHN BURROUGHS

Of this great gallery of immortals, four pairs were born on the same day, and three—the greatest English historian, the greatest American soldier and the greatest English philosopher—were born on the same day. The most belligerent European statesman was born on the first day of the month and the mildest of England's queens on the last. The greatest poet (Shakespeare) was almost certainly born on the same day of the month that he died. He was baptized on April 26, it being highly probable that he was born a day or so before, and he died on April 23. He was apparently the only one in the whole list who died in the same place in which he was born, with the exception of Immanuel Kant, who was born in Königsberg, Prussia, April 22, 1724, and died there February 12, 1804. During the whole course of his life, Kant never went more than a few miles from his birthplace; the neighbors used to set their clocks by his daily walk. He was very familiar with geography, and, indeed, knew more intimately more regions of the globe than those who lived there. It is doubtful if Shakespeare ever went much farther afield than London. Kant undoubtedly had the greatest philosophical intellect in the history of the world. Shakespeare ranks as the greatest poet. The fact that neither of them had the opportunity of going on a Cook's tour around the world reveals the great disadvantages under which they lived. The two other poets born in the same month with Shakespeare are William Wordsworth (April 7) and Algernon Charles Swinburne (April 5). Shakespeare was made notorious in this country by Ignatius Donnelly, who, in 1887, made a great stir with his books, in which he attempted to show by a cryptogram that Francis Bacon was the author of Shakespeare's works. Up to last year the best biography of Shakespeare was by Sidney Lee, but I am inclined to think this has been exceeded in merit by the one issued a year or so ago in Boston (Houghton) by J. Q. Adams.



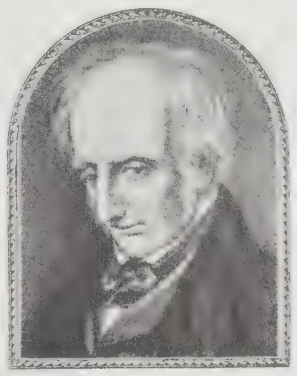
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

As for Swinburne, the other great poet (born April 5), that he was astonishing nobody doubts; that he was a great poet, however, is very doubtful. I refer the reader to two delightful descriptions of him, one by Henry Adams in his book, "The Education of Henry Adams," and the other by Max Beerbohm in a book of essays entitled, "An Even Now." The piece referred to is titled "The Pines."

As for Kant and his three fellow philosophers, some of my readers may recall that his centenary occurred last year. It is interesting to know that he got his chief inspiration from Hume, and both he and Hume were undoubtedly as largely influenced by Hobbes, all of these three philosophers being born in the month of April, Hobbes on the fifth, Kant on the twenty-second, and Hume on the twenty-sixth.

The remaining or fourth philosopher was Herbert Spencer, born on April twenty-seventh. It is doubtful which one has had more influence on Americans, Spencer or Kant. Emerson, and succeeding him, the whole Harvard school, got a great deal of their inspiration from Kant. The transcendentalists originated in that way. Spencer has influenced a great many of our writers. Lafcadio Hearn is one. Spencer had small use for Kant, and understood him not at all. Kant's forbears were from Scotland, and he is thus, in a sense, racially related to Hume. Kant's great book, "The Critique of Pure Reason," was declared to have had more influence than the French Revolution; it undoubtedly shook theology to its depths and is responsible, in a way, for the whole modernist movement.

As for Hume, he is the only one in the April list who serves in a double capacity, unless we admit that Cromwell was as great a statesman as he was a soldier. Hume was not only notable as a philosopher, but as the author of a History of England, a monumental work of its kind, which, however, has been relegated to the musty shelves of old libraries; whereas, the same cannot be said of Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, without question the greatest general history ever written, and—in the opinion of the best critics—superseded only by Thucydides' History of the Peloponnesian War. Edward Gibbon was born on April 27, 1737, at Putney, Surrey, and died at London, January 15, 1794. The history of his boyhood development as a historical student, his friendship with Madam Necker, his method of writing, his own estimate of himself, and his great book itself, all afford a subject for study and meditation, to say nothing of instruction, which is unsurpassed in interest. His Rome is today being constantly read by a great many of the ablest persons. Many years ago I passed an entire winter reading it through. I secured a number of wall maps of historical geography and plastered my walls with them, much to the perturbation of my landlady, and, thus accoutered, plunged into the five volumes, containing in all about a million words. Last year Arthur Guiterman, one of our best poets, told me he was then in the midst of reading Gibbon, and his enthusiasm over it so got me, that I began it all over again. I am now in the third volume. It is without doubt the greatest historical reading in the world, and if any of my readers are tired of the movies and cross words, and want to pass a year away from active business, let them read Gibbon. In the recent biography of Olive Schreiner, author of "The Story of an African Farm," it is recorded by her husband that she kept a volume of Gibbon's Rome by her bedside for years, and rarely went to sleep without reading it.



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

As a birth month, April has done fully as well with the novelists as with the historians and philosophers, if not the poets. She has not produced the best novelist, but she has produced perhaps the first one who gave form to the English novel (if we except Richardson) and the author of what by many is really considered the best novel ever written, namely, "Tom Jones." And in addition to Henry Fielding with Immanuel Kant, the philosopher (born on April 22), she has produced Anthony Trollope (April 24, 1815) and, in this country, Henry James (April 15, 1843). Of these three novelists, Anthony Trollope has been coming back during the past few years; a great deal has been written about him; his merits are being widely discussed and better understood. Of Henry James it may be said that his earlier work has scarcely been surpassed in American fiction writing. If the reader is interested in novels, I advise him, as an experiment, to get out "Tom Jones" and read it over. Viewed in the light of our modern jazz fiction, it will seem like dull reading enough. But the after-effect is very valuable; it is the best background to all novel reading of which I am aware. After it has been read, then Trollope and Henry James will be much better understood.

Our literary list is not yet exhausted, for, in addition to those named, April has bequeathed to us two of the most notable critics of all time, after the Greeks. One of these is H. A. Taine (April 21, 1828), and the other William Hazlitt (April 10, 1778). Taine's English literature still remains the most acute and intelligent survey. I doubt if it has been surpassed by any English writer. Hazlitt has, in many ways, been superseded by the moderns. He was a pioneer, and the background he furnished for modern criticism was an essential link in the line of traditional progress, although I am bound to say that mere opinion on any subject interests me less and less all the time.

As for our April statesmen and soldiers, the list is formidable. As a statesman, Charles the Great (Charlemagne, April 2, 742) is by far the greatest. To modern eyes, he has long since faded from the historical perspective. But in the long line of first rank statesmen he holds his place.

Next to him April gives us Oliver Cromwell, much more picturesque and indeed modern, as he stands for liberty and the rights of man. If this statement seems exaggerated, it must be remembered that he can only be regarded in the light of his own age.

The third statesman is Otto Eduard Leopold von Bismarck (April 1, 1815) who was born about two months before the Battle of Waterloo: the Iron Chancellor, who built up the modern Prussia and made it into the formidable machine which was designed to crush the world.

In this list of statesmen, although in my introduction he belongs to another group, I can scarcely omit the name of Thomas Jefferson (April 13, 1743). Even today the clouds of misunderstanding which hover around the memory of our third President have not blown away. His remarkable defects, and his still more remarkable qualities, have not yet received the attention of a great biographer. This leads me to say that all great men would be much better understood if we would but meditate below the surface of events, and, in the light of a rational psychology, realize that they are but puppets, the product of unseen forces, or universal law; in short, they are human beings, originating nothing in themselves, but the ones who, for their own periods, prove to be the best to carry on the work. This accounts for their weaknesses, for their often lamentable lapses after the "event" is over.

ALGERNON SWINBURNE

Grant, as President, cuts a sorry figure beside Grant as a soldier; but that fact does not diminish his true greatness. He was without doubt our greatest military genius; and in the long line of soldiers produced by England Cromwell stands very high.

As for two other American statesmen, one of whom I have stated had so much to do with our foreign policy in the past and another of whom it is still too early to form a just estimate, I will relieve the curiosity of the reader at once by telling who they are: James Monroe (April 28, 1758) and Charles Evans Hughes (April 11, 1862). In our historical record, Monroe is chiefly known because of the Monroe Doctrine. Mr. Hughes is now no longer a factor in our foreign policy, and it is much too soon to estimate his influence upon our history.

Of the April names remaining on my list, it is interesting to observe that William Harvey (April 1, 1578) was born on the same day of the month as Bismarck, thus bringing into sharp contrast the respective claims of those who create in the silence of laboratories and those whose genius lies more in the sphere of active events. It is extremely doubtful if Bismarck, in the long run, contributed anything but blood to the world's assets. William Harvey contributed the circulation, which is much more valuable. Without Harvey, modern medicine would not be what it is.

Only two Englishmen remain to chronicle. One is the first Prince of Wales, King Edward II (April 25, 1284), and the other is Sir John Franklin, the Arctic explorer (April 16, 1786). The only English woman, and the last on the list is Queen Mary II (April 30, 1662).

In America we have Fisher Ames, that minor American statesman whose main contribution to immortality (not inconsiderable) is that he declined the presidency of Harvard College. And we have John Burroughs (April 3, 1837).

The career of John Burroughs illustrates a striking idiosyncrasy in the law of heredity, which biologists have yet to account for, and that is, how genius will pass over all the members of an ordinary family and fasten itself upon one. This was true of Washington, of Franklin, and of Mark Twain; and it was equally true of Burroughs. He passed a great deal of his time when young with his brother. After his first book was published, Burroughs took the copy he got and pushed it across the table to his brother. His brother looked it over, and tossed it aside. To him it was unreadable. One had eyes in his head, and the other had not.

Much later in life Burroughs was more than satiated with the attention some of his works attracted. In regard to "Waiting" he once said: "I almost wish I had never written the poem, they pester me so about it." Comments such as these were evoked by the multitudinous requests for autograph copies of the poem. If a particularly bold attack was made, for example, when one person asked for three copies, he would say, "Tell her to fold her hands and wait till the spirit moves me to grant her modest request."

HERBERT SPENCER

I have mentioned one other distinguished American now alive as being the most notable among the oldest inhabitants. I refer to Chauncey Depew, born at Peekskill, New York, on April 23, 1834, and still going strong at ninety-two. If his difficulty in holding off Father Time was not made so easy by his sense of humor, I should say it was due to the fact that he has never grown up. Anyone who has heard him make a speech or tell a story will know what I mean.

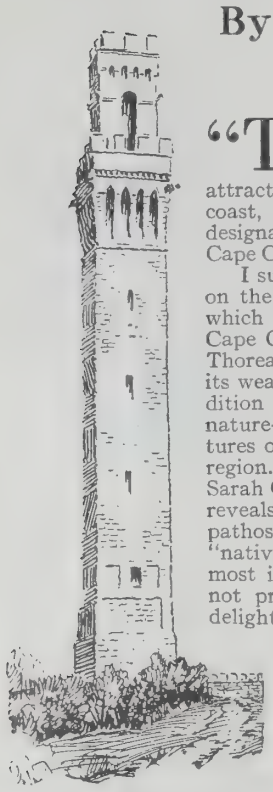
High Lights in New England

"The Cape," to a New Englander, Is Only One Place—Cape Cod

By FLORENCE TAFT EATON

(Illustrations by Stanley W. Woodward)

Sand dunes on the Cape.



The Pilgrim Tower—tall, impressive granite shaft.

"THE Cape," to a New Englander, is only one place—Cape Cod. We have many attractive capes on our picturesque coast, but all except one must be designated. "The Cape" is always Cape Cod.

I suppose there is no one locality on the entire Atlantic Coast about which more has been written than Cape Cod. To begin with, there is Thoreau's delightful volume, with its wealth of allusion, anecdote, tradition and—last but not least to a nature-lover—his enchanting pictures of the flora individual to that region. In an entirely different vein Sarah Greene, in "Cape Cod Folks," reveals the characteristic humor, pathos, and idiosyncrasies of the "natives" in a way which, although most interesting to the reader, did not prove wholly satisfactory and delightful to the aforesaid natives; so far from delightful, in fact, as to ward off further projected literature along similar lines. Walter Pritchard Eaton has given us one of the most charming pictures of the Cape which I have ever seen; and various authors of note—and otherwise—have each taken a hand—or rather a pen—in paying tribute to the various attractions of that picturesque curving arm of land with which Eastern Massachusetts incloses one of the finest harbors on our or any coast.

On the principle that dwellers in the shade of Bunker Hill Monument seldom climb that sky-piercing elevation except when initiating visitors from afar into the traditional experiences held necessary for their conventional historical sight-seeing, I, although a New Englander, had never made the tour of the Cape until a four-days' motor trip was suggested, which should conduct us to its famous tip, Provincetown, and include as much as possible of the beauty and interest of the whole region. I adore "trips," and what more fascinating than a trip around our famous Cape? September—that month perhaps most beautiful of the whole year in New England—promised us fine weather, a magnificent display of foliage, and the gorgeous flowers with which Nature decorates this beautiful spot in the autumn. In fact, the great beauty of the Cape flora simply demands a paragraph to itself. The sea air always wonderfully increases the luxuriance and coloring of the flowers in its neighborhood, and this particular region includes, besides the ordinary varieties, many specimens that are rare and unusual. Wild roses are always magnificent near the sea, growing in luxuriant masses of vividly green foliage and wonderfully brilliant and abundant blossoms, ripening, in the autumn, into clusters of vermilion tips, as lovely in their way as the flowers. The coast goldenrod is in a class by itself as to size, luxuriance, and beauty. I can never refrain from loading every possible bit of vacant space in the car with especially lovely specimens to take home. On this particular trip I gathered goldenrod seed, and tempted it to reward me by the later appearance of at least a few seedlings; the inland conditions, however, did not suit it, and not one seed germinated. Great patches of *Lobelia cardinalis* occasionally delighted us, as did the different gentians, both bottle and fringed; and various orchids and the delicate storied Sabbatia reward the searcher for rarer blossoms. Ironweed (*Vernonia*), joe-pyeweed (*Eupatorium*), blazing star (*Liatris scariosa*), purple whole stretches with their glowing masses; and the brilliant sumacs—never so luxuriant as when near the sea—with their deep cardinal clubs of fruitage, and the rich green bayberry clumps, their branches and twigs silvered by the closely clustered gray-white berries, are among the especially attractive natural beauties of the Cape.

The very names of the Cape towns are intriguing. Sandwich, Onset, Yarmouth, Dennis, Chatham—each name calls up pictures of its characteristic beauties and points of interest; and finally Provincetown itself—that individual, "different," picturesque and altogether delightful settlement, nestled on the tip end of the Cape, inclosing its own safe little harbor, and backed by the picturesque sand dunes—the most wonderful on the New England coast. These brilliantly white sands, piled to miniature mountain ridges, are continually shifting and support little vegetation but coarse beach grass, occasional sprays of goldenrod, dwarfed bayberry, and some of the characteristic beach plum, the fruit of which produces one of our finest jellies. Eugene O'Neil, the well-known dramatist, lives during the summer in the old life-saving station, which the shifting sands each winter do their uttermost to obliterate.

The Pilgrim Tower, a tall, impressive granite shaft, stands on the highest point of land, Town Hill, and is climbed with enthusiasm—at least at the start!—by the enterprising tourist. Race Point Lighthouse points the way of safety to the mariner.

Provincetown is more and more becoming an artists' colony. One sees them everywhere, returning season after season to paint the dunes, the quaint streets and quainter houses, the tiny, gay gardens, the bits of characteristic architecture, the wharves, docks, and fishermen. Their umbrellas spring up like gigantic mushrooms, not only decorating the countryside, but calmly taking possession of streets and sidewalks when the artistic frenzy so directs. But it is surely true that Provincetown has a lure all its own not only for the artist but for the casual visitor, and one who has once succumbed to it always returns, sometime.

The motor roads leading around both sides of the Cape and to its extreme tip are wonderful—which adds much to the pleasure of the tourist.

Running through Wareham and Onset—the latter including, besides its many beauties, a section that might be called the Coney Island of the Cape—we enter the enchanted Cape country via Buzzard's Bay, where the famous Cape Cod Canal now divides the cape region from the mainland—a stupendous undertaking magnificently accomplished, and most interesting to the tourist as a spectacle. From Buzzard's Bay to Wood's Hole, where, had we time, we would linger to inspect the U. S. Marine Laboratory, the Naval Station, and, as ardent horticulturalists, the beautiful Rose Nursery there located. Wood's Hole now overlooks the busiest harbor on the Cape. Fine summer places are located between here and Falmouth, and Wood's Hole includes a fine eighteen-hole golf course. Falmouth itself, besides being a noted summer resort, full of modern and convenient summer houses, has its traditions and permanencies. It is an old settlement and includes many dignified and attractive Georgian houses, century-old trees, and "old residents." Falmouth Heights, directly overlooking the Bay, is a cool and delightful spot in which to spend a week-end or a whole vacation.

The motor road now leads east, running along the South Shore. The Buzzard's Bay shore is somewhat characteristic, with its bulwark of back country and its coast line indented with enchanting bays and inlets, outlined with wooded hills and rocky promontories. It includes many pleasant hot-weather resorts and the former summer homes of Grover Cleveland and "Joe" Jefferson. From Falmouth along to Hyannis and "The Port," then Cotuit, the home of the famous "Cotuit Oyster," Osterville, Centerville, and Craigsville—the latter noted as a fashionable summer settlement and for its delightfully warm sea bathing. It is said to be one of the most popular watering places in the world and in the same class as Coronado Beach and Ostend. A short diversion toward the south brings us to lovely Wyanno—always connected in my mind with particularly beautiful Sabbatia, which flourishes with especial luxuriance in sheltered sandy corners, and with its wonderful cathedral pines. An attractive clubhouse, where one may spend delightful week-ends—or longer—is one of Wyanno's many pleasant features.

Hyannis, one of the largest and gayest towns on the Cape, and Hyannis-port on the adjoining bluffs, are popular and populous summer places, where the gay and great of the summer world congregate. Not for this reason—far from it!—but on account of the fame of "Eggleston's"—Eggleston of the wonderful antiques and the as wonderful lobster suppers—we selected Hyannis as our first night's camping place—if one could be said to camp, in the midst of old mahogany, cherry, and china. The clams and lobsters were all our fancy painted; and the night's rest among the antiques most satisfying. Hyannis shops are intriguing, too; but we sternly resisted most of their blandishments and pushed forward on our journey.

Cape cottage—delightful in its perfection of proportion and simplicity.

Yarmouth—bringing inevitably to mind the English Yarmouth, "little Em'ly," David Copperfield, Steerforth, and all the rest—and the Dennises are tree-shaded, attractive villages, followed by the Harwiches, where the country is flatter and more like the ordinary seacoast. Next is Chatham, located at the very peak of the southern point and in the line of all the fresh sea breezes that sweep in from the Atlantic and Nantucket Sound. With such a location, isn't it natural that Chatham should be an ideal summer resort, and that more and more persons should visit it every year? Here are big hotels, a country club including the Eastward Ho! golf course, promising to become one of the finest courses in the country, luxurious summer houses, tennis courts, and, besides, all the vacation activities—sailing, bathing, canoeing—connected with the sea.

At Orleans the motor road joins that outlining the Bay Shore of the Cape, forming one roadway leading to Provincetown. The ride through the narrow arm of the Cape—only six miles at its widest—is

The Cape was once a maritime settlement.

most interesting. Somehow the sensation that one is on such a narrow space separating limitless bodies of water makes for romance and an undoubted thrill. On the east, the wide Atlantic thunders continuously, even in fair weather, and is sufficiently terrifying during storms to necessitate the number of lighthouses and life-saving stations that dot the entire outer coast. A strange life indeed must be lived in these and one that only the very unambitious or the inconceivably philanthropic would be willing to undertake. In old days the canny natives corralled the aid of the Almighty in caring for his own; for a town ordinance decreed that a portion of every storm-tossed-up whale should go to the financial support of the minister. "With what anxiety," notes Thoreau, "must the ministers have watched the waves during a storm!" The outer shore of this narrow arm of the Cape consists of an unbroken seabeach backed by a steep cliff 150 feet in height at its highest point. Thoreau's trip, narrated in his "Cape Cod," took took him along this lonely pathway from Eastham to the tip of the Cape. It is stated that the envious sea is continually, although very slowly, eating away this protecting narrow arm. From the top of the cliff is one of the most magnificent views imaginable.

Highland Light, one of the most important larger lights in this section of the New England coast, is the nucleus of a summer settlement and reached by a crossroad. One would hardly expect a golf course in such a location, and I do not know who was enterprising enough to envisage one; but here it is—a nine-hole course—laid out on the top of the bluff, with, I imagine, as much in the way of "hazards," "obstacles," ravines, gorges, and so on, as any course ever planned. As the Cape is so narrow at this point, and distances between towns short, this course is conveniently available to many. It must be, at all events, sufficiently picturesque.

Typical lighthouse on the Cape. Lighthouses dot the entire Cape.

The return trip from Orleans leads us through quite different scenery and environment. Brewster is a town of shaded streets, many all-year inhabitants, and many fine old houses.

Here, as in all of the most attractive Cape towns, many of the small, old-time houses have been purchased by the summer people and modern conveniences added, with care taken to preserve, as far as possible, the charm of the old-fashioned architecture. Flower beds and borders are carefully tended, ancient well-sweeps cherished as picturesque accessories, old doorways preserved, and the Old and New brought into congenial companionship.

Dennis and East Dennis are farming towns, with fewer modern summer places, retaining more of the old-time atmosphere and conditions. "The Sign of the Motor Car," at East Dennis, had been our objective as our last night's stopping place, and most charming we found it. Two simple, unspoiled Cape cottages, joined at right angles to each other, provided accommodations for guests, the vine-covered inclosed corner making a delightful outdoor tea room. The most fascinating and beautiful antique furniture and accessories filled every room, the inevitable gift-shop both allured and entertained, and the food! Well, it was worthy of house and furnishings—one could praise it no more highly! Truly, mine host and his clever wife did well to acquire this charming rooftree, and he, as cook and host, wrought kindly by his guests, in allowing them to advantage by his search for health.

En route to Plymouth, where we lunch on the beautiful beach, with the long rollers rhythmically tumbling in, on every variety of sandwich the mind of man—or woman—could devise; a last memento—at a cost!—of the "Sign of the Motor Car." Our road runs through Yarmouth, the Branstables, and Sandwich—an enchanting ride, with views of the Great Marshes, the hills to the south, and the glistening sand dunes. Sandwich glass, made half a century ago in the old glass factory in Sandwich village, is celebrated for its beauty and becomes more and more desirable—and costly—as time passes. Plymouth is so full of interest and charm as to be another story; but we are now off "The Cape" proper, and must reluctantly call our pilgrimage at an end. I cannot, however, refrain from a word as to the attractive "Green Briar Canning Kitchen," to which we were tempted by a sign at the entrance of a fascinating little lane. Here the country people find a market for all the garden and wild fruits of the region, and here, in the cleanest, shiningest, and most convenient long, one-story "kitchen," the fruits and berries are converted by culinary experts, with the aid of a long row of bright, glowing little stoves, each topped by its steaming kettle of bubbling, spicy, fragrant fruit, pickle, or piquant sauce, into every variety of canned delectability, jelly, and jam, that can be imagined. The salesroom, with its rows of richly colored, labeled jars and tumblers, is a sight to tempt her last cent from the appreciative visiting housewife. Christmas and other holiday baskets of the different products, to be packed and sent to any distance, are a specialty of this fascinating "Green Briar."

The larger, beautiful old houses in the principal towns on the Cape are mostly Georgian, with wonderful old doorways and picturesque accessories, and eighteenth-century colonial, simple and beautiful. Many of the two-story houses have the back hip-roof, slanting to the first story, with elm-shaded ornamented doorways in front. The typical illustration "Cape Cod Cottages" are numerous and so delightful in their perfection of proportion and simplicity that I could never pass one without an exclamation of admiration. Many are shingled, unpainted, and weathered to the loveliest silver-gray tone. The doorways of even these little cottages are true in line and lovely in proportion; and their hollyhock-flanked stone steps lead directly to the soft green turf. Often the most charming little white-fenced gardens separate the houses from the street. The villages contain adequate town buildings, churches, and good libraries, all improved and increased in efficiency by the summer people, who are more and more finding "The Cape" a delightful place to spend a restful and interesting vacation. Many attractive modern residences are constantly being built, and many, also, of the old Cape houses and cottages purchased and equipped with modern conveniences.

In thinking of "The Cape" one envisages the long forearm, the bay and South Shore roadways and towns, the sand dunes, and the long seacoast. But there is a most interesting region in the interior of the broad portion, full of extensive pine woods and fresh-water lakes, the latter affording fine fishing and canoeing. This is a splendid place for camping, tramping, and tripping, with the double advantage of being near enough to civilization for one to end his trip at any minute.

Boating, naturally, of every sort; canoeing and paddling in the calm fresh-water lakes and smaller harbors and yachting, sailing, and motor-boating in the coast waters; one can select as safe—or as strenuous—water sports as he wishes.

Fishing, of course. The Cape is no longer a maritime settlement, as of old, but there are still plenty of fish and fishermen, and plenty of blue-fishing and deep-sea fishing.

There is no place in New England more interesting or varied for tramping and automobiling. In a word, one can here select his favorite occupation, sport, and diversion. He can go to the Cape as a hermit, camp in the deep woods, tramp on the lonely beaches and sand dunes, and enjoy nature in solitude. He can locate in a fashionable hotel, join yacht, golf, and tennis clubs, and motor, dance, bathe, and otherwise enjoy fashionable life, if he so desires.

Old-fashioned garden gate.

The Poverty Complex

By MARY WILLIS SHUEY

THEY have evolved a theory of poverty now. That is, the psychologists have analyzed it and labeled it, and dressed it up in all the new terms of repressions and I. Q's. But boiled down, it isn't anything startling after all, but just this:

People who *TALK* poor, and *LIVE* poor, and *THINK* poor are very apt to *STAY* poor.

We've known this before. Long ago I found out that some of our best families were poor, but that NICE people didn't *talk* about it, or even appear to *notice* it. (Of course I'm Southern, and had advantages that way, but other people are beginning to learn it now! We still dislike boasts of prosperity, but a success story succeeds ten times as well as a hard-luck tale.)

We laugh at the over-boastful, but we listen. But when it comes to the poor-mouthed we are slightly deaf. We just naturally don't care for poverty tales unless they are the prelude to success.

This dislike of the things that make up *POVERTY* is instinctive. If we did not dislike the props of poverty we would never bother to get away from them. There was a time when *POOR* and *HONEST* were considered synonyms, but that day is past. Proof of this is even in our present-day plays. No longer is virtue undeniably associated with rags!

Perhaps the theory of poverty is not literally true. It isn't a mental science formula, you know. Wealth is not attained by merely holding the thought! There really are people who accumulate money by living in a penny-pinching fashion, and thinking of themselves as on the road to the poorhouse.

But look at those around you. The people who have scrimped and cut corners for years—what happens when they have saved the amount of money they set as a goal? The habit of niggardly living, of thrift carried to excess, has become so fixed in many cases that they find it impossible to change to any great extent. Their THOUGHTS remain as poor as they were when they had to save, and it is an actual truth that it hurts them to spend.

Women are worse than men in that respect. This may be because the brunt of the saving usually falls on the women, or it may be because the men have known all the time that they really were not as poor as they lived!

But can't you see them—those old couples who have worked so hard, and saved so steadily, but who are utterly unable to enjoy the pleasure of spending, now that it is possible? Men who wear old clothes and have few amusements: women who drudge when it is unnecessary?

People like that really stay poor even if they have made money, for unless money changes our living or our outlook there is no benefit, and we might as well not have it.

On every hand we hear of the reckless, spendthrift habits of Americans, and never a soul tells us that SPENDING money is one way of MAKING money.

People who concentrate on the SAVING of money often fail in the MAKING of money. If a large part of surplus time and energy is devoted to figuring out ways to cut down expenses, to save in every possible way, there seems to be, in many cases, no increase in the earning power. "To live content with small means" may look well as a motto on the wall, but it is those who are NOT content with small means who force themselves to the larger opportunities.

I am not belittling saving. But saving, like everything else, should be in proportion to the income. We all need a reserve fund, and we need permanent savings of at least 10 per cent of our incomes—at least even-as-you-and-I people do. But if we start saving when we are young, 10 per cent is sufficient. If saving has been postponed we must increase the amount, for none of us wants to face a dependent old age.

It is only when we know that all our bills are paid, that we have nothing to worry about in a money way, and that we have a savings account that we can invest if the opportunity comes, that we can concentrate on other things.

There are two extremes. There are couples who do not take any savings seriously. They live from week to week, almost from day to day. If anything happens that is out of the ordinary they go to Mother's to live for a while.

Any couple that spends MORE than their income is on the wrong road. Billing and cooing are all right in their place—but the bills must be paid by the tenth of the month!

The majority of us are trying to live in proportion to our incomes. We want all the comforts possible and a few luxuries. There is nothing like a few absolutely unnecessary things to give us a feeling of well-being and self-respect! Pleasant living standards give us the ambition to earn more luxuries.

One reason that it does not do for us to THINK poor and TALK poor is that it is apt to produce an inferiority complex. Being poor does not make us inferior in any way. Didn't I just say that some of our best families are poor—BUT they do not emphasize it? The emphasis of poverty as a virtue just makes an excuse of never doing much! The men who have risen out of poverty never thought of themselves as belonging to the-poor-we-have-always-with-us.

Wealth? Poverty? It is all comparative, of course, and maybe Happiness is comparative, too. But while there may be no relation between money and happiness, there is a direct relation between freedom from financial worry and Happiness.

So SAVE—enough to do away with worry, and to provide for the future. But SPEND—enough to be happy! For it is the happy people who are most apt to succeed, and theirs is REAL success, no matter what happens.

Wages for Men Who Do Not Work

Has the "Dole" in Great Britain Been a Blessing or a Curse?

By JUDSON GRENELL

IT WAS the dole, or a revolution!

Thus it appeared to the upper and middle classes of Great Britain, in 1920—so a keen London observer told me as we lunched at the Liberal Club.

The business boom of 1919 had disappeared. Millions of working men and women were without employment. Other millions dependent upon them needed food, shelter and clothing. They were penniless, except for what was obtained through the uncertain channels of charity or the out-of-work insurance provided their members by some of the older labor organizations.

Occasional lootings of stores and supply depots had occurred. Something had to be done, and immediately, to relieve the situation. There was no telling to what extreme a starving populace might go.

Under these circumstances there was born in the British Parliament in August, 1920, the law that insured against absolute want certain classes in Great Britain. The law has in it echoes of German socialistic and Russian communistic psychology, combined with conversative beliefs stubbornly held by British organized labor.

This British unemployment law has since been amended at every session of Parliament, in the endeavor to get rid of its absurdities and make it more workable. It provides for the raising and distribution of certain funds. To this fund working men and women, employers and the government contribute. The funds collected are distributed through an army of government officials scattered all over the country, but naturally concentrated in the manufacturing districts. The collections are made and the doles distributed weekly. Another army of clerks is needed to keep the accounts straight and prevent fraud and duplications.

The word "dole," by which this unemployment insurance scheme is generally known, has the taint of charity. It is not so considered by those who enjoy its benefits. No more so, they insist, than any other insurance plan, the funds for which are mainly collected from the beneficiaries.

Today in England, Scotland, and Wales, and the northern part of Ireland,more than ten million men and women and a comparatively few boys and girls under 18 years of age each pay into the fund weekly from 8 to 18 cents. The employing class pays for each employe approximately the same amount a week. The general government provides from funds raised by taxation 25 per cent of the sum needed to pay the dole.

Collections and distributions run into the millions a week. Working men and women consider their contributions as a part of the cost of living, and demand wages sufficient to take care of them. Manufacturers add their contributions to the cost of their products. British goods are weighted with these additional costs, and to a certain extent exports are curtailed, unemployment is accentuated, and greater demands are made on the dole.

Can anyone imagine a more vicious circle of cause and effect?

The British unemployment law does not cover agricultural, horticultural or forestry activities. Neither does it include domestic service, except where the person is employed in trade or business carried on for the purpose of gain. It also excepts from its provisions the army, navy, and air forces, general and local government officials, policemen, those working for public utility corporations, tramways, railway and dock companies, and those in receipt of pensions.

It was the general opinion of those with whom I talked about the dole, that these exceptions were more likely to be lessened than extended, should the law be continued beyond June 30, 1926, when it expires by limitation. The law itself provides that the Minister of Labor may, with the consent of the treasury, include in the collection and distribution of the dole persons now employed in exempted industries.

The original law provided for a weekly dole equivalent in American money to $3.75 for men and $3 for women. No person was entitled to the dole for more than 15 weeks in any one insurance year. An amendment allows in some instances as much as the payment of 44 weeks' dole, though the general law restricts to 26 weeks. In March, 1921, the dole was increased to an equivalent of nearly $5 a week for men and $4 for women, but two months later it was reduced to the original figure of 15 shillings for men and 12 shillings for women.

Long before the law for insurance against unemployment was passed, a number of English trade unions took care of their unemployed members. They continue to do so, but the government reimburses them to the extent of the dole now provided by law. This is notably the case with the printers who have been paying out-of-work benefits since before the beginning of the present century.

As a matter of fact, the unemployment insurance law follows in many respects the program of the trade unions, to prevent fraud and discourage idleness.

The British unemployment law is a long-drawn-out document containing 18,000 to 20,000 words. Enacted as it was in haste, considering its importance, it lacks lucidity. Especially so, considering that it is supposed to be for the benefit of that class having the least understanding of legal verbiage.

It provides for many inspectors who may demand admission to factories, plants, and business places where men and women are employed. They are empowered to look over books and accounts, and interview employers and employes collectively or separately. Only private residences are barred to them, and not then if any kind of industrial activity is carried on therein.

The traveling and other expenses of the inspectors are paid from funds appropriated by Parliament for this purpose. And the expenses of and remuneration to insurance officers, courts of referees and umpires also come from this source.

Each insured person has a book in which are placed weekly the adhesive insurance stamps provided by the treasury. Provision is made for the replacement of the books when lost, mutilated or stolen; and there are severe penalties if the books are used for any other purpose than that provided by the law.

If the wage offered an unemployed person is less than that which has been habitually obtained in that particular district at that work, the unemployed person does not lose his or her right to the dole if the employment is refused. The same rule obtains if the wage offered is less than the union rate, or a rate offered by a "good" employer.

If an unemployed person is receiving outdoor relief, the dole will still be paid if the supplementary relief does not exceed ten shillings a week.

If a person has employment outside of his or her usual avocation, it does not affect the right to the dole, as an unemployed person, if the daily compensation for such employment is less than three shillings and fourpence. This is equivalent, at the present rate of exchange, to about 85 cents.

Strikes disqualify for the dole. Lockouts do not. If a strike is in only one branch of a manufacturing plant, then employes in the other branches, should the business be brought to a standstill, are to be treated as if the idle employes were in a different factory, and are entitled to receive the dole.

Many sections of the original law have been amended or repealed. This has confused those having the duty of enforcing the law. In consequence there are many contradictory decisions by referees, insurance inspectors, and umpires. The umpire is appointed by the king, and from his decision there is no appeal.

The dole law may have staved off a revolution. I do not know. Many believe that if its life is not continued, next year, it is likely to bring one on. No doubt can exist, however, that its present effect is to encourage idleness. Those who live off the dole are underfed, and starvation never makes one ambitious to work. Besides, it tempts a speculative element in the community—the betting class try to "beat the law," and obtain the dole in addition to other income.

Dealing as the law does with business relations between employers and employes, it interferes with the freedom of employers to hire and fire, and of employes to accept or decline employment.

The law lessens the supply of labor for temporary jobs. No one in receipt of the dole cares to take employment that promises to last only a day or two; it breaks in on his regular receipt of the dole. He has to start over again, to get on the dole pay roll.

"It doesn't pay to work a day," a recipient of the dole told me. He had turned down half a dozen chances of a day's or three days' work. With idle laborers all around them, employers are put to it, at times, to fill orders demanding immediate attention.

Some workers are obliged to pay into the dole fund, but are not allowed to take anything out. A woman told me this story. She worked every noon in a restaurant, her occupation being to slice the roasts. The employer was compelled to hold out of her wages not only the stipulated sum demanded of a fully employed person, but also to pay in himself an equal amount. A twist in the law did not allow the woman to receive the dole should she be unemployed. When not slicing roasts she eked out a living by running an apartment house

Another case brought to my attention was that of a man who had gone into business for himself. He kept at it a couple of years, and then drifted back into the class of wage earners. The law requires that he pay 20 weeks' dues before being entitled to the dole, whereas, had he continued as an employe of some establishment, he could have got on the dole after three days' idleness. Usually a wage earner must have paid 12 weeks' dues before his name can go on the unemployment roll.

There was a strike of engineers and firemen in the employ of a railway company. Because of stoppage of work, certain porters carrying goods from one yard to another were discharged. They demanded the dole while idle, but were refused by the Court of Referees. On appeal to the Insurance Officer, the decision of the court was reversed and the claim allowed.

A woman out of employment was offered a job such a distance from her home that she would have consumed four hours a day going and coming. She refused to take it, and was cut off from the dole. Then the Court of Referees allowed the dole. The Insurance Officer declined to accept the court's recommendation, insisting that the woman, who was a widow, with no children to care for, should have moved nearer the work offered her.

I heard the following case while sitting in the headquarters of an association interested in human welfare: A painter in Liverpool was out of work and living on the dole. He was informed of a probable job at Birkenhead, a short distance away, at standard wages, awaiting a competent man. The fare was five pence, which he said he didn't have. So he declined to apply for the job, but insisted that he continue to receive the dole. The Court of Referees upheld the painter's contention, but the Insurance Officer reversed the decision. It was his opinion that "a person on the dole ought to be forehanded enough to keep by him a sufficient sum to enable him to reach any place in his district where employment is offered."

An amusing case was that of a chambermaid who was offered work, provided she would take the next train to an adjoining city. This gave her only three hours to get ready. The position was refused claiming the notice was too short, but she said she could get ready to go the next day. On demand for her dole, the Court of Referees refused, claiming that even though the notice was short, still it was long enough. However, the Insurance Officer agreed with the chambermaid, and her dole was continued. "In the case of a woman," said the Insurance Officer, "giving her only three hours' notice to get ready to go to another city is too short a time."

One of the jokers in the original unemployment law was a provision that after a member 60 years old and over had paid 500 contributions, he was entitled to a refund of all he had paid, less the amount of doles received. Of course, the joker was at the expense of the treasury. This section was tinkered with in the endeavor to make it equitable, but finally it was repealed except to those who had become qualified as to age before last July.

"An artisan who has had the good luck to be employed for a long period," the Minister of Labor told the House of Commons, "has no right to dip into the fund to receive any balance that may remain to him, thus throwing a heavier burden on those who have had no such good fortune. The refund plan is contrary to the fundamental principles of insurance."

Many of the provisions of the law are as contrary to sound economic principles as this particular section was to the fundamental principles of insurance.

Since the law went into effect, as high as 1,200,000 men and women have been paid the weekly dole. Last autumn this number was reduced by a hundred thousand or so. Sometimes it is one trade, sometimes another, that leans most heavily on the dole fund. Last August 25 per cent of those engaged in shipbuilding were idle. Some 18 per cent of those depending on the shipping service were unemployed. Certain kinds of mining was slack. At the same time trade was brisk in tin plate and sheet steel, silk, jute, carpet, and brick trades.

Altogether the unemployed, compared to the number registered, was a trifle less than 10 per cent. These figures have varied very little since. Twelve hundred thousand paying into the dole, 1,100,000 drawing the money out.

It is calculated that unemployment insurance is costing the British public not less than $200,000,000 a year. One quarter of this comes directly from the government treasury, incomes bearing the greater part of the burden.

The dole law was passed by a combination of Liberal and Labor party votes in Parliament. This was before the Labor party had its brief inning governing the British Empire. Since then there has been an election, and the Conservative party has a clear majority over the opposition.

Unless the law is given another lease of life, it dies June 30, 1926, as before stated. If business is booming on that date, the opinion is that its demise will be grudgingly accepted by the wage-receiving class.

Parliament Building, Westminster, London.

Mr. Ford's Page

THE flying generation appears to have arrived. Its pioneers came some years ago and got through with the elementary preparations, but now the main body of the air people is coming into sight. The song of the airplane is heard in the land, the skyside of the clouds becomes familiar to an increasing number of folk, and a new era of transportation is undoubtedly in view.

It is not a mere figure of speech to speak of the flying generation, for it is not the presence of the airplane that creates the fliers, but the fliers who create the generation. Each generation seems to come to do its special work in realizing man's ancient patent of dominion. The order in which that dominion is expressed in Holy Writ is, first, the Sea; second, the Air; third, the Earth. The sea was sailed because a generation came which had an urge toward the sea. The air is sailed because there has come a generation with an urge toward the air. It is not a question of making flyers of the old generation; it is merely a question of the new generation developing the genius and the desires that it brought with it.

There may be a hidden truth in this arrangement of Sea, Air and Earth, in man's patent of dominion. It may be that we shall not know the potency of earth until we have explored the air, our last regional field of exploration. Then we may return equipped to find new secrets in the earth. Certainly the forces of the sea have not been guessed as yet. The Gulf Stream itself furnishes in half a day, in the form of heat, more power than all humanity uses in a day. We have not harnessed the potency of the sea. And as to the earth, we are just beginning to find the atom out of which it is made. It is still early morning, a dewy, fresh and promising morning, for mankind.

The new playground opened for man's faculties is the Air. It is a perfectly natural development. Timorous souls hang back and shake their heads in warning that we are "going too fast." But it is obvious that those who say that are not. Those who are geared to the gait of the generation do not complain of the speed. It is a case of "slow moving traffic keep close to the curb"; there are others on the road. The pace is not too fast for those whose pace it is. The generation of fliers having arrived, they fly. It is as natural as the transition from the stagecoach to the locomotive, or from the one horse chaise to the motor car. And it is a serious question whether these modern improvements do not, after all, lessen the strain on men rather than increase it.

WHEN Tennyson had his vision of "Locksley Hall" eighty-three years ago, he saw the airplane in a marvelous light. Poetry and prophecy became one. Vision is not only foresight but insight, and though prophets may prophesy, it requires seers—men who see what to do—to bring the vision to pass upon the plane of actuality. Tennyson saw the airplane as somehow connected with world peace. It was after he saw "airy navies grappling in the central blue" that the war drum ceased to throb in the world and "the common sense of most" became the rule of all. Evidently power in the right hands has something to do with imposing peace on the world. Compulsory peace will be necessary in some quarters to give the peace habit a chance to form. And the airplane may become a powerful instrument to the end.

Flying, which has begun as a thrilling amusement, will follow the line of natural development and become an economic asset; but perhaps its greatest immediate importance is in its relation to the peace of the world. If the poet was a prophet, too, the advent of the airplane as a military asset precedes the establishment of peace and the Federation of the World.

It was 83 years ago that Tennyson, in his "Locksley Hall,"

" dipped into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be!

"Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

"Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

. . . . . .

"Till the war drum throbbed no longer and the battle flags were furled
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World."

Poetry and prophecy grow on the same stem, and this surely was prophecy. Tennyson foresaw by nearly a century what has actually come to pass in the mechanical world, and if his foresight was as true for the world of politics, the outlook is good.

If it be not pressing the poet's words too far, it would seem that his vision of peace includes a struggle which must occur first. There was shouting in the heavens, aerial navies grappling, and then the war drum ceased and mankind met in parliament and the world was federated. Some would doubtless say that the struggle has occurred, and that we are now in the days of the Parliament and the Federation.

That, however, is by no means certain. World peace is always a possibility when men want it, but experience teaches that no amount of parliaments will create a situation which men do not want. There are as yet too many interests in the world whose only hope is war and confusion, and, what is worse, there is a great amount of ignorance on the part of those who desire peace as to the methods of those who desire war. The peace elements of the world are easily scared off from their militant desire for peace. One of the first steps toward peace is to call the names of those who profit by war and who therefore desire war. But this is precisely the thing which the peaceful elements of the world refuse to do, they are so fearful of being charged with "racial prejudice."

Peace will not begin in this world through the nations having attained a peaceable disposition. To expect that the people of certain racial elements are going to create in themselves a belief in peace, is to expect what does not occur. But to expect that the idea of peace shall enlist such powerful allies as that peace shall be imposed as a compulsory condition, to which all nations by long use shall become accustomed, is quite reasonable. In such a way peace will come to the world—it will be imposed.

It may be that the airplane will be one of the means to that end. It is not in a League of Nations, with all the nations sitting around that the spirit or practice of peace will be born, but in the alliance of those peaceable nations that are powerful enough to impose peace on the world.

Tennyson saw the airplane as a harbinger of world peace; he saw the peace that follows; but he saw something else equally important; he saw the differing degrees of progress which mark the various ages and the various groups of races:

"Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range;
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change.

"Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day;
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

And better five years of America than fifty years of Europe. Ideas attain universal dissemination now almost the same day. What formerly it required years to make known to the few, is now made known to all as rapidly as radio and telegraph and daily printing press can handle it. There are more facts to work with, they are more truly related and interpreted, decisions are more scientifically based than ever before, so that the rate of accomplishment in the mental and moral spheres is as high as in the mechanical sphere. We ought to have more time than any other generation that preceded us because, for one thing, we know more what to do with time than our forbears did, and, for another, we save more time than they used. And the airplane, instead of being an end in itself, is only the outward sign and symbol of an inward, invisible lift.

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Make Way for America!

SAID a citizen of a leading American metropolis the other day:

"In our city there are two Polish papers, two Italian papers, two Hungarian papers, one German, one Belgian, and several of other national groups, even one in the Syrian language. These papers all sound forth distinct national and racial notes. The only nationality not represented in the newspapers of our city is the American.

"Of course our city has papers in the English language. Of course, the staff of any of them is largely made up of native-born Americans. But these English-language newspapers do not sound forth a distinctly nationalistic American note. When it comes to utterances of old-fashioned patriotism there is a reserve and a restraint which is not found when these papers in other languages praise their racial or ancestral institutions."

Isn't it true? Americans have somehow been effectually shamed and silenced with reference to their country. Papers and persons seem afraid of patriotic expression lest they be charged with "waving the flag" or "making the eagle scream." It seems that in our time you can wave any flag except the American Flag. You can cheer any national air and be extolled for love of country, but if you take your hat off to the Star Spangled Banner you must expect to be called a sentimentalist or a jingo. A time may come in this country when those who do honor the American Flag will be allowed to show that reverence, as well as those who have taken a mad fancy to the flag of Sovietism or the standard of Angora. But just at present, under the drum-fire directed against everything American, most people seem a little dazed in their sense of country.

Once in the early years of colonization in America the French claimed all the land on one side of a certain river, the English all on the other. Thereupon certain Indian tribes sent to their white neighbors the query: "Is there no land for the Indians in the Indians' land?" The time seems to have come to ask whether more room shall not be found for American nationalism among the nationalisms in America, and more room for the American Flag to wave in the free skies which it made free.

Business

JOSEPHUS DANIELS says that the United States is ruled by three men—Andrew Mellon, Herbert C. Hoover, and William B. Butler. And these, he says, spell Big Business. It may be, however, that Mr. Daniels is heaping too much honor on these three. It may be true that they have power—many small and inconsequential men have had power—but it is not at all certain that they can use the power that might be theirs. To which one would the description of "ruler" apply? Which one possesses power enough to get himself elected to office by the vote of the people? Which one of them can operate, save in a very limited sphere, without being checked? No, Mr. Daniels pays them the tribute of too much fear.

But what he says about Big Business causes every lover of free government to prick up the ear. No one who knows the history of recent years has any illusions as to what Big Business is likely to do if it gets control of the government. Not that Business is badness; not that Bigness is badness; but simply because so much of present-day Big Business is Big not by growth but by artificial combination, and is Business in the manipulative rather than in the creative sense. The passage from a period when politicians thought it their highest advantage to swat all business and hinder it, to an Administration frankly committed to give business its due honor and opportunity, is necessarily fraught with danger. The danger arises from the fact that not all American business is on the basis of service. The old idea still rules in many lines, as patches of snow in some secluded spot defy the April sun. There is, of course, no evidence that Mr. Mellon or Mr. Butler are new era business men. Mr. Hoover talks about it a little, but has scarcely demonstrated it. To that extent Mr. Daniels may be justified in saying that it is old era business that is in the saddle. And to the extent that this is true, danger exists.

The outcome depends on Mr. Coolidge. If he sees the essential difference between new era business principles and old era ones, and is not misled by the bald plea of "business," there is reasonable expectation of avoiding the danger. It was in the confidence that Mr. Coolidge is able and willing to do this that he was elected. But it is certain that a committal of government power to men who are motivated by the old idea of mulcting the public and of charging all the traffic will bear, is not going to help the country and would seriously injure the Administration. This is the point for the President to watch. Criticisms like that of Mr. Daniels will not compel agreement unless it should become evident that Washington has slumped back into the old rut.

In this connection attention may be called to a series of articles which begins in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT this week on the connection between business and government. The author, Huston Thompson, chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, knows what he is talking about.

The Grain Market

TUESDAY, March 17, will be long remembered by thousands who dabbled in grain futures and were sold out by brokers. A wholesale default in margin assessments occurred in the face of a heavy slump in quotations.

To economists who have been pointing to speculative prices for grain at a time farmers had none to sell as an evidence of agricultural prosperity, this should be a lesson not to confound gambling with business.

In a time of more active foreign demand than usual the day witnessed a drop in grain prices of 14 cents the bushel for wheat, a total drop of 57 cents since the slump began, with a proportionate recession in other grains.

This is reported to emphasize the warning which we have given before, namely, that it is the height of absurdity to assume that speculative prices form an index to business conditions. The artificial flare in prices was disastrous in that it was used to conjure the feeling that the agricultural problem was solved and everything could be allowed to run wild again.

The Boss Blames Himself

"AGITATORS" had arrived in a certain town and "unrest" had developed. Nothing actually had "happened" but employers were nervous. At a dinner attended by "bosses" one night John Edgerton, president of the National Association of Manufacturers, was slated for a speech. He "spoke out of church" about as follows:

"I own a little woolen mill down in Tennessee. If I were to go to my plant some morning and find that an agitator had come in overnight and turned all my workmen against me and that they had all walked out on a strike, I wouldn't worry about trying to find out who the agitator was, or where he came from. I'd take myself off into a back room somewhere and go into executive session to see what was wrong with ME.

"I wouldn't blame agitators: I'd face facts and recognize that this strike was MY fault. In my mind I'd think of it like this: 'Why, these people have known me for ten or fifteen years, and if some stranger can come into this little town and turn them against me in a few hours, there must be something the matter with me. I had lost their confidence or he couldn't have moved them against me.'

"I always figure that you never have to go very far from home to find the cause of most of your troubles."

We read the other day that last year's strike toll was only a little more than half a billion dollars; while in the seven years preceding, industrial warfare was said to have cost nine billion. It may mean that we are getting more leaders on both sides with sense enough to start hunting the cause of trouble under their own hats.

Radio Jars Tin Pan Alley

"TIN PAN ALLEY" probably has been on Barnum's side of the fence, believing one is born every minute. One even suspects that Tin Pan Alley follows the long-haired unknown who invented the application of the word moron to the whole human race.

Most of us trail with that better judge of humanity who said you can't fool everybody all the time; and most of us find that the despised "average man" is a pretty clever fellow after all.

But Tin Pan Alley is very sophisticated, and knows its way about. So it embraced radio with open arms and a chuckle up its sleeve; for here was a new chance to "plug" its songs and make us buy.

But time passed and Tin Pan Alley had another thought: This new giant vehicle of entertainment was stealing—no less. For broadcasting constituted "publication," a form of publication which yielded the song writer no money.

More time passed, and T. P. A. now has a third thought—and such a sad thought, for many. The public doesn't belong to the "one a minute" class at all; and use of the word "moron" merely blinds the eye of the user so that he cannot see the average man as he is. Songs of cheap sentiment and tinsel tunes have met a plague. They shrivel and die, and their lifeless bodies fairly clutter up New York's music zone.

Four hundred and fifty broadcasting stations repeat alleged song hits over and over again. The public sickens and will not buy. Poverty stalks Tin Pan Alley, at the elbow of the clever jingler—he who has dexterity without talent. A weekly theatrical journal publishes a list of names of erstwhile prominent song writers who have gone back to the occupations they followed before easy money came their way. Many are selling neckties again.

John Phillip Sousa once told us that the sole test of good music is that good music is something you want to hear again and again. Millions of alleged "morons" are proving him right. Publishers say that good music never had such a sale as it has had since radio gave the "average" man a chance to make comparisons and take his pick.

Tin Pan Alley seems to have met the human race.

The Boomerang

IT IS now clear that the entire Republican organization, from President Coolidge down, acquiesced in the puerile punishment of Republicans who criticized the party. A party which was already defeated on its record, and saved only by the interposition of Mr. Coolidge's personality, forgot to walk humbly and thank God; it reared itself in boisterous and somewhat brutal pride upon its victory, showing its unrepentant nature by turning to rend honest men who said with words what the country would have said with votes had not drastic events intervened. At first there was some doubt how far this action was representative. Now there is no doubt.

The opinion of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT about it all has been expressed before and need not be repeated here. There is only one misunderstanding to be guarded against: the concern of this paper is not for the men thus partisanly punished. That is not the point at all. If tomorrow they could be forced back into the positions to which they are entitled in the organization of Congress, that would not alter the situation in the least. The country can spare the services of these men, just as it could spare the services of all the men in Washington today. The point is that a party with unparalleled opportunity before it should in the face of solemn duty exhibit the puny spirit which has defiled all Congressional action since. It is not the deed that matters, but the spirit that could conceive it. Victors, with the mandate of the country upon them, found it not only easy but natural and gratifying to turn to paltry deeds of most ungenerous personal vengeance. That is the disheartening thing. But it is not the worst. To be sure, it will prove a four-year boomerang to the Republicans, but that is not the worst. It will be a constantly recurring obstacle to that proper public service which we have a right to expect from the Congress. This single act will lay a train of events which will cause many a regret and precipitate many a deplorable situation before it is finally expiated. It is a great pity. Everything might have been started off with so much more wisdom.

The Flight of Lincoln's Assassins

On the Trail of J. Wilkes Booth and David E. Herold—Third Article

By F. L. BLACK

"VENGEANCE!" was the cry of Washington and the North on Saturday, April 15, 1865, when the word sped abroad that Lincoln was dead. Where had the assassins hidden? Who aided them? The terror-stricken Capitol city was made still gloomier by a heavy rain. It was rumored that there was a great conspiracy headed by Jeff Davis and his colleagues to murder all the officials of the Union Government. The wildest tales were easily believed, reason fled, and chaos reigned.

The first attempt at organization for the pursuit and capture was a special commission of three colonels formed in the early morning hours to start an investigation. Hundreds of soldiers, policemen, and detectives were put on guard by the War Department at all possible avenues of escape. The Navy sent warships to patrol the Potomac and prevent the flight of the assassins by water. Other than the crossing of the Navy Yard bridge, no trace could be found of the direction which Booth and Herold had taken, although it was surmised they had gone toward lower Maryland and the Potomac.

On Sunday $30,000 reward was offered for the capture of the fugitives. This was increased to $100,000 by the War Department and handbill descriptions of Booth, Herold, Payne, and John Surratt were posted.

"Booth," said the handbill, "is 5 feet 7 or 8 inches high, slender build, high forehead, black hair, black eyes, and wore a heavy black moustache, which there is some reason to believe has been shaved off."

In the meantime, where were the assassins? At the conspiracy trial Polk Gardiner testified that on the night of the fourteenth of April, he was on the Bryantown road, coming to Washington, and about 11 o'clock, when on Good Hope Hill, he met two horsemen, one about half a mile behind the other, and both riding very fast. The first, who was on a dark horse, asked if a horseman had passed ahead; he also asked the road to Marlborough, and if it did not turn to the right. Gardiner told him no; to keep the straight road.

As the second horseman rode up, a number of teamsters were passing and the witness heard him ask them whether a horseman had passed ahead. He rode a light horse of a roan or an iron-gray color.

According to John Lloyd, keeper of the Surratt Tavern, ten miles from Washington, on Friday at midnight, Booth and Herold rode up to the front door. Herold dismounted and entering asked for the weapons which had been left by them five or six weeks before. Booth did not enter and refused to take his carbine, saying that his leg was broken. In addition to a carbine, Herold was given a field glass left by Mrs. Surratt that afternoon and a bottle of whisky from which he first drank then took it out to Booth. As they were leaving Herold boastingly claimed, "I am pretty certain we have assassinated the President and Secretary Seward." Then both were off on the road toward the village of T. B.

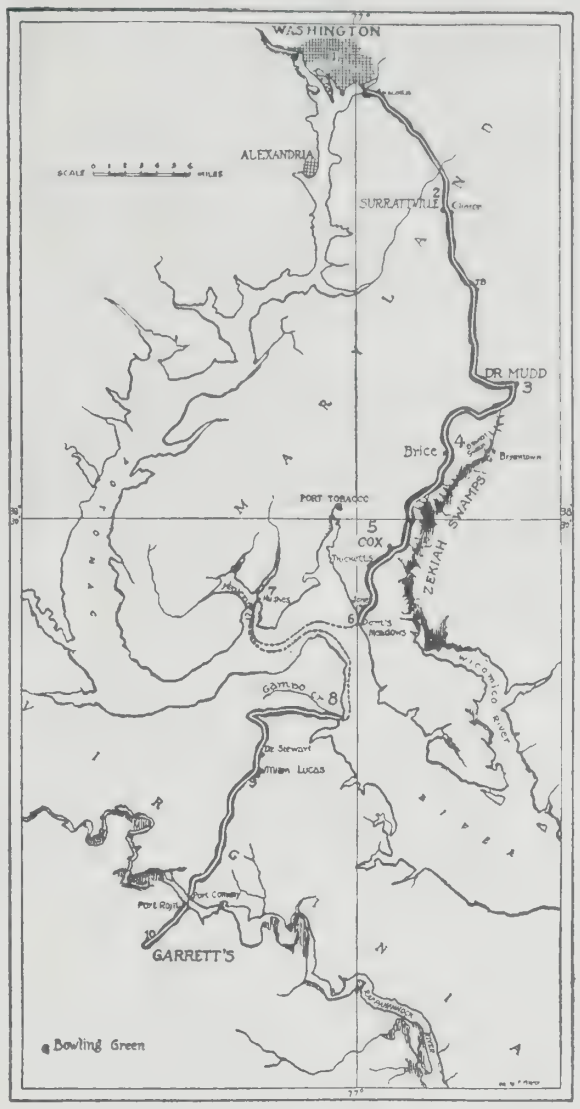
With a fracture, what was more natural than that Booth should seek medical assistance from one he felt could be trusted—Dr. Samuel Mudd, a rebel sympathizer, whom he had met the previous autumn. Arriving at the home of Doctor Mudd about daybreak on Saturday morning, Herold rapped at the door while Booth remained mounted. Doctor Mudd opened the door and with the aid of Herold helped Booth off his horse and into the house. Placing him on a sofa, the doctor, according to his own story, split the leg of his boot down to the instep, slipped it off and the sock with it. He then felt carefully with both hands down along the leg, and found that it was fractured near the ankle. He then improvised out of pasteboard a sort of boot that adhered close enough to the leg to keep it rigidly straight below the knee. A low-cut shoe was substituted for the leather boot. Colonel H. H. Wells testified that, in an interview the week after the assassination, Doctor Mudd told him he had examined Booth's leg and found that the front bone was broken, nearly at right angles, about two inches above the instep. It seemed in his (Doctor Mudd's) judgment as slight a breaking as it could possibly be.

Procuring the doctor's razor, Booth shaved off his mustache and going upstairs, he and Herold remained until between 3 and 4 o'clock that afternoon when the nearness of evening made it seem safer to venture forth.

On the following Friday the boot removed from Booth's broken leg was given to Federal detectives and placed in evidence at the trial. Inside the leg of the boot were found the words, "J. Wilkes." It was a long riding boot, for the *left* foot, slit up the front for about eight inches, and can be found today in the secret archives of the War Department among other mementoes of the assassination.

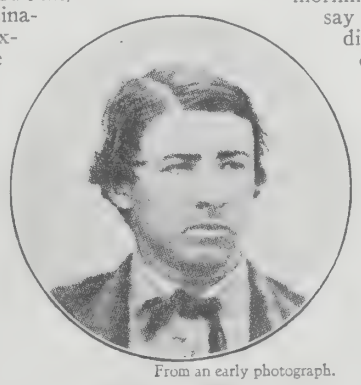
Booth and Herold lost their way near Brice Chapel and finding a Negro, Oswald Swann, hired him to lead them to Rich Hill, the house of Samuel Cox, a southern sympathizer, where they arrived early Saturday morning. This was on the edge of the Zakiah Swamp, several miles south of Doctor Mudd's. Cox, afraid to take them in, hid them in the thickets near the swamp and sent for his foster-brother, Thomas J. Jones, who has told his story in a book, "John Wilkes Booth," from which we quote:

"It was a little after nine o'clock when we reached Rich Hill. Cox met me at the gate and we walked off a short distance to an open space where there was nothing that might conceal a listener. At length he said to me: 'Tom, I had visitors about 4 o'clock this morning.' 'Who were they, and what did they want?' I asked. 'They want to get across the river,' said Cox, answering my last question first; and then added in a whisper, 'Have you heard that Lincoln was killed Friday night?' I said,



Route taken by fugitives.

1. Ford's Theater, 10:20 p. m., April 14. 2. Surrattville; midnight, April 14. 3. Dr. Mudd's, 4 a. m. to 4 p. m., April 15. 4. Near Brice's, lost; Herold goes to Oswell Swann's and takes him for a guide. 5. Reaches Cox and is placed by him in "the thicket," a. m., April 16; remains there to p. m. April 21. 6. Dent's Meadows, put in boat by Jones to cross river, p. m., April 21. 7. Miss their bearings in the darkness and enter Nanjemoy Creek and stop near Colonel John J. Hughes', April 22. 8. Cross river and leave boat at bridge Gambo Creek, a. m., April 23. 9. Stop overnight in cabin of William Lucas, April 23. 10. Cross ferry at Port Conway and arrive at Garrett's barn, April 24. Captured and shot 2:30 a. m., April 26.



From an early photograph.
DAVID E. HEROLD

'Yes, I have heard it,' and then told him of my interview with the two soldiers the evening before. When I had finished there was silence between us for a minute, which was broken by Cox.

"'Tom, we must get those men who were here this morning across the river.' He then went on to say that about 4 o'clock that morning he was disturbed by a knocking at the door. On opening the door he found a strange man standing there, while waiting at the gate was another stranger on horseback accompanied by a Negro man of the neighborhood, named Oswald Swann. He went out to the man on horseback, who, upon being satisfied that it was Samuel Cox he addressed, took him a little apart, out of hearing of the Negro, and told him what he had done. He showed him in India ink upon his wrist the initials of J. W. B. He told Cox that he knew he (Cox) was a southern sympathizer who had worked for the Confederacy and that he threw himself upon his mercy. He explained how he had broken his leg and thereby been prevented from reaching the river that fateful Friday night. All this Cox told me, speaking almost in a whisper, standing near his gate that bright Easter morn.

"'Sam,' I replied, 'I will see what I can do, but the odds are against me. I must see these men; where are they?'

"He then told me that he had sent them to a place in a thick piece of pine about one mile to the west of his house—his overseer, Franklin Robey, guided them to the spot, with the promise that he would send someone to them; and had advised them to remain perfectly quiet. He agreed with them upon a signal by which they might know the man who came to them was from him. This signal was a peculiar whistle which I do not remember now. He also provided them with food for the day, and I believe, though I am not sure, with a pair of blankets.

"'Take care how you approach them, Tom,' Cox said to me as I was leaving. 'They are fully armed and might shoot you through mistake.'

"I left Cox and rode toward the spot he had indicated. As I drew near the hiding place I saw a bay mare, with saddle and bridle on, grazing in a small open space where a clearing had been made for a tobacco bed. I at first thought that she belonged to someone in the neighborhood and had got away. I caught her and tied her to a tree. I then went on a little farther until I thought I was near the place indicated by Cox. I stopped and gave the whistle. Presently a young man—he looked scarcely more than a boy—came cautiously out of the thicket and stood before me. He carried a carbine ready cocked in his hands.

"'Who are you, and what do you want?' he demanded. 'I come from Cox,' I replied; 'he told me I would find you here. I am a friend; you have nothing to fear from me.'

"He looked searchingly at me for a moment and then said, 'Follow me,' and led the way for about thirty yards into the thick undergrowth to where his companion was lying. 'This friend comes from Captain Cox,' he said; and that was my introduction to John Wilkes Booth. He was lying on the ground with his head supported on his hand. His carbine, pistols, and knife were close beside him. A blanket was drawn partly over him. His slouch hat and crutch were lying by him. He was dressed in dark—I think black—clothes; and though they were travel-stained, his appearance was respectable.

"I told Booth that I would do what I could to help him; but for the present he must remain where he was; that it would not do to stir during the hue and cry then being made in the neighborhood. I promised to bring him food every day, and to get him across the river, if possible, just as soon as it would not be suicidal to make the attempt.

"He held out his hand and thanked me. He told me, as he had told Cox, that he had killed President Lincoln. He said he knew the United States Government would use every means in its power to secure his capture. 'But,' he added, with a flash of determination lighting up his dark eye, 'John Wilkes Booth will never be taken alive'; and as I looked at him, I believed him.

"He seemed very desirous to know what the world thought of his deed, and asked me to bring him some newspapers.

"Wednesday and Thursday passed uneventfully. The neighborhood was filled with cavalrymen and detectives. They visited my house several times during that week (as they did every house in Southern Maryland) and, upon one occasion, searched it. They also interviewed my colored man, Henry Woodland, and threatened him with dire penalties if he did not tell all he knew. Henry did not know anything because I had told him nothing. I took no one into my confidence.

"On Friday evening, one week after the assassination, I rode down to Allen's Fresh. I think I had been there every day Booth had been under my care, except the Tuesday I went to Port Tobacco.

"Allen's Fresh, about three miles east of my house, was and still is, a small village situated where Zakiah Swamp ends and the Wicomico River begins.

"I had not been long in the village when a body of cavalry, guided by a man from St. Mary's County, named John R. Walton, rode in and dismounted. Some of the soldiers entered Colton's store, where I was sitting, and called for something to drink. Soon afterward Walton came in and exclaimed, 'Boys, I have news that they have been seen in St. Mary's,' whereupon they all hastily remounted their horses and galloped off across the bridge in the direction of St. Mary's County. I was confident there were no other soldiers in the neighborhood. 'Now or never,' I thought, 'is my chance.' I waited a few minutes so as not to excite suspicion by leaving immediately after the soldiers, then mounted my horse and rode slowly out of the village.

"As soon as I was well out of the village, I put whip to my horse and rode rapidly toward the spot where the man who was that night to test his fate was lying. It was dark by the time I reached the place. I had never before visited the fugitives at night; I, therefore, approached with more than usual caution and gave the signal. Herold answered me and led the way to Booth. I informed them of what had just occurred at Allen's

Concluded on page 15)

The Surratt Tavern as it looks today.

Money Birds of Prey

Victims of Fake Stock Artists Lose Over Half a Billion Dollars a Year

By GEORGE GARRETT DE MORE

This is the second of a series of articles dealing with the methods of stock swindlers.

THE people of the United States are losing between $500,000,000 and $1,000,000,000 annually to the apostles of "get-rich-quick"—the financial parasites operating behind the cloak of inadequate laws to fleece the ignorant and the foolish.

The pirates' nest in the Texas and Oklahoma oil fields are cleaned out and a few offenders punished and the rest immediately flock North to resume operations in radio, motor, bond and mortgage, and other ventures—certain to yield "one hundred to one thousand per cent on the investment in a few weeks." One-half billion dollars in Liberty bonds were taken in exchange for fake securities in the space of a few months in western states and still the appetites of these financial parasites are craving for additional plunder.

At only one other period in the history of the world has a nation been abused by unscrupulous promoters as the American nation is today, and that was in the time of the Mississippi Bubble in France and the South Sea Bubble in England—these periods of wild speculation overlapping each other and coming to disastrous ends within a few months of each other.

There is marked similarity between the two periods, as a list of frauds in England in 1720 compared with present-day schemes in the United States will show. England today is free from the unscrupulous promoter, through the operation of the English Companies Act. There is no national law in America similar to this statute or one adequate to cope with the situation.

How slow the nation has been to realize the evils brought about by the clever swindler is best shown by the fact that no state had a blue-sky law until in 1911, when Kansas passed a statute regulating the sale of securities.

The country then began to take notice of the heavy toll the financial parasite was taking of the national income, and in the years 1912 and 1913 twenty-two similar statutes were passed in other states. By the end of 1921 there were thirty-seven states with blue-sky laws.

But the fake stock artist employed crafty lawyers to attack these laws, and when test cases were carried to higher courts the worst offenders escaped with small fines or scot-free under the interpretation that blue-sky legislation as written was unconstitutional.

Even states with well-defined laws regulating the sale of securities have difficulty in curbing the activity of the fake stock promoter and his dupes. Only a national campaign and national legislation can save to the country for legitimate enterprise the billions that are now being dissipated. When the fake promoter can no longer hide behind the commerce clause of the Federal Constitution and realizes that a prison sentence instead of a fine awaits him, he will be more careful in his operations.

The speculative instinct in the United States has had no such example as was presented to the French and English nations early in the eighteenth century—examples which are taught in the histories of the schools of these nations. Here in the United States but little is known of the Mississippi and South Sea Company bubbles. In contrasting the past with the present I will present a short sketch of that period of frenzied speculation.

The Mississippi Bubble was originated by John Law, a Scotsman, who after killing an opponent in a duel in England escaped to France and settled there. He became the intimate of Phillippe of Orleans who became Regent of France upon the death of Louis XIV.

The finances of France were in a deplorable condition. The people groaned under the weight of taxation and were rightfully indignant at the corrupt manner in which these levies were laid and collected.

John Law offered to pay off the public debt through the creation of a company to trade in the Americas. His proposition was gladly received by the Regent, who was too weak to take the drastic steps necessary to place the country on a firm financial basis.

Speculation in the shares of the Mississippi Company began immediately. Soon the whole country was involved, for John Law made it appear that the company would soon be so wealthy that it would pay off the entire national debt.

He received a charter from the Regent to found a bank and issue paper money, and soon his notes were commanding a premium over gold. This bank was later incorporated into the Royal Bank of France, and the financial control of the French nation was in the hands of this Scotsman.

Speculation in the shares of his company became a mania. They increased in value to more than a thousand per cent. From the highest to the lowest the nation was interested. Noblewomen used every form of subterfuge to gain admittance to Law's banking house and be placed on his list of subscribers to a new issue of shares.

As the bubble continued to expand every ingenious device was used to prevent its collapse. Its shares were manipulated by stockbrokers and the most impossible stories of the wealth the company had discovered in America were circulated.

But the shrewd money-lenders knew a reckoning was at hand and sold out. This started a run on Law's bank. Payments were limited to a few pieces of gold at a time, but the run continued and finally all transactions in gold were prohibited and a person discovered with any large amount of the precious metal in his possession was brought to court.

Such extreme measures only exaggerated the conditions, and the result was an impoverished nation and a disillusioned people.

In 1711, Harley, Earl of Oxford, secured a charter to trade in the South Seas. The company struggled along for a number of years and played but little part in the nation's finances. Finally Great Britain faced a condition where it could not pay the interest on the national debt.

The Earl of Oxford devised a scheme similar to John Law's by which his South Sea Company would assume the liability. On January 22, 1720, two proposals were made to Parliament regarding the debt, one by the bubble organization and one by the Bank of England. Parliament indorsed the proposition of the South Sea Company.

When at a later date an inquiry was begun it was disclosed that certain members of the legislative body had accepted bribes in the form of stock, which proves that the alliance between the politically corrupt and the financial oligarchy in control of a country was made at an early date.

There were "leaks" in those days as at present, and while Parliament was considering the proposal the shares of the South Sea Company increased two to three hundred per cent in value, an indication the stock-jobbers knew which way the wind blew.

Speculation now became universal. The shares were eagerly bid for and mounted higher and higher. The disease afflicted the entire nation.

But your Englishman is more ingenious in finance than your Frenchman, and did not stop at the South Sea Company, but formed hundreds of other speculative enterprises, in which, in the space of a few months, more than 1,500,000 pounds sterling was won and lost.

It was of this period that Daniel Defoe wrote:

> "Some in clandestine companies combine;
> Erect new stocks to trade beyond the line;
> With air and empty names beguile the town,
> And raise new credits first, then cry 'em down;
> Divide the empty nothing into shares,
> And set the crowd together by the ears."

It was a remarkable period in British history and drove home a lesson your Briton has never forgotten. If you were to ask him to invest in a concern to manufacture a combination of chocolate and cod liver oil, as the American public was recently asked, he would refuse with a sophisticated twinkle of the eye. He has heard all about these "get-rich-quick" companies. But the American public sank several million dollars in a company, which originated when the promoter, so he alleged, heard two girls in the subway converse regarding the horrid taste of cod liver oil, except when taken with a piece of chocolate.

Your Englishman learned all about fake swindle companies in 1720 when hundreds of them were originated. The two prize schemes of the time, which we can parallel right here in the United States, was "Puckle's Machine for discharging round and square cannon balls and making a total revolution of the art of war," and "a company to carry on an undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know what it is; capital, 500,000 pounds; shares 100 pounds each and two pounds deposit." As you may guess, in this later instance the investor never learned what the enterprise was, for the promoter disappeared. Styles in the art of swindle change, and there are fake companies today which place as great a strain on the imagination as these two.

Here is a list of others, which on July 12, 1720, in England, were declared illegal:

The Merchants & Traders Whale-fishery in Greenland; Joseph Galendo, praying a patent to cure and prepare Virginia tobacco for the making of snuff according to his secret formula; Captain Machpredis, praying a charter permitting the raising of a sum of money for purchase of lands thereon to be planted and reaped a wood called madder for use of dyers; for Assuring Seaman's Wages (just imagine what a sailor would have left after having his wages discounted by the sharpers of Exchange Alley); a Grand Dispensary (capitalized at three million pounds); a company Insuring all Masters and Mistresses against theft by Servants; for Carrying on a Trade in the River "Oronooko"; for Buying and Fitting out Ships to Suppress Pirates; for the Transforming of Quicksilver into a Malleable Fine Metal; for Colonization of Acadia; for Trading in Hair; for Furnishing Funerals to any part of England.

The complete list comprises eighty-six bubble companies with a total capitalization of more than 300,000,000 pounds sterling. Eight were to engage in coal, iron or lead mining and a half-dozen in fishing, which demonstrates how the fake promoter seizes on legitimate enterprises to foster swindles.

The financial parasites change their schemes each year, but their principles are the same—they trade on fallacies of finance; the idea that one can become independently wealthy through the purchase of any kind of stock waved before him by the swindler. Wall Street has an eagle eye for speculations paying 100 per cent. The promoter does not have to seek the man with a few hundred dollars. Remember, this is the "jazz-age" in stock selling.

A Remedy (?) for Campaign Fund Evils

By BURT M. M'CONNELL

THE revelation by Senator Borah's committee that Republican campaign expenditures in 1924 were four times those of the Democrats, who also spent four times as much as the Progressives, comes rather late. Such information would have been interesting last October, when Senator La Follette was raising the cry of political corruption and charging the Republicans with having raised a huge "slush fund" to control the election. But with the next campaign almost four years off, the Borah report on the "slush fund" investigation is of little except academic interest. Or, rather, it would be had it not raised the question of the propriety of collecting campaign funds in one state for use in another.

That, it will be recalled, was the basis of the La Follette charge. Millions were being raised in New York, Pennsylvania, and Illinois to "buy up the West." This myth is exploded by the Borah report. The total received by the Republican National Committee was but $4,360,478.82, whereas it spent $8,100,739 to elect President Harding.

The Coolidge election was not bought. True, a huge campaign fund was raised by Pennsylvania manufacturers to be spent in other states, and this created the impression that money can, and sometimes does, frustrate the will of the voters. But the day when a state could be bought is past. The outright purchase of half a million votes could not possibly be accomplished in secret. "Slush fund" charges are a political trick; often they are a two-edged sword. And almost always they are a barometer of impending defeat. The candidate who knows he is on solid ground makes no reply to such charges.

Campaign funds, if they are used for the proper information and education of the voters, are not harmful. A political campaign in such a large country as the United States costs money. There is the office rent for headquarters to be paid; the salaries of the campaign employes; postal, telegraph, and traveling expenses; the printing of books, pamphlets, circulars, and lithographs. For political conditions may arise when it is necessary to carry on a legitimate campaign of education; the voting public must be informed on certain issues. Bogus pledges must be exposed by speakers or literature; the spotlight must be turned on an opponent who has gained a strategic advantage by appealing to the ignorance of his constituents; attacks upon the Constitution or the Supreme Court must be fought, and the only way to fight and expose these campaign tactics is by a speaking campaign throughout the country. And this requires hundreds of thousands of dollars in railroad fares alone. No; the chief trouble with campaign contributions is this: The dollars contributed to the losing party are stainless; those dropped into the bulging coffers of the winning party are "tainted."

Senator Borah, in his report, condemns the practice of collecting large funds in certain states and sending them to other states to be used in the presidential campaign, on the ground that this may lead to evil and corrupt practices. He apparently overlooks the fact that corrupt practice acts and the purity of elections are matters for the state's consideration, and not that of Congress.

The committee's suggestion, if adopted, would prevent the free interchange of argument and ideas throughout the country. This would encourage the blight of sectionalism. In the last analysis, it would prohibit a candidate for the Presidency from making a campaign outside of his own state. Instead of having two national parties, we would have ninety-six state parties—one Democratic and one Republican in each state. Instead of having a national election, we would have forty-eight state elections. This would please the La Follette followers, who were defeated last autumn in their plan to trim the claws of the Supreme Court, by campaign funds raised in the wealthy states of the East and Central West and sent into the region where the campaign against the Supreme Court was flourishing.

The American citizen, wherever he may reside, is first of all an American. When he contributes to the campaign fund of his party, he does not stipulate that the money be spent in his own state. The doctrine of state's rights cannot properly be applied to presidential campaigns. Besides, this plan to keep campaign funds at home would be sure to evolve another species of bootlegger—a bootlegger of campaign funds. And no one save those on the "inside" would know how the funds were juggled.

The Major's Golf Score

THE Major was playing in a scoring competition, and took the Short-Hole-Going-Out in three actual strokes, but his partner and marker set down fifteen on the card. The Major's tee shot placed the ball in a bunker, where it lay hanging with a gorse branch close behind it. The Major lifted the gorse branch and took up his stance. Immediately the ball began to roll down the slight slope. The Major then accidentally grounded his club, and had a go at it while it was in motion, and hit it out of bounds beyond the green. On its way to the forbidden area the ball struck his clubs which he had laid on the green, and also glanced off the pin, which, though less than twenty yards away, he had not removed. He dropped another ball in the bunker, and deftly holed it at his next stroke. He was penalized two strokes for lifting a loose impediment in a hazard, two for grounding his club, one because his ball moved after he had taken his stance, two for striking at a moving ball, two for hitting his clubs, two more for hitting the pin, and one, in addition to the distance, for playing his ball out of bounds. We are glad to learn that the Major's vocabulary triumphed over the cumulative strain imposed upon it.—*Morning Post.*

Insects That Act as Lady Bountiful

Luscious Fruits, Costly Silks, Wax and Honey Are Among Their Gifts

By WILLIAM ATHERTON DU PUY

A TINY insect of the Mediterranean has made the United States an out-and-out present of a considerable industry, the Smyrna fig industry, which yields thousands of tons of choice dried fruit every year and places it there in the corner grocery where anybody may buy.

It used to be that these choice figs would not ripen in the United States. The trees would grow but would not bear fruit. Why they would not was for a long time a mystery. The trees grew lusty and strong in California but the little figs, putting out in the spring, would grow until they were as big as the tip of your thumb, would shrivel up and fall off. Ordinary figs would ripen but not these big fellows that were so incomparably superior.

Scientists, knowing that insects have much to do with the well-being of many plants, suspected that there was a lack in California of some helper to the fig that existed in Turkey. The United States Government, therefore, sent a technical man to the Mediterranean with instructions to find out what aid to production existed in the orchards of the Near East that was not present in those of California.

Back of Smyrna, the tragic city which the Turks burned some three years ago, at the time of the flight of the Greeks, is the valley of the River Meles, harboring a civilization so old that it was here that Homer wrote the Odyssey. In the fig groves of this valley the American observer found the natives hanging garlands of wild figs strung on bits of fiber. These wild figs, he found, grew in the country roundabout. They were dwarfed little things of no use as food.

Investigation showed that these dwarf figs contained many tiny insects. Soon the insects issued from them and immediately thereafter they might be seen crawling into the holes at the ends of the young Smyrna figs thereabout. Put a tobacco bag over one of these little figs so the insects could not visit it and it would dry up and drop off just as did those in California.

The result of the investigation was that it was shown that these insects fertilized the figs and thus made it possible that they might grow to maturity. They carried pollen from the wild fig to the domesticated fig. Oddly these two dissimilar figs are mates. Unless the pollen from the one gets into the flower of the other (a fig is a flower turned inside out) the fruit will not ripen. This tiny insect, a member of the wasp family, carries the pollen. Where it does not exist Smyrna figs cannot ripen.

Getting these insects to California and establishing them there was a four-year task for even so resourceful a person as Uncle Sam. There was such a short time for a trip from Turkey to California between the time the egg was laid to the time the mature insect died of old age. Finally the race was won and insects ready to lay eggs in Smyrna figs were turned loose in the orchards of the Pacific Coast. Immediately figs began to stick on the trees and ripen. Soon the insects were numerous. All the figs stuck on. They have been sticking ever since. If the fig insects should go on strike this spring, however, not a single Smyrna fig in all California would mature.

Quite a different rôle was played by the ladybird beetle that, some years ago, saved the orange crop of the United States. We had oranges, but plague was upon them. The orange trees were being done to death.

It was back in the nineties that the plague arrived. It came from Australia and stole in on imported orange trees. It was in the form of tiny mites, which ran about the orange trees, so small that they could hardly be seen. When the mother insects matured their legs dropped off, so they had to settle down. They drilled into the bark of the tree until they struck the sap stream and thereafter sat tight and drank sap. Then, for protection for the young they intended to raise, they built houses. These houses were made of a peculiar frothy, wax-like substance that came out of their bodies. When there were many mothers close together making these houses, one merged into the other and the surface of the tree was covered with them. So arranged they became a "scale." Because of the appearance that they made when piled up in this way they were called the "cottony cushion scale." When there were enough of these insects with their bills inserted and drinking sap there was none of it left to nourish the tree. It died for lack of food. They were so numerous at one time in California that all the orchards were sick near to death.

Something had to be done. Scientists were hurried to Australia, the native home of the cottony cushion scale, to find out why it did not kill the orange trees over there. Here was another riddle to be solved with the existence of an important industry as the stake.

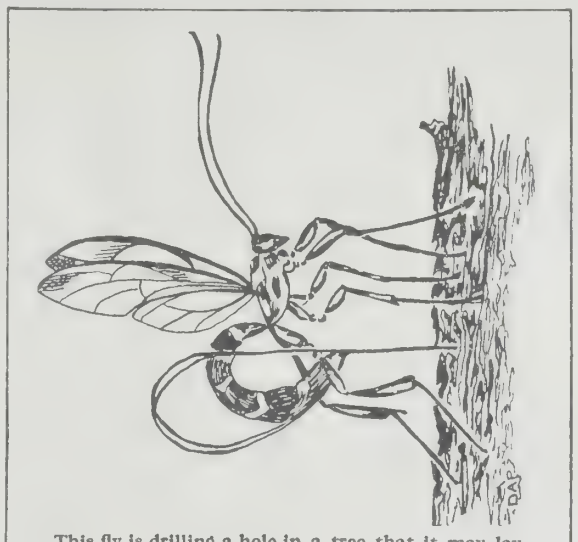
In Australia it was found that this scale was policed by a very efficient insect officer, and kept within bounds. There was one peculiar ladybird beetle, as big as a shoe button and looking like a tiny turtle with bright red spots on her back, that devoted herself exclusively to the orange plague. When it got troublesome she ate it into subjugation. When it was scarce she went on short rations. The moment it began to get over-plentiful, however, the ladybirds began raising huge families and these devoured the scale.

Obviously the thing to do was to bring these ladybird beetles to California and start them eating. They were introduced, were released in the orchards. There they found unlimited quantities of their special food. With their appetite satiated each ladybird sat down and laid 300 eggs. In a few days each had 150 daughters, each laying 300 eggs. Then the granddaughters got busy and the great-granddaughters. One mother might have a billion descendants in a few months. As a matter of fact all the orchards of California were full of them within a year, the scale was eaten up, and the orange crop saved.

Down at Sacramento the State of California maintains a reserve army of ladybird beetles. Enough of them are always there to form the basis for the creation of an eating corps that is competent to cope with any emergency. France, Cuba, Florida, many communities, have called for help and received it. California will whip any cottony cushion scale outbreak in the world just for the fun of doing it.

Beetles generally are enemies to man and this ladybird is a beetle. The potato bug and the boll weevil, for instance, are beetles. They are enemies of man, while the ladybird is his good friend. So is her little cousin in America, so much like her that they can scarcely be told apart, of whom the children sing: "Ladybug, Ladybug, fly away home." This ladybug is also a scale eater and helps save many kinds of fruit trees.

Twelve queer-looking little foreigners arrived recently at Portland, Oregon. They were gathered in England and shipped from France in medicated cotton in



This fly is drilling a hole in a tree that it may lay an egg that will hatch a larva that will devour a borer that is injuring this bit of timber.

a box within a box. They are the progenitors of swarms and swarms of their kind that are to be cultivated and raised in Portland during the summer months.

Each little arrival looks like a smut-stained grain of wheat and is about that size. Each one is contained in a small gelatine capsule, such as a druggist uses to mask some evil-tasting dosage.

Each one is a tachinid fly, the parasite that lives and breeds on and within the earwig and with which the city plans to fight the earwig menace this summer. It is through the activity of the tachinid fly, according to the records, that the earwig pest is kept within control in the Western European countries where climatic conditions are favorable to the development of the earwig, as they are in the Pacific Northwest.

The only feasible way of transmitting the parasites for such a long distance was to send them in the pupa or chrysalis stage.

The tachinid prospers only with the earwig as a host and there is no danger that it will itself become a pest.

The shipment was prepared and dispatched under the direction of United States entomologists abroad working with similar agents of England and France.

The United States is not always an importer but sometimes an exporter of insects. There is the case, for instance, of the bumblebees that were sent to the Philippines, there to play Lady Bountiful to these wards of Uncle Sam.

When the United States first took over those islands it wanted to do the natives every good turn it could, so, for one thing, it sent over some red clover and had its representatives plant it. Clover, it figured, would be of great benefit to the Filipinos.

The clover grew nicely but failed to make any seed. It was all right for that patch but when time for reseeding came, or for planting new areas, more seed had to be brought over from America. The clover crop could make no progress on that basis.

The Department of Agriculture knew that only bumblebees can fertilize red clover, can carry the pollen from one flower to the other. Ordinary bees do not have bills that are long enough to reach to the drop of honey that is in the bottom of the red clover cup. They know this so waste no time visiting red clover blossoms. They are left to the bumblebees.

There were no bumblebees in the Philippines so the government undertook to send some over. To do this an odd trick was played on them. Colonies of them were put into refrigerators and thus led to believe that it was wintertime. They went into hybernation, set their alarm clocks for waking them up when springtime should come. So they traveled halfway around the world, were allowed to thaw out, started thrifty generations of bumblebees and gave a brand new crop to this corner of the world.

It is a quite different type of service which those mercenaries, the ichneumon flies, render to man. They are among the most valiant fighters that he may array in his cause when he is attacked by other insects as, for instance, the caterpillar of the gypsy moth that has done such damage to the trees of New England. These ichneumon flies are tiny, slim, wasp-like creatures, very seldom seen. They look quite frail and harmless but are, in fact, fiends incarnate. Their favorite amusement is to tip down at some fat and sluggish caterpillar and deposit eggs on him or inside him. These eggs bide their time but in the end they hatch out and the resulting grubs begin eating from within. Sometimes there are scores of them in a single caterpillar. Eventually the caterpillar will die but the young gormands keep on eating. Caterpillar meat, dead or alive, is all one to them. When they finally begin to emerge the carcass of the caterpillar seems to be decorated with hundreds of pegs that are sticking from it.

For nearly fifty years now the caterpillars of the gyspy moth have been threatening the very existence of the trees of New England. The forces of state and national government have, during all that time, been trying various expedients to hold the gypsy moth in check. Just now it would seem the tide is turning and this destructive pest is finally defeated. It is defeated largely because of the activities of the ichneumon fly and allied insects which operate much as it does.

There are such insects that lay their eggs on leaves where they are eaten by caterpillars and hatch out inside them. There are others that lay their eggs within the eggs of the gypsy moth, which is the mother of the caterpillars, there to hatch out and devour the egg. Each of these insects that wars on other insects has, in fact, its own method. There is, for example, one called by the fancy name of *Thalessa lunator*, which makes victims of certain wood-boring larvae, which greatly injure timber. *Thalessa* may listen on the trunk of a tree till she hears one of these borers at work within. Then she produces a tiny auger, slimmer than a hair, with which she drills a hole into the tunnel that the borer is digging. There she deposits an egg which hatches out into a grub that pursues the borer, fastens itself upon him, and does him to death.

It has now been 6,000 years since the Chinese found that cloth might be made from the cocoons spun by the caterpillars that lived on their mulberry trees. They began making this cloth before Italy, Greece, even Egypt itself, began emerging from barbarism. The silkworm was one of the first of Nature's creatures to become a domestic animal. Throughout the centuries that have intervened, the Chinese have bred this moth and worm in such a way as to make them fit always more perfectly into the purposes for which they are intended.

The moth, mother of the silkworm, is a helpless little thing that never moves more than an inch or two from the spot where she emerged from the cocoon. There, on a sheet of muslin, she lays her eggs and dies. The silk farmers gather these eggs and put them away, against the coming of the season when the mulberry leaves will again put forth, or ship them about the world to be hatched in many lands. They hatch when exposed to warmth and the young ones are fed mulberry leaves until they wax strong and energetically spin cocoons for themselves from which they expect to emerge full-grown, winged moths. Having done this, however, the poor things are run through ovens and roasted alive.

Then the cocoons are put in water for softening. The loose thread of each is found and attached to a reel which causes the half a mile of fiber on it to unwind just as might a spool of thread. It takes 3,000 of these cocoons to produce a pound of silk, yet there are so many of them reared in this world each year, to be offered up as sacrifices to man's desire for fine raiment, that about 100,000,000 pounds of silk is produced.

Of all the Lady Bountiful insects which work in the interest of man, however, it is probably true that the honeybee renders him the greatest service, yet a service which is little understood by those who benefit from it. People view the busy hives of the bee and the procession of workers that come and go, their boots full of honey. They eat the neat squares of their product and may give thanks to the bee for furnishing them. They consider that here their obligation to the bee has ended.

They do not realize that, if it were not for the bee, there would be in all the world no apples, nor pears, nor peaches, nor cherries, nor any other fruit from the flowering trees. Just as the fig insect was necessary to the Smyrna fig industry, and the bumblebee was indispensable to the red clover, so is the presence of the honeybee absolutely required if flowering fruit trees are to be productive.

This interdependence between bees and plants is one of the miracles of Nature. Each tiny flower seems to realize that it cannot set seed unless it can devise a means of getting pollen from another flower which is its mate. This pollen, the dainty dust which the flower carries in its heart, must find a messenger to serve its purpose. It realizes that to get service it must pay for it and therefore prepares the fee for its messengers. It knows that the available messengers, these ever-present, buzzing bees, are inordinately fond of honey. It, therefore, prepares a honey fee for them if they will bring it pollen. It puts a drop of honey in the bottom of its cup and the bee comes in for breakfast. This bee has already been to other blossoms and they have sprinkled pollen on its fuzzy head. Some of this is shaken off in the new flower, while yet other particles are gathered from it. Thus in going from flower to flower the bees mix the pollen from one with that of the other. Thus is the flower fertilized and thus is it made possible that it shall come to fruitage.

The honey crop of the whole United States amounts to seven or eight million dollars in a year. The apple crop of the State of New York, one of a score of the fruits from blossoming trees, amounts to as much. So is it shown that the bee is the sponsor for one whole group of food products of inestimable value to man.

The Way to Farm Profits

By ROBERT STEWART,
UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA.

THE successful business man maintains his profits by constantly striving to reduce the cost of production and also by the efficient merchandising of his product.

He attempts to reduce the cost of production by efficient management in the economic control of the factors of production and by the elimination of waste, not only the waste of material but also of time and labor.

Likewise, the successful farmer of today is maintaining profits by the efficient control of the factors of production and as far as possible by the elimination of waste in marketing.

Under the present system of marketing farm products the individual farmer is limited in his efforts to reduce the selling cost of farm products and any reforms attempted in this direction must come largely by united group effort on the part of those producing any given farm commodity.

Any progress made along these lines, to be of value, will be of slow growth. While better methods of marketing farm products are being evolved the individual farmer fortunately can help himself very materially by carefully considering methods whereby the cost of production may be economically reduced.

While various co-operative marketing methods have been proposed, some good and many bad, no suggestions have been made for the co-operative production of farm products.

Production always has been and probably always will be an individual matter. The individual farmer must, therefore, consider methods whereby his own costs of production may be lowered. This problem is largely within his own control and it is by individual efficient production that the farmer will largely solve his own economic problems.

It is a well-known truth, for example, that the productive capacity of the soil has an important bearing on farm profits. A farmer who has a fertile farm is more prosperous than one who is trying to make a living on a soil of poor productive quality.

There is an unfortunate false conception in the minds of many farmers that it does not pay to raise large crops since bumper crops mean *low* prices. It is true that *a uniformly* large crop of any commodity depresses prices but the individual farmer's problem is so to control factors of production as to produce his individual large crop at low cost of production and thus produce a profit for himself.

Some important facts in this respect have been established by the many farm management surveys made throughout the country and if they are correctly used, important conclusions may be made by the individual farmer which will be of value in controlling his own profits.

The following results obtained from Farm Management Surveys in Kentucky, Oregon, and Missouri are very significant:

Effect of Crop Yields on the Farmer's Labor Income

Crop Index	Labor Income
Kentucky	
90 or less	217
91—100	519
101—110	701
111—120	1080
Over 120	1150
Oregon	
91 or less	653
92—106	1085
Over 107	1596
Missouri	
60 or less	105
61—75	128
76—90	473
91—110	601
111—130	857
Over 130	908

These results indicate in a very marked way the value of large crops in increasing the farmer's labor income over the average of his neighborhood. A 30 per cent increase in crop index in Kentucky increases the labor income by $886. A 16 per cent increase in the crop index in Oregon increases the labor income by $943, while a 70 per cent increase in the crop index in Missouri increases the labor income by $805.

It is quite evident from this data that it does pay the individual farmer to produce large crops on his own individual farm as compared with the average of his section. The farmer who is producing better yields than the average is making money from his farm. It is important, therefore, for him to pay the most careful attention to his soil as a very material factor affecting his income.

Some very instructive data emphasizing this has recently been obtained in Texas showing the influence of increased yields on the reduction of the bushel cost of producing corn:

Effect of Crop Yields Upon the Cost of Producing Corn

Yield an Acre	Cost a Bushel
20 bushels	$0.94
21—30 "	0.53
31 bushels or more	0.45

It is clearly evident that an increase in yield of 50 per cent has decreased the cost of production by more than 52 per cent.

The cost of plowing, harrowing, disking, and the cultivation of corn is practically the same no matter whether the yield is twenty bushels or eighty bushels an acre.

If this cost is uniformly $5 an acre and it costs five cents a bushel to harvest and market the corn, nine cents a bushel to restore the fertility of the soil, and one-half per cent for taxes, and money is worth five per cent, then land which produces only twenty bushels of corn an acre is worth only $40 an acre with corn selling for fifty cents a bushel.

How much is land worth which will produce forty bushels an acre? It is worth not $80, but $171 an acre, land producing sixty bushels is worth $320, land producing eighty bushels of corn is worth $433, and land producing one hundred bushels of corn is worth $563!

That is, good land producing one hundred bushels of corn an acre will pay $5 an acre for producing the crop, $5 for harvesting and marketing the crop, $9 for the return of the fertility, $2.50 an acre for taxes and will pay five per cent interest in a land valuation of $563 with corn selling for only fifty cents a bushel.

The average yield of corn in the United States in 1923 was 29.3 bushels an acre. The average farm price in 1923 was 72.7 and the acre value, $21.33!

With corn at this price and the average yield only 29.3 bushels an acre the individual efficient farmer has it within his power to increase his individual production in an economic manner so as to make a handsome profit in producing corn. How can the farmer control the factors of production so as to increase his yields?

A study of conditions where the factors of production have been under economic control will indicate the results which the efficient farmer may reasonably expect to receive under similar controlled conditions.

The oldest experimental field in America was established in 1879 at the University of Illinois in the heart of the corn belt on typical brown silt loam soil.

The yield of corn on this field has varied from 28.3 bushels an acre to 57.2 bushels an acre depending upon the economic control exerted upon some of the factors of crop production, as indicated below for the period 1908-1917!

Soil Treatment	Corn Only	Corn and Oats	Corn, Oats and Clover
None	28.3	37.6	40.7
Fertilized	43.6	59.7	57.2

One plot has grown corn continuously since 1879, a second plot has grown corn and oats, while a third plot has grown corn, oats and clover; one-half of each plot has been well fertilized while the other half has received no soil treatment.

The plot in continuous corn without soil treatment has yielded 28.3 bushels an acre which compares very favorably with the average yield of 29.3 for the whole country recorded in 1923. The plot which has received full fertilizer treatment and has grown a rotation of corn, oats, and clover has produced 57.2 bushels of corn, a difference of 28.9 bushels of corn an acre for the full treatment!

Has this increase of 28.9 bushels been obtained in an economic manner? The rotation practiced in corn, oats, and clover is one well adapted to the corn belt. It is, therefore, extremely practical.

The fertilizer treatment consists of the utilization of the crop residues, including the growing of a legume catch crop with the oats. Manure has been applied in proportion to the amounts which would actually be produced by the crop grown when they are fed to livestock, that is, for every ton of produce a ton of manure has been returned to the soil. Finely ground limestone was applied once in 1904 at the rate of 1,700 pounds an acre and bone phosphate has been applied at the rate of 200 pounds an acre a year.

The actual cost an acre a year of the soil treatment has been: Limestone, $0.53, with ground limestone at $5 a ton; bone phosphate, $3.

The extra yield of 28.9 bushels of corn would produce 1,725 pounds of manure containing 8.5 pounds of nitrogen, 1.7 pounds of phosphorous, and 8.5 pounds of potassium, having a commercial value of $2.30 which must be added to the cost of production for soil treatment, making a total cost for soil treatment of $5.83.

The yield of corn, however, has actually been doubled. The acre value of the crop produced on the fully fertilized plot is worth $41.55 instead of $21.33 for the entire United States and the cost of the soil treatment to bring about this result has been actually only $5.83.

The average corn land in the United States in 1923 paid $5 for producing the crop, $1.47 for harvesting and marketing it, $2.10 for the return of soil fertility, $1.16 for taxes, and 5 per cent interest on a land valuation of $232 an acre.

The fully treated plot on the Illinois farm has paid $5 for producing the crop, $2.86 for harvesting and marketing it, $5.15 for the return of soil fertility, $2.60 for taxes and has paid 5 per cent interest on a land valuation of $519 an acre or has produced $25.95 an acre for the payment of the use of the farmer's time and capital!

The point of this story is that the progressive farmer to make money must produce better than the average results. Of the two big problems confronting the American farmer, reduction of his production cost and successful marketing of his products, the former is an individual problem and must be solved entirely by individual effort.

In the production of any farm commodity the farmer must produce better than the average of his neighborhood. The farmer who is content with average yield and average results will not be able to make money over a series of years. During times of under produce and high prices he will make money, ordinarily he will "just get by," while during times of stress he will go under. During an agricultural depression, such as has prevailed during the past four years, his commodity produced without profit to himself will simply add to the overproduction and thus assist in reducing the prices paid to the producers in general.

The successful farmer must produce better crops than the average so as to reduce his production cost. He will do this by using better seed, better methods of cultivation, better soil treatment than the average farmer uses.

He will produce larger yields an acre of high-quality crops produced at a low unit cost of production by more intelligent study of the controllable factors entering into the cost of producing crops such as the use of better seed, and far greater attention to soil fertility problems.

The Dressing of a King

AS A BOY, I was always a little excited when I read some such statement as this in books of European history: "The Duc de — — was admitted to a Royal *Lever* where the favor he sought was granted." What the exact nature of the function was I did not know, but I imagined a scene of grandeur, with the Personage on a throne, with courtiers in silks and satins advancing to the Royal Presence, with music and bowings and a glitter of lights—something very fine and noble and beautiful—the supplicant central making his plea in the hearing of all, then retiring backward in pleasant triumph at having gained his point.

The exact meaning of the Royal *Lever* did not come to me until I read the account given by Saint-Simon in his *État de la France*, 1687, and then it came as a complete surprise. For the *Lever*, to speak brute truth, was nothing more than a bedroom scene. At 8:30, the King was awakened by his First Valet de Chambre, a duke, who "gently pulled the coverlet" much in the same way, I suppose, as does a Pullman porter. Then entered the room the privileged ones, first the Duc de Bullion who was Great Chamberlain, then the Chief Gentlemen of the Bed Chamber, next the Grand Master of the Wardrobe followed by his subordinates and the Chief Valets de Chambre. With twelve in the bedroom the door was closed and taken charge of by a Chief Usher. All later comers had to announce their presence by "scratching softly and gently on the side of the door," for to knock would have been considered violent and unseemly. So scratched for admittance, in order, the King's Physician, the Queen's Physician, the King's Nurse, and, one by one, the admitted favorites whose presence had been arranged for the day previous. Among those favorites were such as had favors to ask or petitions to present, and these advanced to the bedside at an appointed signal, each one separately, while all others betook themselves to corners, and "looked discreetly at the walls or elsewhere."

Such was the function of the *Lever*, but the petitioners having had their favors granted or refused, were permitted to stand aside and view the rest of the ceremony. Stepping from the bed the King crossed himself and recited the Office of the Order of the Holy Ghost, which being done the Duke who held the office of First Valet de Chambre presented the slippers, which were put on the royal feet by the subordinate valets. Then the Great Chamberlain advanced with the dressing gown while two Gentlemen of the Bedchamber brought forward a chair in which the King sat to have his hair dressed. This ceremony was slightly changed on alternate days when the King was shaved. During the hairdressing or the shaving there came forward four private secretaries, three more valets, two readers, two controllers of the plate, the physician in ordinary, the apothecary and a few favored courtiers. Next came dukes and peers who had been waiting in the antechamber, marshals and household officials, officers and statesmen and the general court. It was resolute flunkeyism *in excelsis*. Apparently everyone clung nervously to the traditions, and while the crowd stood in solemn dignity, the dressing of the King was proceeding. There is no mention of bathing or of washing, but other things are described with meticulous care. With open-mouthed awe, those new to the function saw the adjusting of the wig, the pulling on of the breeches to which the stockings were attached, then the eating of a preliminary breakfast. Then came the taking off of the dressing gown and the presentation of the shirt. The bottomless folly of that last business was extraordinary. The right sleeve was held up by the First Valet de Chambre, the left sleeve by his immediate inferior. The Master of the Wardrobe adjusted the garment. So followed the garbing in satin, the hanging of the blue ribbon, the buckling of the sword, the fastening of the cravat, the adjusting of the hat and plume and the handing of the cane, each and every piece of business being done by a properly appointed official. The last office was the bringing forward of four handkerchiefs by four individuals, and then the choosing of one, and so the morning ceremony ended.

—From a Busy Man's Notebook.
—C. J. F.

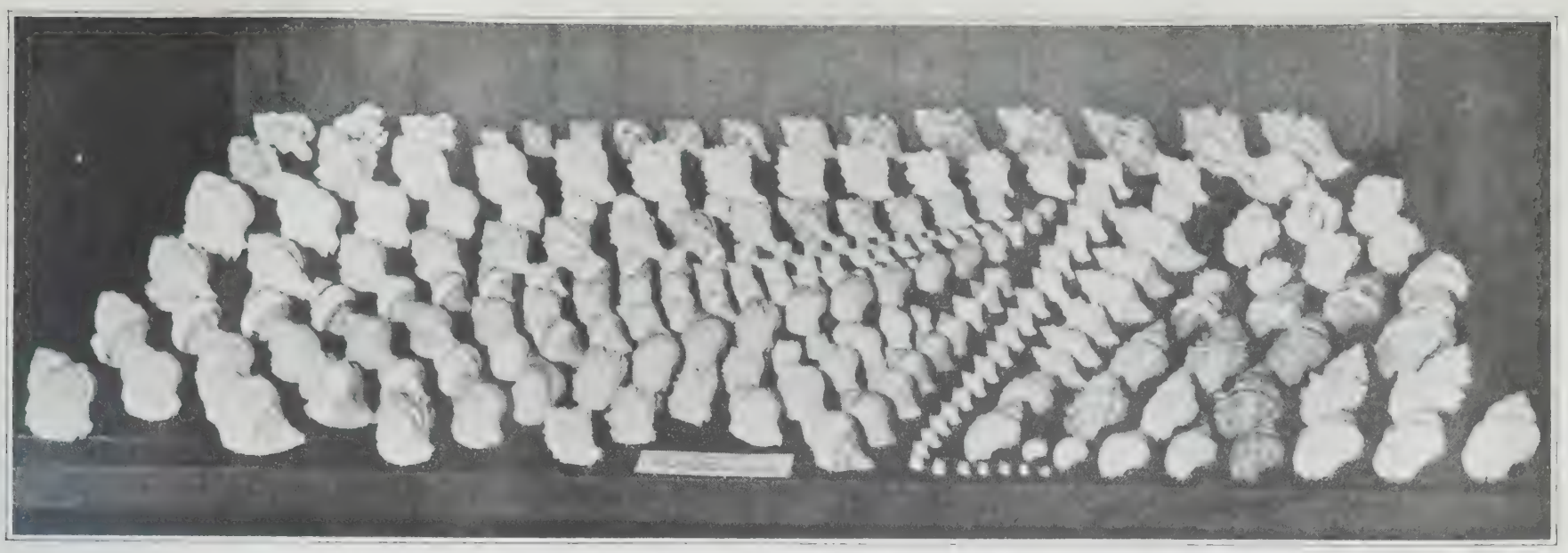
When Smoking Was Illegal

The following is taken from the court booke of Methwold, Norfolk, under date of October 4th, 1695.

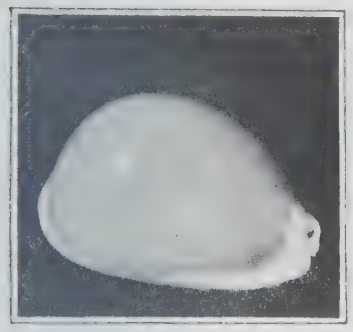
"Wee agree that any person that is taken smoaking tobacco in the street shall forfitt one shilling for every time so taken and itt shall be lawfull for the petty constables to distraine for the same to be putt to the uses of the towne."

A few pages further there is the record of the first arrest under the tobacco prohibition law.

"We present Nicholas Barber for smoakeing in the street and do amerce him one shilling."



This photograph of a single kind of shell, depicting all the steps from infancy to maturity, gives an idea of the extent of the Golish Shell Collection.

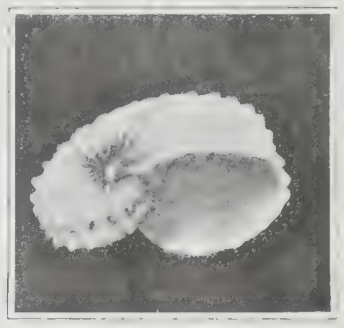


A shell of wondrous golden color, this particular specimen of *cyprae aurautium* is one of the rarest of shells.

Gems of the Ocean

Mr. and Mrs. Golish's Collection of Rare and Beautiful Sea Shells

By HENRIETTE BOECKMANN



In Catalina Island's waters dwell the rare and remarkable *argonantidae*, or paper sailors, the lovely house being built by the female herself.

TO THE average man the amassing of an uneclipsed collection of shells must mean a lifetime of the most painstaking effort and persistence. To the erudite it signifies all that and much more. A single tiny shell found on a remote island or a thousand miles inland ofttimes tells more on its unwritten surface of both geology and ethnology than might be read in a volume in any library. For these reasons the great Golish collection of shells on display in the Southwest Museum of Los Angeles places the mark of its compilers, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Golish, far above that attained during the lifetime of the average person.

And yet neither of these ardent collectors had more than the average school education. It was from a shell shop at a beach town in Southern California which Mr. Golish once owned, that this vast assemblage of shells grew as infant to the maturity of its present proportions that give equal rank with the two largest conchology collections in the East.

Moreover, by reason of its display features the Golish collection stands distinctly in a class of its own. Students and collectors from all parts of the world have been attracted to this collection by reason, chiefly, of its unexcelled methods of display.

It has been the aim of Mr. Golish to show the complete development stages of a shell, from infancy to maturity, as well as the smallest and largest shells, and also any which are peculiar among their kinsmen. It is not the size of a shell which shows its development; this is judged entirely by its appearance. In forming this superb collection the Golishes eliminated any duplicate shells.

"The greatest task involved in this collection," said Mr. Golish to the writer, "is not in the actual collecting, but in keeping up the collection scientifically. Families are changed, others are combined. Constantly this changing is taking place at Washington."

Students of ethnology know that it was through the discovery of certain shells on the shores of San Nicolas Island, famed as the loneliest spot in the world, which at once led to the conclusion that San Nicolas and all the other islands in the Channel group of the Californian coast were once a part of the mainland. This is known to be true due to the fact that shells to match those of the San Nicolas coast were picked up on the shores of California. Again shells unearthed from the Indian graves in Iowa, Minnesota, and other parts of the country correspond in every detail with those native to the West Indies, leading at once to the deduction that in ancient times these shells were transported by the Indians either through Mexico or around by way of Siberia.

Shells for the Golish collection are never accepted unless alive. That is, the animals must still be in them, since a few days of exposure on the beach ruin the color and luster of a shell. Upon capture the shell with its animal is boiled, and the fine natural luster of the shells at the Southwest Museum show the resultant beauty, for each one shines as if the surface had been varnished. On certain shells the epidermis is difficult to retain, necessitating boiling the shell in glycerine to keep this outer layer from chipping off during the heating.

From Mr. Hirase, the greatest of Japanese chronologists, who at his own expense built a museum for the exhibition of shells in his native land, Mr. Golish has secured many choice specimens, one of which, the *latiaxis pilsbyi*, has only one counterpart and that is in the Academy of Sciences at Philadelphia.

Countless are the rare and costly shells in the Golish collection, but none with a more fascinating history than that of

One case of coral in the center of which is a specimen of coraline growth as yet unclassified among collectors. It was drawn up from a depth of 600 feet off the coast of San Nicolas Island.

cypraea aurautium, a shell of wondrous golden color, its name reminiscent of that glorious lily which the writer has grown in her own garden, the auratum or gold-banded lily of Japan. This shell has its habitat in the tepid water of Loyalty Island, in the Samoan group, and is regarded by the natives as a sacred shell. At the time Robert Louis Stevenson was living in Samoa, and during a period of much disturbance on the island, when American, English, and German men o' war were lying in the harbor, a native ruler, out of gratitude to the English ship for remaining there a year, while the other ships had returned to their respective homes, gave to one of its officers the largest of his collection of these choice shells.

The British officer, being much impressed by the beauty and exceptional size of the shell, asked for another, but though many skilled divers were sent down, no more like it were found. The widow of this officer came to live at Long Beach where Mr. Golish at one time conducted a shell store, and although she disposed of the precious shell at another shop in the same town, the employe who had made the purchase found that the proprietor of the shop would not refund him the money paid for it, and so the shell was taken to Mr. Golish who instantly bought it of the happy employe from the other shop for $50.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Golish have discovered shells hitherto unknown to conchology. The one found his on the beach at Santa Monica, California, the other found hers on the beach at San Nicolas. Instantly she saw the tiny specimen lying there Mrs. Golish recognized it as something new though the variation from certain other forms was very slight. No other like it has ever been found. In each case the shell was named after the finder, as scientific record shows.

From Los Angeles Harbor there is a group of shells taken from a depth of 1,500 feet—down where the water is ice-cold and all is in darkness. That region that the English poet, Arnold, so beautifully depicts in his "Forsaken Merman"—

> "Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
> Where the winds are all asleep;
> Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,
> Where the salt weed sways in the stream,
> Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,
> Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground;
> Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
> Dry their mail and bask in the brine;
> Where the great whales come sailing by,
> Sail and sail, with unshut eye."

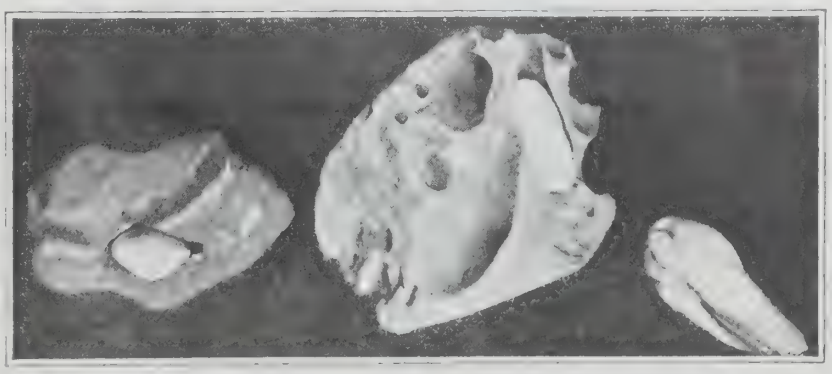
The shells brought from this far region are shaped to withstand the enormous pressure placed on them by the water.

In the famed waters that surround Catalina Island dwell the rare and remarkable *argonantidae*, or paper sailor, of which there are numerous specimens in the Golish collection. The female alone builds the lovely shell house, laying her eggs therein, while the male lives much as an octopus. These paper sailors sell for $1 an inch and are found after a storm.

The *cancellaris* is one of the rarest of shell families found on the Pacific Coast, and in one of the government bulletins published several years ago on conchology is found the photograph as well as the description of the world's largest and finest of this family which belongs to the Golish collection.

From the warmest waters of the globe come the loveliest shells—from the Gulf of California, from Florida, and especially from Japan. Though the same kind of shell may be picked up on the coast of Alaska as on that of China, each looks quite different, the one from China being far more artistic and beautiful than the homely and brittle shell from the cold North. Size, too, is thus affected. Take, for example, the cup-and-saucer family of shells on which group Mr. Golish par-

(*Concluded on page 14*)



These shells, belonging to the borer group, are able to make nests for themselves cut from rock, by means of acid and siliceous teeth together with a rasp-like tongue.

How Much Has It Cost the U. S.?

Concluded from page 2

bination must let the Independent get some business at any price or stand revealed as a 100 per cent monopoly.

I purposely here avoid charging any of these combinations or groups with having committed any infraction of the law, nor is there any intention here to imply an indictment because of their size. In fact, the courts of the United States have refused to give disapproval by a majority decision to the size of one of these great combinations. What I am pointing out is that their size, which has got beyond the control of state governments owing to these groups combining and crossing state lines, constantly stirs the public to call upon the Federal Government to do something with them.

In the farm implement business a combination, organized in 1902, was composed of five companies that formerly competed. At its inception this combination controlled 90 per cent of certain lines of the farm machinery industry of the nation. Almost from the beginning it has been before the United States Courts, Congress, or the Federal Trade Commission, for investigation or enforcement of orders or decrees.

In the steel world there is a super-combination composed of eight great combinations, including what were originally 130 independent companies scattered over the United States. Its present output is somewhere near 50 per cent of the steel produced in the United States. It is no stranger to courts, commissions, or legislatures.

In 1906 a combination having to do with manufacture and the sale of products derived from corn absorbed nine companies that were independent competitors. At one time it had 100 per cent of the industry, but since a judicial decree of 1919, represents about 50 per cent of the corn products business.

Timber Ownership Is Becoming More Concentrated

The Standard Oil group, since the dissolution of that combination by the Supreme Court, has handled, as late as 1922, about 45 per cent of the refined oil products. One large company controls more than one-third of the output of tin cans which are used as containers for our supply of canned vegetables and fruits.

In the anthracite business eight large companies, with a "community of interest," produce about 75 per cent of the total output and control perhaps 90 per cent of the coal in the ground. Most of these companies were formed by consolidating groups of independent companies. Last year when there was a shortage of anthracite and this, together with high prices in New England, caused great suffering, the President appointed a commission to investigate the anthracite situation. That commission in the twelve months' period of its existence spent $600,000. Should another such emergency develop is it not reasonable to expect that there will be a great drive made on Congress to put the industry under governmental regulation through the creation of an additional bureau?

In the lumber world timber ownership is becoming concentrated more and more. As far back as 1913 the Commissioner of Corporations reported that 39 per cent of all long-leaf yellow pine and 29 per cent of the cypress was controlled by 67 holders, and one-half of the Douglas fir by 37 holders, many of which were closely connected, while the three largest holders alone had nearly 25 per cent of the privately owned Douglas fir timber.

While there are 4,800 commercial flour mills in this country, not less than 27 per cent of the total output of wheat flour was produced in 1921 by eight large companies.

In the bread world, the ultimate consumer became so agitated in 1923 that Congress passed a resolution requesting the Federal Trade Commission to investigate the baking industry.

Of commercially baked bread approximately 2,494,600,000 pounds was purchased in 1923 by eight baking companies. An estimate based upon data published by one of the baking trade papers shows a total annual commercial output of 12,117,600,000 pounds for the country. The eight companies in 1923, therefore, baked about 12 per cent of the total commercial output.

In November, 1924, a baking corporation announced an authorized capital of $600,000,000 and stated, according to press reports, that it proposed to acquire two other great baking corporations. According to the United States census, the total capitalization of the entire baking industry in the United States, including 25,095 establishments in 1919, was $509,266,000, which was nearly $100,000,000 less than the authorized par value of the capital stock of this baking corporation. Now the baking industry is under investigation.

Farmers Have Struggled About Prices

The records of Congress and of our administrative departments are encumbered with resolutions, investigations, orders, and decrees without end, directed at these various groups.

One of the most enlightening investigations that could be made in the public interest would be to learn how many hours, how many dollars, and how many persons have been employed by legislative, executive, and judicial departments in the last forty years, either directly or indirectly, seeking to understand or to check the movements of business combinations. Instead of growing less, these efforts and expenditures of the government are increasing in numbers. From time to time public pressure becomes so great that Congress creates an additional bureau or division to supervise those under investigation.

Look for a moment at the packing industry. There was a day when the acts of those in this business aroused no irritation. In fact, their efficiency was not only not feared, but the business genius of those in control admired. That was before the days of combining. The records show that one of the largest started with an investment of $160,000. Subsequently this corporation purchased 24 independent competing plants in 12 states. According to a statement of a vice-president of this company, it is engaged in 47 distinct lines of business and controls 148 subsidiary companies. The original capital stock has expanded to $400,000,000. A like picture could be drawn of another one of the mastodon combinations in this industry.

The records of Congress, the Department of Justice, and the Federal Trade Commission show that the so-called Big Five Packers, who have recently been reduced by absorption to the Big Four, have been, since 1902, almost continuously under investigation or prosecution. Three years ago Congress passed the Packers and Stock Yards Act and added to the Department of Agriculture a division with an appropriation, now, of more than $450,000 a year and a number of employes to supervise and control that industry.

The farmers of the United States for some years have been struggling with the prices which they have obtained for their grain in the great markets of Minneapolis and Chicago. In Minnesota and the Dakotas what practically amounted to open warfare broke out between these farmers and the Exchange at Minneapolis, in an uprising that gave occasion for political action. Toward the Chicago Board of Trade the farmers became suspicious of the alleged manipulation on the part of the speculators who, in some instances, were the great grain buyers of that market.

Wholly aside from the question as to whether the farmers were right in their belief as regards these exchanges, the fact remains that pressure for action upon Congress was irresistible and, as a result, the Grain Futures Act was passed centralizing certain control in the Federal Government over the grain business.

I have often been asked what is so difficult about the actions of these great combinations that they cannot be grasped by the mind of the average citizen. Of the many instances, let us consider the method for determining the price charged for rolled steel throughout the United States. At Pittsburgh, where the United States Steel Corporation has plants, it charged, let us say, a price of $50 a ton for rolled steel. At Chicago it also has plants. There it charged $50 plus $7.60, a sum equivalent to the freight from Pittsburgh to Chicago, for the Chicago consumer, though he bought the steel at the Chicago plant and, notwithstanding, it had never been on a railroad track. It likewise added $13 a ton, over the $50 at its plant at Duluth, and $11 at its plant at Birmingham. The so-called Independents, apparently because of the dominance of the Steel Corporation, followed its prices so that the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, located at Pueblo, Colorado, might charge the consumer of that city the Pittsburgh price of steel plus approximately the equivalent of the freight to Pueblo, which was about $27 a ton. It is obvious that the Pittsburgh consumer, purchasing his steel in Pittsburgh and manufacturing it into steel products, could keep the Chicago consumer, with his handicap of $7.60 a ton, from getting very far east, while the Pittsburgh consumer could go into Chicago, Duluth, Denver, and other points, on an equality with the western consumer.

When a Colossus Arises in an Industry

Now, while the United States Steel Company in a very commendable spirit accepted the order of the Federal Trade Commission to desist from this practice, it took the Federal Trade Commission five years of constant effort to inform itself with sufficient certainty of the historical, economic, accounting, and legal facts before it could base an order on this data. It spent more than $85,000 in doing so and took 19,000 pages of testimony.

Is it a wonder that the ultimate consumer, the farmer, or the housewife is unable to understand the mysteries of big business, when the Federal Trade Commission, with all its skilled accountants, economists, and lawyers, must spend such time, money, and effort to unravel its mysteries?

It is an historical truism that man fears that which he cannot understand. Hence the disturbance made upon the public when a colossus arises in an industry. Absentee control and ownership, a thing with which the single corporate unit which I have described is not often handicapped:

Domination so great that the so-called "Independents" in an industry must not go below the minimum price of the great combination during normal times lest they be crushed; prices high enough to sustain the highest cost plants of these great combinations, as well as of some of the Independents.

Fear on the part of the smaller Independent to reduce its prices below the prices of the dominant group, even though it has a lesser freight problem, closer supervision, and smaller overhead; lack of control by local officials and legislatures over the interstate business of the combination; a general increase in the cost of living even before the war, despite patents and labor-saving devices in every industry that should have reduced the high cost of living—these are a few of the things going to make up a background that causes a confused public to seek the aid of the Federal Government.

Hence we find, despite the approval of "less government in business" by statesmen, officials, and business men, that we continue to add bureaus and commissions. There is no escape from this dilemma as long as we permit price-fixing associations to destroy competition or centralization of economic power in business combinations that are built up by merging competitors whose united business is beyond state control, and whose actions cannot be understood or grasped by the common mind.

(Mr. Thompson, in a succeeding article, will tell how various public groups would attempt to solve this problem.)

Gems of the Ocean

Concluded from page 13

ticularly prides himself, those from the Gulf of California are much larger than those found in the cooler waters of Los Angeles Harbor. As with birds and fishes, so with shells, the most colorful dwell in the warmer zones, and this influence is, of course, very evident in the dress and artistry of the peoples dwelling in these climes.

There are two great classes of shells, the land and the water shells, and in the Golish collection are many of the latter gathered from rivers. The study of those land shells, called snail shells, forms a most interesting section in this conchology gathering of unsurpassed magnitude. Coral and sponges from all parts of the world are also in evidence. There is, for one, a very large and beautiful glass sponge found by Mr. Golish in Santa Monica Bay, a similar specimen of which does not exist. Those lovely glass sponges forming the Venus flower baskets found in Philippine waters, the first discovered bringing $500 at a sale in England, always attract the eye.

The microscopic section of this shell collection was dredged for by the Golishes at both Los Angeles Harbor and at Catalina. It is interesting to note that shells, no matter how minute, never interbreed. Still more interesting is the fact that when a shell is broken it will go in quest of lime or whatever substance is required for its mending process, and thus become as new. Numerous specimens at the Southwest Museum give evidence of this procedure in mending.

Almost all shells have egg cases and when born can swim. Shells are great travelers. For example, a colony of 1,000 razor clams on being disturbed jumped a foot or two into the air and across the water about three feet, making a swift and spectacular migration. The Golishes have also witnessed groups of abalones crossing a sand bar at a lively pace.

These are but a few of the facts concerning shells which enliven the subject for the layman. The maker of a collection of shells must busy himself with data far more intricate, for more exacting.

"Since we donated our collection to the Southwest Museum in 1914," Mrs. Golish told the writer, "my husband has been working on the collection every day until his present illness, from morning until 10 or 11 o'clock at night, sometimes even having his meals brought to him at the large table where he worked at home."

The two who have developed this amazing collection and donated it to future generations, without any monetary recompense whatsoever, are not persons of wealth. Whereas others have given much of their time and money to those things commonly called the pleasures of life, these two have made the accumulation and assortment of this internationally known shell collection both their joy and their work.

Chimney Rock on the Cody Road

By JAMES CLYDE GILBERT

MAJESTIC in its retreat, overlooking the waters of the Shoshone River, stands the famous Chimney Rock on the road from Cody, Wyoming, to Yellowstone National Park.

It is perhaps ninety feet in height. The surface facing the road is twelve feet across and is not more than two or three feet in thickness. It stands only a few feet from the face of the cliff which forms a background beautiful to behold when the slanting rays of the sun bring out the colors of the various rock formations.

The rock is situated on the main highway from Cody, Wyoming, to Yellowstone Lake in Yellowstone National Park. As it is on the highway, not more than eight or ten feet from the road, Yellowstone Park tourists using the Cody Road have an opportunity to inspect this interesting landmark. This district is noted for its beauty and the strange forms of the rocks thereabout. Columns, "cathedral spires," and giant figures sometimes having human likenesses abound.

(C) Chicago Burlington & Quincy Railroad.

The tapering spire of Chimney Rock.

Hints on Bird Houses —By D. LANGE

WITH the progress of more intensive cultivation of the land and the disappearance of old hollow trees, a number of our most desirable song birds and insectivorous birds are being more and more hard pressed in finding suitable nesting sites. There is a decided housing shortage for these friends of man.

The best time to make and put up bird houses is in late autumn and early winter. Most bird house contests and bird house exhibits are held too late for obtaining good results the first season.

Among the most desirable bird neighbors are bluebirds, wrens, nuthatches, chickadees, woodpeckers, martins, and tree swallows. Of this list only the woodpeckers can act as their own carpenters. All the other species must depend on natural cavities or on cavities made but not used by woodpeckers.

A well-placed bluebird house which is occupied every season. Notice the tin collar around the post.

The best bird houses are those made of sections of hollow trees or large branches with the natural bark adhering. It is best to cut those sections during winter, when the bark will not peel or become loosened. It is not advisable to tack bark on sawed boards. Bark tacked on always warps and gives shelter and breeding places to bird vermin.

If sections of natural trees and branches are not available, rough sawed boards, well weathered, should be used. Neither the inside nor the outside surfaces should be planed; and a bird house should not be painted, with the possible exception of martin houses. A dark-green or dark-brown stain is not objectionable.

The birds most easily attracted to bird houses are bluebirds and wrens. Their houses should be placed on a post from six to ten feet high. A ring of tin, about ten inches wide, should be nailed around the post to make it impossible for squirrels and cats to reach the nest.

If bird houses are nailed to the walls of a building, they should not be exposed to the noon and afternoon sun. Trees or bushes should not be more than a rod away, so that the young birds may quickly reach shelter when they leave the nest. If they flutter about on the ground for any length of time, cats or other enemies will get them.

It is best to use screws in the construction of bird houses, because nails will nearly always become loosened and cause open joints, which are objectionable to the birds.

The least desirable place for bird houses is on trees, because houses so placed are nearly always accessible to cats and other enemies.

It is not necessary, but it is better to clean out the bird houses and remove the old nesting materials. A friend of mine, whose bluebird house is occupied every season, cleans out the old material in February or March, before the birds have returned. In the bottom of the house, he always places a layer of about two inches of fresh damp garden soil mixed with sawdust, about half and half.

This mixture makes a good foundation for the nest and holds a little moisture like dead spongy wood in natural tree cavities. This new idea deserves a general trial in widely separated localities.

The most desirable and interesting tenants are the bluebirds. Their number is showing a marked increase, on account of nesting boxes put up for them. Within the last few years I have seen as many as forty bluebirds in one flock in late autumn.

McGuffey's Maxims

Little Tales of Conduct From the Famous School Reader of the Last Generation

The Clock and the Sun-Dial

1. ONE gloomy day, the Clock on a steeple looking down on the Sun-dial in a garden near by, said, "How stupid it is in you to stand there like a stock.

2. "You never tell the hour, till a bright sun looks forth from the sky, and gives you leave. I go merrily round, day and night; in summer and winter the same, without asking his leave.

3. "I tell the people the time to rise, to come to dinner, and to go to church.

4. "Hark! I am going to strike now: one, two, three, four. There it is for you. How silly you look. You can say nothing."

5. The sun, at that moment broke forth from behind a cloud, and showed, by the Sun-dial, that the Clock was half an hour behind the right time.

6. The boasting Clock now held his tongue, and the Dial only smiled at his folly.

MORAL.

7. Humble modesty is more often right, than a proud and boasting spirit.

The Flight of Lincoln's Assassins

Concluded from page 9

Fresh. 'The coast seems to be clear,' I said, 'and the darkness favors us. Let us make the attempt.'

"With difficulty Booth was raised by Herold and myself and placed upon my horse. Every movement, in spite of his stoicism, wrung a groan of anguish from his lips. His arms were then given to him, the blankets rolled up and tied behind him on the horse, and we began the perilous journey.

"At last, after what seemed an interminable age, we reached my place. We stopped under a pear tree near the stable, about forty or fifty yards from my house. It was then between nine and ten o'clock. 'Wait here,' I said, 'while I go in and get you some supper which you can eat here while I get something for myself.'

"After supper we resumed our journey across the open field toward the longed-for river. Though there was now little danger of meeting any one, I walked ahead, taking the same precautions I had used during the more hazardous part of our journey. Presently we came to a fence that ran across the path, about three hundred yards from the river. It was difficult to take it down; so we left the horse there and Herold and myself assisted Booth to dismount and, supporting him between us, took our way carefully down the tortuous path that led to the shore.

"The path was steep and narrow and for three men to walk down it abreast, one of them being a cripple, to whom every step was torture, was not the least difficult part of that night's work. But the Potomac, that longed-for goal, at last was near.

"At length we reached the shore and found the boat where Henry had been directed by me to leave it. It was a flat-bottomed boat about twelve feet long, of a dark-lead color. I had bought it in Baltimore the year before for eighteen dollars.

"We placed Booth in the stern with an oar to steer; Herold took the bowseat to row. Then lighting a candle which I had brought for the purpose—I had no lantern—and carefully shading it with an oilcloth coat belonging to one of the men, I pointed out on the compass Booth had with him the course to steer. 'Keep to that,' I said, 'and it will bring you into Machodoc Creek. Mrs. Quesenberry lives near the mouth of this creek. If you tell her you come from me I think she will take care of you.'

"I then cautioned them to keep the light hidden and said 'Goodby.' I pushed the boat off and it glided out of sight into the darkness.

"I stood on the shore and listened till the sound of the oars died away in the distance and then climbed the hill and took my way home."

The following is from the diary of John Wilkes Booth, written while he and Herold were making a frantic attempt to escape:

"Te Amo."

April 13-14, Friday, the Ides.

"Until today nothing was ever thought of sacrificing to our country's wrongs. For six months we had worked to capture. But our cause being almost lost, something decisive and great must be done. But its failure was owing to others who did not strike for their country with a heart. I struck boldly, and not as the papers say. I walked with a firm step through a thousand of his friends; who stopped, but pushed on. A colonel was at his side. I shouted *sic semper* before I fired. In jumping broke my leg. I passed all his pickets. Rode sixty miles that night, with the bone of my leg tearing the flesh at every jump.

"I can never repent it, though we hated to kill. Our country owed all her troubles to him, and God simply made me the instrument of his punishment.

"The country is not . . . .

"April, 1865

what it was. This forced union is not what I have loved. I care not what *becomes* of me. I have no desire to outlive my country. This night (before the deed) I wrote a long article and left it for one of the editors of the *National Intelligencer,* in which I fully set forth our reasons for our proceedings. He or the Gov't.

"Friday, 21.

"After being hunted like a dog through swamps, woods, and last night being chased by gunboats till I was forced to return wet, cold and starving with every man's hand against me, I am here in despair. And why? For doing what Brutus was honored for. What made Tell a hero? And yet I for striking down a greater tyrant than they ever knew am looked upon as a common cutthroat. My action was purer than either of theirs. One hoped to be great. The other had not only his country's but his own wrongs to avenge. I hoped for no gain. I knew no private wrong. I struck for my country and that alone. A country that groaned beneath this tyranny and prayed for this end, and yet now behold the cold hand they extend to me. God *cannot* pardon me if I have done wrong.

"Yet I cannot see my wrong except in serving a degenerate people. The little, the very little, I left behind to clear my name, the Gov'mt will not allow to be printed. So ends all. For my country I have given up all that makes life sweet and holy, brought misery upon my family, and am sure there is no pardon in the Heaven for me since man condemns me so. I have *only* HEARD of what has been done (except what I did myself), and it fills me with horror. God, try and forgive me, and bless my mother. Tonight I will once more try the river with the intent to cross.

"Though I have a greater desire and almost a mind to return to Washington and in a measure clear my name—which I feel I can do—I do not repent the blow I struck. I may before my God, but not to man. I think I have done well. Though I am abandoned, with the curse of Cain upon me, when, if the world knew my heart, *that one* blow would have made me great, though I did desire no greatness."

"Tonight I try to escape these bloodhounds once more. Who, who can read his fate? God's will be done.

"I have too great a soul to die like a criminal. O, may He, may He spare me that, and let me die bravely.

"I bless the entire world. Have never hated or wronged any one. This last was not a wrong, unless God deems it so. And it's with him to damn or bless me. And for this brave boy with me, who often prays (yes, before and since) with a true and sincere heart, was it crime in him, if so, why can he pray the same?

"I do not wish to shed a drop of blood, but I must fight the course. 'Tis all that's left me."

The wanderings of the next few days, beginning with April 21, are covered in interviews by W. N. Walton in May, 1865, for Washington newspapers. He talked with Lucas the Negro, Dr. Stewart, and Mrs. Quesenberry. George Alfred Townsend who wrote voluminously of the assassination at the time, and in the *Century Magazine* for April, 1884, describes how Booth and Herold crossed the Potomac and reached Port Conway. Victor Louis Mason retold the story more in detail in the *Century* for April 1896, and in 1900 O. H. Oldroyd, of the Oldroyd Lincoln Museum, interviewed people all along the route confirming the stories previously written.

Instead of crossing as they had planned, the assassins, due to darkness and inexperience, found themselves when Saturday morning broke on the side of the river from which they had started. Landing, Herold obtained food at the home of Colonel John J. Hugh and again told what Booth had done. Later during the day they were seen entering their boat by a Negro who, thinking they answered the description of Booth and Herold, reported it to the authorities.

On Saturday night the fugitives were more successful and reached Gambo Creek on the Virginia side. Sunday morning Herold called at Mrs. Quesenberry's, about a mile from where they had landed. He told her that he had been directed to her by Thomas Jones, and once more stated that he had with him the man who killed Abraham Lincoln. Following Herold, she was led to Booth's hiding place where she found him in great pain from his broken leg. He requested that he be taken to the nearest physician and stated that now being among friends he anticipated little danger.

That afternoon, Sunday, Mrs. Quesenberry, with the aid of a neighbor, William Bryan, sent them to Dr. Stewart, eight miles away, where they arrived about 6 o'clock. Dr. Stewart, suspecting their identity, after giving them supper would not allow them to remain longer and they went about a quarter of a mile to the hut of William Lucas, a Negro, where they spent the night.

The next morning Booth sent Dr. Stewart the following note:

"Dear Sir: Forgive me, but I have some little pride. I hate to blame you for your want of hospitality; you know your own affairs. I was sick and tired, with a broken leg, in need of medical advice. I would not have turned a dog from my door in such a condition. However, you were kind enough to give us something to eat, for which I not only thank you, but on account of the reluctant manner in which it was bestowed, I feel bound to pay for it. It is not the substance but the manner in which kindness is extended that makes one happy in the acceptance thereof. The sauce in meat is ceremony; meeting were bare without it. Be kind enough to accept the inclosed two dollars and a half (though hard to spare) for what we have received.

"Yours respectfully,

"Stranger."

April 24, 1865
To Dr. Stewart

Lucas procured a wagon and about 3 o'clock that Monday afternoon, deposited Booth and Herold at the Port Conway end of the Rappahannock River ferry, fifteen miles farther south. Lucas stated about ten days later that on the trip to Port Royal Booth seemed much fatigued, and laid down in the bottom of the wagon and slept at intervals.

In an article to follow the flight of the fugitives will be concluded and there will be told the story of the pursuit.

THE ILLINOIS AGRICULTURIST URBANA

BRIEFLY TOLD

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. The set includes: "The International Jew," Vol. I, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

Only 2 per cent of the American farmers paid any Federal income tax in 1920.

Iceland moss is much used for food in the island from which it gets its name. It is ground with flour and added to soups for thickening.

The oldest known will was executed in 2548 B. C., it being that of the Egyptian Uah.

West Point's coat of arms has been changed. For more than thirty years the coat of arms consisted of a perpendicularly striped shield bearing on its face a helmet of Mars through which a sword ran diagonally downward from the right or "sinister" side. Surmounting all was an American eagle, facing the sinister side of the shield. Both eagle and sword have been reversed.

There are 30,000 churches in 10,000 villages of the country without regular ministers, according to Dr. John McDowell.

Joseph Cundall, a London artist, is credited with having issued the first real Christmas card in the year 1846.

A prize hen was rescued from a death of strangulation when its owner performed an operation on its neck. Its neck was cut open, the crop was opened and a wad of alfalfa, weighing four ounces, was removed. The incision was then sewed up and the hen is on the road to recovery.

Inspire not men with fear, else God will fight against thee in the same manner. Let one provide sustenance for them in the lap of peace; it will then be that they will freely give what has been torn from them by terror.—Precepts of Ptah-Hotep, 2500 B. C.

The government of Jerusalem has issued a decree that all automobile horns be replaced by bells.

Brazil occupies more than half the South American continent.

Monkeys of Borneo are so troublesome to rubber growers that the plants while young are guarded.

Edible birds' nests, lined with a glutinous substance suitable for soup making, much prized by the Chinese, gave the government of Borneo an export duty of more than $100,000 in 1920.

Southern Greenland is moving away from Scotland at the rate of 60 feet to 125 feet a year and Iceland is wearing away from Norway from 60 to 63 feet annually.

If then thou hast to do with a disputant while he is hot, imitate one who does not stir. Thou hast the advantage over him if thou keepest silence when he is uttering evil words. "The better of the two is he who is impassive," say the bystanders, and thou art right in the opinion of the great.—Precepts of Ptah-Hotep, 2500 B. C.

Professors in German universities are not obliged to lecture to less than three students.

More tin is mined in Alaska than all the rest of the United States.

The black patch appearing on a soap bubble just before it breaks is caused by thinness at this patch, resulting in very little light reflection.

There are more than 50,000,000 "untouchables" in India, to speak to whom is to lose one's caste.

The Javanese believe that the souls of their forefathers are housed in crocodiles.

When a child is born in British Guiana the father takes to his hammock, where he remains for some time, abstaining from all work and all but the simplest food while he is nursed and cared for by the women of the place.

The per capita consumption of milk increased 12 per cent in the United States from 1913 to 1923.

Bubonic plague was first recorded as occurring in A. D. 542 in Pelusium, Egypt, it having spread by trade routes over the then known world, until, at its height, the mortality was from 5,000 to 10,000 persons a day.

The Hawaiian Islands were named Sandwich by Captain James Cook when he explored them in 1778, but the name did not remain.

New Zealand sheepmen are troubled with two plagues, the rabbits which eat the grass, and the kea, a species of mountain parrot which bores holes in the sheep's back and eats the fat away from the kidneys.

The first cheese factory in Wisconsin was erected at Ladoga in 1864.

Peat in the United States is used more for fertilizer and stock food than for fuel, as in Europe.

The expression, "Jitney," first came into general use in 1915, when various cities established auto busses giving a ride for five cents.

"If" is a little rocky islet in the Gulf of Lyons, France, two miles southwest of Marseilles.

Beeswax is formed voluntarily by the bees loading their stomachs with honey and then resting in clusters perfectly still for 24 hours.

The laws of early English chivalry required that every knight should pass through two offices; first a page, and at the age of fourteen esquireship.

Canute the Dane, a king of the Middle Ages, rarely appeared in public without a train of 3,000 horsemen, well mounted and completely armed.

The Hindenburg Door to one of the barracks in Berlin has never been finished, one panel having been cut at the beginning of the war. The panel for the end of the war was never engraved.

Four hundred sixty-seven Princeton men are working their way through college.

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4-4-25

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CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

"I Read in the Papers—"

I read in the papers that the "crime wave" is being more and more attributed to "lack of religion." To what is the lack of religion attributed? I think that is the really important question. Crime can be accounted for. A large proportion of our crime has always existed, but not as crime; it was legal; a change in the laws has turned it into crime. That is why thousands of lawbreakers do not and cannot feel like criminals. Another large portion of our crime is just pure alienism. It is not a degeneracy that has occurred here, it is an importation from elsewhere. It is not due to moral lapse on the part of the American, it represents the normal level of life in countries whence most of our more recent immigrants have come. These aliens are not consciously criminal, and often not intentionally law-violating; they are just natural. But "lack of religion"—that is the really puzzling fact, for it is a fact. It is not so puzzling out in the world; not much religion is ever expected there. But it is extremely puzzling where one naturally looks for religion—in the church. The lack of religion in the church—is that the cause of the crime wave? Certainly not. Yet it is by spokesmen of the church that crime and the "lack of religion" are connected, and it really is not clear how the lack is to be filled except by the church. How does it propose to do it? After it has kept its own machinery turning, has it any surplus force to expend outside? Its preventive inside service is undoubtedly great, and its right and ability to act as critic of the world is acknowledged. But has it dry-dock facilities to overhaul humanity? Has it an antitoxin strong enough and in sufficient store to heal mankind? If the church's diagnosis is true, it seems to call for something more than diagnosis. How is the lack of religion to be filled?

I read in the papers that Scott Nearing has been around again. I remember when he and Max Eastman used to be invited around quite regularly—Max with his perfectly candid assertion that when he had achieved Socialism for the world, his next step would be to overthrow it, and Scott with his ill-commanded pose and his essentially boyish mind somewhat soured under its mass of undigested ideas. Really progressive minds, typically American, measured these men at once and placed them at one side. But what surprised me was that the professional radicals also seem to have tired of them. They are both showmen of the Mencken type who never win followers but who sometimes get the yokels to gape around their booths. Mencken is cleverer, however, since he only leers at precious things and insults his audience to their faces. All three are examples of arrested development; they are fixed; their booths are at the side of the road. *Everybody passes through the Nearing, Eastman, Mencken stage, except Nearing and Eastman and Mencken; they stay there.* That is their tragedy. But, as I was saying, Scott has been around again scattering pearls before some university students. "The United States is the old moss-covered conservative fringe of the world," said he. "The United States is the backwash of civilization, the tail of it. The United States is the only country in the world which has not had a revolution in government during the last 100 years." The United States, except the one other country most like it, is also the only country where statements like these can be made with full liberty, where a man's constitutional right to make them is defended by citizens who disagree with them, where people have occupation, where little children have food and health and homes, where university students are not prohibited from examining every species of economic and political aberration, and where governmental changes are no longer accomplished by the archaic and obsolete method of revolution. Personally, I'm for sending Mencken on tour through the "Bible Belt" and Nearing through the universities.

I read in the papers the news that "Rabbi Browne" of New York was in trouble, and was glad to learn that an organization of Jewish women had sympathetically taken up his case. If the persons responsible for his arrest had inquired into the matter, they would have learned that this was hardly the way to proceed. I came across Rabbi Browne several times, and it was an obsession of his that he could deliver the Jewish vote to such an extent as to determine a Presidential election. When I knew him, however, he was not asking money for his services, he was only asking an orphanage for fatherless and motherless children in Jerusalem. He lives in the memory of past glory. It seems that he had been an honorary pall-bearer at the funeral of U. S. Grant, and he preserved many newspaper clippings describing his eloquence in years gone by. His thoughts and plans, as they were expressed to my knowledge, reflected a desire to be of use and indicated a general kindliness of character. It was obvious that he was living in the past, a pathetic old man who instinctively fought against the tragedy of having to give up active usefulness. With it all, he had a broadminded conception of Jewish and American affairs that many of his co-racialists might be proud to possess.

I read in the papers this headline—"President May Drop Old Guard as Aids and Depend on New Men." It is sincerely to be hoped that the correspondent whose story is thus headed is prophetic. The Republican crowd that was in such terrible straits last fall, and which was pulled out by popular faith in Mr. Coolidge, has no right to rule. Mr. Coolidge was chosen as the "new conservative"; but the crowd in power represents the old reactionism. There is no hesitation in saying that if Mr. Coolidge is what we thought he was, he cannot work with the old crowd. If he does, he will not accomplish anything and will lose his own status. There hasn't been any house-cleaning in Washington to speak of. Scandalous points have been attended to, but reactionary, unprogressive points have been left untouched. Politics is rampant. Things haven't been going as well as the people have had a right to expect. Surely Mr. Coolidge is not unaware of this.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses the statement that our generation moves at too fast a pace. (p. 7)

AARON SAPIRO has not, at this writing, sued THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, though he has induced practically every newspaper in the United States to say that he has. The delay in getting the truth well aired in court makes it necessary for us to print now and again a little of the overflow. This week we print some interesting facts about the plan to control American cotton. If the word "Jew" occasionally occurs, it is because Jews are scattered freely all along the line of the plan. (pp. 4 and 15)

WHEN the body lies horizontally the heart has less pumpage to do than when the body stands up. Mr. Edison long ago found that out. His cat-naps are heart rests. Always ready to share with others the wisdom he has won from experience, Mr. Edison says some mighty sensible things about rest and sleep. (p. 2)

FORBES-ROBERTSON as he is at his fireside. Chitchat about American audiences, noted actors, Bernard Shaw as a rehearsal director, and dainty drawings of the house and Bedford Square, make a readable sketch. (p. 3)

THE absorbing narrative of the John Wilkes Booth Myth proceeds in this number. Thus far the known facts of the assassination of Lincoln and the flight of the murderer have been dealt with, to furnish a background for the strange claims which afterward arose. The article this week describes in detail, from the words of eyewitnesses, the dramatic capture made at the Garrett farm. (pp. 11 and 14)

EVERY little while someone starts up the idea of a universal language. We have had Esperanto and Volapuk, and numerous other manufactured tongues. But all the while there was a universal language slowly but surely making its way through all countries and races and becoming the master tongue of the world. It is the English Language. The mystery of language is very great, of our language in particular. It is really worth everyone's while to consider the facts presented in this article. (p. 10)

MAYBE you have noticed our resurrection of McGuffey's readers in the last few numbers. The old schoolmaster's maxims live because they are eternally true. Besides, they are interesting as illustrating the method of the Father of the Modern School Reader. (p. 6)

AN AUTHORITATIVE sports writer says that the Davids, or little fellows, have it over the big fellows or Goliaths, in the sports game. Bantams have grit and endurance. A pretty chesty article for all short men to read. (p. 9)

AND a lot of miscellany: The first Bible printed in America, and where the Easter Palms come from. (p. 12) Postal employes' increase. (p. 6) Strange happenings in the Pacific which are changing the peaceful temper of that ocean. (p. 5) Story of Hudson's Bay Company. (p. 13) Editorials, Briefly Tolds, I Read in the Papers. (pp. 8 and 16)

What Edison Thinks About Sleep

Forbes-Robertson Interviewed

Sapiro and the Cotton Industry

Pacific Ocean—A Transformation

Postal Salaries and Postal Rates

Does Size or Build Make Athletes?

Is It to Be English or Esperanto?

The Capture of Lincoln's Assassin

First Bible Printed in America

Romance of Hudson's Bay Traders

"O Sleep! It Is a Gentle Thing"

How Much Sleep Do You Require? Edison Takes All He Needs

By ALLAN L. BENSON

SLEEP has been called the sister of death. According to Edison it would be more nearly accurate to characterize it as the brother of life. Sleep makes no strength but gives the strength that is in us an opportunity to accumulate. Steam must accumulate in a boiler before it can be made to drive an engine.

Edison is always pictured as a man who goes short of sleep and the world has long wondered how he does it. The answer is that he does not do it. Edison always gets all the sleep he needs. Except in the old days, when he used to drive himself during the final period of an invention, nobody has ever seen him look tired. He can go to sleep in a minute and wake up in a second. At midday, he will go to sleep at 12:40 o'clock and leave a request to be called at 1 o'clock. Lay a hand on his shoulder at 1 o'clock, and he is up in an instant, wide-awake. His eyes never have to take time to open. Even after several hours' sleep, his eyes, he says, are perfectly clear and light as feathers, the moment he awakens.

Edison sees in every man two men. There is the man of flesh and bones who is of no importance except for the fact that he carries around the real man—the intellect. Which of these two men is it that needs sleep—or do they both need it? I take it that Edison believes pure intellect never wearies—that it could work on and on forever without feeling the slightest strain. But in man intellect works through matter; and matter, pushed too hard, undergoes chemical and perhaps other changes, the results of which we call fatigue. It is then the less important man—the physical man—who becomes weary and must be rested.

The Burden Put Upon the Heart

What is it that bears so hard upon the physical man that after sixteen hours of consciousness he must seek rest in unconsciousness?

"Chiefly," said Edison, "it is the burden put upon the heart by keeping the body in a sitting or standing position. When a man is up and about his heart is always working against gravity. It must take his blood when it gets to his feet and raise it, between five and six feet, to the top of his head. Gravity is pulling against the heart all the time, but the heart must keep on. During the course of a day, this is equivalent to the lifting of several tons.

"When we lie down, a great burden is instantly taken off the heart. The great pump within us need then no longer lift; it has but to stir the blood, as it were, and keep it moving in level channels. That is why one can rest without sleeping. Merely to lie down gives the heart an opportunity to decrease its drafts upon our vitality. It is like decreasing the current going to a motor when some of the load is taken off.

"But we do not fully rest unless we become unconscious. That is because we do not know how completely to relax so long as we are awake. One cannot rest well when he is asleep unless he relaxes equally well. Rest and relaxation bear a definite proportion to each other. I have always been able to relax almost instantaneously and, I should say, completely. I do not know exactly how I do it. Of course, I know I turn my mind off the moment I lie down. That is the main thing. One cannot sleep and plan, or sleep and worry, at the same time. If one wants to do a good job of worrying he should keep awake. Worrying is always a sign of a lack of poise or a lack of intelligence. It is more destructive, perhaps, than anything else we do.

Never Take Your Work to Bed With You

"I suppose that relaxation begins with a healthy body and continues as a matter of habit. If one hasn't the habit, the thing, therefore, is to go about it at once to acquire it. Never take your troubles or your work to bed with you. Lie on your back in such a manner that there need be not the slightest strain upon any muscle in your body. If you feel a strain anywhere, move your body a little. Assume such a position that not a single muscle will have to tighten to hold you where you are. And, when you have done this, close your eyes and shut off your brain. If you are in good condition, you will be asleep before you know it.

"If you are not in good condition, find out what is the matter and remedy it. If your stomach is complaining, do what it wants you to do. There is no use arguing with a stomach. All that a good many persons need to do to sleep better is to get away from the trough. They eat too much. They are stuffed with poisons of their own manufacture.

"Some persons do not sleep well because they do not take enough exercise. Absurdly enough, some of those who take the least exercise eat the most food. What right has anyone to expect to sleep who stuffs and loafs? We should always remember that sleep is the natural thing. It is not something that we have to coddle and coax to bring about. Live right and it will bring itself about. Inability to sleep is always a sign of bad habits."

Edison, however, does his sleeping in a very different way than most of us do it. He does not go to bed at 10 or 11 o'clock at night and stay there until morning. He sleeps several times during the 24 hours, his various naps ranging from 20 minutes to an hour. He takes a nap in the middle of the day, another perhaps during the latter part of the afternoon, another one during the evening, and goes to bed around midnight or a little afterward. He has always had a cot in an alcove in his laboratory. It has nothing on it but a dark woolen blanket. I have seen his white head on that cot many a time; his eyes closed; his great brain "turned off." After 20 minutes or so, his assistant, Mr. Meadowcroft, would lay his hand on the "old man's" shoulder, and he would get up instantly and stalk off toward his desk as if he had just thought of something important that he wanted to do.

Edison's cat-nap sleeping may seem like a piece of nonsense, but he considers it high wisdom and the reasons he gives for thinking so are very compelling. Edison's idea is that it is not well to push fatigue too far, and that it is, therefore, well to rest just before one becomes too weary. Almost everyone knows what a painful feeling comes when he stays up just an hour or two too late. The extra hour or two seem to do more harm than the sixteen that went before them. All of which comes under the head of excessive strain; and excessive strain is exceedingly harmful to the human system, particularly to the heart.

Human beings have always had the ability to reach out in the dark, as it were, and lay their hands upon wisdom, even when they did not quite understand the wisdom after they had laid hold of it; and they have done this in the matter of the danger of excessive fatigue.

How many generations of women have been told that "beauty sleep is what you get before 12 o'clock"? If there had not been some truth in this statement it would not have persisted throughout so many generations. The grain of wisdom in it lies solely in the fact that if one retires an hour or two before midnight he is more likely to avoid excessive fatigue. The "Early to bed and early to rise" rhyme was also apparently based upon the knowledge, gained from experience, that the last two hours of a long day are the hardest to endure.

Taking a Nap in the Middle of the Day

When Edison invented the electric light and noted the phenomenon that later led to the radio, he swept into the ash can all of the old couplets about going to bed with the chickens and rising with the lark. Even if it shall kill us, we are never going to bed early again; early in the old sense which, on the farm, meant 7 or 8 o'clock in the evening. There is too much going on in the evening and too little from 4 to 7 o'clock in the morning. Even farmers' families now sit up and listen to music, thousands of miles away, until long after midnight. I sit in my home on the Hudson above New York and hear a station in Miami, Florida, read telegrams at midnight from farmers in Maine who pay to a telegraph company the price of a bushel of potatoes to let the Florida station know that the "concert is coming in fine on the loudspeaker," or to ask if some of the Florida climate cannot be sent to melt the snowbanks of Maine.

We are not going to stay up until morning, but we are going to stay up awhile—too long to get much beauty sleep or health sleep before midnight. Since such is the fact, it is highly necessary that we understand the basis of solid truth that underlies the old admonition about the superior value of sleep gained before midnight. Edison has this basis and builds his house of health upon it. What we need to do is to form the habit of sleeping a few minutes before we have opportunity to become overtired; taking two or three cat naps between morning and midnight, and then lying down for about seven hours of good sleep. Whoever has tried it knows what an enormous amount of rest one can get in 20 minutes during the day. One rises with the feeling that he is fit for anything.

Of course, it all seems very absurd now to talk about the rank and file of the population taking a 20-minute nap in the afternoon and another one early in the evening. Whatever is new is likely to seem absurd. But whatever is best can, within reason, be done. If it be good for Edison to take two naps during the 24 hours in addition to his night's sleep, why might it not be just as good for everyone else? And if the natives of semi-tropical countries can afford to shut down business for three hours during the heat of the day, and the English can afford to serve tea and cakes twice a day to their office employes, why, if it were considered advisable for the public health and happiness, might not ways be found to give everybody in the United States a half-hour's sleep in the middle of the afternoon?

It would not be necessary for stores to kick out their customers at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, close the doors and post signs thereon: "Quiet, please; we are sleeping." All of the clerks need not retire to their rest rooms at the same time. But it is not plain to me why the greatest factory in the world could not shut down for half an hour each afternoon and let each man sleep on the floor beside his machine. A soft floor will do for half an hour for anyone who is tired. Edison has slept on one many a time.

The people who live longest in this world are, as a class, those who take care of themselves. Taking care of one's self does not necessarily mean doing as most others do; it is more likely to mean not doing as most others do. But no one can take care of himself who does not get enough sleep, or who permits himself to drive on after the limits of safe fatigue have been reached.

Much Nonsense Written About Dreams

I asked Edison about dreams.

"I never have any," he replied. "I presume there has been more nonsense written about dreams than upon any other one subject. I do not know whether it is true or not, but I have read that Napoleon used to believe in them. There may have been rare instances where a dream foreshadowed something that later took place, but, in my opinion, most dreams are caused by nothing but auto-intoxication. If people would get the poison out of their systems and keep it out they would dream less and rest more.

"It seems almost as if the little peoples who constitute the cells of which our brains are formed become groggy from the poisonous fumes that circulate in the blood of auto-intoxicated persons. Perhaps something like that is sometimes the explanation of grotesque dreams."

Edison realizes well enough, however, that the last word will not have been said about dreams until the last word shall have been said about the laws governing the operation of the human mind. Strangely enough, the most important thing about man is that which we have begun to study last—his mind. We have been at it barely 20 years. We started late because it is, perhaps of all human subjects, the most baffling. A brain can be taken out and looked at, and a heart can be put on the scale and weighed, but the mind is invisible and can be touched only with one's imagination.

As much can be said about electricity, yet Edison and others have hitched it to the world's business and made it work. The rapid progress that is being made in the study of psychology gives reason to hope that the young men and women of today will, before they have become old, know a great many interesting things about dreams. Edison already knows, from his study of psychology, that the thoughts we repress in the daytime often bob up when we are asleep, sometimes a little twisted, but nevertheless the same thoughts. He also knows that worry and everything else that gives rise to troubled sleep is productive of dreams—usually unpleasant ones.

Some persons believe that, on rare occasions, the human soul quits the body for a time during sleep and returns to it before the body awakens. Such an explanation was once given to me of a dream that a friend of mine had, years ago. He dreamed that he was looking down upon himself as he lay upon his bed sleeping. He seemed to be merely an intelligence floating in air, and from the air he looked down upon his sleeping body. He saw himself as plainly as he ever saw anybody else. He saw the covers rise and fall as he breathed. The thing was so vivid that it awakened him.

Does the Soul Leave the Sleeper?

I asked Edison what he thought about this dream and the theory that the man's soul might have left his body for a time.

"Well," he replied, "I don't know anything about the soul. There may be such a thing but I have never been convinced of it. Is the man still alive?"

I replied that he was, though the dream occurred years ago.

"Well, you see there was nothing prophetic about it," he added. "Dreams don't mean anything, so far as the future is concerned."

Edison then commented upon the extreme rapidity with which the mind works when the body that contains it is asleep.

"You remember," he said, "the story told by DeQuincey, the opium eater. He balanced himself upon the edge of his bed in such a manner that he would roll off on the floor the moment he went to sleep. Yet in the brief moment that was required for him to fall from the bed to the floor he had dreams that covered great periods of time."

Edison sleeps but does not dream. He is deaf as a post (almost), but gay and happy because enough is always going on within his own skull to keep him entertained.

Fireside Chat With Forbes-Robertson

Great Shakespearean Actor Thanks Americans for Giving Him a "Rest"

By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

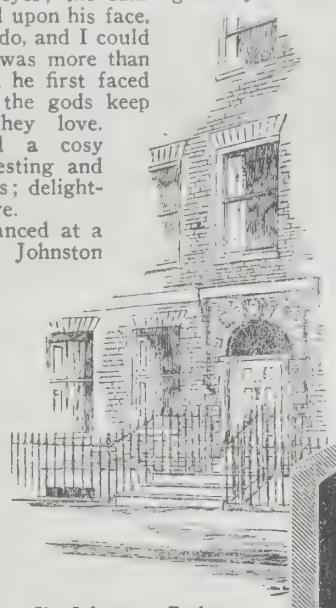
SITTING one side the hearth in the dining-room at his home in Bedford Square, London, I found it almost impossible to believe that my host, Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, was born in the year 1853. Never can there have been a younger old man; he appeared to me much the same as he was the first time I met and talked with him, I won't say how many years ago. The hair is tinged with gray and there are lines which are the footprints of time. Otherwise, what change? There is the same alertness; the same mellow voice; the same acute eyes; the same geniality. The sun streamed in full upon his face, as the limelight used to do, and I could scarcely believe that it was more than half a century ago that he first faced the footlights. Verily, the gods keep young those whom they love.

A comfortable and a cosy room; hung with interesting and often remarkable pictures; delightful, Old World furniture.

As I sat down I glanced at a capital likeness of Sir Johnston that hangs over the mantleshelf:

"There you are," said I.

"Yes, that was painted in San Francisco in 1885, when I was on my first visit to the States, playing lead to Mary Anderson; it's a fine, very fine bit of work; by an American painter, Collins, who died young. A very good piece of work. I've spent a great many happy years in America. For something like twenty years, from 1895 on, I was there almost all the time. They made me very happy there; such genuine kindness and true hospitality."



Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson's house in Bedford Square.

Our conversation was vagabondish, switching from one topic to another as chance words or allusions led us; swopping yarns and memories of the past and now and again touching upon today.

"I was over in Germany in 1898, playing Hamlet and Macbeth at the Royal Theater, Berlin. It was very pleasant. The Kaiser was very friendly and cordial to me; I found him charming; a very cultivated man. Who would have suspected him of becoming what he did become? The same trip I went to Hannover—yes, it is a charming city—and to Hamburg, another beautiful place."

"Have you found any great difference between American audiences and ours?"

"Yes; I have. The Americans are quieter; not so demonstrative; very attentive. There's far less of that strolling in late and rushing out early that there is here; and no chattering. When I was a young actor it used to be very bad in London: I don't know what it's like now."

"I wish you did know," I said, "for our sake. I don't think, though, that things are much improved. I had my toes severely trodden on the other evening halfway through the first act, by a fat man who was annoyed because I was not pleased!"

"Yes, I found American audiences extraordinarily attentive; much more so than they are over here. In Germany, too, they were very good. The gallery and the pit here can be absolutely cruel. If Americans don't like you or what you're doing, they don't yell at you; they just freeze you with silence."

"Then it's a frost! Do you think the kinema or broadcasting will hurt the theater?"

"Unless very carefully controlled I'm afraid wireless may hit the theater—a bit. Especially in the country. It will take something wonderfully fine to get provincials out of their armchairs, when they can sit at home and listen to the best from London. Yes, it will have to be very carefully handled. The kinema—the pictures—well, I really don't know. Of course, there's always been a cry that the legitimate stage was being killed by something or other. But it's still alive! It used to be burlesque that was the villain; then it was musical comedy, and so on. But so long as the legitimate stage is true to itself it needn't worry about its rivals."

"The old Gaiety burlesques didn't hurt anyone," said I, "and they were awfully good fun. Not even when Teddy Royce burlesqued Irving so delightfully in 'The Corsican Brothers.'"

"Irving was sensitive to burlesque. He had many mannerisms that were easy to imitate; walk, voice, gestures, and so on. But he had great magnetism; you were compelled to watch him. He was a great man and could have made a name off the stage—he'd have been a fine prelate, or a successful diplomat: he was a wonderful judge of men. And so generous, so kindly, always."

"His funeral in the Abbey was very impressive."

"Yes; it was. I had a good deal to do with the arrangements. It was necessary to cremate him, because the Abbey authorities cannot dig deep, for fear of disturbing the concrete foundation. By the way, one of the French actors, Le Bargy, I think, representing the French theater, came ready prepared to deliver an oration over the grave—as they do in France—but the Dean would not allow it, which I think was a pity."

Somehow or other we skipped over from London to Dublin, and I reminded Sir Johnston of the story told of one of Irving's appearances in that dear, dirty city on the Liffey. At the end of the performance the great actor delivered one of his elegantly phrased speeches of thanks. Laying his hand upon his heart, he said: "I would I had a window in my chest that you could see the feelings of my heart." A kindly voice

Johnston Forbes-Robertson.

from the gallery inquired: "Ah, sure, and wouldn't a pane in your tummy do as well?"

"The Irish audiences are full of fun and wit," said Sir Johnston, "I remember an amusing story about Helen Faucit,* when she was playing in Dublin. It was the gossip that Sir William Wilde—his wife you remember was known as Speranza, the Irish poetess—the father of Oscar Wilde, admired Miss Faucit with considerable ardor. At the theater one night it was obvious that his emotions were very deeply stirred by her acting, and a voice called out: 'Don't cry, Willie, she'll have you yet.'"

"Now I'm going to ask you a very personal question. Who is the actress you best liked playing with; who helped and inspired you most?"

"My wife," was the prompt reply, "Gertrude Elliott, you know—"

"Yes, I know, I knew her before you did. Sister of Maxine Elliott."

"Yes, she's been my best partner on and off the stage. I first acted with her in the stage version of Kipling's 'The Light That Failed,' she was Maisie and I was Dick Helder. Then long after she was Cleopatra to my Julius Caesar, in Bernard Shaw's play, which he wrote for me."

We got talking about the place held by acting among the arts:

"It holds a high place, I think," said Sir Johnston. "I can't agree with those who say that it's not really an art. Higher than that of the instrumentalist and the singer, who interpret music, which is comparatively simple. But the actor does not, as is often said, actually create a part; but he does—what shall I say?—well, he often *adds* a great deal to it. I'm not talking, of course, of the average modern play, in which there is little character drawing as a rule, but of the great dramatists. The actor's mentality, his personality, his physical gifts or defects, count for a lot, come in so much. What? Oh, yes, a great part, Hamlet for example, grows as one acts it again and again; you're always finding something new, something more, getting some new light. Dramatists? Bernard Shaw? He's delightful to get on with in every way. Have you seen Saint Joan? Not! Well, you go! It's wonderful. The epilog and the tall hat and frock coat? Why, I find it uplifting, stimulating. It has impressiveness and great nobility. And amazing justness and insight. He sets the point of view of the Catholic church, and that of the feudal lords, fairly before you; makes the best of their cases; absolute fidelity to truth; no prejudice. There's one scene where three men sit round a table, twenty minutes or more, talking, never moving; but it holds you tight. A very great play; you *must* see it."

"Shaw's a bit of a martinet at rehearsals?"

"He's kindness and helpfulness itself; and tact. I've known most of the great producers, as they call them now, Charles Reade to Bernard Shaw; Shaw's the best of them all. He knows exactly what he wants and exactly how to get it. Charles Reade? A wonderful man. Hot-tempered, warm-hearted, very kind. I first met him when he engaged me to act in his play, "The Wandering Heir." Mrs. John Wood, a most lovable and beautiful character, with just a touch of the beauty of devil in her, and that fine old actor Edmund Leathes were playing the leading parts, which Ellen Terry and I took up when the play went on tour. What an actress!"

"I shall never forget Ellen Terry, Irving and you in 'Much Ado About Nothing' at the Lyceum; in 1882, I think."

"Yes; it was a splendid production. Ellen Terry and Irving drew out the very best from each other then. Yes, you're right, I painted for Irving a picture of the famous church scene. It's in the Players' Club in New York now."

"The Players'! Isn't it a delightful place?" I said, memories crowding in of many joyous hours spent there in the long ago. "It was Joseph Jefferson's house, wasn't it?"

"No, no; Edwin Booth. He bought the place and filled it with beautiful and interesting things—lived on the top floor himself—and gave the rest to his fellow players. He was a charming man as well as a great actor, and not a bit spoiled by his popularity. Yes, indeed, I owe a lot to America; many splendid friends and—it is entirely thanks to the American playgoing public that I was able to retire when I did, and—rest."

Bedford Square, London. (A typical old-fashioned London Square

"There's Lady Forbes-Robertson," I said as I looked at a charming portrait on the opposite wall.

"Yes, painted by Hugh Riviére, son of Briton Riviére, the famous animal painter." As I drew his attention to a striking portrait, painted with vigor and grip, he explained: "That's my father, John Forbes-Robertson, the art critic. I painted it—"

Then—at any rate on my side—a most reluctant "Goodby."

* Afterward Lady Theodore Martin. She acted with Macready in many of his Shakespeare productions.

World Cotton Control by Sapiro Plan

Evidence That Many Minds Worked Together to Tie Up Farmer

PROPONENTS OF THE SAPIRO PLAN OF Cooperative Marketing have declared that there is no connection between the cooperative associations organized under this plan by Aaron Sapiro and the international ring of Jewish bankers who control the money of the United States. Herewith is presented the confessed scheme of a Jewish banking corporation of New York to take over the cotton crop of Texas through the Sapiro Plan Cooperative Marketing Association there, control that crop and market it.

It is a strange coincidence that the manner in which they propose to do this is precisely the method by which the cotton-futures gamblers can make the most money. Here is proof of the statement previously made in these articles that the Sapiro Plan of Cooperative Marketing is merely a scheme whereby the international banking ring may come into control of the agricultural wealth of the United States.

By ROBERT MORGAN

THE Associated Press carried, October 10, 1924, an illuminating dispatch beginning as follows:

"NEW YORK, Oct. 9.—Financing of a large percentage of the cotton crop handled by the Texas Farm Bureau Cotton Association again will be undertaken by a banking group, headed by the Seaboard National Bank, and Goldman, Sachs & Co., by means of a revolving credit, not to exceed $10,000,000 at any one time, it was announced Thursday. Banks in San Francisco, Chicago, Philadelphia, Providence, R. I., and Houston and Dallas, Texas, are members of the group. The association, which was financed last year in the same way, expects to handle more than 200,000 bales of this season's crop."

On the day before this dispatch was printed by the newspapers of Texas, Henry I. Bowers, a member of the private banking-house of Goldman, Sachs and Company, appeared in Dallas, making the announcement, through the press of that city, that these Jewish bankers, *who are members of the stock and cotton exchanges,* would finance the Texas Farm Bureau Cotton Association to the extent of a loan of a "revolving credit" not to exceed ten million dollars.

The Texas Farm Bureau Cotton Association is organized and operated on the Sapiro Plan, and is tied up with the Texas Farm Bureau Federation. Aaron Sapiro provided the plan, the method of organization, the legal advice, the coöperative law which the Texas legislature passed, and, up to October 16, 1924, was intimately connected with the association.

We have thus presented to us in Texas the clearly defined picture of a firm of Jewish bankers, prominent members of the international financial ring, lending money to a coöperative agricultural marketing association organized, dominated and directed by a Jew. None of this money is to go to the aid of cotton-growers who are not members of the Sapiro-controlled Texas Farm Bureau Cotton Association. The cotton-planter of Texas who is not a member of this association cannot get money from any of the banks that are in this scheme; he cannot get money from any banks which are dominated by the Jewish banking ring; he cannot get money from the government with which to hold his cotton until he is offered a fair price for it.

I have said that the cotton-planter cannot get money from the government with which to carry himself and his cotton until such time as he can get a price for it which will pay him a fair return on his production costs. Lest there be any doubt as to the truth of this statement, allow me to quote from an address by W. B. Yeary, secretary-manager of the Cotton States Protective League, delivered at Midlothian, Texas, July 5, 1924:

> "When the Reserve Banking system was established, the law said the reserve banks must rediscount notes of member banks given them by their customers and adequately secured. The agents of the Reserve Banks publicly announced that there was no better collateral than cotton, and if the farmers desired to market it slowly, or to hold it for better prices, and wished to borrow money on it to do these things, if the member bank to which the farmer applied did not have the money, the Reserve Banks would be glad to take up the note, rediscount it, and carry it. This made every member bank able to aid farmers to do as the manufacturer, the merchant, the public-service corporation and others had been doing and still do. This was the cotton-planter's first opportunity to be a free man since the Civil War. * * *
>
> *"But—Wall Street cotton gamblers and banker gamblers went to Congress in the spring of 1920 and asked for an amendment to the bank act which would permit Reserve Banks to refuse to rediscount notes for 'purely speculative' purposes, in order—these gamblers said—that they could check speculating in stocks and bonds.* Congress amended the act as requested by the Reserve Bank Board.
>
> This board met at once and defined farmers holding their staple farm products for a price as 'purely speculative,' and notified member banks that *they would not rediscount notes secured by cotton* if the cotton planters were holding that cotton for a better price, as it was 'speculating' for the farmer to do this. If this amendment ever was applied to stock and bond speculation, no one ever has heard of it."

Thus, by means of the Sapiro Plan and of the refusal of the Reserve Bank Board to lend money to the cotton-planter on his crop, the Jewish banker has come into control of a large part of the Texas cotton crop. But before we consider further the position of the Texas cotton-planter, let us look for a moment at the details of this "revolving credit" into which the Sapiro Plan association has led its members. Quoting again from the Associated Press dispatch which I mentioned at the beginning of this article:

"The new agreement provides that credits under it shall be made available through acceptance by members of the bank groups of drafts drawn by the Texas (Farm Bureau Cotton) Association. These drafts may be drawn up to May 1, 1925, the maximum total amount that may be outstanding at any one time being limited to $10,000,000. All drafts drawn under the agreement will mature not later than July 1, 1925.

"The American Exchange National Bank of Dallas is trustee of the group. Cotton in shipment to or stored with the Houston Compress Company, of Houston, or other warehouses approved by the managers of the banking group, will be security for the credits.

"The orderly marketing of the cotton crop is provided for, the Texas Association having agreed that, so long as there shall be outstanding any drafts under the agreement, all the cotton acquired from its members during the 1924-25 season will be sold at a minimum average monthly rate of 10 per cent of its estimated cotton receipts for the season."

The italics in this last paragraph are mine. The Associated Press does not emphasize its statements because it does not consider it a part of its duty to warn farmers of this country of the pitfalls laid for them. To this open confession of the close connection between the international banking organization and the Sapiro Plan coöperative associations, Mr. Bowers, member of the firm of Goldman, Sachs and Company, as mentioned above, adds the following:

"After having seen the various branches of the cotton coöperative at work in Texas, I return to report in New York that I am one hundred per cent satisfied and pleased with the efficient management, soundness and good faith of *one of our most successful customers.*

"Cotton coöperation in Texas has sold cotton orderly, according to its expressed purpose during the past few years, when *the individual might well have held for higher prices and a bank would not have blamed the holder.* But to do so, even at a seeming advantage, would have violated one of the sound principles upon which coöperation is founded, and, of course, I am most favorably impressed with this evidence of the good faith of this farmers' organization."

Again, the italics are mine, and I must add that no matter how favorably impressed Mr. Bowers and the private banking house of Goldman, Sachs and Company find themselves, the spinners of cotton and the future gamblers in cotton are even more favorably impressed, for the whole scheme is one whereby these bankers, these spinners, these cotton exchange gamblers benefit, and the farmer, as is usual in the Sapiro Plan coöperative marketing associations, holds the sack.

Shortly after the Intermediate Credit Banks were established, the secretary-manager of the Cotton States Protective League wrote to Eugene Meyer, Jr., then managing director of the War Finance Corporation, asking him how and for what purposes loans would be made on cotton and other staple farm products. To this inquiry, Mr. Meyer replied:

"You will note that the Corporation is authorized to make these advances only for the purposes of affording emergency relief in connection with the raising and marketing, *in an orderly manner,* of agricultural products and livestock. It is not empowered to lend money under any circumstances for the purpose of holding products in anticipation of an advance in price."

Just why any cotton-planter should wish to borrow money on his cotton except "for the purpose of holding it in anticipation of a rise in price" is not clear, but here we have Mr. Meyer, another Jewish gentleman, aligned with Mr. Sapiro to support the "orderly marketing" shibboleth of the Sapiro Plan coöperatives, and trying to compel the planter to dump his cotton when, to whom, and at whatever price the agents of Sapiro command. On the other hand, we find Messrs. Goldman and Sachs, and other members of the ring of international bankers, quite ready and willing to lend money—which should be provided by the Intermediate Credit Banks through the Reserve Bank System—exclusively to those cotton planters who are members of the Sapiro Plan coöperative associations. This money, as advised by Mr. Meyer, is to be loaned only for "orderly marketing," that is to say, for the unloading of 10 per cent of the cotton handled by the Texas Farm Bureau Cotton Association each month, so that the spinner may be assured of the lowest possible price all the year round, so that the cotton-futures gambler may have his way made clear for him, and so that the Jewish banker may draw interest from the farmer as a reward for compelling that farmer to sell the product of his labor at little or no profit. It is as reasonable that the farmer should have the right to refuse to sell when the price is too low as the spinner to refuse to buy when it is too high.

It would seem to be a pertinent question to ask why the spinner, the speculator, the cotton-futures gambler should not pay this interest, instead of the farmer, but, in the Texas Farm Bureau Cotton Association, Sapiro Plan, as in other similar organizations, the farmer is the last man to have anything to say regarding the disposal of his own property. It is as reasonable that the farmer should refuse to sell as that Mr. Meyer should refuse to give him credit.

The Texas Farm Bureau Cotton Association was formed late in 1920, as a direct offspring of the Oklahoma Cotton Growers' Association, first of the statewide Sapiro Plan cotton associations, which came into being in June, 1920. Texas produces approximately 25 per cent of the cotton crop of the United States. In 1919, when cotton sold at 29 cents a pound for December in New York, immediately following the World War, with the visible supply placed at 4,817,000 bales, an estimate placed the 1920 crop at 12,500,000 bales. As a matter of fact, the 1920 crop totaled 13,879,916 bales, and

(*Concluded on page 15*)

World Control of Cotton is now a fact of Jewish enterprise. This article indicates how it is done. Another bit of evidence comes from Europe. In February, this year, the British Government was considering legislation that would exclude from Britain multitudes of alien Jews now swarming there. In protest against the proposed legislation, Nathan Laski, J. P., told the Home Secretary the following facts about *Jewish control of the British cotton industry.* He said that 90 per cent of the Indian cotton trade was in the hands of Jews. That 95 per cent of the Egyptian cotton trade of Manchester was in the hands of Jews. That 98 per cent of the Near East cotton trade was in the hands of Jews. That 99 per cent of the Constantinople cotton trade was in the hands of Jews. That all of the Syrian and most of the Moroccan cotton trade was in the hands of Jews. That 50 per cent of the cotton trade with South America was in the hands of Manchester Jews. That the Bradford export system was introduced by German Jews and is now controlled by their descendants.

These statements were made by a Jew as an argument that the Jews are of great benefit to Great Britain and, therefore, should be allowed to come in any numbers.

The old Mississippi River steamer *America* carrying a record load of cotton from the plantations to New Orleans for sale.

Baled cotton waiting to be passed through the compress shown in the background to be made more compact for shipment.

What Has Happened to the Pacific?

Sea of Peace No Longer—New Dangers Arise

By HARRY H. DUNN

WHAT has happened to the Pacific Ocean? Prior to September, 1923, that is to say, before the great earthquake which nearly wrecked Japan and shocked the whole civilized world, the Pacific was the most tranquil, as well as the most dependable of Neptune's gardens. The shipmaster, clearing his boat from San Francisco or Hongkong, Manila or Iquique, knew with certainty just what currents would carry his hull, what winds would fill his sails, and just where he would encounter both currents and winds. Today, much of this certainty has been replaced with mystery. New and strong currents appear suddenly, unexplainably, either flowing in directions contrary to known currents, or converting formerly quiet bits of sea into millraces. Points of rock are found to have risen where only deep bottoms existed a year ago. Shoals have piled up at harbor mouths where ample channels are marked on all the charts, and old shoals have thickened until, in some instances, they have formed small islands and bars.

Pack ice and huge floes, as well as the largest bergs ever seen in the Pacific, appeared suddenly far to the south of their usual limits in the North Pacific, and far

Coast-guard cutter *Bear* in the ice off Point Barrow, in the Arctic. Officers of the *Bear* report icebergs farther south and in unusual positions to which they appear to have been carried by new currents in the Pacific Ocean.

to the north of their regular range in the South Pacific. Trading ships, whalers, fishing vessels and coast-guard cutters, from both Japan and the United States, have been compelled to pass the winter of 1924-25 frozen in where before had been clear water. The coast-guard cutter *Bear,* heroine of more than a score of summers in the Arctic, reports ice farther south, as well as thicker and more closely packed ice fields, than ever before in her log. Icebergs of large size appeared in the harbor of the Pribilof Islands, a spectacle not remembered by even the oldest Indian in the islands. In South American waters, heavy icebergs appeared as far to the north as the fortieth parallel, according to reports to the Chilean Government. Pack ice has been heavier in the Strait of Magellan in the winter of 1924-5 than ever before since steamships, using this dangerous waterway, have been keeping records of its conditions.

Along the Pacific coast of California, Lower California, Mexico, Guatemala, Salvador, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Ecuador, Peru and Chile, new and strong currents, setting toward the land, have been reported during 1924. These currents never have been reported before, and set directly across the known currents—which are parallel to these coasts—apparently taking in some measure the place of these north-and-south currents. Scores of wrecks have been recorded in the past year on the Pacific coast of the United States and Central and South America, virtually all of them attributed to new and uncharted currents, which never before had bothered navigators in these waters.

Similarly, new currents have appeared around the Hawaiian Islands, in the sea near Tahiti and other islands of that group, and particularly in the northern waters of the Philippines. New shoals and bars have appeared in the mouths of Chinese rivers, and Australia reports a notable decrease in the depth at the entrances to some of her harbors. Marine experts, navigators and harbor masters of the Island Continent have not been able to offer an explanation of these changes, other than to refer to them as "results of the Japanese earthquake." Navigators who have been in the habit of following certain well-charted "paths" along both coasts of the Pacific, and setting their courses across it, according to supposedly well-known currents and winds, now have to pick their ways at certain spots on both the eastern and western shores, follow new channels into certain harbors, and keep constant watch, when on the high sea, for new currents which have borne some ships many miles off their courses.

Reports from the masters of more than 300 vessels to the governments of the United States, Australia, British Columbia, Japan, Chile, Peru, and other Central and South American countries show that the western ocean has become, within twelve months, a puzzle to mariners. It appears to have changed from the most "pacific" of seas to the trickiest, since the Japanese earthquake in September, 1923. The hydrographic survey, and the coast and geodetic survey, of the United States Government are now working on new charts of the bottoms and currents of coastal waters on the Pacific. Similar departments of the Australian, Japanese, and Chilean governments are engaged in the same operation, but so far the deep-sea charts are being changed by the various transpacific shipping companies only on the reports of their master mariners as to new currents, new winds, and new shoals.

To the setting up of new coastal currents was due the wrecking of seven American destroyers, with damage to four others, on the rocks at Point Arguello, on the coast of Central California, on the night of September 8, 1923. Such new "streams in the sea" are charged with the crashing of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's steamer *Cuba* on a reef off San Miguel Island, also on the California coast, at approximately the same date. The *Cuba* was a total loss, as were seven of the destroyers, but the crew of the freighter and some two million dollars in gold in her strong boxes were saved. The steamer *Concepcion,* belonging to a South American corporation, was wrecked on the rocks off the port whose name she bore, in Chilean waters, by another new current, set up, overnight, as it were, by the disturbance which wrought so great a change in the Pacific.

These were merely outstanding disasters due to the new currents, the upthrust of new shoals and reefs, and, in northern waters, to stronger winds and greater ice fields. According to all the reports to which the writer has access, there were 147 accidents to shipping on the Pacific in the year between September 1, 1923, and the same date in 1924. By accidents, I mean disasters which were attributable to the elements only, and not to mistakes of navigation or other human errors. Remarkably few of these resulted in loss of life, but the majority did present heavy property damage.

Indications are that the greatest change in oceanic currents due to the Asiatic seismic disturbance is an alteration of the regular, well-charted north-and-south currents, to east-and-west currents, that is, eastbound on the American side of the Pacific, and westbound on the Asiatic side. This means that currents which hitherto bore ships safely alongside these coasts, now tend with powerful thrusts to throw vessels on the land. As an old shipmaster, who for more than fifty years has operated a sailing vessel on the Pacific, said to the writer:

"I used to know every course on the Pacific; now, I don't know where I am going or when I'll get there."

The old north-and-south currents remain, but appear

Fur-trading vessel caught in the ice far south of the usual range of heavy ice on the Alaskan coast, in 1924, and compelled to remain in the North all winter, for the first time in her history of more than twenty years in the Arctic.

to have been either submerged, or to have lost their former strength and volume. Even the Japan Stream is believed to have been altered to some extent by the disturbance in the floor of the Pacific. A tidal wave, probably born in this wide "river in the ocean," swept a limited section of the west coast of Lower California, early in September, 1924, about a year after the Japanese earthquake, doing heavy damage to the town of San Jose del Cabo, causing some loss of life and destroying a considerable quantity of small shipping. This wave is now believed to have originated in a further sinking of the sea bed, following the deeper and more widely spread sinkings caused by the Asiatic quake.

According to Captain T. J. J. See, director of the United States Naval Observatory at Mare Island, California, the Japanese earthquake was caused by the seepage of water through the bottom of the Tuscarora Deep, due to tremendous pressure, and the impinging of this water on the molten magma of the earth beneath the crust of this globe. The Tuscarora Deep, a submarine gorge off the coast of Japan, was known to be more than five miles in depth, prior to the Japanese quake. Less than a year after the quake, the Japanese warship *Manchu* failed to find bottom with a line six and one-quarter miles long, or about a mile longer than any line ever before needed to reach the bottom of this great canyon in the sea floor. With this tremendous movement of the submarine crust of the earth, the Pacific Ocean changed overnight into the greatest of the world's marine mysteries.

If, on the other hand, the Japanese earthquake was caused by a slipping of a mile or two in the sloping floor of the sea, as suggested by Dr. A. C. Lawson, head of the geological department of the University of California, instead of by submarine seepage, as Captain See claims, the result to the remainder of the Pacific, both the bed and the surface, would be the same. Both scientists attribute the strange changes in currents, climate, winds, shoals, and other formerly well-known phenomena of the western ocean to the Asiatic seismic disturbance, irrespective of what may have been the original cause of the earthquake.

It is believed, by these and by other seismologists and geologists, that the changes in the Pacific were not caused entirely by the one quake which shook Japan with such force. They believe that there were a number of submarine earthquakes, possibly eruptions of sea-buried volcanoes, and similar disturbances, in both the Northern and the Southern Pacific, following the Japanese temblor. Some fifty captains and mates on ships plying the Pacific have reported localized disturbances which they felt as earthquakes, while their ships were at sea. These disturbances, according to a series of reports made by captains of merchant ships to their companies, seem to have followed two rather distinct belts across the Pacific. The more southern of these belts seems to extend from the Equator southward to about the thirtieth parallel, approximately the latitude of Sydney, Australia. This belt is thus some 30 degrees in width. The northern belt appears to extend from about the fifteenth parallel of north latitude, near which line Manila is located, northward to the sixtieth parallel, which passes through Bering Sea. Thus, the northern belt is some 45 degrees in width, or rather more than half again as wide as the southern belt.

Indications are, though official reports of the soundings are not available, that the great trench in the bottom of the Pacific off the coast of Peru and Chile has deepened considerably since the Asiatic earthquake. Tidal waves have been reported from this coast, with some landslipping in the coastwise Andes, and a wide range of changes in the currents alongshore. Twelve new currents, virtually all of them setting inshore, have been reported to the Chilean and Peruvian governments, according to official reports of masters of British and American and

(*Concluded on page 6*)

Five of the American destroyers as they appeared laid on the rocks at Point Arguello, on the California coast, shortly after the Japanese earthquake. New and uncharted currents of tremendous power, set in motion by the Asiatic seismic disturbance, are believed to have been responsible for this disaster to the destroyer fleet.

Postal Men Get Increase

Bill to Provide Funds Also Raises Postal Rates

By BURT M. M'CONNELL

IN THE passage of the Postal Bill a victory has been won for a principle which has been compromised somewhat on its application. Last year, it will be recalled, the President vetoed the bill for raising the salaries of all postal employes in the classified service. He conceded the point that the high cost of living warranted higher salaries but felt obliged to veto the proposed increase because the bill did not provide the money for it, amounting to some $68,000,000.

Soon after Congress convened last December it began to play football with the Postal Bill, while Post Office employes, from the Goddess of Liberty to Puget Sound, trudged through blizzards to deliver the mail. The Senate failed to pass the bill over the President's veto. Then it wrote a bill of its own, fully aware at the time that all revenue-raising legislation must originate in the House of Representatives. The House properly rejected this measure, and adopted the Kelly Bill. The Senate amended the House bill, and substituted its own rates—which would have raised perhaps half the revenue needed. The House rejected this, also. Finally, when it seemed that Congress would adjourn without taking action on the Postal Bill, several conferees from the Senate and House met behind closed doors and evolved a measure that not only provided for increased postal salaries but for higher rates on virtually everything except first-class matter. This was satisfactory to the Senate, the House, and apparently to the President, for he signed it. Or did he realize how utterly impossible it was to expect anything better from Congress?

Thus culminates a fight for higher pay, begun several years ago by postal employes when the increased cost of living bore heavily upon them. The added expense to the nation will be approximately $68,000,000 a year. At the time the bill was passed, it was estimated that of this amount, about $60,000,000 would be raised by increasing the rates, but while Congress made the new rates effective for only eight months of the calendar year, the salary increases are retroactive to January 1.

On this basis, the additional revenue for this year will probably not be more than $40,000,000; the balance of $28,000,000 necessary to pay the increased salaries must come from other funds in the Treasury. But there is no widespread complaint from the public, now that this great army of underpaid workers has received an average raise in salary of $300 a year. Heretofore the inadequate pay not only has been a hardship on the postal employes, but in various ways it has operated as a handicap to the service. Seldom, if ever, in the history of this country has there been such a show of public opinion in favor of a similar claim. Practically everybody agrees that postal employes have for years been entitled to more pay. The chambers of commerce which opposed the measure probably did not realize that this $68,000,000 will be spent for food, clothing, homes, automobiles, radio sets, marriage licenses, and so forth.

The Postal Bill is only a temporary measure. It is a compromise; a makeshift. There is no pretense that the rates are equitable or scientific. In fact, the old rates may be restored within a year, while the increases in salaries remain. But whatever the results of the new rates may be, there will be general satisfaction now that postal workers are to receive less niggardly treatment at the hands of the greatest business organization in the world—the United States Post Office. Meanwhile, a special joint committee of Congress is to work out a permanent schedule of rates before Congress meets next December.

A considerable portion of the additional revenue is to be raised by higher rates on parcel post matter. This has the farmer, who ships his butter and eggs to customers by parcel post, up in arms. While the parcel post service was established for the farmer, the Post Office Department has ascertained that less than 10 per cent is so employed. The new rates, therefore, will not be a burden on this class of mail users. Besides, the farmer and other users of this service should remember that it has been responsible for a portion of the Post Office Department's deficit, and that even under the higher rate, parcel post matter will be carried at lower rates than express matter. The general public, in adjusting itself to the higher charges, should remember that postal rates have hitherto been virtually at the prewar level, while there has been an average increase in the cost of almost everything else of at least 60 per cent

The Post Office Department, like Topsy, has "just growed." In 1900 the department spent $107,000,000. Last year its expenditures were $567,000,000. Much of this tremendous increase is due to the constantly increasing expense and the various forms of service, voluntarily undertaken by the government without regard to cost, in an effort to be of greater service to the people.

For example, the sole purpose of the Rural Free Delivery system was to benefit the farmer. No one imagined that it would ever pay for itself. The cost was assumed by the government in the same spirit that it assumed the cost of river and harbor improvement, of state aid in the building of highways, and the creation and upkeep of National Parks. In this case, it was a donation to the agricultural interests. The first appropriation for this service, twenty-seven years ago, was $40,000. Last year the Rural Mail Service cost $87,000,000. Yet, while the parcel post runs up a deficit of approximately $30,000,000 a year, and the Rural Mail Service costs $87,000,000, no one wants to see either service abolished. They are a great aid to the rural districts. Business is helped, and the country generally approves of this form of indirect taxation.

Although a committee will endeavor to fix equitable and scientific postal rates before Congress meets next December, this will be difficult, if not impossible, unless the Post Office Department adopts a businesslike system of conducting its vast operations. At present, the department performs services for other governmental departments and Congress for which it receives no revenue whatever. Last year, according to the Postmaster-General's report, these services were performed at an expense of $13,000,000. There is no one feature so much abused as the franking privilege. Senators and Congressmen actually send out hundreds of tons of campaign speeches and other political documents each year. Not only are these franked speeches transported at the public's expense, but the taxpayers of the country are called upon to pay for the paper and printing. There are hundreds of tons of other documents, a large percentage of which are never even opened, franked out of the government departments each year.

An analysis of the department's operations shows that in addition to its losses on purely business transactions, such as special delivery, postal cards, money orders, and so on, there is lost each year from $6,000,000 to $20,000,000 on free delivery of newspapers within county limits. Approximately $27,000,000 is lost on foreign mail and special mail services, and last year the department spent $10,000,000 promoting star routes. With the $87,000,000 expended by the Rural Mail Service, this makes a total of more than $140,000,000. Had many of these public services been performed by the Department of Agriculture, the Department of the Interior, or any other department of the government, they would have been paid for out of the public funds, but having been performed by the Post Office Department, they were paid for almost wholly out of postal revenues.

In view of the above, the real question seems to be whether the increased cost of operations in the Post Office Department is necessary. This will be decided by the joint committee heretofore mentioned within the next eight months. Meanwhile, the postal worker receives an increase in salary. Even with their present wage increase, postal workers are underpaid. Not one of them should be asked to work for less than $2,500 a year, if he is to keep himself and his dependents in comfort.

The chief salary rates of the new bill are:

Postmasters: first class, $3,200 to $8,000; second class, $2,400 to $3,000; third class, $1,100 to $2,300; Post Office inspectors, $2,800 to $4,500; Assistant Postmaster, second class offices, $2,200 to $2,500.

Under the new salary rate, clerks in first and second class offices and letter carriers in the city delivery service, who are divided into five grades, will receive salaries ranging from $1,700 to $2,100; railway postal clerks will now be paid from $1,900 to $2,700, and special clerks now earn $2,200 or $2,300. Laborers in the railway mail service receive $1,500 and $1,600. Rural mail carriers, who received from $720 to $1,800 a year, receive the same salary under the new bill but, in addition to the salary provided, the rural carrier, to quote the new bill, "shall be paid for equipment maintenance a sum equal to four cents per mile per day for each mile or major fraction of a mile scheduled." Also, "each rural carrier assigned to a route on which daily service is performed shall receive $30 per mile per year for each mile said route is in excess of 24 miles, and each rural carrier assigned to a route on which triweekly service is performed shall receive $15 per mile for each mile said route is in excess of 24 miles."

Village carriers are now paid $1,150 to $1,350. All pay increases are retroactive to January 1 of this year.

The new postal rates, which go into effect April 15, are as follows:

Private mailing cards and souvenir post cards, 2 cents each. The publisher's second-class mail rate on reading matter is the same as before—1½ cents a pound. The rate on advertising matter remains 2 cents a pound in zones 1 and 2, 3 cents a pound in zone 3, and 6 cents a pound in zones 4, 5 and 6. The new rate for zones 7 and 8 is 9 cents in both zones.

The new rate on religious, educational, scientific, philanthropic, agricultural, labor or fraternal magazines, not published for profit, to all zones for both reading and advertising matter is 1½ cents a pound.

Those who are in the habit of sending single copies of newspapers and magazines will find that the new rate of postage on publications entered as second-class matter, "when sent by others than the publishers or news agent," shall be two cents for each two ounces or fraction thereof for weights not exceeding two ounces, and for weights exceeding eight ounces, "the rates of postage prescribed for fourth-class matter shall be applicable thereto."

Third-class mail will not include merchandise, which formerly was fourth class. The new third-class rate is 1½ cents for each two ounces up to eight ounces, except on books, catalogs, seeds, and so on, not exceeding eight ounces, on which the rate is 1 cent for each two ounces.

All matter over eight ounces which is not included in the other classes is now fourth class. The basic rates remain as at present. The new bill, however, adds a flat 2-cent service charge to each package, and provides a "special handling" charge of 25 cents that is optional. This entitles such mail matter to the same expeditious transportation, handling, and delivery accorded to mail matter of the first class. There were no such provisions under the old law.

Changes have been made in money order, C. O. D. rates, and charges for special delivery packages.

McGuffey's Maxims

Little Tales of Conduct From the Famous School Reader of the Last Generation

THE CRUEL BOY PUNISHED

1. An idle boy was one day sitting on the steps of a door, with a stick in one hand, and a piece of bread and butter in the other. As he was eating his bread, he saw a dog lying near him, and called out, "Come here, fellow!"

2. The dog, hearing himself kindly spoken to, arose, pricked up his ears, wagged his tail, and came up.

3. The boy held out his piece of bread and butter, and as the dog was about to take it, the naughty fellow struck him on the nose with the stick, which he had in the other hand. The poor dog howled, and ran away as fast as he could.

4. The cruel boy laughed heartily at the trick he had played. At this moment, a man on the other side of the street, who had been watching him, called to the boy, and showing him a half-dollar, asked him if he would like to have it.

5. "Yes," said the boy, "to be sure I would." "Come and get it, then," said the man. The boy ran to him, and stretched out his hand for the money, when the man gave him such a rap over the knuckles with his cane, that he roared with pain.

6. "Why did you do that?" said the boy, grinning and rubbing his knuckles. "I did not hurt you, or ask you for money."

7. "Why did you strike the poor dog just now?" said the man. "Had he hurt you, or asked you for bread? I have served you just as you served him."

8. The bad boy hung his head, and seemed very much ashamed; and I have never heard of his playing any cruel tricks since.

What Has Happened to the Pacific?

(Concluded from page 5)

Japanese steamers plying to and from the ports of those South American countries. Extremely deep areas of the ocean usually are associated with nearby regions of mountainous land frequently disturbed by volcanic and seismic activity. These deep areas in the Pacific, for example, are along the coast of Japan, on the southward line of the Aleutian Islands, around the Philippine Islands, around the Hawaiian Islands, and off the west coast of South America, with a district of rather deep water off the coasts of Washington, Oregon, and California. The shores of all these so-called "deeps" are volcanic, and it is probable that the bed of the great Pacific Ocean, largest body of water on the globe, has undergone, and is even yet undergoing, a topographical change which is having a great but little-known effect on its currents.

The normal and well-known ocean currents, of course, constitute a system of circulation for the unequally heated waters of the sea, which also drifts in the same general direction as the great wind systems of the earth. The tides—which apparently have little to do with the ocean currents except in bays and river mouths—are due to the disturbing attractions of the sun and the moon, which cause two movements of the sea daily. Now, however, merchant ships crossing the Pacific, and approaching the mainland on either side, find themselves suddenly and unexplainably ten to twenty miles off their courses, their movements accomplished by uncharted currents in a few hours. The destroyers which went ashore at Point Arguello were at least five miles off their courses, and the steamer *Cuba* was some seven miles out of her course. These two disasters first called attention to the changes in the Pacific, changes which are of the greatest importance, not only to the merchant marine, but to the navies of the world as well as to the entire sea-borne commerce of the western ocean.

Mr. Ford's Page

IT IS frequently said that this is a rapid age, that we are living too fast, that the speed required of people today is destroying all the values of life. The impression is conveyed that the people of this generation are breathless, excited, nervously tense, and driven beyond endurance. It is conveyed by people who have a reasonably quiet sort of life, by professional men who write from the studious quiet of book-lined libraries, by reformers who possess no balancing experience with life at first hand.

Clear thinking would be greatly assisted if an analysis were made of the facts, from the angle of this charge of driving intensity. A summing up of the situation would yield something like this: more things are being done today than ever before, but they are being done in less time and with less effort and with a consequently wider margin of leisure for all the people.

Middle-aged people have seen a number of changes. They have seen the working day greatly shortened. The younger of us remember when 10 hours was the standard day. Those a little older can recall when the working day extended as long as 12 hours. And there are men alive today who lived when the working day was anywhere from 12 to 17 hours. In any portion you may select of "the good old days" for which people sometimes sentimentally yearn, the leisure allowed the working man was hardly enough for eating and sleeping. And yet the only verdict we get on the greater freedom, the longer leisure of men in the present time is the verdict that men are more terribly driven today than they ever were before, that they have less time to live, and that modern industry has robbed them of their human birthright.

Repugnant as it is to most of us, in this creative generation, to appeal to past records, it is sometimes necessary if only to give us the vivid background against which to estimate present conditions. The time we select is the year 1832, the place, the most socially enlightened at that time of any industrially developed nation, namely England. The occasion is the examination of certain persons in the British House of Commons. The conscience of the people was waking: the gaunt fact of industry without any admixture of the saving element of moral responsibility was making its way into sensitive minds. Among many, one Samuel Coulson was examined, and his testimony was simply a repetition of hundreds of others. He had children at work in the mills.

Q. "At what time in the morning, in the brisk time, did those girls go to the mills?" A. "In the brisk time, for about six weeks, they have gone at three o'clock in the morning, and ended at 10, or nearly half-past, at night."

Q. "Had you not great difficulty in awakening your children to this excessive labor?" A. "Yes, in the early time we had to take them up asleep and shake them, when we got them on the floor, to dress them, before we could get them off to their work; but not so in the common hours."

Q. "What was the length of time they could be in bed during those hours?" A. "It was near 11 o'clock before we could get them into bed after getting a little victuals, and then at morning my missus used to stop up all night, for fear that we could not get them ready for the time."

Q. "Were the children excessively fatigued by this labor?" A. "Many times; we have cried often when we have given them the little victualling we had to give them; we had to shake them, and they have fallen to sleep with the victuals in their mouths many a time."

Adults were compelled to work 16 hours a day at this period. It is almost unbelievable that men could be content to make such conditions for their fellow men, and equally unbelievable that human strength could withstand such conditions. Yet it did. People beginning in the mills at six or seven years of age, lived to long life there, and knew nothing else.

But reform came. It came through a better kind of business man coming in to organize the working day. The professional reformers, that is, those who talked about the badness of the existing conditions but were not possessed of sufficient managerial or business ability to change them, doubtless did their part; but the main part was done by business men, like Robert Owen, who saw that the method which the greedy employer regarded as good business was bad business.

That is one place where the whole philosophy of class war is wrong: it assumes that wrong conditions are the deliberate creation of managers. They are rather the proof of the lack of managerial ability on the part of managers. The remedy is not to do away with managers, but to get real ones. Every oppressive situation, in any sphere of activity, is due to a lack of organizing, directing ability. The mill managers of 1832 were just as sleepy in their minds as were the mill-hands of that period. It only needed the arrival of one or two wide-awake human beings, born managers, to give the whole situation a twist that changed it.

To anyone interested in the root-beginnings of these things, it is always wonderful to note that when what we call morality comes into business, it always comes by the gate of good management.

It seems, perhaps, that 1832 is quite a distance in the past. Yet, in point of achievement it is likely that the distance between today and 1932—or seven years hence—is really greater than the distance between this year and 1832, which is 93 years. And in a less period than that, indeed, in very recent years, the leisure of the people, the margin of life, has greatly increased.

And not only has the leisure increased, but the means to use and enjoy it. Empty leisure is not desirable from any point of view. Indeed one of the problems of the times, as many people see it, is the problem of leisure. The people have more spare time than they know what to do with. One of the recognized tests of character is the thing that a man does when he has nothing else to do, the thing he thinks about when his mind is free to roam. The time that is free from engagements of a pressing kind has greatly increased in extent, and goes on increasing. Yet with the increase of leisure, the great extension of spare time, there comes the plaint that we are living in a too fast age under a driving pressure.

With the facts concerning hours of labor before us, and the fact of increasing leisure open to all the people, the source of the sense of haste and pressure must be found elsewhere than in industrial conditions. It is altogether probable that the pressure is not that of labor but of ideas. People are thinking, can hardly escape thinking of more things today than entered the mind of the most alert and learned fifty years ago. The commonplace of daily thought now ranges through realms that would have seemed miraculous to the wisest man a few years ago. Wonders that would have turned the world upside down even 25 years ago are today accepted as new toys for amusement—witness the radio and flying.

It may be that this multitude of newness, this avalanche of wonder that has plunged upon mankind, has generated a nervous tension. And yet this seems hardly the true explanation since mankind seems to have developed a protective indifference to most of these things; mankind refuses to become overexcited about the greatest discoveries. Probably, however, the constant beat of unaccustomed ideas, the bewildering variety of them, the instantaneous method by which all, from the highest to the lowest, are made aware of them, has an effect, a cumulative effect, which we interpret as tension. The magnetism of the vast thinking mind has probably enthralled us more than we are aware.

A GENERATION that has more leisure than any of its forbears ever had is described as being too fast. A generation that makes its living more easily than any preceding one has done is described as being driven. How is this contradiction to be accounted for? Perhaps it is the steady beat of new ideas upon the mind. Perhaps it is the fact that more people are now free to do more things and are doing them. Whatever it is, people who have more spare time than people ever had before get the sense of whirlwind pressure, and repeat the common criticism that "we are going too fast." Yet people live longer than ever before, live with less effort, live on a higher plane. Is it possible that this common saying about our rapid pace is just another thoughtless mob-suggestion? Think it over.

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Editorial Sense

"RECONSTRUCTION days are upon us, and the newspaper that makes its fight for right rather than circulation, for Americanism rather than communistic experiment, for character rather than sex slush, will find the great public rallying to its banner. That newspaper will prosper best which serves best."—*R. C. Snyder,* Norwalk (Ohio) *Reflector;* President Associated Ohio Dailies.

At first glance it seems that the famous curtain speech "that's all there is, there is no more" is applicable to Mr. Snyder's summarizing of the sphere of newspapers. He might have expressed one more thought, which, however, is implied: "and the editor who wants to serve best will say 'I am the public, what do I want to see in the newspapers?'"

Mr. Snyder's utterance is significant because he is the official representative of a press that has a tradition of influence and service. He speaks from a position of familiarity with both the business and editorial concerns of the newspaper. It is frequently the case that editorialists fail to understand the problems of the business office, and that circulation and advertising men fail to understand the ideals and principles of the editorial force. But this utterance has both sides in view, and the conclusion is that the paper which serves the enduring elements in the community is the paper that will be served by the patronage of the community.

This does not always *seem* to be the way it works out. The writer has in mind a city where the noisiest of the newspapers seems to be the most successful. Its red headlines and its shouting appeals are seen everywhere in the downtown district. Staid citizens shake their heads over the astonishing invasion of the journalistic field by this sheet which frankly assumes that men and women are interested only in the two or three elements of life which are capable of the greatest degradation. But the fact is, that paper is the only one in the city that is losing money. It seems to overshadow the whole field. But in reality it does not. Its only hope lies in spoiling the newspaper taste of a sufficient number of persons to make its work profitable.

But, a combination of editors on the plain platform of American decency, a declaration of independence against the wire propaganda that steals newspaper space for the dissemination of un-American ideas, a widespread editorial practice of newswriters in putting themselves imaginatively into the home to which their papers go, this would be sufficient to swing the whole situation.

It is intensely significant and highly promising that the President of the Associated Ohio Dailies should say with such forthrightness—"That newspaper will prosper best which serves best."

Is Great Britain Scrapping Free Trade?

IN EXPLAINING his new trade policy in the British House of Commons recently, Mr. Baldwin repudiated any suggestion that his government was departing from free trade. Nevertheless, free-trade Britain is clearly growing anxious. One of the first acts of the MacDonald government, it will be remembered, was to abolish the McKenna war measure, known as "The Safe-guarding of Industries Act." Mr. Baldwin in his recent election addresses, while emphasizing the fact that he would abide by the country's decision against protection over a year ago, announced his intention of introducing "analogous measures to help industries sore hit by unfair competition." These analogous measures have now been explained in a statement of policy issued by the Board of Trade.

The situation is a curiously interesting one. There is to be no revival of the Safe-guarding of Industries Bill, no blanket measure of any kind. The way of it is simply this: Any industry which feels itself sore pressed "by unfair competition" can appeal to the Board of Trade for protection. If the Board of Trade considers that the industry has a *prima facie* case it will appoint a small committee of disinterested persons to inquire into the matter and if this small committee reports back favorably to the Board of Trade, the minister of the Board will introduce a special bill into the House of Commons for the help of that special industry.

The result of this will be, that there will be no general debate in Parliament on the whole policy, as a policy. Debates will be limited to the case of a particular industry, and the whole question will be dealt with from an emergency point of view. The effect of such policy will be that no individual case will amount to a sufficient violation of free trade, so that the country will always have free trade even when it gets a general tariff.

Of course to say so much is to count without the overwhelming free trade sentiment throughout the country. In the difficult industrial period through which Great Britain is passing every great industry will, almost inevitably, be tempted to seek relief through an appeal to Parliament. This would mean a rapid succession of special bills, the consumption of a vast amount of parliamentary time, and the riveting of the attention of the whole country on the question of protection versus free trade once again. How long any government could last in the storm that would arise it is impossible to say.

Mr. Baldwin is counting upon the existence of several factors in his favor. The chief of these will undoubtedly be the trades union element in the parliamentary Labor Party and throughout the country. As a party, labor stands emphatically for free trade, but as trade unionists, any individual member of the party would find it difficult to oppose a policy, ostensibly temporary, which claimed to be the only way of salvation for the particular industry in which he was interested.

But the British Premier knows he must pilot his ship with care, for Protection was the rock on which it was wrecked little more than a year ago.

Aaron Again

SPEAKING in Temple Meshkan Israel, at New Haven, Connecticut, Aaron Sapiro said, concerning the articles about him in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT—"There are hundreds of uneducated farmers who believe every word of them. I know that to be true because I have overheard them talking of me."

"Uneducated" is good, coming from the Farmer's Friend. They may have been uneducated when they signed on Mr. Sapiro's dotted line, but they speedily learned a number of things.

The Spy

ACCORDING to a London message, three subjects especially occupy the attention of the spy today. They are aviation, poison gas, and naval designs.

These three things indicate the trend of research and discovery in modern war equipment. By the almost unanimous consent of the nations, the development of aircraft is the matter that is being most closely watched.

If anyone takes the trouble to keep an eye on the world's news, it will be seen that there is almost as much talk about one nation spying on another as there was in the months preceding the World War. So "jumpy" did certain countries become as to the system of espionage that was alleged to be going on, that there developed a state of nerves in some countries which caused some people to see airships cleaving the skies in the lonely watches of the night and strange men with fierce mustaches and foreign accents making sketches around fortresses or purloining blue prints from the shipbuilding yards.

To find out just what a potential enemy may be doing has become more or less of a fetish in modern times. But the nation that had the most perfect and baffling secret service in the last war was whipped. And the United States, which had hardly any such service, was able through its young men to get all the information it wanted.

After all, whether in peace or war, there will always be sufficient Might to defend the Right.

What About the Shoals?

MUSCLE SHOALS continues to attract public attention and inquiries are continually being received as to the present status of the big work. Mechanically it steadily progresses toward completion; but politically it is still a muddle.

Three occurrences of importance may be noted as having recently been brought to view. The first is that Congress, apparently apprehensive of what Secretary Weeks might do during the adjournment, passed a strong resolution urging the President not to permit the Shoals to become an adjunct of the power trust, and to that end recommended a commission of three members to guard the public rights in the Shoals. The second occurrence is that the President did not adhere to the recommendation as to the number to be appointed, and added two more for reasons which do not seem clear. So that there are now five members, with, it is said, Secretaries Hoover and Weeks hovering in the background as ex officio influences.

The recommendation of the House was made under the war-time power which the President still possesses to dispose of the Shoals, which power it was feared that Secretary Weeks might usurp for the service of the power trust when Congress was at home on vacation. There was clearly distrust as to what might be expected from that gentleman. The President should by this time be aware of the extent of his powers in the matter, and should prevent Mr. Weeks horning in too officiously.

Latest of all are dispatches from Washington which state that Secretary Weeks is again busy with bids and that he has authority to make arrangements for the use of power on 30-day revocable contracts. What all this means, insiders may well guess. It certainly seems to be contrary to the express intent of the House in its resolution to the President.

There are no bids for Muscle Shoals. Only one *bona fide* bid was ever made, and only one was ever considered by Congress. The rest were fog and camouflage, deliberate plays for confusion in hope of a day when a man with the corporation viewpoint, like Mr. Weeks, could do as he wished with the property. Muscle Shoals is already an accusing monument of political stupidity. It is due to become a much more serious accusation against politics if the Weeks plan of procedure obtains White House favor, as it seems now to be doing.

Is the Earth Too Small

THERE was once a man, says tradition, who worried himself to death because he read that the fuel supply would be exhausted in so many million years, and there are people today who give themselves no end of trouble about things equally remote.

Doubtless there are certain parts of the earth's surface where there are more people to the acre than there ought to be, but there are vast areas where men cannot be found.

On this continent, without going any farther, there are yet considerable areas that are lying idle or that are only partly developed, and in South America there are millions of square miles the possibilities of which have scarcely been scratched. In Brazil, for example, there are immense unexplored regions, the possibilities of which cannot yet be gauged. In the Argentine and in Mexico, countless acres, which are at present given over to the grazing of cattle, will in time be put under crop; and in Peru it is asserted that vast stores of copper lay hidden in the Cordilleras, millions of tons of timber stand in the forests awaiting the axe, while great quantities of oil are still untapped.

The great continent of Africa is also undoubtedly a land of the future. Cecil Rhodes' dream of a Cape to Cairo railway is not yet realized, but the work is under way, and hundreds of miles of country have been linked up.

It is increasingly being recognized that a more equitable distribution of the human race is desirable, but this must come about in a gradual and natural manner, not by any sudden disturbance of present conditions.

Settled

THE important assignment given to Brig.-Gen. Mitchell should do much to neutralize the harmful impression diligently made in recent months that the defense departments of the government penalize men who zealously endeavor to improve the machinery of defense. The Mitchell controversy might have been more effective than it was had all these matters of personality been avoided. The good that was achieved came in spite of it. With it now being clear that there is no desire to "punish" Mitchell, or to deprive the air service of his experience, a regrettable by-product of the recent discussion may be permitted to drop into oblivion. We Americans are grown too wise to make martyrs out of men who do their duty.

It Isn't Size or Build That Counts

Showing That the Davids in Sport Often Get Ahead of the Goliaths

Cyril Walker, weighing less than 120 pounds, lightest among professional golfers, won the 1924 open championship over a course where only the giants and their long drives were admitted to have a chance.

By PAUL MACDONALD

WHEN Paavo Nurmi arrived in this country Americans were astonished. They had expected to see a powerful athlete, a giant of a man, with big legs, a mighty chest and bulging shoulder muscles and biceps. What they saw was a man of ordinary size and build, a man who did not differ in appearance from several million men that live in the cities, towns, villages, hamlets, and on the farms of their native land. This young man from Finland, hero of the 1924 Olympic Games at Paris, the greatest distance runner of his day, is of medium height and build, with average arms and legs. He resembles most of the men you pass on the street or that pass your house every day and evening.

Some were disappointed in Nurmi's appearance. They had pictured a superman in build as well as in athletic feats, for it has long been the mistaken belief that the stars in various sports are men of giant physique. This impression has prevailed so long we take it for granted that only the boys of big bone and much muscle have a chance to become great athletes. However, if you will look over the list of stars you will discover that many of the great athletes were little men.

Surely no one believes that a little fellow has a chance in football. The game, it seems, demands men that are big and strong. It calls for weight, strength, and speed, but there is Frank Hinkey of Yale. If you have not heard of Frank Hinkey you will hear of him sooner or later, if you are interested in football, for Hinkey was the greatest end that ever played the game. Some critics insist that Frank Hinkey was the greatest football player of all time, all positions considered.

Hinkey never weighed more than 145 pounds when he played football. He was called the "Shadowy End" because he was the smallest man, and the thinnest, playing football in his day. What makes his work on the gridiron all the more remarkable is the fact that Hinkey played in the days of close formation and mass attack. Weight and brute strength were the two important factors in the game at that time. Few football players weighed less than 200 pounds and it was always a wonder how Hinkey ever made the varsity eleven. He not alone made it but he played football of a better quality than any other man. Small as he was none of the giants that Yale opposed ever got around Hinkey's end. He hurled them all back, tackling men that weighed nearly twice as much as he.

William T. Tilden II is undoubtedly the greatest tennis player ever developed. Tilden is more than six feet in height but he is thin. If you saw Tilden you would never take him for an athlete.

Gerald Patterson, of Australia, is one of the best players in tennis. While not so good as Tilden he is one of the finest in the world. Patterson is a giant of a man. To see him you would guess he must be a powerful athlete.

Tilden and Patterson played a match of three sets a few years ago. Tilden won the match and when it was over both players walked into the clubhouse locker rooms. Patterson slumped down into a chair, completely exhausted. Tilden, whistling and still fresh, was putting away his racquet. Patterson had spent his last ounce of reserve energy while Tilden still had plenty of reserve left.

Tilden has frequently gone through gruelling matches and left his opponent strength spent. Few persons understand how he manages it. Nearly always the opponent is heavier and stronger than Tilden. The reason is simple enough. Tilden does not waste an ounce of energy. He never exerts himself when he does not have to. He is careful with every step he takes and makes every one of them count. Years ago he realized that he did not have the strength most of his opponents had and that if he wanted to remain on top he would have to be careful of his energy. He could not afford to waste any strength. He must conserve all he had and use his head to make every stroke count.

Eddie Collins is not impressive physically. He is small, light and awkward. Yet he is regarded by many as the greatest second baseman of all time, a wonderful hitter and fielder and the most intelligent man that has ever played the position.

Tilden hits a tennis ball harder than any man who ever played the game. One time I asked him how he managed to get so much force behind the ball. His answer was simple enough:

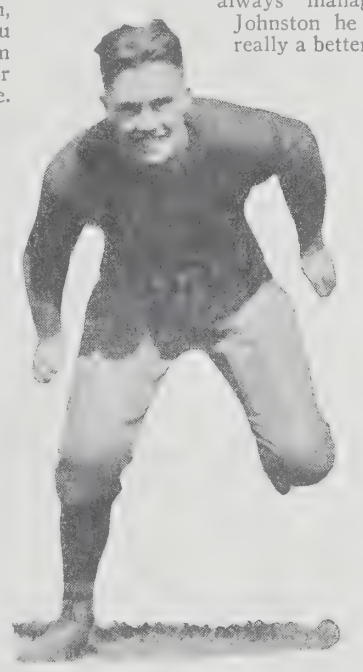
"It is all in timing. I throw my entire weight behind the racquet at the exact instant it meets the ball."

That is why Tilden can hit a tennis ball twice as hard as most men who are twice as strong as he. The trouble with them is that they use their strength through the entire swing of the racquet. Most of it is expended before the racquet meets the ball and while they use a mighty swing it is that much wasted energy, for when the racquet connects with the ball there is little behind it. Tilden reserves his strength until the instant that racquet and ball meet; then he turns loose his stored energy.

Tilden does not use his terrific drive all through a game. His "cannon ball" service comes infrequently and his terrific shots are sprung at the psychological moment, when his opponent is off guard, or when the situation is such that Tilden can score by use of the shot. The man who tries to smash every ball throughout a match slows up, first gradually and then rapidly. At the end of the match, when he needs a smashing drive to gain or hold an advantage, he is unable to get force behind the ball because he has wasted his strength.

"Little Bill" Johnston, the freckle-faced phenomenon from the Pacific Coast, is the second best tennis player in the world. Only Tilden is superior. He was king of the tennis kingdom until Tilden developed. While Tilden always manages to defeat Johnston he insists that Johnston is really a better player, a statement with which few will agree.

"Little Bill" Johnston is one of the smallest men that ever played tournament tennis but the United States has produced only one tennis player his superior.



Irwin Uteritz played varsity football for three years and never fumbled a punt or missed a tackle. He always got his man and the man always outweighed Uteritz, sometimes by 75 pounds.

Johnston is one of the marvels of tennis and of all sports as well. He is the lightest man among the ranking players of two hemispheres, weighing not more than 125 pounds through the tennis season, sometimes weighing less. Most high school boys weigh more than Johnston. But little Johnston has vanquished all the giants of tennis and generally beats them so badly that defeat becomes a rout. He lacks stamina and strength but he has a remarkable intellect and, like Tilden, he uses this intellect to win. He thinks more quickly than his opponent thinks.

A few years ago Irwin Uteritz, of the University of Michigan, was the best quarterback in the Middle West. It is doubtful if he had an equal anywhere, all things considered. Uteritz, in three years of play at Michigan, never fumbled a punt and never missed a tackle. Few backs could compare with Uteritz on defense. He always got his man. He tackled clean, hard and sure, always throwing the runner toward the runner's goal, a trick that not many men playing football ever really master. He was a splendid field general, the best in the football history of a university famous for great teams and players. But in the three years that Uteritz played football he never weighed more than 140 pounds. His weight was generally 135. I have seen Uteritz repeatedly throw men weighing from 50 to 75 pounds more than he weighed as though they were little boys. The reason Uteritz could do this was because he timed himself perfectly. He also had accurate direction. He had the genius of pace. He tackled the same way that Tilden makes his "cannon ball" shot in tennis.

The man who wrote "by might they triumphed" was not referring to sports. If he was he was not well acquainted with sports. In sport they triumph by mind rather than might. It is not the use of weight and power in sport that wins but the use of the mind.

William Keeler was one of the smallest men that ever played baseball. They nicknamed him "Wee Willie" when he began playing ball and he carried his nickname through life. He was so small that few managers would give him a second look and yet he was one of the greatest outfielders the game has known. He realized he could not hit a ball far so he made up his mind to hit the ball through or just over the infield. It was Keeler who, when requested by a newspaper to write an article on how to become successful as a batter, wrote this memorable reply:

"Hit them where they ain't.
"Willie Keeler."

No ball player ever hit as many singles as Keeler. None of the good hitters of the game ever made so few doubles, triples, and home runs. Still, Keeler got more than 200 hits in eight different seasons of his career and among all the ball players in history only Ty Cobb was able to equal or better that performance. Keeler was also the greatest hit and run man in all baseball. He worked this play oftener and was more successful with it than any rival.

Keeler, knowing that he lacked power at bat, depended upon his intelligence. He made a study of all pitchers, got an intimate knowledge of their style and so trained himself that he was able to meet the ball by using a short chop. He went through several seasons without ever striking out and he struck out less times than any player on record. All he tried to do was hit the ball to some unoccupied spot, to hit it safely, and this he managed to do often. He did not do it by strength, for he lacked strength. He did it by constantly studying pitchers and pitching and by his timing. He was the greatest of all scientific batsmen.

Eddie Collins never had more than one equal or superior as a second baseman. Opinion is fairly divided as to whether Napoleon Lajoie or Collins was the best second sacker of all time. Lajoie was a magnificent specimen of manhood, a man of remarkable physique, supple, easy, smooth, the personification of physical grace. Collins is small. He lacks ease and grace. He is awkward and for several years no one thought him big or heavy enough to make good in the major leagues. His was not the build that one looks for in second basemen where the fielder has to take his bumps from base runners. He developed into the king of second basemen. He also rapidly developed into a great hitter.

Collins is a fine fielder and a fine hitter for the same reason—intelligence. As a fielder he studied batsmen and base runners. He found out where to play for them. He discovered their characteristics and took advantage of them. As a batsman he studied pitchers. He was content to hit the ball. He was never a long hitter but a sure hitter and dangerous with men on bases when the pitcher makes an extra effort to fool the batter.

The National Open Golf Tournament of 1924 was opening at Oakland Hills, near Birmingham, Michigan. Driving out to the links on the morning of the tournament was little Cyril Walker. To the other passengers of the automobile he observed:

"Gee, it would be glorious to win this tournament. Just think of what it means to the winner! Fame and fortune! The golfer who finishes in first place is made. But it is not for a little fellow like me to win. This Oakland Hills course is built for long drivers. The men with weight and strength, who can wallop the ball for long distances, are the men that will be up in front."

Cyril Walker, weighing about 120 pounds, seemed to be making an accurate prophecy. The open championship of 1924 was being played over a course that gave an advantage to the golfer who could drive the ball a long way. On that Monday morning, as the tournament opened, little Cyril Walker was quite forgotten as a long list of famous golfers walked to the tee and drove off. The tournament ended Friday afternoon and in the fading light one of the contestants was lifted high on the shoulders of several of the conquered and given a mighty cheer by the others. The golfer who sat high on the shoulders of his fellows and waved his cap in response to the ovation was little Cyril Walker, open golf champion of 1924, lightest of all that field that included the mighty swingers of the game.

William Keeler was so small that they nicknamed him "Wee Willie." He could not hit a ball far but he became the greatest scientific batsman baseball has known.

Strength has its place in golf but the mental attitude counts for more. Cyril Walker, knowing his limitations as a driver, devoted himself to putting and the championship was decided on the greens instead of on the fairways.

De Hart Hubbard, holder of the intercollegiate and Olympic broad jump championships, is the smallest and the lightest man that ever held the broad jump title. All the other great broad jumpers were big and strong men if not actually giants, but most of them were giants.

The men mentioned here were picked at random. There are many others to compare with them, men that are not big but of average build and many of them below average. The highest honors in sport are for those of keen intellect rather than those of deep chest and bulging muscle. In sport the mind comes first, the body second.

Esperanto?—No, English Is Tongue

Long Sought International Language Was Growing Quietly All the Time

By DUNCAN M'CONNELL

THE World Language idea, long a subject of eccentric agitation by zealous propagandists, seems to have been clothed of late with unwonted dignity and consequence, by action of associations of international scope.

In a recent article in the *National Geographic Magazine* on "The Battleground of Languages in Western Europe," A. L. Guerard says:

"An international language is needed to make communications easy among those teeming millions who, whether they like it or not, are all members of the great economic society of nations. It will respect the independence and the pride of all existing dialects; it will not abolish, but transcend, frontiers. It will be the symbol of the new industrial and democratic civilization, which cannot be forever bound by the capricious historical lines of another age."

Undoubtedly the need thus expressed is a real need.

A Language Spoken by Many Nations

Undoubtedly the imposing organizations which are seeking a remedy are dealing with a condition which demands remedy.

Yet, while governmental and scientific bodies seem indeed to be looking directly at the question, they seem also to be looking away from the solution. They all seem to expect that some world-genius will devise or invent an Inter-Speech, and that this will immediately be learned by all as a new tune is whistled, adopted by all like the telegraph or the airplane.

The International Language of the future, already to an extraordinary extent the International Language of the present . . . a language not of theory, but of practice, is here in the English speech.

It requires no agitation, no argument, no propaganda—it requires only that the great fact, one of the greatest events in the whole history of languages, be calmly recognized by men and nations.

To aid calm recognition of this fact, and not with any intention of advancing a mere theory or extolling a mere linguistic hypothesis, we may consider first of all the efforts for an artificial international speech, since the artificial speech seems to be first in the deliberations of most theoretical students. Then we may mention different actual languages which have been recommended because of their expressional merit as worthy of coronation and homage by races of less perfect idiom. Then we may review the factual history of the languages of mankind, and the record of the rise of English.

For we can now unhesitatingly say that English has a wider spread among peoples of different speech than any Volapük or Esperanto. Indeed it has a wider spread than the Latin of the Middle Ages, or the Greek of Alexander's Empire, or the French of old periwig diplomacy.

As a racial language, as the speech of many individual nations, English has long held its vast plurality of use among the languages of the world. But in addition, as an international speech, it does and will fulfill all the requirements prescribed by Mr. Guerard, as quoted above.

The effort to produce a language to meet these requirements has been made by scholar after scholar since the philosophers of the early seventeenth century ceased the exclusive employment of Latin, and issued more and more of their works in their native living tongues.

Though Latin was passing from scientific use because of its fixed and "dead" character, some profound men imagined that a new philosophical speech could be created out of other dead materials. The name of the great philosopher Leibnitz is found among those who endeavored to develop a univeral written or picture language of symbolic or artificial characters, under the formidable name of Pasigraphil.

By the time the next century had arrived, Latin had passed not only out of use as an international language of science, but out of fashion as the language of diplomacy. The French "Encyclopedist" group, in their general reaching after universality of view, considered the need of an encyclopedic international speech. The principles then laid down by Faignet are regarded as including the fundamental theory of all later efforts for an artificial world-speech. Projects

Tried Volapuk and Then Esperanto

for a new language were included among the myriad plans for world rejuvenation bandied about in the French Revolution.

The nineteenth century was the season in which many universal languages developed from humble origins to pretentious maturity, then dropped and declined and decayed. One man invented a new musical speech, and taught others to sing it! During these years the grand new science of modern philology was developing, though associated with many theories of language which have since been outgrown. In the spirit of the time Schipfer in 1839 presented his "Communicationssprache" or "Inter-communication Language." This appears to have been the first definite and complete creation of a new speech.

Schipfer, however, was only one of many such creators of idiom. These have been counted until the count is lost. Some world-tongues were simple and apparently frail. Some were comprehensive, but more difficult than any language living or dead. One, called the Blue Language, required nine volumes of grammar.

There was usually a tendency on the part of the inventor to base his creation on his native speech, or on one of the dead classical languages. This produced in each new creation a special unfitness for the very purpose of international speech.

A different course was followed, and a livelier discussion created by the German prelate, Mgr. John Martin Schleyer, who in 1879 presented "Volapük"; and the Russian physician Zamenhoff, who in 1885 introduced Esperanto, with some indebtedness to the "Neo-Latin" of Courtonne of Paris.

Monsignor Schleyer took one step which shows that he had some true vision of the tendencies of language, even at that time. Though himself a German, he was acquainted with perhaps fifty languages, and refused to be local or insular in his linguistic thought. He affronted the national pride of German philologists and roused the patriotism of French linguists by basing his proposed world-speech upon English. He showed, indeed, his fundamentally Germanic training by elaborating a precise and rather abstruse grammar, but as a medium of expression of thought his Volapük rested upon English.

But Volapük, as a manufactured tongue, was subject to alteration by means similar to those which brought about its creation. While it was rising, rivals rose—the production of these linguistic nationalists whom we have mentioned. One new language came forward on a basis of Latin. From the other side of the Rhine developed Novicow, which was based on French as Volapük was based on English. This was not all. The adherents of Volapük, rejecting the Latin and French fabrications, still reserved the right to improve Volapük itself. There was a call for a simpler grammar, and new languages began to develop from the original. Dr. Schleyer had not only taught his pupils a "made" language, but he had taught them how to make others. In a few years the discord among the adherents of Volapük was as great as the Babel of pre-Volapük days. The language broke up in many languages, and universal communication was lost in misunderstandings expressed in ways mutually confusing, according to the use of improved or unimproved Volapük.

Dr. Schleyer had drawn national and international attention by reaching out to English for the basis of his new language. And the Russian Zamenhoff, when he signed the name "Dr. Esperanto" (hopeful) to his first communication, reached far outside of the Slavic linguistic family for his new speech.

He sought for his vocabulary words which were found in as large a number of languages as possible. The language was promoted in an international spirit, so that scholars of the first rank in London, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna gave it their support as an "auxiliary" tongue.

Esperanto reached an interesting development before the war. The interest in Esperanto itself was not

The Speech of Southern African Tribes

diminished, but men could see the temporal weakness of any artificial language. It has no guaranty of permanence.

Capable of quick hothouse growth are some of these artificial languages: but as soon as they are taken from the hothouse to face the outer air of reality, or as soon as a new bloom is developed in another part of the conservatory, their period is ended.

The war gave all language students some new insight into the psychology of speech, and the psychology of artificial languages. No war speech was made in Esperanto, because it was a peace language. But no peace speech which attracted any universal attention was made in Esperanto. Woodrow Wilson talked of peace in English. The great and grave transactions of those years were the transactions of nations, not of societies, and the tongues were mother tongues. Two incommunicable persons might learn swiftly to communicate on small matters in Esperanto or the Idiom Neutral—but when the peoples stood face to face with fate they spoke the languages which it had been their fate to learn. And thus the homes and schools of the Allied Nations made peace with the schools and homes of the Central Powers.

We shall mention now the suggestions of far-traveled scholars that some far-away living language be selected for neutral communication, that we choose some language merely because of its excellence as a medium of expression. There are some who have maintained that the most complete languages in the world are those belonging to the Basuto family, the tribes of Southern Africa. These languages have a very high degree of word-change or inflection, so that the most intricate shades and divisions of thought find a ready and unmistakable expression. But even if all is conceded for the Aamazulu tongues, we need never expect to see the western nations deserting their literature and their traditions for the glib speech of unlettered barbarians.

Among the languages of Europe much admired by outsiders, the modern Polish must be remembered. Some have declared that this noble Slavic tongue, built upon interesting harmonies of consonantal sounds, is the most perfect medium of human expression. Yet all will admit that to the person of Latinic or Teutonic speech Polish is difficult to pronounce and difficult to acquire. It will be and it should be learned by more Western Europeans and Americans, for the glory of its literature makes this an accomplishment which will bring much joy. But its greatest admirers do not expect Polish to become the world's international speech, though they may well insist that it is worthy.

The proposals for artificial international languages, and the proposals that some language be elected to an international post, have been based upon theories of speech, and not upon the facts in the history of races and tongues.

It is not the simplicity of a language which spreads it afar, else long ago, in the Persian Wars, the simple Persian would have been adopted in Athens instead of the difficult classical Greek.

It is not the powers of expression of a language which spread its power, or in that same era the wonderful expressiveness of Greek would have secured its adoption in Persia.

A language is the medium of expression of a nation or a group of nations. The prestige of a language partakes of the prestige of the peoples using it. Even so, the development of a certain dialect to a supreme place within a nation is always the result of the eminence attained by the people using this dialect.

The Greeks of pagan times listened to their political orators, read their classic poets and historians, ignored the Alexandrian and Palestinian folk who used the simpler Hellenistic Greek. But when the early church arose, with the New Testament in its hands, written in Hellenistic Greek, the pagan language passed away with the pagan gods. The Greek of today is based on the once-ignored Hellenistic dialect which is the original of the Christian Scriptures.

The Greek language was the first living speech to "transcend frontiers," when the military genius of Alexander carried his Macedonians through many empires, and his interpreters rendered into Greek for him the thoughts of many subdued nations. The Greeks, while proud of their speech, were not wholly unconscious of the significance of alien sounds, for even Homer has Sanskrit words for articles of commerce. However, it was Alexander's dream to carry Hellenic culture into all

When Rome Was Empress of the World

the world, for he wished to be a worthy pupil of his pedagog Aristotle as well as the dominant master of all kings.

Had the young giant lived for forty more years, to complete threescore and ten, we might have had an international speech in the third century before Christ. But of that godlike dream we have only a few names upon stones in the Persian desert, and a few Alexandrians scattered among the world's cities from Libya to India.

When Rome rose over Italy the urban tongue of Rome prevailed above Oscan and Umbrian and the rustic dialects. The pre-eminence of the Roman language might have declined to nothing like the prestige of the Roman arms; but with the decline of the dignity of the imperial city the language remained as the voice of a presiding church.

There was no scholarly society which made Latin understood in Britain and in Syria during the days of Roman imperial power—it was not by resolutions of any international-language club that Latin continued to be understood in Spain and in Poland through the Middle Ages. The prestige of the empire, the prestige of the church, were first—then followed the prestige of the language which these powers employed.

For centuries all things united to hold Latin pre-eminent. The old Empire had been the symbol of all power, while the Church was the symbol of all wisdom. Therefore wisdom and power had their utterance in Latin: the decrees of rulers, the laws of states and cities, the edicts of courts, the charters and deeds of land, and the writings of all men who would be deemed wise. Latin was pre-eminent in the world at large. But the nations still saw other tongues developing in power as Rome's dialect had developed in Italy. The success of King Alfred made the Middle Saxon of Winchester paramount in England; the accession of Hugh Capet of Paris made the French of Paris supreme in France.

In every country of Europe the dialects struggled like feudal princes, for dominance. But the triumphant dialect became interprovincial, interurban, just as Latin remained international. Prestige might be conceded, for a longer or shorter time, to one form of speech, just as prestige was yielded to Swabian German in the time of Frederick Barbarossa, and prestige has since been allowed to Saxon German since the publication of Luther's Bible. But the pre-eminence of a form, or a language, was held only as long as the pre-eminence of those who used it.

Thus it came about that when the division of the Christian churches arose, the Latin language might continue in full power among all who adhered to the Latin body, but some new international speech might arise for wider communication. Now were witnessed, as we have seen, efforts by Leibnitz and others to fabricate a language for philosophy and science. The efforts all failed, and ended in all philosophers and scientists writing in their various mother tongues.

While philosophy might proceed without an international speech, statecraft demanded one. And now there was arising in Europe a power which proclaimed the spiritual faith of Rome, but did not always bind itself in political alliances with other nations of the same church. It was the wondrous fortune of France to have

French as the Language of Diplomacy

in Louis XIII a stammering and futile monarch, while it possessed in Richelieu a supremely cogent and powerful prime minister.

In the King Richelieu gathered up the greatness of France, in France he gathered up the greatness of Europe. For all the years of his regime and for the first great years of Louis XIV Europe moved or stood still, made peace or war, according to what was done or planned or threatened by Paris. Without doubt the French masters meant to dominate Europe, and without doubt all Europe admired while it feared. So treaty makers and statesmen, kings and ambassadors, set down their plots and counterplots, their alliances and federations, in the language of Richelieu and Louis XIV—"the French of diplomacy."

In every court the power of France was felt, and in every capital the language of France was spoken. Kings of Prussia who spoke German imperfectly, like

(Concluded on page 13)

The Pursuit and Capture of Booth

Flight of Lincoln's Assassins Ends at Garrett Home—Fourth Article

By F. L. BLACK

SAFETY at last! What more welcome sight to John Wilkes Booth, the mad avenger of fancied wrongs, than three Confederate soldiers!

They were officers of the Lost Cause returning home from the surrender. At Winchester, Virginia, on April 21, 1865, Colonel John S. Mosby, among the bravest of Confederate officers, had surrendered his command and disbanded his forces. Three of his staff, Captain Willie S. Jett, Major M. B. Ruggles, and Lieutenant A. R. Bainbridge, were making their way homeward three days later, when they arrived at the Port Conway ferry and came face to face with Booth and Herold.

Captain Jett in his testimony at the conspiracy trial said he was on his way to Caroline County, Virginia, in company with Ruggles and Bainbridge when at Port Conway he saw a wagon on the ferry wharf. A young man got out of it and asked to what command they belonged. Ruggles said, "We belong to Mosby's command." The young man then said, "If I am not inquisitive, may I ask where you are going?" Captain Jett replied, "That's a secret."

A man with crutches then got out of the wagon and one of the soldiers asked him to what command he belonged. He replied, "To A. P. Hill's corps." Herold said their name was Boyd; that his "brother" had been wounded below Petersburg, and asked if they would take him out of the lines.

The party then rode up to a house there, and having tied their horses, they all sat down. After they had talked a very short time, Herold touched Captain Jett on the shoulder and said he wanted to speak to him. He went with the captain down to the wharf, and said, "I suppose you are raising a command to go South?" adding that he also would like to go. The captain replied, "I cannot go with any man that I don't know anything about." Herold seemed much agitated, and then said, "We are the assassinators of the President." Captain Jett was so much confounded that he did not make any reply. Ruggles was near, and was told the news. Booth then came up, and Herold introduced himself and Booth. It was testified by Captain Jett that Booth had "J. W. B." tattooed on his hand.

Recent views of the Garrett house. The place on the porch indicated by the arrow is where Booth died.

When the party crossed the river, Booth rode Ruggles' horse. Herold was walking. Captain Jett rode to Port Royal and asked a woman there if she could take in a wounded Confederate soldier for two or three days. She at first consented; then afterward she said she could not. Booth was finally left at the house of Richard H. Garrett. Bainbridge and Herold went to a Mrs. Clark's, and Ruggles and Jett to Bowling Green. The next day Herold came to Bowling Green, spent the day, had dinner, and left in the evening, and that was the last Captain Jett saw of him, except the night that Booth and Herold were captured when he recognized Herold as the man he had seen with Booth.

Herold said he wanted the officers to help get Booth farther south, but they refused.

According to Major Ruggles' narrative in *The Century*, January, 1890, "The ferry (between Ports Conway and Royal) was owned by a man named Rollins, but the scow was run—that is, poled across—by a Negro. The scow was on the other side of the river when we rode up."

In a signed statement addressed, "To the Editor of the New York *Herald*," in 1865, Richard Garrett said: "This man, whom I and all my family looked upon as Mr. Boyd, a wounded Confederate soldier, was taken at once into my house. He supped with my family, and slept that night in one of my upper rooms, in which my sons, John M. and William H., and two smaller children slept. He breakfasted with my family the next morning and remained in the house and yard, most of the time reclining upon the grass in the yard, my little children often being with him. He had very little to say and seemed to be suffering, we thought, from his wound.

"After breakfast that morning my eldest son, John M., rode to a shoemaker's, about one mile from my house, to have his boots repaired, and while there he met a gentleman of the neighborhood who had obtained by private means a newspaper from Richmond (there being no mails to our section), and this paper had in it an advertisement offering a large reward ($150,000, I think) for the capture of Booth, the murderer of President Lincoln. After my son's return, and while at the dinner table, he spoke of having seen this paper containing the advertisement. This man, who was at the table, remarked that he would not have been surprised if half a million dollars had been offered, but that he had heard that the man who committed the act had been arrested between Baltimore and Philadelphia, and was now in Washington. He having before this told me that he was a native of Maryland, I then asked him if he had ever seen the man Booth who was charged with the offense. He said he had seen him once. He saw him in Richmond about the time of the John Brown raid. I asked him if he was an old or young man; he said he was rather a young man.

"I had never heard of but one Booth as an actor, and thought it was Edwin Booth. My younger son, who was a mere youth, remarked, 'I wish he could come this way, so that I might catch him and get this reward.' He turned to him and said, 'If he were to come out, would you inform against him?' My son, laughing, said he would like to have the money. The man took all this coolly, and showed nothing like excitement upon the occasion, and caused no grounds of suspicion in any of our minds that he was the man who had done the act. Some two or three hours after dinner, two men on horseback, with a third man riding behind one of them, rode up to my gate on the main road. The man who was riding behind got down and came to my house, while the other two men rode on toward Port Royal. When this man came to the house the man who was here introduced him to my son, John M., who was in the yard, as Mr. Boyd, his cousin. They walked up the road from my yard, and seemed to be in earnest conversation.

"Very soon after this the two men who had passed on horseback returned, riding very rapidly—one of whom was Lieutenant Ruggles—and said to the men who were here, 'The Yankees are crossing at Port Royal, and you must take care of yourselves the best way you can,' and rode off immediately. I was a short distance from my house, where my laborers were at work, and on coming to the house I saw these two men going off toward the woods. Soon after getting to the house, one of the men, who proved to be Herold, returned to my yard. My son and I said to him we should not be surprised if those forces were in pursuit of him and his friends. He said: 'Oh, no, we have done nothing to make them pursue us'; but that he had heard that some Federal soldiers who were stopping the night before at a place called the Trap, between here and Bowling Green, had had their horses stolen, and he expected these forces were sent down from Fredericksburg to endeavor to capture the thieves. Soon after this the Federal forces passed the road by my house, and went on toward the place at which the horses were said to have been stolen.

"After the forces passed, Herold went to the woods and brought his friend back to the house. They took supper with my family, and, after supper, I, feeling ill, went directly to my room, and my sons and these two men went to my front porch. My son said they seemed to be very uneasy, and that they said they were anxious to get a conveyance to Orange Courthouse, at which place they heard there were a good many Marylanders who were endeavoring to get west of the Mississippi River, and that they wished to go with them. They asked my son if he knew of any conveyance they could get that evening to go part of the way. He told them there was a colored man living nearby who had a horse and carryall that he hired out at times. They endeavored to get it, but the man was away from home. They then offered my son $10 to carry them about twenty miles on the way. He told them that he could not go that night, but that if they wished to go next morning he could take them. They proposed sleeping in my house that night, but my son objected, as he thought from their excited manner there was something wrong about them. They then proposed sleeping under my front porch; but he told them we had bad dogs, and they might be annoyed by them. They then asked if we had not an outhouse in which they could sleep. He told them there was fodder and hay in the tobacco house, and they could go in there if they liked.

"They went in there, and after they did so my two sons, having heard Herold say, 'We should like to get the horses we saw you riding this evening,' and fearing they might get up in the night and take their horses and go off, my sons concluded to take their blankets and go into a cornhouse, between the tobacco house and stable, and guard their horses; and my youngest son fearing, as these men were heavily armed, that if they attempted to take the horses they might have great difficulty, and might probably get shot, concluded he would take the key to the house and lock the door outside, so as to prevent them coming out if they wished to. This is the reason why the door was found locked when the officers went to the house. About two o'clock a. m., I was awakened by the violent barking of my dogs. I arose from my bed and went to the window, and I found the house surrounded by armed forces. I drew on my pantaloons, and, without waiting to put on any other dressing, I opened the door to my end porch, and when I did so three men rushed in and one of them put a pistol to my head and said to me, 'Are there not two men in your house?' I said no; that there were two men here last evening; that they went to the woods when you were passing, and afterward returned and got their supper, and I did not know at that time where they were. I had gone from my supper to my sleeping room, and did not know where they had slept.

"The officer said I was not telling them the truth, and called for a rope and said they would hang me. Being thus rudely treated, I no doubt appeared scared and affrighted. About this time my son, John M., came to the door and said to the officers that these men were in the tobacco house. They put me under guard and carried my son with them to the tobacco house, and made him go in and try to bring the men out. When he went in he addressed Booth as 'Mr. Boyd,' as the officers said, and told him there was a large force surrounding the house, and he had better surrender. He ordered my son out, and appeared to be drawing a pistol, and he ran out. The officer then parleyed with the men inside for some time, when Herold expressed a wish to surrender, and Booth said to the officer that the man in here wishes to come out. The officer told him to hand his arms to one of them, I believe to my son at the door, and to come out. Booth said the man had no arms; they were all his, and they would not be delivered up. Herold then came out, and Booth refusing to surrender, Colonel Conger ordered the house fired to force him out. When he gave these orders Booth said to him, 'Don't destroy the gentleman's property; he is entirely innocent, and does not know who I am.' The house was then fired, after which Sergeant Corbet shot Booth, and he was brought out and died on my porch.

Boston Corbett, the sergeant who shot Booth. A photograph by Brady taken soon afterward.

"It was not until after Booth was shot that we were told who he was; we had no idea that they were the murderers of the President. When the forces passed my house they went to Bowling Green and got Jett, the man who brought Booth to my house, and he told them that he left Booth at my house. When he came here I asked him why he brought that man to my house and left him here as a wounded Confederate soldier, and had brought so much trouble upon me. He said he wished to get clear of him, and left him at the first house he came to after leaving Port Royal; that he had told the officers when they came to Bowling Green, that he had left him with me as a Confederate soldier, and that I was not apprised who he was. I told him to make that declaration to an officer in my presence. He made it to Lieutenant Dougherty, who was the officer in command of the regular forces, Colonel Conger being a detective, but in command, I understand, of the expedition.

(Concluded on page 14)

The Story of Eliot's Bible

The First Bible Printed in America

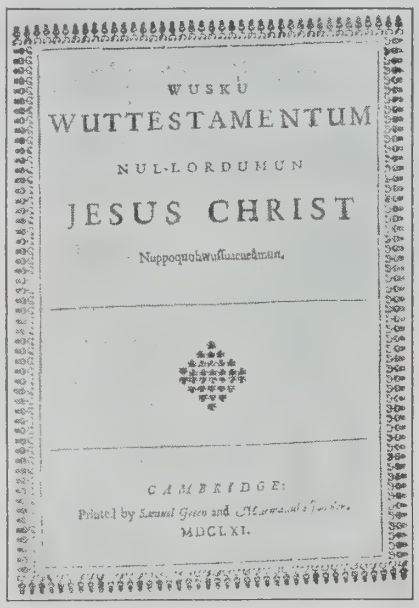
By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

IN THE early days of New England the spread of the Gospel among the Indians was a major concern of a large group of Englishmen who formed the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Indians." This corporation had as two fine representatives the Rev. John Eliot and the Rev. Abraham Pierson.

The Rev. John Eliot arrived in New England in 1631 and became the first preacher at Roxbury. This "Apostle to the Indians" was distinguished by a fervent piety, a real love of learning, and a burning enthusiasm for evangelization. Eliot assisted in the preparation of the metrical version of the Psalms which appeared in the Bay Psalm Book of 1640, the first book from the press in America north of Mexico.

Eliot's study of the Massachusetts Indian language enabled him to preach to the Indians in 1646. In 1649 Eliot wrote to Winslow: "I do very much desire to translate some parts of the Scriptures into their language, and to print some Primer wherein to initiate and teach them to read."

The Primer printed in Cambridge in 1653 has entirely disappeared and so also has disappeared entirely the second edition of 1662, of which 1,500 copies were printed. Genesis and Matthew were separately printed in 1655 but both have vanished as though never issued. Eliot completed his translation of the Bible in 1658 and the progress through the press will be traced below.


WUSKU
WUTTESTAMENTUM
NUL-LORDUMUN
JESUS CHRIST
Nuppoquohwusseuenanan.
CAMBRIDGE:
Printed by Samuel Green and Marmaduke Johnson.
MDCLXI.

Extremely rare New Testament in the Massachusetts Indian language, 1661.

Abraham Pierson wrote a Catechism for the Connecticut Indians, called "Some Helps for the Indians . . . . To Know the True God . . . . ," printed by Green in 1658-1659. Only a single copy has survived. The Indians were evidently not careful preservers of books, or possibly perused them too devotedly.

Both Pierson and Eliot received financial support from the society in England. An Indian college was located in Cambridge "in a house built strong and substantial of brick, at the expense of the Corporation in England, . . . cost between £300 and £400." On account of the dearth and death of Indian "scholars" this building "was taken to accommodate English scholars and for placing and using the Printing Press belonging to the College."

This press used for the printing of the Bible in the Indian (Algonquin) language was quite certainly that first press brought to the colonies north of Mexico, by the Rev. Mr. Glover and the press upon which Stephen Daye printed in 1639 "The Freeman's Oath" and an "Almanack," and, in 1640, the Bay Psalm Book.

The printer who began to print in the Indian language was Samuel Green who arrived in New England in 1630 with Governor Winthrop. As early as 1652 the project of printing the New Testament in the Indian language was discussed with the Corporation in England. In 1654 a special grant of £20 further for type and paper was granted to Green and this material arrived in 1655. Again in 1658 a further appropriation of £20 was made. In this year appeared Pierson's translation of the Catechism for the use of the Indians in the New Haven District. In 1659 a version of the Psalms appeared also from the press of Green.

In 1659 one hundred and four reams of paper were received toward printing the New Testament from the Corporation in England and further hundreds of reams were provided by them later. To them Green sent a specimen sheet which was acknowledged in a letter dated from London, April 28, 1660. This reads: "Conserning youer Printing the New Testament in the Indian Language, a sheet whereof you haue transmitted to vs, wee concurr with youerselues therein, and doe approue of that prouision you have made for printing the same conceiueing and offering as our judgments that it is better to print fifteen hundred than but a thousand; hopeing that by incurragement from Sion Collidge, with whom we haue later conference, you may bee enabled to print fifteen hundred of the Ould Testament likewise. . . .

"Wee haue out of our desire to further a worke of soe great consernment [printing the whole bible in the Indian language] agreed with an able printer for three yeares vpon the tearmes and conditions enclosed. Wee desire you at the earnest request of Mr. Johnson, the printer and for his incurragement in this undertaking of printing the bible in the Indian language, his name may bee mentioned with others as a printer and person that hath bine instrumentall therein; for whose diet, lodging and washing wee desire you to take care of."

The New Testament was completed quite early in 1661 and from Matthew to John was the work of Samuel Green. An Indian apprentice, who received the name James Printer, assisted Green, and late in 1660 Marmaduke Johnson arrived from England to act as printer. The names of Green and Johnson are thus associated with this first Bible of the New World.

Directions were given in September, 1661, by the commissioners of the New England Colonies acting for the English Gospel Society that two hundred of the New Testaments were to be bound "strongly, and as speedily as may bee with leather or as may bee most serviceable for the Indians; and deliuer them forth as you shall haue direction from any of the commissioners for the time being of which keep an exact account that soe it may bee seen how they are Improved and disposed of; alsoe, wee pray you take order for the printing of a thousand coppyes of Mr. Eliotts Catichismes which we vnderstand are much wanting amongst the Indians, which being finished, Receiue from the Presse and dispose of them according to order aboue-said."

The Old Testament was three years in the press, appearing finally in 1663. Some copies bear a dedication to Charles II.

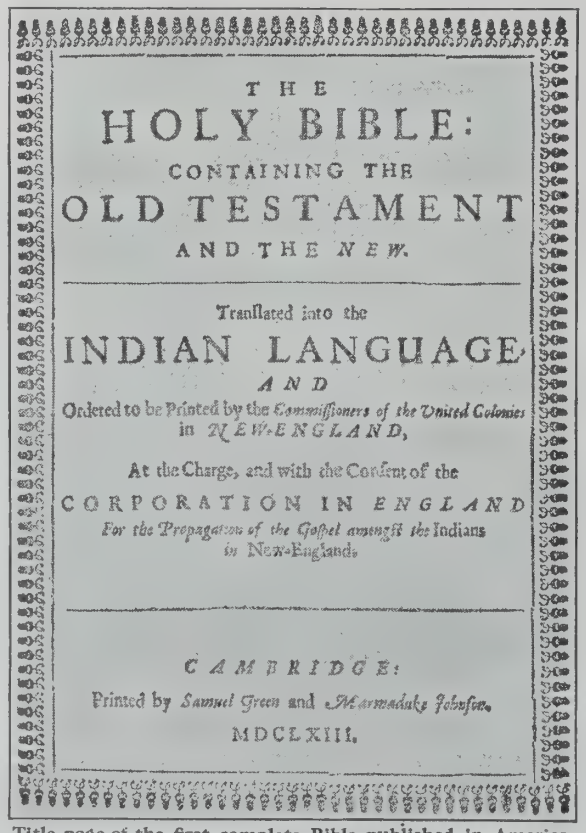
The total cost of the Bible in 1,000 copies, with an extra 500 of the New Testament, an edition of the Psalter, two of Eliot s Catechism, and an edition of Baxter's Call to the Unconverted, together with some bindings, was estimated by Isaiah Thomas (in 1810) at £1,200 sterling.

Marmaduke Johnson, it must be recorded, acted unwisely in making love to Green's daughter, "alluring . . . . and drawing away her affection without the consent of her father," being "a direct breach of a law of the colony," so Isaiah Thomas states. What was more serious was that Johnson had a wife in England, and the errant printer was ordered "to go home to her." However, he remained and later becoming free married another girl.

A second edition of the Eliot Bible was printed in 1685 in Cambridge by Samuel Green. A second edition of the New Testament in 1680 was brought out by Eliot with the assistance of John Cotton of Plymouth.

The Bible as printed by Green and Johnson is a fine specimen of printing, an ornament and credit to the early American press. Some twenty-odd copies of the New Testament have been located and are accounted among the great rarities of any library of Americans. Thirty-nine copies of the Bible were located in 1891 by Dr. Wilberforce Eames in his "Bibliographic Notes on Eliot's Indian Bible," a fascinating account of the great work. At least four more are now known. One copy in the J. P. Morgan Collection belonged to the Rev. Thomas Shepard, a New England graduate of Harvard in 1653, and preacher in Charlestown from 1659 until his death in 1677. This copy bears the inscription, "ye gift of ye Revd. Translator." A fine copy today would bring two thousand dollars in the auction book market, and an association copy, like the one mentioned, would bring more.

The Massachusetts tribes for whom this book was printed are no more and only one or two scholars can read their language. The word "mugwump" was taken from the Bible by Secretary Trumbull, of the Connecticut Historical Society, and was adopted into the vernacular, one of the few traces of its influence. A few copies of the Bible, of John Eliot's famous Indian tracts, and of these catechisms remain as a monument to the Indians and to their inspired and devoted servant, John Eliot, one of the choicest souls of early American history.


THE
HOLY BIBLE:
CONTAINING THE
OLD TESTAMENT
AND THE NEW.
Tranſlated into the
INDIAN LANGUAGE
AND
Ordered to be Printed by the Commiſſioners of the United Colonies in NEW-ENGLAND,
At the Charge, and with the Conſent of the
CORPORATION IN ENGLAND
For the Propagation of the Goſpel amongſt the Indians in New-England.
CAMBRIDGE:
Printed by Samuel Green and Marmaduke Johnſon.
MDCLXIII.

Title-page of the first complete Bible published in America. This was in the Indian language by John Eliot. The next complete Bible was in German in 1743.

Easter Palms From Bordighera

By MRS. HALLIE HOGG

AMONG the beautiful towns of the Italian Riviera, Bordighera stands out with distinction, owing to the plantations of date palms which are cultivated extensively here. On the eastern side of the ridge, where they are sheltered from the westerly winds and exposed

A plantation of stately palms.

to the heat of the sun, they flourish luxuriantly and come to full perfection. They are not cultivated for their fruit, as in the oases of Tunis and Algeria, nor yet for their beauty, as in the other towns of the Riviera, but primarily for their leaves. They are a most profitable kind of property, as hundreds of thousands of these are exported to the Catholic countries of Europe and particularly Rome for Easter, and are also supplied for the Jewish Pascal ceremonies in September.

They are of all sizes, from patriarchs with a burden of 300 to 400 years, and 100 feet high, to mere nurslings of a few years. In September the beauty of their graceful fronds is marred for utility. The leaves are then prepared "alla Romana"; they are tightly rolled and bound round the trees, to bleach them, as the white palms of Easter are twice as valuable as the green leaves. Two or three weeks before Easter, they are unbound and cut down, ready for exportation. In July, the shorter and blunter leaves are prepared "all'Ebrea" in the same way for the Jewish ceremonies in September. The time involved is shorter as the shade required is a yellowish green.

As far back as 1584 the privilege of providing palms for the Vatican for Palm Sunday and Holy Trinity services was granted by Pope Sixtus V to Captain Brescia, a resident of San Remo. Since then the cultivation of the palm has been transferred to Bordighera, and although the inhabitants of Bordighera, generally, engage in the business of supplying palms to the rest of Europe, the descendants of Captain Brescia still hold the monopoly of supplying them to Rome.

This privilege was granted for important services rendered during the erection of the obelisk in Piazzo San Pietro, Rome. Contrary to the orders of the Pope for silence, at a critical moment when the ropes were slackening, the captain cried out, "Wet the ropes." This being done, the obelisk was safely raised to its present position. The Swiss Guards, obedient to their orders, brought the man before the Pope, but, instead of punishing him, the Pope promised to grant any request he might make. First asking for and receiving the Pope's blessing, he then asked for the right to supply palms to the Vatican for himself and his descendants, which request was also granted in perpetuity.

The Story of Hudson's Bay Company

How the Company Explored New Lands and Developed New Prospects

By D. M. LE BOURDAIS

The first installment of this article appeared in our last week's issue.

SPACE does not permit of even a recital of the many stirring and interesting events of which the company's history is filled during its first century. Prince Rupert remained governor until his death in 1682, whereupon the Duke of York, brother of King Charles, became the second governor. Upon his accession to the throne as James II, he in turn was succeeded as governor of the Hudson's Bay Company by Lord Churchill, afterward famous as the great Duke of Marlborough. The latter having been more or less active during the Revolution in driving his gubernatorial predecessor from the throne of England, the company did not suffer any curtailment of its privileges, as might have been expected in view of its Stuart antecedents, when William of Orange came to the throne, but rather was successful in having its charter confirmed by parliament.

Until 1763, when the Peace of Paris forever put an end to the aspirations of France in Canada, the Hudson's Bay Company was subject to attack by agents of both New and Old France by land and by sea. Thus the company's forts on the Bay—Prince of Wales, at the mouth of Churchill River; York, on Hayes River, three miles south of the mouth of Nelson River; Severn, on the river of the same name; Albany, also on the river of the same name; and Moose, on James' Bay at the mouth of Moose River—were in turn captured by the French, recaptured by the company's officers and the process repeated in some cases many times over.

Radisson and Groseilliers, after four years' service with the company following the granting of the charter, complained of the treatment accorded to them and returned to the allegiance of the French crown. During the next ten years it was Radisson's fortune to capture for his new masters a number of the forts which had formerly been erected by him for the Hudson's Bay Company. As he had some time previously married the daughter of Sir John Kirke, one of the incorporators of the company, he was eventually induced, however, to change his allegiance once more and again to enter the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company. After a number of further trips to the Bay he retired to live out the remainder of his life in London; apparently, from certain entries in the company's minutes, at times far from enjoying that degree of prosperity which might have been expected of one who took such a prominent part in the organization of the great Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay.

There were times, however, during the wars with France when the company was none too affluent, times when money must be borrowed to send out ships which frequently fell into the hands of the enemy; there were times when French traders succeeded in intercepting the Indians on their way to the Bay and the cream of the fur trade was diverted to Montreal and Quebec. From 1686 until the Treaty of Utrecht concluded hostilities in 1713, the company suffered serious losses. The brothers LeMoyne, particularly Pierre, surnamed D'Iberville, by a series of overland expeditions from New France and also by sea, more than once virtually drove the company from the Bay. The treaty provided for the return of the forts, but claims made by the company for financial recompense were without avail.

The Rise of the North West Fur Company

The first four decades of the eighteenth century were years of peace and prosperity for the company's posts on Hudson Bay; but attack was soon to come from another quarter. Secretive as had been the company's policy with regard to its profits and operations, knowledge became diffused as to the valuable nature of the concessions which it held, and others became desirous of obtaining similar privileges for themselves. The principal point of attack against the company was that its charter had been granted in consideration of its undertaking, among other things, to prosecute a search for a passage to the south seas. Even at this time very little was known regarding the extent of the territory which King Charles had signed away; and the common impression among geographers was that the western ocean was not far distant from Hudson Bay and it was generally believed that a passage would eventually be found leading through to Far Cathay and the countries of the Orient. Consequently there was much outcry against the company for its failure to conduct these explorations.

The company's interests were menaced also from another quarter. French explorers from Montreal were advancing into the interior and erecting forts at strategic points. In 1732 De la Verendrye, an explorer of Three Rivers, had established a post on Lake of the Woods, and in the years following he and his sons had extended their explorations from the Missouri River to Lake Winnipeg and as far west as the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. During this time the Hudson's Bay Company had slumbered peacefully on the Bay in the expectation that the Indians would travel hundreds of miles to bring furs to its forts. But the effects of such competition were beginning to be felt.

These considerations led the company in 1769 to commission one of its employes, Samuel Hearne, to undertake an expedition of discovery into the interior and also to locate if possible the whereabouts of the "Far-Off-Metal-River," of which the Indians had spoken and from which they apparently obtained supplies of native copper. A narrative of Hearne's travels would fill volumes; suffice it to say that he discovered the great river now known as the Coppermine and traced it to the Arctic Ocean in the summer of 1771, being thus the first white man to reach the Arctic Ocean overland.

In the meantime, New France had passed into the hands of the British; and the power of the monopolists of France being removed, a new impetus was given to the fur trade of the towns on the St. Lawrence. The suppression of the Jacobite uprisings had resulted in the emigration to North America of numbers of adventurous Scottish Highlanders of good family. Many of these had settled in Canada and some of them had become well established in business in Montreal.

Monopoly rule does not lend itself to initiative; so when the official monopoly of New France ceased its control the great machinery of the French fur trade—forts, voyageurs, traders—was left without a head. But not for long. The shrewd Scottish traders were not slow to seize their opportunity. At first these new traders operated independently of one another; but they soon realized that the most effective means of meeting the competition of the century-old Hudson's Bay Company was by coöperation. Accordingly an organization known as the North West Company was formed, of which the moving spirits were Joseph and Benjamin Frobisher and Simon McTavish, of Montreal.

Trading headquarters were established at Grand Portage, west of Lake Superior, and other independent traders were invited to join the company. The Nor'-Westers, as they were called, rapidly extended their trade over the entire Northwest. They recognized the explorer as the natural precursor of the trader; and within a quarter of a century partners and agents of the North West Company explored more of the Northwest, including Rupert's Land, than had the Hudson's Bay Company in a century and a half.

Alexander Mackenzie, one of the Nor'-Westers, descended the great river which now bears his name and explored it to the Arctic Ocean in 1789. In 1793 he crossed the Rocky Mountains and, traversing what is now the province of British Columbia, reached the Pacific Ocean, the first white man to cross the continent by land.

David Thompson, an astronomer and surveyor, who had first been in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company and found his opportunities too limited, was taken into the service of the Nor'-Westers and for them pursued his explorations to the mouth of the Columbia River, but found himself too late; for the Pacific Fur Company, owned by John Jacob Astor, of New York (represented, it is true, by ex-Nor'-Westers), had built Fort Astoria just two months previously. He built a fort farther up the river, however, and intercepted their trade. Simon Fraser, another Nor'-Wester, descended the Fraser River, the chief river of British Columbia, in 1808. Stewart, Quesnel and other members of this enterprising organization are commemorated in the nomenclature of the prairies and the Pacific slope.

The boundary line between the British possessions and the United States having been defined west of Lake Superior, it was discovered that Grand Portage was in American territory. The North West Company accordingly removed its headquarters to a new location at the mouth of the Kaministiquia River, which was called Fort William in honor of one of the chief partners of the company, William MacGillivray. Here the "lords of the lakes and forests," as they are called by Washington Irving, met annually to divide their profits and to hold high revel. Many tales are told of the bacchanalian orgies which were held by these boisterous spirits when they were gathered together after spending months in lonely trading posts or on arduous exploration trips.

When Simpson Became Governor-in-Chief

The Hudson's Bay Company now strained its every effort to meet the fierce competition of the vigorous Nor'-Westers. Clashes between the rival traders were common, and on more than one occasion blood was shed. Both companies plied the Indians with liquor, and even drugs, in the ferocious fight for trade. If the rivalry had been longer continued it doubtless would have destroyed not only the companies but the fur trade as well, to say nothing of the Indians, who had by now come to be dependent for their sustenance on the traffic in furs. The Hudson's Bay Company had always maintained a paternal attitude toward the Indians and had encouraged them to conserve the fur-bearing animals by buying skins only when killed at the proper seasons. But the methods of the Nor'-Westers would speedily have exterminated the fur-bearing animals.

There is not space to go into further details of this bitter feud, nor can any account be given of the ill-fated Red River settlement, around which the contest waged so fiercely, save perhaps to state that it was the sanguinary climax which developed out of the Nor'-Westers' opposition to the latter project, which for the first time forced the rival companies to realize that their only hope lay in fusion. In 1821 an arrangement was effected whereby the newer company was absorbed by the Hudson's Bay Company.

There is no doubt that the addition of the new blood was of great value to the old company, but it will be realized that it was no easy matter to reconcile the various members of these two hostile organizations so lately engaged in bitter strife and to induce them to work together toward a common objective. The man for the task was at hand, however, in the person of George Simpson, governor-in-chief of Rupert's Land since the previous year. He was a natural executive, vigorous and energetic, and undoubtedly the greatest officer the company had developed in its history of more than a century and a half. During his régime of almost 40 years the company reached its zenith. He found the company shaken and torn, fighting strenuously to retain a foothold in the great territory covered by its charter, while its rivals controlled the trade over an area much greater in extent and fast increasing. He left the company the undisputed lords of the fur trade from Labrador to Alaska and from Oregon to the Arctic Ocean; for in addition to the enormous area which the company held under its charter, it obtained from King George IV in 1821 a license for 21 years, which was subsequently renewed for a further similar period, granting it the exclusive right to trade with the Indians in the territories not included in the original charter, thereby extending its sway over all of what is now British Columbia and part of the states of Washington and Oregon. It was not the fault of the Hudson's Bay Company that much of the latter territory is not now part of the Dominion of Canada.

In 1867 the Dominion of Canada came into being as a result of the federation of the provinces of Canada and the British colonies on the Atlantic. It was the hope of its founders that it should one day extend from coast to coast; but no such consummation was possible so long as the rights granted to the Hudson's Bay Company by King Charles that day in May nearly two centuries before remained in effect. Negotiations were accordingly begun by representatives of the Canadian Government with a view to the transfer of the territorial rights of the company to the Canadian people. Eventually an agreement was reached in 1870 whereby the company surrendered its territory and rights of government in Rupert's Land for £300,000, and the right of the company to retain one-twentieth of the land within the Fertile Belt, as well as certain blocks of land surrounding its trading posts or forts. There were a number of other lesser considerations.

Thus as "true and absolute Lords and Proprietors" the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay passed from the stage, but as merchants and traders they probably do a greater business now than ever before; thriving cities have been built on the sites of many of their former trading posts; and the latter have in turn been supplanted by huge modern department stores filled with costly and varied merchandise from the four corners of the earth.

Esperanto?—No, English Is Tongue

(Concluded from page 10)

Frederick the Great, were masters of French and aspired to be French authors. Even in the days of George III, ruler of England and of the German Kingdom of Hannover, communications between members of the royal family were often written in French. French was a 'court language" throughout Europe because it was a diplomatic language, and it was a diplomatic language because of the magnitude of its masters.

There are some who have still contended that French should remain as the language of diplomacy. Without doubt it would have so remained, and its empire would have been vastly extended, if the history of the European colonies since the days of Louis XIV had been different. If France had retained New France and Louisiana, preserving the vast expanse of Canada and the princely domain of the American West; if she had held fast to India, if she had sustained her whole power in Europe, the world would be different in aspect, and different in speech. But the men of English tongue have succeeded to her domain in many regions, and also to the domains of many others. For the English have followed Spaniard and Hollander in South Africa, the American has trailed after the Spanish pioneers through the far Southwest; German Africa becomes a chain of British dependencies—even Turkey sees Cyprus and other colonies change the Crescent for the Crosses of St. Andrew and St. George.

And what linguistic result comes from these and from other international events? What could be expected?

And this, after all, is why English, even now, is a world speech. It is the speech of problems and of destiny. For years before the war many Germans and French, watching the Rhine from opposite sides, studied both languages. A few years before the World War, because of larger contacts in the world outside, contacts of understanding or of rivalry, the English climbed to pre-eminence among living languages in the schools of both Germany and France. Today there is no question of the leadership of English among modern tongues studied in French and German schools. This fact demonstrates wisdom among the parents, teachers and students.

The World Now Under Sway of English Language

It requires only a glance at the globe to realize how much of the world now lies under the sway of Anglican speech—it is not a question of Europe alone, but of every other continent and portion of the world. So in Italy, Spain, Switzerland, Holland, as well as Germany and France, in Africa as in Asia, the speaking of English is an accomplishment everywhere craved and admired by those not to the language born.

There are some, still clinging to old traditions of diplomacy, who do not realize the meaning of the fact that when the nations of the whole world gathered at Versailles, to make a treaty of greater significance than any previous bond of peoples, they discussed the question of the language of that instrument. And there, in the most conspicuous theater on which such a drama could be enacted, the English language assumed a role equal to that which France had so long played. The Treaty of Versailles, the Treaty with Poland, both bear the express declaration that the English and French texts shall alike be deemed authentic. And in sessions of the League of Nations today, English ranks with French as the language of the deliberations.

The Pursuit and Capture of Booth

(Concluded from page 11)

"These are the facts of the case; those in regard to the burning of the barn were learned of my sons, who were present. The subject of the murder of the President having been talked of at church the day before Booth came to my house, I condemned it publicly in unmeasured terms."—RICHARD H. GARRETT.

John W. Garrett, an ex-Confederate soldier and one of the sons of Richard Garrett, testified at the trial of John H. Surratt:

"I saw Booth ride up to our house on Wednesday with Jett and Ruggles—I do not remember the date. Herold came next day in the afternoon. Booth was very lame. He said that he had broken his leg. Booth slept in the house the first night and remained about the house next day. I saw him at dinner. After dinner some Cavalry came along and he and Herold left the house for a short while.

"They came back and after supper he and Herold went to the barn and staid there until the Cavalry came."

What was occurring back in Washington during this spectacular flight? What was the government doing to capture Lincoln's murderers?

Stanton, Secretary of War, on the morning of the fifteenth, had wired Colonel (later General) L. C. Baker, head of the Federal Secret Service: "Come here immediately and see if you can find the murderer of the President." Colonel Baker rushed from New York City accompanied by his cousin, Lieutenant L. B. Baker, also of the Secret Service. Handbills (already described) offering rewards and giving descriptions were issued, and Lieutenant Baker sent into lower Maryland to distribute the bills and look for clues.

From *Harper's Weekly*, May 20, 1865.

Ruins of Garrett's barn and outhouse near Port Royal, where Booth was shot.

At the same time, under the direction of Major-General C. C. Augur, infantry, cavalry, and detectives were dispatched into lower Maryland. Detectives under Lieutenant Alexander Lovett, after calling several times at the home of Dr. Mudd, obtained the story of Booth's and Herold's stay there. Another detective party under Major James R. O'Beirne went down the Potomac to Port Tobacco on the eighteenth, and meeting Major John M. Waite of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry they decided to explore the Zekiah Swamps, described so graphically by Major O'Beirne: "The swamps tributary to the various branches of the Wicomico River, of which the chief feeder is Allen's Creek, bear various names such as Jordan's Swamp, Atchall's Swamp, and Scrub Swamp. These are dense growths of dogwood, gum, and beech, planted in sluices of water and bog. Frequent deep ponds dot this wilderness place, with here and there a stretch of dry soil, but no human being inhabits the malarious expanse; even a hunted murderer would shrink from hiding there. Serpents and slimy lizards are the only living denizens. Not even the hunted Negro dared to fathom the treacherous clay."

The colored man who had seen Booth and Herold near the Potomac, reported his suspicions to some of Baker's detectives and was brought to headquarters. Baker at once requested a detachment of cavalry, which was sent to him under the command of Lieutenant Edward P. Doherty. Calling in Colonel E. J. Conger and Lieutenant L. B. Baker, of his force, Colonel Baker, according to the story given in his history of the Secret Service, published in 1867, told them that he had information that Booth and Herold had crossed the Potomac at the same time, pointing out with a pencil the place on a map where they had crossed and where he, Baker, believed they would be found. (See Baker's History of the Secret Service, published in 1867.)

The story as told from the reports of Lieutenant Doherty—Official Records Series 1 Vol. 46, Part 1, p. 1317—and the signed statement of Colonel Conger and Lieutenant L. B. Baker sent to Secretary of War Stanton, is that the troop proceeded down the river to Belle Plain where they disembarked about 10 o'clock the evening of April 24 and marched toward the Rappahannock, arriving at Port Conway about 2 p. m., Tuesday afternoon. Questioning the ferryman, Rollins disclosed the fact that Booth and Herold had been there the day before. Pictures of Booth and Herold were shown him which he recognized, but stated that Booth had no mustache. Rollins claimed that Booth offered him $10 to take them on to Bowling Green, fifteen miles away but that in the meantime three Confederates had come up and that Booth's attention was turned to them.

Rollins said that one of the Confederate officers, Captain Jett, was courting a lady whose father kept a hotel in Bowling Green and that the party had gone in that direction. At six in the evening the expedition was ferried across and moved on to Bowling Green. About midnight Captain Jett was routed out of bed and compelled to lead them to the assassins, twelve miles back to the Garrett place, where they arrived about 2 a. m.

The events at the Garrett barn have already been told by Richard Garrett, the father. They are, however, given more in detail by the officers of the expedition.

Seizing both Garrett boys the officers took them to the barn, compelling one to enter and demand the surrender of the fugitives. Young Garrett went in and, according to the testimony of Colonel Conger given at the conspiracy trial, came out very soon and said:

"'This man says, "Damn you, you have betrayed me," and threatened to shoot me.'

"I said to him, 'How do you know he was going to shoot you?'

"Said he, 'He reached down to the hay behind him to get his revolver, and I came out.'

"I then directed Lieutenant Baker to tell them that if they would come out and deliver themselves up, very well; if not, in five minutes we would set the barn on fire.

"Booth replied: 'Who are you; what do you want; whom do you want?'

"Lieutenant Baker said, 'We want you, and we know who you are; give up your arms and come out.'

"I say Booth; for I presumed it was he. He replied, 'Let us have a little time to consider it.'

"Lieutenant Baker said, 'Very well'; and some ten or fifteen minutes probably intervened between that time and anything further being said.

"He asked again, 'Who are you, and what do you want?'

"I said to Lieutenant Baker, 'Do not by any remark made to him allow him to know who we are; you need not tell him who we are. If he thinks we are rebels, or thinks we are his friends, we will take advantage of it; we will not lie to him about it, but we need not answer any questions that have any reference to that subject, but simply insist on his coming out, if he will.' The reply was made to him, 'It doesn't make any difference who we are; we know who you are, and we want you; we want to take you prisoners.'

"Said he, 'This is a hard case; it may be I am to be taken by friends.'

"Some time in the conversation he said, 'Captain, I know you to be a brave man, and I believe you to be honorable; I am a cripple. I have got but one leg; if you will withdraw your men in line one hundred yards from the door, I will come out and fight you.' Lieutenant Baker replied that we did not come there to fight; we simply came there to make him a prisoner; we did not want any fight with him.

"Once more after this he said, 'If you'll take your men fifty yards from the door, I'll come out and fight you; give me a chance for my life.' The same reply was made to him.

"His answer to that was, in a singular theatrical voice, 'Well, my brave boys, prepare a stretcher for me.'

"In the meantime, I requested one of the Garretts to pile some brush up against the corner of the barn—pine boughs. He put some up there, and after awhile came to me and said, 'This man inside says that if I put any more brush in there he will put a ball through me.' 'Very well,' said I, 'you need not go there again.' After a while Booth said, 'There's a man in here wants to come out.' Lieutenant Baker said, 'Very well; let him hand his arms out, and come out.' Some considerable talk passed in the barn; some of it was heard, some not. One of the expressions made use of by Booth to Herold, who was in the barn, was, 'You damned coward, will you leave me now? Go, go; I would not have you stay with me.' Some conversation ensued between them. . . . It was not heard; we could simply hear them talking.

"He came to the door and said, 'Let me out.' Lieutenant Baker said to him, 'Hand out your arms.' The reply was, 'I have none.' He said, 'You carried a carbine, and you must hand it out.' Booth replied, 'The arms are mine, and I have got them.' Lieutenant Baker said, 'This man carried a carbine, and he must hand it out.' Booth said, 'Upon the word and honor of a gentleman, he has no arms; the arms are mine, and I have got them.' I stood by the side of the Lieutenant and said to him, 'Never mind the arms; if we can get one of the men out, let us do it, and wait no longer.' The door was opened, he stuck out his hands; Lieutenant Baker took hold of him, brought him out, and passed him to the rear. I went around to the corner of the barn, pulled some hay out, twisted up a little of it, about six inches long, set fire to it, and stuck it back through on top of the hay. It was loose, broken-up hay, that had been trodden upon the barn floor. It was very light and blazed very rapidly—lit right up at once.

"I put my eye up to the crack next to the one the fire was put through, and looked in, and I heard something drop on the floor, which I supposed to be Booth's crutch. He turned around toward me. When I first got a glimpse of him, he stood with his back partly to me, turning toward the front door. He came back within five feet of the corner of the barn. The only thing I noticed he had in his hands when he came was a carbine He came back, and looked along the cracks, one after another, rapidly. He could not see anything. He looked at the fire, and from the expression of his face, I am satisfied he looked to see if he could put it out, and was satisfied that he could not do it; it was burning so much. He dropped his arm, relaxed his muscles, turned around, and started for the door at the front of the barn. I ran around to the other side, and when about half round I heard the report of a pistol.

"I went right to the door, and went into the barn and found Lieutenant Baker looking at Booth, holding him or raising him up, I do not know which. I said to him, 'He shot himself?' Said he, 'No, he did not either.' Said I, 'Whereabouts is he shot—in the head or neck?' I raised him then, and looked on the right side of the neck, and saw a place where the blood was running out. I said, 'Yes, sir, he shot himself.' Lieutenant Baker replied very earnestly that he did not. I then said, 'Let us carry him out of here; this will soon be burning.' We took him up and carried him out on the grass, underneath the locust trees, a little way from the door. I went back into the barn immediately to see if the fire could be put down, and tried somewhat myself to put it out, but I could not; it was burning so fast and there was no water and nothing to help with. I then went back. Before this, I supposed him to be dead. He had all the appearance of a dead man; but when I got back to him, his eyes and mouth were moving. I called immediately for some water, and put it on his face and he somewhat revived and attempted to speak. I put my ear down close to his mouth and he made several efforts to speak, and finally I understood him to say, 'Tell mother I die for my country.' I said to him, 'Is that what you say?' repeating it to him. He said, 'Yes.'

"They carried him from there to the porch of Mr. Garrett's house and laid him on an old straw bed, or tick or something. By that time he revived considerably; he could then talk in a whisper, so as to be intelligently understood; he could not speak above a whisper. He wanted water; we gave it to him. He wanted to be turned on his face. I said to him, 'You cannot lie on your face,' and he wanted to be turned on his side; we turned him upon his side three times, I think, but he could not lie with any comfort, and wanted to be turned immediately back. He asked me to put my hand on his throat, and press down, which I did, and he said, 'Harder.' I pressed down as hard as I thought necessary, and he made very strong exertions to cough but was unable to do so—no muscular exertion could he make. I supposed he thought something was in his throat, and I said to him, 'Open your mouth and put out your tongue, and I will see if it bleeds.' Which he did. I said to him, 'There is no blood in your throat; it has not gone through any part of it there.' He repeated two or three times, 'Kill me, kill me.' The reply was made to him, 'We don't want to kill you; we want you to get well.'

"I then took what things were in his pockets, and tied them up in a piece of paper. He was not then quite dead. He would—once, perhaps, in five minutes—gasp; his heart would almost die out, and then it would commence again, and by a few rapid beats would make a slight motion. I left the body and the prisoner Herold in charge of Lieutenant Baker. I told him to wait an hour if Booth was not dead; if he recovered, to wait there and send over to Belle Plain for a surgeon from one of the gun-ships; and, if he died in the space of an hour, to get the best conveyance he could and bring him on.

"I stayed there some ten minutes after that was said, when the doctor there said he was dead."

(A knife, pair of pistols, belt, holster, file, pocket compass, spur, pipe, carbine, cartridges, and bills of exchange were shown to the witness and identified by him.)

The bill of exchange was on the Ontario Bank, Montreal branch, for £61 12s 10d, made payable to John Wilkes Booth.

The orders had been to take Booth alive, if possible, and Sergeant Boston Corbett of the Cavalry Detachment, who shot him, when reprimanded explained in his testimony that, "I saw him (Booth) make a movement toward the door. I supposed he was going to fight his way out. One of the men, who was watching him, told me that he aimed the carbine at me. He was taking aim with the carbine, but at whom I could not say. My mind was upon him attentively to see that he did no harm, and when I became impressed that it was time I shot him. I took steady aim on my arm, and shot him through a large crack in the barn."

After making certain Booth was dead they sewed him up in a saddle blanket. An old Negro living in the vicinity had a horse. To this was harnessed a ramshackle wagon. The corpse was tied with ropes around the legs and made fast to the wagon. In this rickety vehicle the body of John Wilkes Booth journeyed back again to the Potomac River.

Herold and the body were loaded on the steamer *Ide*, carried to Washington and placed for safe-keeping on a gunboat.

About 1872 John St. Helen asserted that he was John Wilkes Booth. His story will be discussed in the next installment.

World Cotton Control by Sapiro Plan

Concluded from page 4

210,606 bales were imported. In this year of 1919, there was an organization by the department of agriculture in the South urging the farmers to hold their cotton. The result of this was that cotton prices advanced $35 a bale, and later advanced $45 a bale more, until the spinners closed their mills and set up the cry of "poor trade."

In 1924, with the world at least nominally at peace, and with the lowest visible supply in many years, cotton declined $35 a bale on an estimate of a 12,500,000-bale crop, the same estimate on which it had risen a total of $80 a bale in price five years before. In 1924, however, there was no agricultural organization to sustain the farmer in the South; he could not get money from the reserve or intermediate credit banks; he was unable to hold his cotton, and the *orderly marketing scheme of the Sapiro Plan Texas Farm Bureau Association was operating full strength.* Instead of giving the farmer the benefit of such an advance in price as would follow his holding of his cotton, the Sapiro Plan association agrees with the Jewish bankers of New York to dump a minimum of 10 per cent of the cotton it handles every month on the market, irrespective of price offered or of prospective demand in the months to come.

Meanwhile, the Texas cotton-planters who are in the Texas Farm Bureau Cotton Association will be paying interest on ten million dollars borrowed by the Sapiro Plan association, not to help them to live until they can sell their crop for a sum sufficient to show a profit on the cost of production, but to help them market a crop at prices which Jewish bankers, the future gamblers, the spinners, and the Sapiro-controlled Gentile masters of the cotton association dictate.

Yet the Sapiros, the banking ring, the Sapiro Plan coöperative associations, and the newspapers subsidized by Jewish advertising, have denied repeatedly that the Jewish financial powers had any connection whatever with the Sapiro Plan of coöperative agricultural marketing. Out of the mouths of Goldman, Sachs and Company at last comes the truth of the whole scheme, a truth which has been repeated in these columns ever since the investigation of the Sapiro Plan coöperatives was inaugurated.

If the price of cotton were made stable, or even reasonably so, there would be little or no gambling in cotton futures, for the gamblers interested in future dealing would have no price-variant on which to bet. It would not be to the interest of these gamblers—many of whom are interested closely in the schemes of the Jewish ring of international bankers—either to "bull" the market to higher price levels, or to "bear" it to lower figures. The cotton-planter and the spinner then would have the opportunity to come together on a price which would leave the producer a fair profit on his production costs, and the spinner a reasonable price on which to base his ultimate sales price. Nothing could be further from the desires of the cotton speculators or the bankers than a comparatively small sum in the total value of the production of America's farms. What they are pleased with is the "orderly marketing" plan of Mr. Sapiro, and the fact that they can lend this money and still dictate to the farmer that he shall not use it to support himself until his cotton can be sold at a profit. All the Texas cotton-planter has to do is raise his cotton, pay the cost of production, deliver it to the Sapiro Plan association,

> COOPERATIVE MARKETING ASSOCIATIONS, the majority of which are organized and operated on the Sapiro Plan, have started a movement to obtain control of the agricultural industry of California through control of that state's department of agriculture. A resolution calling upon the state legislature to submit to the electors in 1926 a constitutional amendment creating an agricultural council to govern, direct, and control the state department of agriculture was adopted by a convention of representatives of these cooperative associations at Sacramento, December 10, 1924.
>
> The plan calls for a council of nine members, to be appointed by the governor for *terms of twelve years*, three being appointed every four years. This council, which is proposed to be selected from members and officials of the cooperatives, would appoint the director of the state department of agriculture, and thus take that department completely out of the control of the state government, and the people, and place it in the hands of the ring which dominates the agricultural cooperative marketing associations in California. The pretext under which the scheme is being presented is that it "will take the department of agriculture out of politics."

pay interest to the alien banking ring, and take whatever he is paid when his cotton happens to be in the 10 per cent lot which is to be unloaded in that particular month. The speculating will be attended to by the cotton-futures gamblers, the alien bankers, and others who have assisted in throwing and tying up the farmer. And the money with which they speculate will be in large part furnished by the interest which the farmer has paid on that ten million dollars!

The international bankers do not want the price to be profitable to the farmer, else he will pay off his indebtedness and will contribute no more interest to their coffers. Therefore, the future "speculators" and the international bankers work together for "orderly marketing," and Aaron Sapiro furnishes the plan, the organizations, and the contract-bound farmers to insure it.

Look closely at the agreement by which the Texas Farm Bureau Cotton Association (Sapiro Plan) has bound itself to Wall Street. More than 200,000 bales of cotton are to be handled, on a revolving credit of $10,000,000. This is, roughly, $50 a bale. This means that enough cotton must be sold, and must keep on being sold throughout the term of the contract, to keep this figure down to $50 or less a bale for the whole lot. To assure the money powers that this will be done it is specifically stated that "all cotton acquired from its (the Texas Farm Bureau Cotton Association) members during the 1924-25 season will be sold at a minimum average monthly rate of ten per cent of the estimated cotton receipts for the season." That is to say, on a basis of 200,000 bales handled, 20,000 bales must be sold, willy-nilly, regardless of price, cost of production, desires of the owner and producer, or anything else except the demands of the controllers every month.

This means, also, that approximately one million dollars or more of the ten million will be returned to the "revolving credit" every month during the time the contract runs. It is one thing to borrow ten million dollars for ten months and repay it all at the end of the ten months, but quite another thing to repay the ten million at the rate of one million a month, so that the million paid in every month may be re-loaned to some other fellow immediately. This is the form of financiering on which the salary-loan shark companies, and similar schemes, are conducted.

Let us remember, too, as in the case of the other Sapiro Plan coöperative marketing associations, that *every member of the association is bound to pay his share of the interest on money borrowed by the association, and of the principal, too, if need be, whether or not he himself ever has used a cent of the money, or even made application for a loan.*

As usual, the newspapers of Texas are failing to publish the truth of this deal, or even the truth about the operations of the Sapiro Plan coöperative marketing associations in that state.

This muzzling of the press has accompanied the organization and operation of every other Sapiro Plan coöperative with which the writer has come into contact. A number of independent cotton-planters, business men and other responsible persons in Texas have been endeavoring, ever since the Texas Farm Bureau Cotton Association was formed, to present the truth of this situation to the people through the press of the state, but have been unable to persuade the newspapers even to investigate conditions, far from publishing anything concerning the association. Yet when the Jewish banking ring appeared in the field with its ten million dollar revolving credit scheme, these newspapers gave columns of space to articles laudatory of it and of the Sapiro Plan!

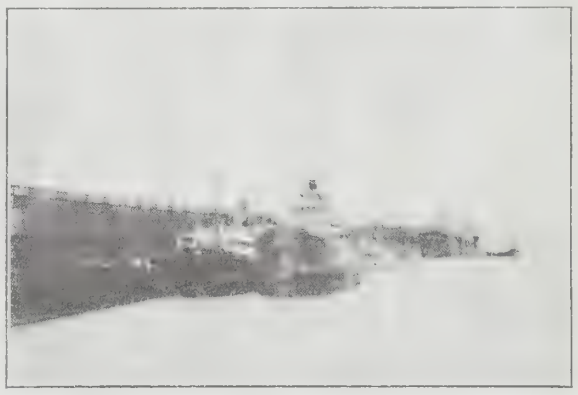
The summarized truth of the Texas situation is just this:

The Jewish banking ring has offered to lend to a Sapiro-Plan coöperative cotton marketing association—and to no one else—ten million dollars, on the guaranty that a certain amount of cotton will be marketed at a fixed average rate per month.

The Sapiro Plan cotton association has bound its members, the supposed free men of Texas, to deliver all their cotton to it for five years, and to sign away all their right and interest in the time of sale or price received for that cotton.

Here is the most brilliant example the writer has yet uncovered of the manner in which the Jewish financial organization, working with and through an association organized, dominated and controlled by another Jew, is exploiting the American farmer. Thus, out of Texas comes the confessed truth of the charge, made frequently in this series of articles, that the international banking ring is endeavoring to obtain control of America's agricultural production, to exploit it for the profit of that ring.

An old-time cotton market on the banks of the Mississippi River, in the days before the Jewish domination of the industry, when the planter fixed the price and time of sale of his cotton.



Deep-sea steamers and sailing ships tied up at the wharf at New Orleans, waiting to load export cotton for shipment to Europe and the United Kingdom.

this condition of stability in the price of cotton, or of any other staple crop. The Sapiro Plan coöperative marketing associations play directly into the hands of these bankers and speculators. They played into them in the prune districts of California, the wheat fields of the State of Washington, the bean farms of Central California, and now they are playing into them in the cotton plantations of Texas.

From the point of view of the international banker, it would be a calamity for the farmer and the consumer to get together to such an extent that the farmer would receive his costs of production and a reasonable profit on his crops, because this would create a surplus of money in the agricultural districts; farm mortgages would be paid off in place of being renewed, and there would be money in these districts to be loaned to any who might need it, without calling in the aid of the Jewish bankers. A surplus of money in the hands of the farmers of America would make for lower interest rates, and for "idle money"—which are as much desired by the bankers as are the visits of the boll weevil by the cotton planters.

The majority of the schemes which have been used to thwart the farmers of America from coming into direct contact with the consumers of their products, and thereby fixing their own prices for their non-perishable crops, have been fostered and carried on by Jewish bankers and their Gentile business associates. They have found that the Sapiro Plan coöperative association, which takes from the farmer all control over his product, is an ideal medium through which to work against the farmer, while appearing technically to be aiding him, just as Goldman, Sachs and Company make it appear that they are assisting the member of the Texas Farm Bureau Cotton Association to market his crop. As a matter of fact, by this loan, these banks are forcing the member of the Sapiro Plan association to submit to the dumping of his crop, at a regular average amount a month, at prices approved of by the Jewish bankers and by the other exploiters of American agriculture.

These bankers are not so particularly pleased at the opportunity to lend ten million dollars, because that is

Things in the Making—STEEL PENS

By FRANK DORRANCE HOPLEY

THERE is, perhaps, nothing more commonly used by everyone than the steel pen. While in the business office the typewriting machine has supplanted the pen, to a large extent, it is still used by the individual. Millions of pens are sold every year, and yet the people who buy them have not the slightest idea how they are made, how long it takes to produce one, or the process through which this bit of steel must pass before it is ready for the market.

It is a long stretch of imagination from the blazing lump of steel to the fine-pointed, delicate strip, which is inserted in the holder.

The steel is first rolled into great sheets, many feet square, and then is cut by a machine into strips about three inches wide. This steel is very brittle and could not be worked without danger of breaking. To overcome this difficulty the steel is now annealed; that is, the strips are heated to a red heat and then allowed to cool very gradually. When cold, the brittleness has disappeared and the steel is soft enough to be easily worked.

The strips of steel are again rolled to get them to the required thickness, or rather thinness. If the average person were asked, "How thin is a pen?" the majority could not tell. In reality, the average steel pen is not thicker than a thin sheet of letter paper.

The blank pen is now cut out of the thin, flat strip. On this the name of the brand or maker is stamped. Next the pen is molded in a form which combines gracefulness and strength. The rounding of the pen enables it to hold just the right amount of ink and to distribute it more gradually than could be done with a flat blade.

Did you ever wonder why there was a little hole in the end of the slit? This serves to regulate the elasticity, and also facilitates the running of the ink. If it were not there the ink would come in drops, and the paper be spattered and blotted.

Now the pen must be hardened again, for with a pen made of soft steel no one could write. It must also be tempered.

The pen is heated to a cherry red and it is then plunged into some cool substance, such as water. At once a change occurs in the quality of the metal. It goes suddenly from a soft, lead-like substance to a brittle, springy one. The temper of the steel must now be drawn, else it would be too brittle.

The man who does this must have a sense of colors He must not be color blind, for the drawing process, as it is called, consists of heating the pen until it reaches a certain color.

The first color that appears is that of straw. This changes rapidly to a blue. The elasticity of the metal changes with the color, and it may be fastened at any point by the instant plunging of the pen into cold water. An expert can tell by the exact shade of blue of the pen, just what the elasticity of the steel is.

The polishing of the pens is done by putting them into revolving barrels, which contain sand or sawdust. To be sure that they are absolutely smooth, they are afterward ground against a revolving emery wheel.

The last, and one of the most important mechanical operations is slitting the pen point. The machine which accomplishes this is of special design and construction, with very delicate parts. It is called a shearing machine.

Now comes the final burnishing, and, in some cases, lacquering, to prevent rust.

The pens are then ready to be sorted, boxed, and packed for shipment to the ends of the earth.

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"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. The set includes: "The International Jew," Vol. I, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

Wine sold for three cents a quart in the early Roman Empire days.

The distance around the boundary of the United States is 13,156 miles.

Arabs cast trees into their bitter inland seas as Moses bade his people do. The salt crystallizes about the boughs and the bitterness of the waters grows less.

The six marshals of France at the present time are Joffre, Foch, Petain, Lyantey, Franchet d'Esperey, and Fayolle.

Conrad had the choice of at least three languages for his novels—Polish, French, and English. He chose English, and though he wrote letters in French, he left the French translations of his works to others.

Miners in the Tahoe National Forest working a gold mine, 3,000 feet below the lava cap of the Sierra peaks, came across an old flood deposit in which were the tangled logs of a group of sequoias in a perfect state of preservation.

A portrait of President Harding adorns the new one-and-one-half-cent stamp designed for use on third-class mail matter under the new postage rates. A one-half-cent stamp carrying a profile of Nathan Hale will be sold to take care of those who have on hand a supply of the old one-cent stamps.

Haydn, the musical composer, to present proof of his eligibility to Oxford University, submitted a musical cross-word puzzle, a composition which, read backward or forward, up or down, from its beginning or end, was always a melody with an accompaniment.

Forty-two youngsters, three, four and five years old, sleep, play, and eat under expert care in a day nursery maintained in connection with the University of Chicago, while their parents go on with classroom courses or research work.

Ten per cent of the people in the country buy for cash; 30 per cent buy on credit, and 60 per cent make their purchases upon the installment plan.

With a roar heard five miles away, an oil well came in near Beaumont, Texas, drenching the owner of the land, a poor Negro, and his eleven children, some of whom played gleefully in the dark, heavy fluid, which had taken them to wealth at the rate of $2,000 daily.

A slaughtered camel with its stomach opened in the Sahara indicates that the Saharan has killed his camel to get a little green water to keep him alive; and unless the act was recent the body of the man will be found not far away.

An American woman, divorced from an alien husband, has the right to have her American citizenship restored, according to a ruling of Judge Morton in the Federal Court in Boston.

Leif Ericson's "Vinland" was Virginia, according to a new method of interpreting astronomical observations made by Ericson.

Pedestrians have the right-of-way over motorists outside the central traffic zone in Los Angeles. One afoot desiring to cross a street at any intersection not under police control signals his desire by holding up his hand to approaching motorists.

Two fighting-planes collided a mile in the air at Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas, recently. The pilots leaped, fell swiftly for hundreds of feet, opened their parachutes and floated down side by side to safety, while the two ships hit the earth with thundering crashes and burst into flames.

Jewelry robbers in 1924 increased 50 per cent over 1923.

A luxuriant floating hotel is to be made of the *Itsukushina,* the Japanese battleship which gained glory at the siege of Port Arthur.

The speed limit of the snail is half a mile a week.

No females, either animal or human, are allowed on the Athos peninsula in Eastern Macedonia, Greece, to which the patriarch of Constantinople, head of the Greek church, has retired. Eggs and milk for the monks to eat and drink must come from across the border of this monastic republic.

General Grant's father-in-law presented Grant and his wife with a Negro boy slave for a wedding present.

The necks of giraffes in Uganda, Africa, are so long that they become entangled in the telegraph wires.

Rum-runners on the Kentish coast have an organized illicit traffic in spirits, conducted by men who make large profits evading the high British duties.

Massachusetts State Prison at Charlestown has been in use 129 years, and a new one is proposed, to cost $2,000,000.

The largest hen's egg ever laid weighs 6¼ ounces and measures 10 inches in circumference. A white leghorn, owned by E. B. MacArthur, Hayward, Colorado, did it.

The heart of Nurmi the runner is much smaller than that of the ordinary individual and beats, under stress, from 44 to 49 times a minute. An ordinary heart will beat from 80 to 100 times a minute under stress.

Of the 180 carillons in the world, 134 are in the Netherlands and Belgium. Of the eleven carillons destroyed in the World War, but three have been replaced.

The Egyptian *Gazette* estimates that only 1,000,000 Egyptians can read and write, out of a population of 14,000,000.

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"I Read in the Papers—"

I read in the papers that a Detroit clergyman of unusual vision and power protests that "Rain" is unfair to missionaries, that the missionary of the play is not typical, that there are hundreds of missionary statesmen, missionary doctors, missionary teachers and saints and farmers of whose existence the author of "Rain" seems to be wholly unaware. As the story of a churchman who sets out to save a fallen woman and ends by losing himself, it fails to rise to any height achieved by others who have essayed that theme, of which "Thais" is the greatest. And so on. A most just criticism and much needed.

But what of it? This thing is flaunted in the face of Christian America every week—and it is only one of many—for no discoverable purpose unless to destroy public respect for Christianity. Well, why do not the ministerial critics say so? This one is quoted as saying in the course of his sermon, "A play which does not make a minister a freak, or religion a chance for a laugh and a sneer, is, in the long history of the American stage, the exception and not the rule."

Certainly. THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT said that some years ago. Look at "Rain" and you will see that the producer is Sam H. Harris. It doesn't matter who the author is. Authors to get their plays on the stage must get past the Jewish producers, they must pander to the Jewish producers' anti-moral and anti-Christian purposes. You can get almost anything on the stage that makes a saint out of a Jew peddler or a lecherous hypocrite out of a Christian. And the Americans and Christians pay for it! They pay the bills and the Jew producers roll up the profits.

Now, what good is it for men like this minister (who are horrified at mention of the Jew, for they consider it "racial prejudice")—what good is it for them to play delicately around the edges of the situation? The facts are before their eyes; why don't they tell the people what they are? Sam Harris stages every night a virulent attack on the Christian missionary. And Americans let Sam Harris go and criticize the "stage." Take the velvet out of your mouths, gentlemen, and let spades be spades.

I read in the papers, almost continuously these days, matter concerning Count Karolyi. It is more than strange how a foreign radical can command attention from ocean to ocean in the American press. No American's legitimate interest could command anything like the extent of Karolyi's publicity. I wonder why? I wonder if American editors ever stop to wonder why? I wonder if American editors ever wonder what would happen if some day they should conclude to shut down on that sort of stuff? The intention plainly is to play horse with the government and draw it into the mess of falsehoods that have been thrown around the case. The method of the alien is to invent falsehoods calculated to arouse the American's sense of fairness. The United States Government permitted Countess Karolyi to come in, in spite of her record; it also permitted the Count to come in, because of the Countess' illness. And what it receives in exchange is abuse and an organized attack through the American press. But the worst feature of the affair is that Americans see nothing sinister in it. They take it as "news."

I read in the papers that President Coolidge has decided to try to enforce prohibition at the liquor sources. That is, he will guard the liquor stocks and watch the coast and boundaries, and let local authorities take care of the local situation. So far so good, if it means anything. The drum-fire of the press campaign against prohibition is beginning to have its effect in some quarters. The mental fatigue which such campaigns are planned to induce is setting in. There is need, on sound national grounds, for some authority to sound a new note, namely, that *the way out is ahead.* Prohibition in its present form may not be final. But government partnership in the business of alcoholic debauchery will never return. The best discussion of the history of prohibition that I have ever seen is in volume 4 of the series published by THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, "Aspects of Jewish Power in The United States." In prohibition we seem to be repeating some of the experiences of the Abolition of Slavery. Lincoln wanted to emancipate the slaves by purchase. His plan would probably have prevented or greatly shortened the Civil War. There are still millions of dollars' worth of privately owned liquors and wines in the country, and the owners are trying to get their investment out of them. Could the government buy this stuff or, failing to buy it, place it under military guard, much of the present difficulty would be removed.

I read in the papers that Sir Arthur Keith says the brain of man is steadily decreasing in size. The modern man has no pressing problems, according to Sir Arthur, such as the primitive man had to face. He buys his clothes, food, automobiles, radio sets, philosophy, patent medicines, news, and so forth, instead of making them himself, as Australopithecus probably did.

If he wants light or power, he hires electrical engineers to construct great dams, harness rushing rivers to generators. If he feels the need of shelter for himself and his affairs, he hires an architectural engineer to run up a few miles of steel skyscraper. If he wants to go somewhere in a hurry, he hires an airplane. Naturally, having everything taken off his hands this way is making man, personally, small-brained and relatively dumb.

No getting round that. But who furnishes the brains to make the automobiles, philosophies, medicines, radio, engineering and architectural works and airplanes? And who furnishes the brains by which the need of these things is felt? And who furnishes the brains to use them? There is no getting round this either, and it leaves Sir Arthur Keith somewhat up in the air.

J. E. A.

The Ford International Weekly

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PEOPLE of the present age are somewhat skeptical regarding "prophets." For example, there is that form of "prophet" who is constantly searching the writings of old trying to interpret something new. Obscure phrases are transformed into forecasts of the end of the world, and the "prophets" generally live to be laughed at. But we seldom hear of a prophet of earthquakes. There is one, however, and what is more, his prophecies have been coming true. Readers may judge for themselves by reading the interview with Dr. Milton A. Nobles. (pp. 2 and 6)

THERE is no more interesting church in the United States than the Old North Church of Boston. A reproduction of a delightful pencil sketch of the ancient structure accompanies the article. (p. 3)

FROM quite an early period Britons have been in the habit of declaring that they "never, never, shall be slaves!" This proud boast is being tested by a bill at present before Parliament by which it is sought to deprive them of the freedom of the air. "Radio-bootlegging" may be the result. (p. 4)

SOMEONE once asserted that the site of the Garden of Eden was in the State of Ohio. Others favor the wilds of Manchuria, but the latest location claimed as the cradle of the human race is Bechuanaland, South Africa. (p. 5)

SOME incisive comments on the present political situation in this country are not out of place. In this case the pen has been reinforced by the pencil of the cartoonist, and the combination is distinctly interesting. (p. 6)

ON PAGE 6 also there is another of the McGuffey maxims which should have a very wide appeal. Such lessons as those told by "The Birds Set Free" never grow old.

TIMELY remarks on finance are always acceptable. One of the things that the investor has to beware of is the buying of fake stock. He must see to it whether he is on the "sucker list." Another thing is making himself acquainted with the ins and outs of the currency system; just what the term "money" means. (p. 9)

BY CLOSELY following this week's installment of the articles relating to Lincoln's assassination, the reader will be able to judge what value can be placed on the "confession" of John St. Helen that he was no other than the assassin, John Wilkes Booth. So many myths have recently grown up regarding the details of this chapter in national history, that it is well to have it thoroughly analyzed. (pp. 10, 11, 13)

PAUL REVERE, when he left behind him a graphic but still matter-of-fact account of his ride to Lexington, never dreamed that he would be immortalized by Longfellow, but fact has a power that cannot be excelled. Paul Revere speaks for himself. (p. 12)

A WESTERN town took hold of a bit of useless land and made it a valuable asset. (p. 15)

Dr. Nobles—Earthquake Prophet

The Old North Church of Boston

Britons and Radio-Bootlegging

Africa as Cradle of Human Race

About Our Rulers in Washington

The Fake Stock List of "Suckers"

John St. Helen as J. Wilkes Booth

Paul Revere Tells His Own Story

Rodeo Which Had Small Beginning

He Is the Prophet of Earthquakes

Dr. Milton A. Nobles, Who Says the Greatest Cataclysm Is Yet to Come

By PIERCE CUMINGS

MY FRIEND, Dr. Milton A. Nobles, telephoned me the other night. It was, to be precise, 9 o'clock on the evening of January 27.

"I just called," he said, "to tell you that there will be an earthquake somewhere south of us tonight or tomorrow. It is due during the night but may not come until morning. It will be in the northern part of South America or in Central America, probably the latter."

Now let it be known that Dr. Nobles is probably the only successful prophet of earthquakes in the country, if not in the world.

He is, incidentally, a physician, a geologist of note, a Bible scholar, an expert on Indian relics and he is versed in the science, or the art, of austromancy—which, as you probably have forgotten, is divination by winds. But it is as a foreteller of earth tremors and volcanic eruptions that he is best known.

We chatted for a time on other matters, and then he returned to one of his numerous avocations, while I duly recorded his forecast for the newspaper with which I am connected.

The next day the Associated Press carried the following dispatch:

> Washington, Jan. 28—Two pronounced earthquakes were recorded on the seismograph at Georgetown University here last night and early today.
>
> Father Tondorf announced the first quake began at 11:20 p. m., continuing until about 1 o'clock this morning, with maximum tremors at 12:10 a. m. He estimated the distance of this quake at about 5,400 miles from Washington. The second quake reached a maximum from 6:16 to 6:20 a. m., ending at 6:45. The distance of the second quake was not ascertained.

Foretold Great Japanese Earthquake

Further confirmation of Dr. Nobles' prophecy came on the following day, when the Associated Press carried this story about the tremors:

> Mexico City, Jan. 29—Reports from Vera Cruz regarding the violent earth shocks in that state at 2:25 a. m., Wednesday, state no news of any casualties or material damage had been received. The authorities of the Vera Cruz seismological station, who expressed the belief that the center of the disturbance was near that port, connected the shocks with the renewed activity of the volcano Popocatepetl.
>
> There is natural fear among the population, the advices add, of a repetition of the disaster of 1920, when several villages disappeared with the loss of hundreds of lives, and marked changes occurred in the configuration of the surface in some sections.

And thus Dr. Nobles' prophecy came to pass within a remarkably short space of time. Mere coincidence? Possibly. And yet this same Dr. Nobles has predicted earthquakes and volcanic eruptions and disastrous floods during the past twenty years with startling accuracy!

The great Japanese earthquake was forecast by Dr. Nobles in a message to a New York newspaper several hours before the catastrophe took place.

"A portion of Japan probably will sink into the ocean exactly as though cracked off," his telegram said in effect. "Possibly whole islands will go."

And the editors of the newspaper, having witnessed the uncanny fulfillment of his prophecies before, immediately flashed him word to wire them all information possible. The cataclysm occurred a short time after his story was received, although details of it did not reach this country until hours later.

These facts would indicate that Dr. Nobles is an extraordinary man. Attention has been directed at him many times because of his bizarre statements. Men have laughed at him. But they also listen.

Because of his remarkable success at augury, many are paying serious heed to the most astounding of his predictions, one which appears absurd at first thought, and yet one which, it is declared, even now seems in the process of being partially fulfilled.

In brief it is this:

The world is destined to witness a cataclysm comparable only to the great deluge of Noah!

Third of the Earth Will Vanish Under the Sea

One-third the surface of the earth will crumble under the sea.

A new continent will arise, probably where the South Sea Islands now are.

Japan, China, parts of Southern Asia, most of the countries of Europe, Northern Africa and portions of land in the Arctic Circle will disappear under the waters.

The toll of life will be stupendous.

"You may live to talk about the millions of people who were lost," Dr. Nobles once said to me. "It may even come during my lifetime. Or it may not come until years, or generations, after we both are dead."

Many scientists deride Dr. Nobles as a crank. They laugh at his theories about the earth's crust or about the winds or about the volcanic activities beneath the surface, declaring them ridiculous and untenable. But this strangest of prophets merely smiles and continues to make his weird forecasts. And then he sits back to wait for them to come true, knowing with a confidence bred of experience that in all likelihood they will!

Dr. Nobles is a student of cosmography. The dark, little room which is his workshop is filled with maps, old German maps, or English ones, or French, and with scuffed, well-worn tomes on the earth's substance, many of them dating back hundreds of years.

Often he will emphasize a point by drawing from one of the shelves a French or an Italian chart of two or three centuries before.

"See," he exclaims excitedly, tracing certain features of the map. "These are not shown on our modern maps! And why? Because the world's surface is constantly changing, constantly changing. They don't exist any more."

Dr. Nobles has a reputation as a geologist and has conducted important surveys. For years he was a practicing physician. He obtained his M. D. from Syracuse nearly a half-century ago. In appearance he is picturesque, patriarchal, with a scraggly white beard, and sharp, piercing eyes. Were it not for a merry laugh and a deprecating sense of humor, he might remind one of the alchemists of the Middle Ages, so intent he is and so serious.

DR. MILTON A. NOBLES.

Dr. Nobles keeps no record of the outcome of his own prophecies. This he leaves to others.

"It is like kissing a girl," he explained. "It's fun while it lasts, but what good does it do afterward to make an entry in some notebook: 'This afternoon I kissed Mary Jane?' That only destroys the pleasure of it."

Gave Warning of Floods on Mississippi

And so Dr. Nobles keeps no record of his prophecies. Abundant proof of the accuracy of his predictions, however, is furnished in the contemporary newspaper accounts about the man.

Nearly thirteen years ago the *Public Ledger*, that staid and delightfully respectable journal which still boasts of itself as "the Philadelphia Bible," had this to say about him under date of August 18, 1912:

> "It is believed that Dr. Nobles is the only man who has ever mastered the study of the forces of nature sufficiently to be able to predict earthquakes."

> **The world is destined to witness a cataclysm comparable only to the great deluge of Noah.**
>
> **One-third of the surface of the earth will crumble under the sea.**
>
> **A new continent will arise, probably where the South Sea Islands now are.**
>
> **Japan, China, parts of Southern Asia, most of the countries of Europe, Northern Africa, and portions of land in the Arctic Circle will disappear under the waters.**
>
> **The toll of life will be stupendous.**
>
> **This summarizes the words of Dr. Milton A. Nobles, "a prophet of earthquakes," whose predictions of the great Japanese earthquake and other cataclysms have been startlingly verified.**

The particular story in which this statement appears had to do with the great earthquake in Turkey, which occurred just about that time. It continued:

"Dr. Nobles foretold the disastrous earthquake in Turkey; forecast that in San Francisco; the great earthquake in Sicily; and several great South American earthquakes as well."

Surely all these could scarcely be put down as mere coincidences. But they are by no means all. That Dr. Nobles is that rare specimen, a prophet with a modicum of honor in his own land, is further shown by another Philadelphia newspaper, the *North American*, which, not to be outdone by its rival, boasts the fact that it is the oldest daily newspaper in America and was founded by none less than Benjamin Franklin.

In the middle of April, 1922, the Mississippi Valley was swept by one of the worst floods in its history. Levees were washed away all along the mighty waterway. Hundreds of families were rendered homeless. Thousands of acres of land were inundated.

All this was foreseen by Dr. Nobles, who sent the following letter to the *North American* on March 27, long before the disastrous rainfalls had set in, or had even been thought of by others:

"An area of intense volcanic activity is rapidly developing in the Gulf of Mexico. It will produce a great rainfall in the entire Mississippi Valley and its tributary valleys, probably exceeding in sum the rainfall of the Dayton flood, and attended in the nearer coastal areas by violent tornadoes on each side of the Mississippi.

"The climax should be well within the coming thirty days. I have no idea that the great 'earthworks' constructed to confine the flood waters will do more than substitute a sudden calamity for that which would have been, naturally at least, less sudden."

The letter of warning was received some weeks before the beginning of the river's rampage. After printing stories for several days about tornadoes and unprecedented rains and floods, the newspaper said:

"It is usually the fate of prophets to be remembered only when their prophecies fail to come true. So there are two reasons why Dr. Nobles may have a melancholy satisfaction in considering the floods that now inundate the Mississippi levees, and threaten life and property."

For fifty years, and longer, Dr. Nobles has made a study of meteorological conditions. He bases his predictions largely on his own observations and the deductions he draws from these observations. Some of his theories are akin to the accepted beliefs of the world's leading scientists. Others are so bizarre and extravagant as to be classed by these gentry as preposterous.

For this reason, in analyzing his hypotheses, it is well to bear in mind that, whereas he has been amazingly successful so far in the fulfillment of his prophecies, that fact alone does not constitute proof that his theories are correct, or that his predictions of dire calamity will come to pass.

World Undergoes Process of Renewal

But because of this eerie power of prophecy that the man possesses, it is at least highly interesting to note his views.

The world, Dr. Nobles says, undergoes a process of rejuvenation at stated periods.

"When a continent has become worn out as a habitation for man," he declares, "its fertility gone and its usefulness exhausted, it seems to be Nature's policy to submerge it in the ocean while raising new continents for man's residence. The submerged land goes through the rejuvenating process and finally rises again, rich in salts and minerals, to support vegetable and animal life."

The deluge of Noah's time, the story of which has been corroborated by the recent unearthing of ancient tablets, was merely an example of the workings of this process, he thinks. And the catastrophe which he foresees will be of similar nature.

Volcanic activity, he says, is always accompanied by heavy rainfall.

The discovery of America and its settlement by the sturdier races of Europe, the great flood of immigration here in recent years, the development of the American penchant for bringing the great works of art of all the world to this country, and the World War are all parts of the Great Plan which will culminate in the new Deluge, he believes.

"For four hundred years," he says, "the fittest people of the doomed areas of the Old World have been swarming to America. They have been coming here in incredible numbers. Why? Because the American continents have been rejuvenated, they are fresh and rich.

"And the World War—it is my personal opinion that this conflict came that the more virile of these people in the doomed countries might be given an opportunity to pass into the Great Unknown through patriotic defense of their homes, rather than perish by quake and fire."

Ridiculous? Possibly. But these are given as conjectures only by Dr. Nobles, not as facts.

And now how is this great catastrophe to come about?

The world, so Dr. Nobles believes, has changed its appearance many times. Each upheaval has been accompanied by the establishment of a new Equator, and gradually around each Equator a volcanic belt has been created. The oldest of these volcanic belts in existence is the one which is to "explode," dropping a goodly portion of the earth under the sea.

"This belt," Dr. Nobles explains, "extends roughly from Iceland through the northern part of North America (up near the Pole), through Alaska to the northeastern part of Siberia, thence down the fringe of islands on the east coast of Asia, through the Malay Archipelago, India, Persia, Northern Africa, Italy, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, and back to Iceland."

Noting Signs Leading to Upheavals

Not only is this broad area affected by volcanic activity, he believes, but the whole section is a vast honeycomb underground.

"When Vesuvius erupts," he declares, "Hecla, 2,800 miles away snows lava. And when Hecla or Vesuvius are active, water in the lake of the old crater of Mount Wan in Southwest Asia sinks to a lower level.

"The whole system is linked together in such a way

(Continued on page 6)

Where the Lantern Signal Shone

Christ Church, Boston, Remains a Beacon Light in American History

By MAY B. WHITING

WHEN the bells of Christ Church ring out it is as if a miracle occurred in Boston's North End. In one of Poe's stories wild masqueraders pause at the stroke of a clock to think, so when the old bells, still among the two or three loveliest peals in the country, send their serene notes over Copp's Hill, the jarring noises of a foreign quarter are hushed, and even the odors seem less pungent. In the eyes of the few faithful threading their way to service, the squalor vanishes, and the North End is once more an island, with canal connecting the Mill Pond and Charles River, a pleasant place of homes and mansions of the gentry, with gardens extending back to Sun Court and Moon street.

An earthquake might as well have struck New England, writes Mr. Quincy, when Dr. Timothy Cutler, graduate of Harvard and President of Yale, renounced the Puritan faith and returned to the Church of England. About forty years before, Governor Randolph had introduced services in the east room of the Town House, and, then, by very questionable means, had appropriated the Old South Church.

In 1688 King's Chapel was built, and soon after subscriptions were invited "for a church in the North End of the Town." The Earl of Thanet, Peter Faneuil, and Henry Franklyn were among the donors, and work was at once begun. The church was built after the lines of Christopher Wren, solidly, to withstand the shocks of time, with walls two and a half feet thick and those of the belfry three and a half. Except for the first State House, it is the oldest public building in Boston today.

In April, 1723, it was open for services. "Their first meeting at Mr. Cutler's new church, a great appearance, said to be." It was some time before the interior and the furnishings were complete, for, like other churches, they had to wait for funds. An order was soon passed to "put no nails or pinns in the pillars in front of the Gallerys with the intent to hang hats on." Three years after its opening twenty shillings was voted to Mr. Tickle, the sexton, "as an encouragement for former services due," and Mr. Oxman was to have sixteen shillings for "taking care of ye negroes and white boys during divine service."

One of the first expenditures was for an organ, brought from Newport, and when Mr. Cutler's assistant went to London he was requested to bring back an organist, "one that had some trade, if possible, a barber, whom the congregation might improve in his occupation." About twenty years later, in 1759, Thomas Johnson of Brattle street built a new organ for the church, and this case, with the addition of two rows of pipes, is used today.

George II gave some fine gifts to his church in the New World, a large Bible, two folio prayerbooks bound in Turkey leather, twelve other books in calf and gilt, an altarpiece, cushion, and surplices of fine holland. He also gave considerable of the communion silver, now in the Museum of Fine Arts, beautiful flagons, chalices, and a receiver for alms.

It must have been a picturesque congregation in those days, the governor and his lady, sea captains, and wealthy merchants of the North End, without a touch of Puritan grayness, but for contrast the "32 Negroe and Indian slaves" that Dr. Cutler writes about. Doubtless it was a gay sight at Christmas when the church was decorated with greens and candles, and a warder standing at the door asking alms. We may guess that more than one Puritan youth strolled up Salem street for a glimpse of the forbidden "popery."

The North End was always a favorite residence for those who followed the sea, for they liked to watch the ships riding at anchor. In 1727, the Bay Pew, "handsomely lin'd with chany," was set aside for the Gentlemen of the Bay of Honduras, and a collation was also served these same gentlemen in recognition of a generous gift of logwood.

Some of the ornaments of the church were acquired in rather a peculiar manner. During the French war Captain Gruchy, commander of the privateer, *Queen of Hungary*, gave four statuettes of carved wood, in excellent artistic design, which were intended for a church of another faith somewhere along the Saint Lawrence River. In similar manner came the glass chandeliers, or "branches," as they were called.

Just where the belfry clock came from is not clear. In 1735 there is mention of "Sundry old parts of a clock in a case," the gift of Captain Southwack. Cyprian Southwack was a maker of charts and received "a gould chaine and medall" as a mark of royal favor. His boat was the *Province Galley*, and when he gave the clock there was no belfry in which to put it.

Five years later, the Gentlemen of the Bay gave twenty tons of logwood to build a steeple. Captain William Fletcher offered to transport it, and, for his kindness, a cask of brandy was put at his disposal. By 1750 the belfry was done, the clock in its place, and the selectmen agreed to keep it in repair. Of still earlier date is the clock on the gallery, which for nearly two hundred years has marked the fortunes of the church. In 1725 it was built by Richard Avery, and Thomas Bennett made the case.

Not long after the completion of the belfry, Captain Clark of Barbadoes suggested a peal of bells, and in 1744 they were brought from England. These bells are among our most valuable relics of the past, with a beauty of tone that not half a dozen peals in the country can rival. They are chimed by one person by means of cords attached to their clappers, but when they were first put in place there was a guild of eight bell ringers, among whom was Paul Revere. Thirty years ago cords were again attached to their wheels so that they might be pealed, bringing out the richness of their blended notes,

The Old North Church, Boston.

but so little attention has been paid to the art of bell ringing in this country that it was impossible to find eight bell ringers, although on July 4, 1896, six of the bells were pealed.

Each bell has a quaint inscription around the crown:

No. 1. "This peal of eight bells is the gift of a number of generous persons to Christ Church in Boston, New England. Anno 1744."

No. 2. "This church was founded in the year 1723, Timothy Cutler, Doctor in Divinity, the First Rector."

No. 3. "We are the first ring of bells cast for the British Empire in North America."

No. 4. "God preserve the Church of England."

No. 5. "William Shirley, Esqr., Governour of Massachusetts Bay in N. England."

No. 6. "The subscriptions for these bells was begun by John Hammock and Robert Temple, Church Wardens, 1743, & compleated by Robt Jenkins and Jno. Gould, Church Wardens. Anno 1744."

No. 7. "Since generosity has opened our mouths our tongues shall ring aloud its praise."

No. 8. "Abel Rudhall of Gloucester cast us all. Anno 1744."

As the years passed the church took its place in the activities of the town. Dr. Cutler possessed a spirit of wisdom and reconciliation, and was able to counsel wisely when such misunderstandings occurred as Governor Belcher's appointing a fast on a feast day of the church.

But changes come and the Colonial period was drawing to a close. Dr. Cutler passed on in 1765 and Dr. Mather Biles, son of the minister of Hollis Street Church, took his place. A diarist of the time writes, "Mr. Biles' little flock is more for liberty than any Epi=co. congregation north of Maryland." But Mr. Biles did not share the political views of the larger part of his congregation and he was banished by the act of 1778 "to suffer death without benefit of clergy" if he should return.

With this event and the withdrawal of aid from the Venerable Society for Propagating the Gospel, services were suspended and the building closed for three years. Yet in this time occurred the events which bind it most closely to the history of the country, although some historians connect them with an older church which stood in North Square and which was pulled down by the British for firewood.

From the steeple of Christ Church General Gage is said to have watched the battle of Bunker Hill, and Major Pitcairn, mortally wounded in that engagement, was interred in a tomb beneath the floor. But the most picturesque event was the hanging of the signal lanterns.

Robert Newman, the sexton, was a well-known man in Boston, the son of a wealthy merchant who had met with reverses. During the occupation of Boston, British officers were quartered in his house and he was obliged to guard his movements with the greatest care.

The day of the eighteenth of April, 1775, considerable movement had been noticed among the British soldiers and it was believed that they were planning an expedition to arrest Hancock and Adams who were visiting in Lexington, and on to Concord to seize the military stores. In haste Dr. Warren sent for Paul Revere, and, with friends, they laid their plans.

That evening Newman sat quietly in his house on the corner of Salem and Shaefe streets waiting for orders, while Captain Pulling was scouting for news. When fairly sure of the British plans, he returned to the North End and got word to Newman who left the house by a window and a sloping roof, taking his keys with him. In silence they went to the church. Newman entered and Pulling locked the door on the outside and departed. The sexton took the lanterns from the closet, climbed to the highest window in the belfry, and there hung them out. Then he retraced his steps, left the church by a rear door, and went home by Unity and North Bennett streets.

Paul Revere has left us a detailed account of that night:

"I agreed with Colonel Conant and some other gentlemen that if the British went by water we would show two lanthrons in the North Church steeple; and if by land, one as a signal, for we were apprehensive it would be difficult to cross the Charles River or get over Boston Neck. I left Dr. Warren, called on a friend, and desired him to make the signals. I then went home, took my boots and surtout, and went to the north part of the town, where I kept a boat; two friends rowed me across Charles River, a little to eastward where the *Somerset*, man-of-war, lay. It was then young flood, the ship was winding, and the moon was rising."

In 1780 Rev. Stephen Lewis, Deputy Chaplain to Bourgoyne's Light Dragoon, took the oath of allegiance, and, under his leadership, the church was reopened. It seems as if his salary was rather uncertain, for we read that it was fixed as "eight silver dollars with a contribution the Sunday after next." By vote of the vestry he was requested to "prepare a proper form of prayer for the Congress of the United States, for the several states, and for their success in the present important contest." Today we see the old prayerbook, the gift of George II, with the prayers for the royal family pasted over by the careful hand of Mr. Stephens.

A few years after its opening the church organized the first Sunday school in the country. A roll of its pupils with their residence still hangs in the vestry, and we read the old names of Methodist Alley, Fish Street, Love Lane, and White Bread Alley.

Those names have passed, as well as the lads in long trousers and maids in pantalets who lived there. Only the old church remains, as firm as when the workmen first laid its foundations.

Once in a while an event occurs to link the present with its past as when, in 1872, the Queen's Grenadier Guards visited Boston and their scarlet coats made brilliant spots of color in the dusky pews as the royal family once more received the prayers of the congregation. The following year was its 150th anniversary, and Dr. William DesBrisay, great-grandson of Mather Biles, preached the sermon.

Time had wrought many changes in the interior of the church, and, in 1913, William Lawrence, Bishop of Massachusetts, undertook its restoration. The slip pews which had been put in to accommodate a larger

(Concluded on page 14)

Shall Britons Be Radio-Bootleggers?

Owners of Unlicensed Receiving Sets May Be Classed as Criminals

By MAURICE MANNING

Again—America is the land of liberty.

The air is free. In England the air is taxed. You take out a license for your little radio, or you don't "listen-in."

Just now a bill in Parliament proposes a $500 fine, a year in prison, a police search of the British citizen's home for unlicensed receiving sets!

American radio fans should read this article on the slavery endured by free Britons across the sea.

—London, March, 1925.

THE English are a tolerant and long-suffering race and it seemed recently as if they had been lulled into a sense of security regarding the Jewish Peril. Even the editor of a great morning newspaper, which a few years ago distinguished itself by publishing a bold series of articles on the subject, expressed the opinion in a recent conversation that the "Chosen People" were not nearly so powerful nor so menacing in England as they are in the United States. He instanced the fact that the great joint-stock banks are controlled by Christians—in many cases by members of the old county families and by merchants and big manufacturers who form the backbone of the nation. None of the really influential and wealthy newspapers in London or in the Provinces, he also pointed out, have as yet fallen under Jewish control.

But there has been a sudden awakening. Tempted by an apparently somnolent Gentile indifference, English Jews seem to have lost their heads and gone too far. The postmaster-general in Mr. Baldwin's government has introduced a bill, not only making it a crime punishable by a fine of £100 or a year's imprisonment or both for any one to have an unlicensed receiving set, but *giving the police power to search homes and other premises without a warrant in search of evidence of this terrible crime!*

And now John Bull is roaring from one end of the land to the other, "An Englishman's house is his castle!" The attempt to invade that castle strikes at one of the tenderest of the Briton's heart-chords. For several years the British Lion has been lying down like a little lamb (and as Americans would never lie down) to the barefaced imposture of mulcting every listener-in ten shillings ($2.50) a year for the privilege of listening in the privacy of his own home to the select patter sent out by the British Broadcasting Company. It has been cleverly managed up to this time. The British Broadcasting Company programs on Sunday evenings have usually included a short sermon by a well-known preacher. Sometimes, there has been a hymn or choral music. That captured the religious and imparted a tone of sanctity to the business. For the patriotic, every possible occasion has been used to broadcast remarks of the King or the Prince of Wales at the opening of an exhibition or a corner stone laying. The family circle has been cultivated by means of the story-telling hour. People have been made to feel that the British Broadcasting Company is really a most benevolent institution, giving them such a lot in the way of orchestras and brass bands and songs for their little ten shillings!

Paying Tribute But Not to Caesar

And the demand for apparatus has increased by leaps and bounds. Listeners-in who a year or so ago would have considered a valve set at $20 to $30 riotously extravagant are now buying sets costing from $100 to $500 and thinking nothing of it. And as practically every instrument and every bit of material for homemade sets pays tribute to the Marconi Company, of which the British Broadcasting Company itself is only a subordinate corporation, the profits from this source alone must be enormous.

Imagine, for a moment, every user of the gramophone, after paying for his instrument and records, being obliged in addition to render a further tribute annually in the shape of license fees! Very cleverly in an epoch in which it is recognized that every possible resource must be tapped to produce government revenue sufficient to balance the national budget, this tax is disguised as a light levy on luxury. The Isaacs family, who control the Marconi Company, just furnishes the fun and uses the Post Office Department as its collector and so lets the onus of the exaction fall on the government. But three shillings out of every ten collected falls into the Isaacs' coffers.

This time, however, greed has overreached itself and we should not be surprised if the introduction of this bill may not result in a demand for the abolition of the license fee for using the air. It may have even more far-reaching consequences in a political way. In the House of Commons, decided opposition has already manifested itself. The Socialist M. P. for Dundee, Thomas Johnston, has given notice of a motion for the rejection of the Wireless Telegraphy Amendment Bill, as it is called. A motion to refuse a second reading has also been put down by the Liberal M. P. for Bethnal Green. This latter amendment declares that the bill "gives immense powers to a government department, inflicts excessive fines for infringement of the regulations made under such powers, creates new rights of search which unduly infringe the personal liberties of the subject, while at the same time discouraging scientific research and experiments in the new industry."

The Dungeon for Small Boy With Crystal Set

In a memorandum on the subject issued by the Freedom Association, it is declared, "Governments have fallen in England for a much smaller offense than the introduction of such a measure as this empowering the police without warrant or process of law to enter a house and institute domiciliary search, fining heavily or sending to jail a householder whose small boy shall be discovered to be using a crystal set he has made, either for pleasure or for scientific experiment."

The Radio-Association, at a recent meeting, characterized the bill as far too stringent and "bordering on the ridiculous." The Association very conservatively proposes that the penalties fixed in the bill should be reduced to a maximum fine of £20 with no alternative of imprisonment and that powers of house search should be omitted from it.

Scientists generally are laughing at the legal absurdities of the measure. Referring to the clause which makes the provisions of the act apply to "the installation and working of apparatus for utilizing etheric waves for the purpose of sending or receiving of energy without the aid of any wire connecting the points from and at which the energy is sent and received as they apply to the installation of wireless telegraphy," a London university professor says the drafters of the bill have made a funny mistake in the use of the term "etheric waves." They seem to be unaware that these etheric waves come into operation in many of the everyday things which we do, and which may legally come under the definition of wireless telegraphy. As Campbell Swinton, a noted engineer, points out, anyone who provides and lights a candle may be infringing such an act. The use of any form of radiant heat and light may be an offense. A person using spectacles or eyeglasses, which are obviously "apparatus for the utilization of etheric waves," may be an offender.

The great danger of the bill lies in the restriction it places on honest scientific experiment. The Post Office proposes to interfere with any method already known or which may be invented in the future for utilizing etheric waves in the sending or receiving of energy. It only needs a development of telepathy, therefore, for the Isaacs family to insist on monopolizing that too. Indeed, they may go so far as to demand tribute on every thought interchanged by any method!

About the Man in the Wireless Mask

All sections of the press not notoriously under Jewish domination are going for the proposed law and heaping satire and ridicule on it, both in editorial columns and cartoons. Even so dignified a Conservative sheet as the *Evening Standard* discusses the bill in this fashion:

> "Undoubtedly the immense extension of wireless has rendered necessary some increase in the powers of control which were considered adequate over twenty years ago. But the powers which are now sought and the penalties which are now claimed as necessary to the proper vindication of authority seem quite unnecessarily stringent. The wireless 'pirate'—the person who evades payment of the ten-shilling license—might, one would imagine, be regarded as belonging to much the same category as the people who neglect to take out licenses for dogs or armorial bearings, but . . . . a defaulting dog-owner is not liable, on conviction, to imprisonment, with or without hard labor, for twelve months, or to a fine of £100. The police do not enter houses and rake over the plate-basket in order to find out whether some mustard-pot bears a crest. . . . There is nothing in the bill, apparently, to prevent the police, or any officer appointed by the Postmaster-General, the Admiralty, the Army Council or the Board of Trade, from intruding at any time they like on the house of any citizen, on the off-chance that he, or his son or his daughter, or his manservant or his maidservant may be maintaining some rudimentary form of wireless apparatus without having paid due tribute to the Government and the British Broadcasting Company."

On the surface, it might seem that what the Messrs. Isaacs in the mask of the British Broadcasting Company are most concerned about is in getting all that is coming to them in the matter of these license fees—for that the postmaster-general's bill is plainly inspired by this private profit-making company must be obvious. That in itself would be a very tidy item, for the postmaster-general estimates that there are about two million listening-in sets in operation in England today which have not paid a license. As to the number paying licenses, I have not the exact figures by me, but they may be approximated from the fact that R. M. Ford, of London, who a week ago publicly invited the postmaster-general to prosecute him for possessing an unlicensed crystal set, has now gone a step further and carried the matter up to the High Court of Justice where he has applied for an injunction to restrain the postmaster-general from paying over to the British Broadcasting Company the sum of £38,000 ($190,000) for its share of licenses and renewals *collected during the month of February*. In this application, Mr. Ford raises the whole question of the legality both of a charge by a private company for the use of the air by listeners-in or experimenters, and of its using a government department to collect its tribute. The postmaster-general asked and was granted a postponement of the hearing for a fortnight, evidently taken by surprise.

Under the live lead of Lord Beaverbrook, owner of the *Daily Express* and the *Evening Standard*, a movement is now under way to organize listeners-in the country over into a "Wireless League." The primary purpose of the League will be to break up the present monopoly of broadcasting and to emancipate the public from being entirely at the mercy of that monopoly in its choice of programs. The idea is to be well prepared beforehand for the fair public consideration of the issues which will arise when the question of renewing the British Broadcasting Company's contract comes up next year.

Ostensibly the legitimate interest of the manufacturers in asking for a monopoly was chiefly to stimulate the demand for wireless sets. But the need for such stimulation (a sort of protective tariff) by daily programs no longer exists. Listening-in has grown from an experimental novelty into a powerful and permanent feature of modern life.

A Rich Harvest After Broadcasting

As to the tax upon the people imposed by the present license system, it is to be remembered that every instrument put into use, whether it be a two-dollar crystal set or a thousand-dollar high-power valve set, pays ten shillings yearly ($2.50) to the Post Office Department and that the Post Office pays over to the British Broadcasting Company 75 per cent of these license fees. Under this clause, more than £850,000 ($4,250,000) has passed into the coffers of the British Broadcasting Company. This means that in addition to the Post Office's 25 per cent share of license fees, British listeners-in have paid this large amount for programs in the selection of which they have no voice.

According to government replies to questions in the House of Commons recently, the number of receiving licenses so far issued and in force is 1,311,000 and the number of experimental licenses for sending out wireless was 2,200 at the end of February. To get the government's amended wireless act through, a sop may be thrown to the public in the shape of a reduction of the license fee applicable to both crystal and valve sets.

As alternatives to the British Broadcasting Company monopoly various suggestions are being made. (1) The throwing open of broadcasting to unrestricted competition and the abolition of license fees. (2) The taking over of the British Broadcasting Company monopoly by the Post Office Department as it now administers the government monopoly of telegraph and telephone services. (3) The taking over of it by the listeners-in themselves organized into a co-operative association. (4) The formation of a mixed board in which both the listeners-in and the manufacturers would be represented.

A prominent Conservative M.P., Sir Park Goff, arguing in favor of throwing the business of broadcasting open to competition, calls attention to the fact that as against London's one poor lonely broadcasting station New York has 16, Chicago 8 and even Paris, where broadcasting is not yet popular, has 4.

Only a few months ago, Godfrey Isaacs resigned the chairmanship of the Marconi Company on account of "illness" and *a former postmaster-general was chosen as his successor. The relations between the Marconi corporation and the Post Office Department have, almost from the first, been of a peculiarly close and friendly nature.* Just before the war one postmaster-general made contracts involving millions of pounds for the erection of wireless stations at points practically girdling the British Empire. It was in some respects a fantastic agreement, with all the advantages on the side of the company and all the risks and disadvantages on the side of the government. The successor of this particular postmaster-general, when the war was going on and the execution of the contracts became obviously impossible, simply canceled them. But Godfrey Isaacs would take no cancellation and carried the case into court. There was a hard-fought legal battle, but the contract—probably drawn by instructions of Godfrey's brother, Rufus Isaacs, once Attorney-General, and later Lord Chief Justice and Ambassador to Washington, and lastly Viceroy of India as Earl of Reading—held tight and the Government Law Officer has to advise a "settlement" at a good round sum. The rough forthright postmaster-general who proved such a thorn in the flesh of the Isaacs brothers soon after left office and sank without a sign.

Returning to the Days of "Dora"

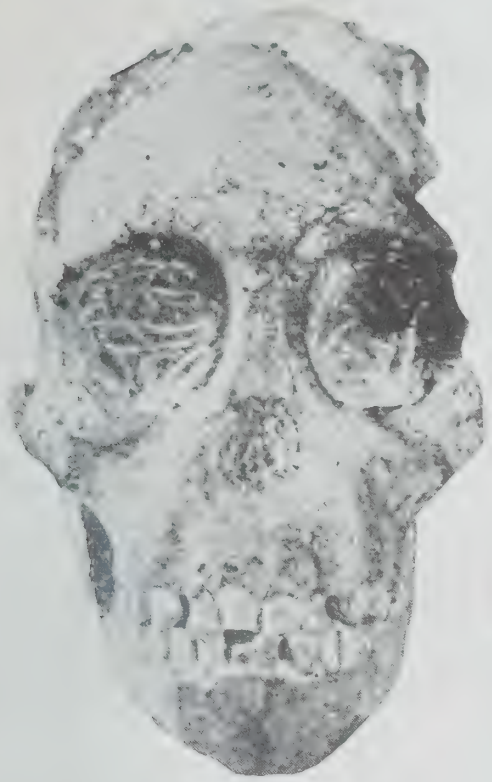
Americans perhaps need to be reminded that in England the Post Office Department controls and administers the national telegraph and telephone systems and has extensive factories for the manufacture and supply of electrical equipment. Among its thousands of officials and employes, naturally enough, there are many interested in electrical research and experiment. One or the other of these is likely at any hour to make some important discovery in regard to wireless telegraphy. Under the bill now before Parliament, the Marconi interests—using the long arm of the Post Office—would be able to keep close watch on all this experimenting and to pounce on any improvement that might be made. Moreover, aside from workers in the nation's telegraph and telephone systems, the measure menaces the freedom of every scientific investigator and inventor, for should it become law, he will be unable to carry out experiments without revealing to officials the ideas on which he is working. He would have no recourse, for the bill gives the postmaster-general power to settle at his discretion any points which may arise without reference to Parliament—a reminder of that mischievous war-time measure, the Defense of the Realm Act, unpopularly known as "Dora," which shackled the liberty of the individual at every turn, to meet a great national danger and exigency, but which was repealed long ago.

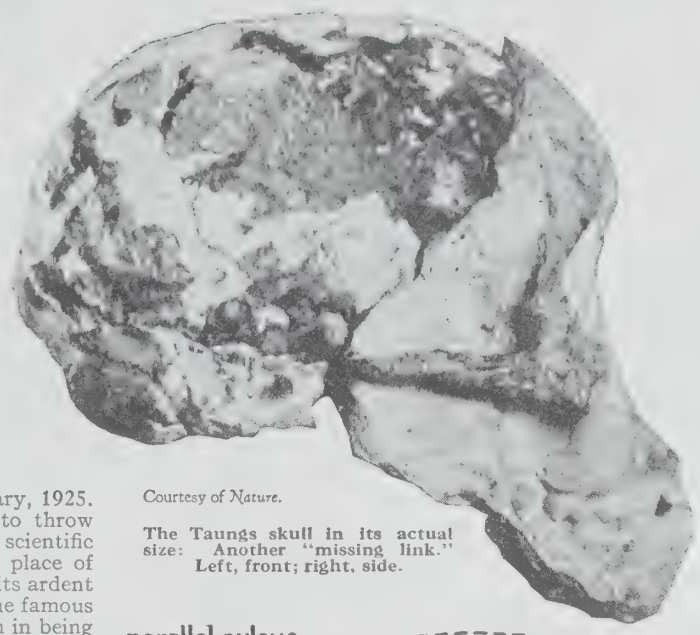
Was This the Birthplace of Mankind?

Discovery of Skull of Manlike Ape Suggests That It May Have Been in Bechuanaland, South Africa

By ALBERT ERNEST JENKS

Professor of Anthropology, University of Minnesota.





Courtesy of *Nature*.

The Taungs skull in its actual size: Another "missing link." Left, front; right, side.

—London, February, 1925.

AFRICA, the "dark continent," bids fair to throw a great light on one of the most important scientific questions before the world—namely, the place of man's origin. Southeastern Asia has long had its ardent backers as the "cradle of the human race." The famous Asiatic expeditions of Andrews have great faith in being able to show that Northern Asia, in the area of the present deserts of Mongolia, was the site where not only gigantic vertebrate animals originated but man himself. Western Europe with its prehistoric types of men, such as the Piltdown man of Sussex, England, and the score of specimens found of Neanderthal men, mainly on the Continent, has been the prime favorite for the past generation. Now, however, the continent of Africa steps forward with most suggestive claims, compelling attention.

By wireless our steamer got the news Friday, February 6, that a fossil skull "which represents something midway between a man's and a great ape's" had just been reported from Capetown as having been found at Taungs, Bechuanaland, South Africa. Consequently, we were eager for the facts on landing at Southampton the afternoon of Saturday, but could learn nothing more until Sunday in London when *The Times* had a short article by Sir Arthur H. Keith who had been furnished a copy of the manuscript of Dr. Raymond Dart who had brought the remarkable find to light. *Nature* of February 7 had published Dr. Dart's manuscript in full, but it was impossible to buy a copy at any of the dozen bookstalls Sunday when I sought for that scientific periodical.

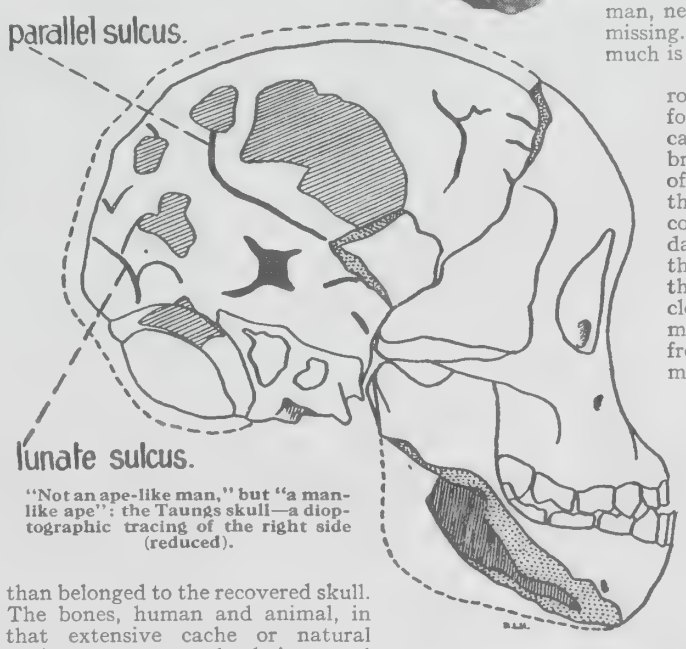
Fortunately I had requested a conference with Sir Arthur H. Keith, anatomist of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, and the greatest British physical anthropologist, before leaving America. I saw him Monday morning, February 9.

According to the very capable anatomist, Dr. Raymond Dart, of Johannesburg, and Dr. Keith, the newly discovered fossil represents a super-anthropoid ape—in other words, an ape superior to the existing apes of the world, including the gorilla and chimpanzee of Africa. About these two and their startling intelligence much has recently been written. "John Daniel," the clever gorilla who died last year in America of a broken heart, due to separation from his teacher and beloved friend, Miss Cunningham, we all remember; while vaudeville-performing chimpanzees are known to all school children.

This new fossil ape, that Dr. Dart tentatively names "*Australopithecus Africanus*" (or "southern ape of Africa"), possessed, it would seem, an intelligence greater and more human than even the educated John Daniel. And though the "Missing Link" is still missing as far as Africa is concerned, yet there can be no question that the broken space in the chain has been greatly shortened by the two epoch-making fossils coming to light in South Africa in the last four years.

From the lime-impregnated "Broken Hill" mine in Northern Rhodesia there was fortunately rescued, quite by accident in 1921, that most ape-like human fossil so far known from Africa, the "*Homo rhodesiensis*"; now late in 1924 that most manlike ape so far discovered anywhere, *Australopithecus Africanus*, was rescued but more deliberately from a lime cliff at Taungs and not more than 600 miles in a southeasterly direction from the site of the other find. Geographically the broken space in the chain is much shortened. Biologically also, according to the two anatomists most capable of speaking, the broken space in the chain is shortened greatly.

Homo rhodesiensis, whose front and left profile are reproduced herewith in extremely clear photographs, was found in 1921 among many fossil bones of animals at a level of 90 feet below the surrounding plain. A small conical hill with an open fissure from near the top to the bottom and with a tunnel-like horizontal grotto meeting this fissure at right angle on the ground level, was being mined away by the Rhodesia Broken Hill Development Company, Ltd., when a workman found the remarkable human skull. Near at hand were also recovered, after the skull was handed over to the manager, a complete tibia or shin bone, a sacrum or lower part of the spinal column, the two ends of a broken femur or thigh bone, and part of a lower jaw—but a slighter jaw than belonged to the recovered skull. The bones, human and animal, in that extensive cache or natural pocket, were so completely incrusted with silicate of zinc that they were being "mined" and went into the smelter. However, broken animal bones which had been used for food by man and crude implements of stone and bone were recovered in small quantity after the skull was found. What priceless human records have been destroyed in the mining operations no one will ever know. But "spilt milk" is already spilled, and the world is thankful for those parts of the Rhodesian man rescued and given to science.



"Not an ape-like man," but "a man-like ape": the Taungs skull—a diop-tographic tracing of the right side (reduced).

The originals are now in the British Museum in South Kensington, London. I there measured the skull February 10. At once it will be noted that the face is massive with practically no forehead. In fact, in this regard it is the most ape-like of all human skulls now known. Also it is the most ape-like in its massive face. The face is also broader than it is high as measured in the height shown best in the profile view. One notices at once also the large sockets for the eyes, which, as great caverns, glare from beneath their ape-like excessive brow-ridges. In no other skull are the ridges so pitted over their entire front surface—pitted for the attachment of strong muscles. The nasal opening is characteristic of only tropical man and apes today, being extremely broad—though the nasal bones (seen in profile) proclaim a rather prominent nose for the living possessor.

The depth of the bones below the nasal opening is also great and approaches that of the gorilla—rather than the modern man. The lower jaw, not found, was undoubtedly practically chinless—as in the other early varieties of mankind and the apes. The brain-cavity in the skull is probably somewhat less than 1,300 cubic centimeters, but is clearly human and entirely outside and above the possible range in volume of any living or fossil ape. The teeth were all present at the time the man died, though one was lost apparently at the time the skull was rescued. They are distinctly human teeth—not ape-like. The palate between the two rows of teeth is also entirely human. The teeth are interesting also in that all except the two central incisors or front teeth, and the left third molar or back tooth have cavities. No other early human teeth show this disease called "caries"—supposed heretofore to have been a modern invention developed largely to torture mankind and make the contemporary dentist necessary and rich as well.

Thus in the most cursory way the skull of the 1921 ape-like man of Africa is brought before us.

The 1924 African fossil ape is distinctly humanoid in characteristics, rather than ape-like. The skull, both in cranium and in face, is harmonious—being long and narrow or dolicocephalic. The eye sockets or orbits are practically round—or humanoid, instead of ape-like. The nasal bones or those forming the bridges of the nose are high up on the face as in man, rather than low down as in the anthropoid apes. The teeth are also more like those of men than those of apes. The lower jaw, much of which also was fortunately recovered, is surprisingly manlike—though there are also ape-like characteristics, as its chinlessness. The skull was also carried more upright above the neck and shoulders, rather than in the forward and drooping position characteristic of the anthropoid apes.

This position of better balance for the head is made certain by the more central placement of the *foramen magnum* or the large opening in the under surface of skulls which marks the spot where the head sits on the spinal column. This better-balanced carriage of the head compels the belief that this new-found African ape walked in a more erect position than do the gorillas and chimpanzees which, though they do not "run on all fours," yet balance themselves while traveling on the ground by steadying their tottering steps by touching the earth now and then with their knuckles. However, in spite of these hitherto undiscovered manlike characteristics of apes, *Australopithecus Africanus* was not a man, neither was he the "Missing Link"—which is still missing. This fact is proved beyond any quibble because much is known about the brain of this new ape.

Most fortunately the hardening of lime into rock, in the extensive lime cliff where the skull was found, had filled about three-fourths of the brain cavity of the skull. This cast of the fossil ape's brain was recovered—in fact, it was the binding of the brain cast which first called attention to the probability that bone fragments of the skull could perhaps be rescued. Dr. Keith presents data showing from the brain cast of this new fossil that its possessor was an ape and not a man. For the sake of better placing this fossil more or less closely in its proper place between living apes and modern man, I reproduce below some of his figures from *The Times*, London, February 7, 1925. It must, of course, be borne in mind that, whereas there is no evidence that with normal men larger brains mean greater intelligence than smaller brains, it is nevertheless true that there is an average (or better, a mean) size for the human brain, and there is also a lower limit to the size of the normal human brain. The largest brain of any living ape is far smaller than that of any normal man—modern, ancient, primitive, fossil, or what not.

Brain Size in Cubic Centimeters		
Mankind from	950 to	1,900
Mankind, average of modern, about		1,580
Gorillas from	370 to	620
Chimpanzees from	320 to	490

According to Dr. Keith the brain capacity of the new ape, when mature, could not have been greater than that of the mature gorilla. The specimen recovered is of a young and not matured individual. There are also centers in the human brain where the faculty is located which controls speech. The brain cast recovered shows that the ape did not possess articulate speech like mankind, any more than do the living apes. However, it does show that, unlike any of the living apes, it did possess the eye-control for stereoscopic vision quite as in man, and also the much greater use of its hands

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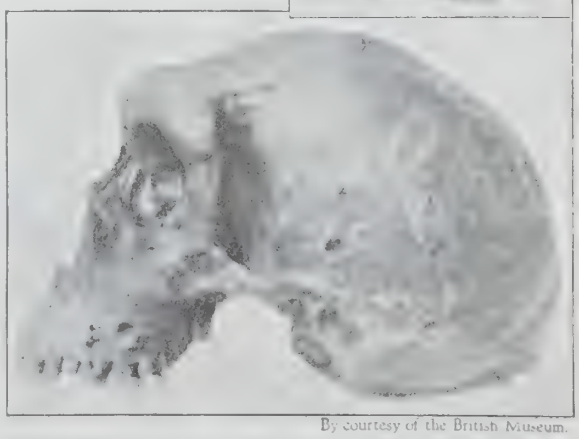


By courtesy of the British Museum.

Photographs of front (above) and left side (below) views of skull of Rhodesian man, showing large face with prominent brow-ridges; less than one-half natural size.

With Our Rulers in Washington

By McKEE BARCLAY

NOW that the Coolidge Administration is getting under way, the politicians of both parties are watching the straws which are to show the direction of the wind for the next four years.

Among other phases of the new régime, the recent rise to power of the Honorable Herbert Hoover is an interesting topic of conversation. Mr. Hoover's primary sphere of influence is, of course, the Department of Commerce, of which he is the head, but he has found other fields of activity and is by way of becoming something of a Pooh Bah. The remark was made in very high quarters the other day that "he puts his spoon in everybody's coffee cup." Several years ago there was some conflict of authority between his department and the Federal Trade Commission. An obliging Congress curtailed the Commission's authority and transferred certain rights of supervision, not to the Department of Commerce, but to the Agricultural Department.

Mr. Hoover next discovered that there was a twilight zone on the borderland between his department and the Agricultural Department. News stories which had all the earmarks of inspired propaganda began to appear.

Newspaper readers learned that Mr. Hoover was going to have a man to his liking at the head of the Agricultural Department or know the reason why. And it was so. A Hoover man who is expected to play Joseph to Mr. Hoover's Pharaoh got the job. When Mr. Coolidge needed a new Secretary of the Navy Mr. Hoover suggested that he appoint his friend and fellow Californian, Curtis D. Wilbur, and the suggestion was adopted. With friends to the right of him and friends to the left of him, Mr. Hoover has achieved an importance at Cabinet meetings which makes some people wonder if it has attracted the President's notice at all.

The Dutch Uncle talk which Mr. Dawes had given the members of the Senate has been kept fresh in the minds of everyone by subsequent events. "It is not," he had said, "for the Vice-President to be personally concerned with the interests of political parties or with the policies or projects involved in legislative action, save in that unusual contingency where, under the Constitution, it becomes necessary for him to cast the deciding vote in case of a tie."

When the tie vote came on Mr. Warren's nomination Mr. Dawes was not there to decide the tie. "I was peacefully snoozing," he ruefully explained. Those who were offended by Mr. Dawes having put his finger on an old Senate sore spot are deriving much comfort as well as amusement from another source. As is well known, the Vice-President is supposed to owe his seat among the mighty to the fact that he walked the floor before a gathering of Congressmen and newspapermen with his hands in his pockets, a cigar in his mouth, a scowl on his brow and cuss-words streaming from his mouth. The he-man reputation gained by this Hell and Maria incident is being badly hurt just now by the circulation of a typewritten copy of a quotation from Mr. Dawes' *magnum opus,* "A Journal of the Great War," an autobiographical account of the author's important services in France.

"During the war," the quotation reads, "in our inter-allied conferences, whenever I happened to represent our Commander-in-Chief and our army, which was frequently, I soon came to employ certain methods to secure early decision. Where the conference was confronted by the necessity of agreement on something involving a sacrifice to one of the parties and a bitter difference was inevitable, I always endeavored to precipitate immediately the issue in the clearest and most distinct way. By smoking cigars, by great emphasis, by occasional profanity, no matter how dignified the gathering or impressive the surroundings, I generally got everybody in discussion of the very crux of the question in the first half-hour. My disregard of the conventions was studied and with a purpose." Mr. Dawes' vicious attacks on all forms of demagogry during the presidential campaign are being recalled with great gusto by those who read this confession of his habit of staging his hair-on-the-chest plays.

The ruthlessness with which the party steam-roller was used to flatten out the Progressive Senators, though later partially atoned for, is indicative of the real state of mind of the Republican leaders. They feel that in view of the sixteen million votes cast for Mr. Coolidge his administration is on its own and has a mandate to run wild, if it so chooses. A landslide victory is never an unmixed blessing to the party which it places in power. It brings with it temptations to arrogance. The craftiness and sanity that must go with successful political leadership are apt to be relegated to the limbo of unnecessary arts and crafts.

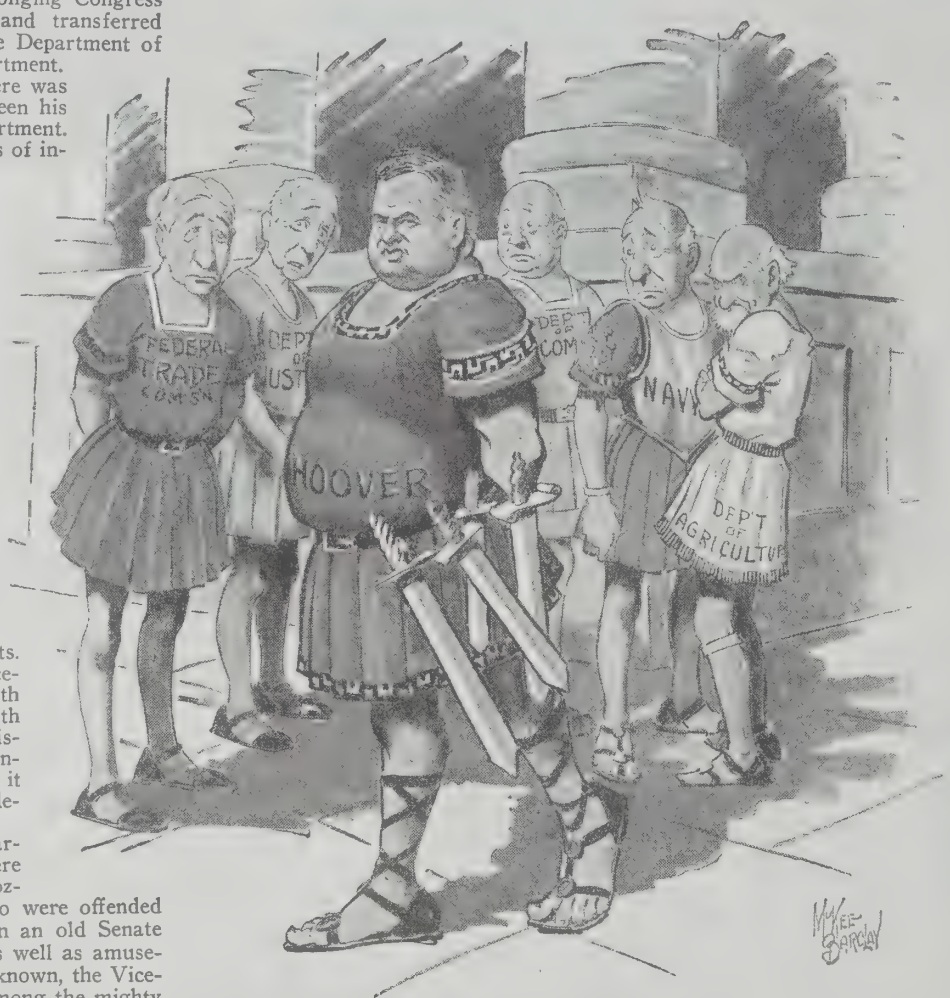
Before the election returns were officially announced word came from the White House that at least two important commissions were to be purged of offending elements. The Tariff Commission and the Federal Trade Commission were named as the targets for executive disciplining. The latter was said to have offended by charging that Mr. Mellon's Aluminum Company of America was a monopoly and was using unfair trade practices. The commission was accused of attempting to influence the election in favor of the Democrats by the exposé. Later, to the surprise of its friends and its foes, the new Attorney-General, Mr. Stone, indorsed its action. Word had been passed around that a way would be found to rid the Trade Commission of the one western minority member who has for some time past been playing a Horatio-at-the-Bridge rôle. This anti-monopoly member is still at his post but a vacancy which occurred recently gave opportunity for the appointment of a safe pro-monopoly man.

In the case of the Tariff Commission there is a different story to tell. David J. Lewis, a most useful Democratic member, is gone, but in his place the President has put a man who is said to be a sincere low-tariff man, thus maintaining the bipartisan composition of the commission. The menace of the threat seems to have disappeared.

The registering of public sentiment, as evidenced by current comment, seems to prove that President Coolidge's three major policies, Economy, Tax Reduction, and Participation in the World Court seem to have been well received. The big vote of confidence given to him may influence Congress to follow his leadership but if he is to meet the same opposition that was accorded him by the Sixty-Eighth Congress his trio of policies are in grave danger. The forcing out by Congress of the Oil Report which he had pigeonholed since last June is an evidence that the men at the other end of the avenue are not under complete discipline. The facts given in this report by the Federal Trade Commission, the report of the Interior Department showing the record-breaking production of oil and gasoline, the knowledge that the facts secured in the investigation started by the Department of Justice a full year ago have been kept secret—all furnishing topics of interest just at the time when the Tea Pot Dome trial is being featured in the newspapers—lead one to think that the Oil and Gasoline Problem may force itself in as Number Four in Mr. Coolidge's list of policies before his term of office is finished.

Comment on the activities of the minority party must necessarily be of the short-horse-soon-curried type. The Democratic leaders—if there be any worthy of the name—are still floundering in the Slough of Despond into which they walked last summer. Like a scattered covey of frightened quail, they are giving the get-together call. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Al Smith's *alter ego,* has issued a call for a conference of party leaders but the move has been interpreted by the McAdoo men as a ruse to increase the Smith prestige and the deadlock is on again. Most of the Democrats in the House and Senate feel that a watchful waiting policy should be followed. They are hoping that the Republican leaders, drunk with power, will kick the Democratic party upstairs. Just at present the Democratic party is as dead as the Third Party Movement—which, paradoxically speaking, is at an absolute standstill.

The Diet of the Great.



Now, in the name of all the gods at once, upon what meat doth this, our Caesar, feed, that he has grown so great? *Julius Caesar,* Act I, Scene II.

McGuffey's Maxims

Little Tales of Conduct From the Famous School Reader of the Last Generation

THE BIRDS SET FREE

1. A MAN was walking one day through the streets of a city. He saw a boy with a number of small birds for sale, in a cage.

2. He looked with sadness upon the little prisoners, flying about the cage, peeping through the wires, and trying to get out.

3. He stood, for some time, looking at the birds. At last, he said to the boy, "How much do you ask for your birds?"

4. "Fifty cents apiece, sir," said the boy. "I do not mean how much apiece," said the man, "but how much for *all* of them. I want to buy them all."

5. The boy began to count, and found they came to

five dollars. "There is your money," said the man. The boy took it, well pleased with his morning's trade.

6. No sooner was the bargain settled, than the man opened the cage door, and let all the birds fly away.

7. The boy, in great surprise, cried, "What did you do that for, sir? You have lost all your birds."

8. "I will tell you why I did it," said the man. "I was shut up three years in a French prison, as a prisoner of war, and I am resolved never to see any thing in prison which I can make free."

He Is Earthquake Prophet

Concluded from page 2

that when the volcanic force becomes great enough, it will all go. The submersion may be piecemeal at first, as in the case of Japan, but the rest will soon follow."

A short time ago we referred to Dr. Nobles as versed in the secrets of austromancy, or divination by the winds. This statement is slightly inaccurate. Although it is true that he links winds and their direction to earth disturbances, he cannot tell from them what *will* take place. Rather, he says, it is a case of what *is* going on at that time. Numerous erroneous reports have been published to the effect that Dr. Nobles predicts his earthquakes through his study of the winds.

"When volcanic fires are raging beneath the surface of the earth," he declares, "they heat the surrounding crust and cause columns of hot air to rise. A condition resembling a vacuum is thus created, and this causes winds to blow in that direction from distant points.

"Therefore, when I noticed that a wind, which has been blowing toward the south steadily for days, veers suddenly and blows with great intensity toward Iceland, I feel morally certain that something is happening in the great volcano of Hecla there.

"But, it should be kept in mind that the winds blow *after* or *during* the disturbance and not before. Hence, it can hardly be said that they presage the volcanic activity."

Although he is chary of admitting it, the likelihood is that Dr. Nobles predicts his earthquakes through some unknown, unexplained inner sense which we cannot fathom or understand. It is a well-known and admitted fact that persons often have premonitions of danger, of calamities about to happen to themselves or to those close to them.

It may be that in Dr. Nobles' subconscious mind this premonitory instinct has taken a queer twist, due possibly to the intensive study he has made of the earth's surface, so that he foretells disasters to the earth rather than to himself. Surely this would be no more strange than a number of other supposedly inexplicable matters of similar import, and no doubt the Freudians have a glib explanation all ready for just such cases.

It will be interesting to watch the outcome of these prophecies. It may be, as some contend, that Dr. Nobles has no scientific basis for his assumptions and that he is merely extraordinarily lucky in his prophecies.

But it is also well to remember that Noah was derided by his fellows, and that the men of his day once laughed at Newton.

Mr. Ford's Page

ONE of the errors made by publicists is the confusion of public opinion with the public mind. The difference between public opinion and public conviction may be the poles apart. The thick of the world may exist between what is public feeling today and what is the underlying public *belief* yesterday, today and tomorrow.

This has been found true, to their sorrow, by men who have tried to mislead the public by appeals to credulity, superstition or spite. The magician has appealed to credulity, the religious fakir to superstition, the political demagogue to their spite. Yet none of these has been continuously successful, because of the insistence of the inquiring mind of the people. A wave of mind, this way or that, may be started, but no wave of human mind blows continuously in any direction except that of the truth. You may get today's public opinion on your side; can you get tomorrow's public conviction?

Any observer of our American life, enlightened as it is, will see ample illustration of these statements. It is probably less easy than it was a few years ago to rouse public opinion, yet there are signs that the manifold agencies organized to regiment public expression are fairly successful in achieving their ends. It is much easier to get public expression (which is the modern goal) than to get public opinion, which some years ago was the goal sought. That is to say, whereas it was once necessary to engender a public opinion before a public expression could be hoped for, it is now possible to get a public expression without the time and labor necessary to create a public opinion. Any secretary of a pacifist organization can give illustrations of how this works.

In this country we have passed through several grades of opinion on the economic side of things. And to most of us the economic side means business and industry. These are, of course, but appearances, parts, manifestations of economics, but for the casual thinker they stand for the whole thing. It may be worth while to remember that the central economic problem was here before modern industry made its appearance, and that it will remain when modern industry has adapted and purged itself and become an acceptable, proved and wholesome, not to say necessary, part of life.

The entire danger resident in popular resentment against being misled in these matters, to which reference will presently be made, arises from the short-sighted selfishness of men who satisfy themselves that verbal explanations which are accepted by the public are sufficient to satisfy the moral demand for a more adequately social situation.

To put it another way: in this country we have seen a period when the people, ourselves, of course, among them, were roused against business. Business, like a boisterous boy in his first long trousers, was carrying itself quite proudly, with an insufficient regard for some of the finer qualities in which everyone has an interest. And, as the expressed disregard of friends is potent to effect a change upon the schoolboy, and as, in addition, he is also growing more mature and coming to a development of his own mind, so business heeded criticism and, in addition, benefited by a maturity of wisdom in its own quarters.

This enabled business to pass what might have been, and which in a sense undoubtedly was, a crisis. The immaturity of many business methods and the rise of better business men who repudiated the worst of the old methods justified the public mind in reaching a decision that what they regarded as deliberate and organized wickedness was merely a form of business ignorance.

This briefly, and perhaps inadequately, sketches a period in the history of the American mind which makes our people the best educated in industrial and economic questions of any people on the globe. Almost every other people can be classified as having met these same questions; no other people can be classified as having tackled them and dealt with them. Other peoples, perhaps, have charged these questions wildly, poured out their political or revolutionary resentment without stint, but have returned to their normal state with no more knowledge or power than they had when they set out. They have felt the wrongness of the condition; they have achieved only the most crude and altogether impractical ideas of the remedy.

Observers who declare that the American people are socially dull, because they have not during recent years inaugurated the same disorders that have marked other people, overlook the fact that the American economic consciousness is balanced by a high degree of economic knowledge, and that this functions in two directions: first, in preventing the development among us of abuses such as may arise among more backward civilizations and, second, in enabling us to deal more efficiently with such abuses as may creep in and call for our attention. Among competent people you don't need a revolution every time you require to open up a road.

In the last presidential campaign considerable attention was given to the American idea of business. It was not so much a plea from business to be given a chance, as it was a plea from the people themselves that real constructive business be released from the suspicion and hindrance under which it had progressed. The idea was hailed with general agreement. People recognized that industry was so vitally interwoven with our daily welfare that it was no longer an element to be attacked but one to be nurtured. And the recognition, general as it was and phrased in all the terms of common sense and good will, was very pleasant.

The pleasure was due no doubt in part to public satisfaction that as a people we could come to a constructive state of mind concerning industry, but a strong element in the pleasure was the public belief that it was the new era in business that was being proclaimed, not the old errors that were being enthroned again. No man understanding the situation will suggest that this was not part of the public belief, that it was the new, American idea in business that was being given the free highway of American confidence.

Has that hope been fulfilled? Has that confidence been justified? Voices are heard here and there asking these questions. A thought is creeping through the convolutions of the national mind that it is the old style of business, the exploiting and profiteering type, which has stepped in to take the place of what the people thought was promised. And it must be said that this thought has ample justification. There are men who seem to think that the new attitude of the public mind toward business means that the public has laid down its enmity toward the old abuses in business; that the present period means a tranquil truce with evil. Nothing could be more mistaken, as the issue will show.

It is not to warn officials in power that this is written. If they do not see, no mere warning will open their eyes. But it is worth while to say to the people that though their prophetic forecast may seem to be delayed, it really is not. They were right in their expectation, and what they looked for will come to pass. Every bad system must ripen before it rots. If there seems to be, politically, a revival of the old forms of business, it can be but for a brief period. The very times are against it. The old theories will not longer operate. Exploiters are here, just as they always were, but the conditions have changed. Conditions have changed to such an extent that profiteering has come to be the only unprofitable thing. The game itself has turned upon its players.

IN THIS country there has been a period when people were aroused against business, so business heeded criticism and benefited by a maturity of wisdom within itself. This convinced the public mind that what they had regarded as organized wickedness was merely a form of business ignorance. The American mind recognized that industry is so vitally interwoven with our daily welfare that it is no longer an element to be attacked. But a thought is now creeping through the public mind that it is the old style of business, the exploiting and profiteering type, which has stepped in to take the place of what was promised. But if there seems to be politically a revival of the old forms of business, conditions have changed so much that profiteering has come to be the only unprofitable thing.

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Who Says "Conference"?

THERE has been no loud call, nor even a modest call, from the people of the United States for another disarmament conference, or reduction of armament conference, or armament conference, or whatever the wordsmiths may decide to name it, and yet announcements seem to indicate that such a conference will be held. Of course, any time the President of the United States calls a meeting, it will be attended; but the purpose of calling a meeting, at least in the American sense, is to get something done. And there is no prospect of getting anything done by meetings in the immediate future. Was the Harding Conference such a very good thing for the strong and peaceable nations of the world, that it can afford to be repeated? Or are these conferences becoming a sort of fixed ritual, like the inauguration parade?

These are questions, and they do not indicate hostility to the proposal; they do, however, represent a state of mind on the part of the American people. Who wants the conference? Who is it that keeps urging the President to call a conference? Why is it that nowhere in the United States can you hear "conference," except out of occasional Washington dispatches? One wonders if sometimes the continuous buzz of paid pacifist organizations in Washington rises to so loud and insistent a sound that the President mistakes it for the voice of the people? That is the peril of residing in Washington. It is so easy to mistake the propagandist for the people. One press agency removes its men from the Capital city at frequent intervals to prevent their being poison-gassed and succumbing to the Washington point of view. It might even be a good thing for Presidents to live among the people and go to Washington only as the priest enters the holy of holies, to perform his office, bringing the mind of the people with him.

It will not be gainsaid that "conference" is not a national suggestion at this time and is not felt to be a national need. Nor is it felt to promise any benefit internationally. If the President really intends to call such a meeting, it would be the part of prudence to take his own people into his confidence as to his reasons, so that when the visiting foreigners arrive they might feel themselves to be the guests of the people of the United States as well as of the official coterie at Washington. The people having already voted and done their part, this inclusion of them into further confidence might not be deemed necessary. It would, however, be advisable.

A Vision of the Future

THE loss, through revolution, of position, power, and estate has the effect of making many noblemen mad. They go to foreign capitals, borrow money, dissipate, shout prophecies to the press, see in every politician's sympathy the prelude of a successful counter-revolution, in every adventurer the hero of an immediate restoration of the good old days. And so, babbling, they die.

Others become philosophical like Plato and Heraclitus of Ephesus, but the crowd swept them and their aristocratic brethren aside.

Like these Greeks of old, a nobleman of our day, Count Hermann von Keyserling, was dispossessed by a revolutionary mob; and like them he has taken to philosophizing. The *Living Age* tells us that, his estates in Russia having been confiscated, he moved to Germany, and there at present is conducting a school of philosophy resembling those which flourished in ancient Greece.

Speaking of Europe today, he says:

> "Every government is burdened with such heavy obligations that even under the most favorable circumstances it can barely meet them .... On the other hand, economic Europe, if left to itself, can easily recover. A great modern business organization, especially if it rests on a supernational basis, is already a Great Power, against which no political government of today can measure itself on equal terms."

The first phase of the movement will end, the Count concludes, with the creation of an economically cohesive United States of Europe. And ultimately, he sees the great supernational industries stretching economic nets over the entire world, making countries economically interdependent; while racial and national differences will tend to become more accentuated, wars more difficult to start, cultures more proudly contrasting than ever before. Eternal conflict on cultural and intellectual grounds, but on those more material, industry and peace.

Whether or not the Count's vision of the future will be realized, his grasp of the trends of the present day seems admirably firm. It is a pity that the world's very political politicians cannot find time to visit his school, one thinks, that they might for a few minutes come into contact with his fundamental and practical imagination, and return less eager to erect antiquated castles of political cards in a world that craves sound theory, applicable truth.

Not Trash, But the Classics

IN BOSTON recently Mrs. Fiske with an all-star cast played Sheridan's "The Rivals." There has been no such acting of the great comedy, one of the two or three greatest in the English language, since Joseph Jefferson, Julia Marlowe and Mrs. Drew, the mother of John, Lionel and Ethel Barrymore, played it in 1896. At the end of the second act (in Boston) there were *thirty-four* curtain calls, and finally the entire audience stood, thrilled by the great acting, and by the realization that on this very night, 150 years ago, in London at Covent Garden Theater, this play was first played, the work of an Irish boy 23 years old, now long since buried in Westminster Abbey. Apparently "being dead he yet liveth."

We are better than the critics of the race are wont to think. The readers of the Chicago *Tribune*, when that paper asked them—expecting them to cry "yes, yes" with eager avidity—"Shall we broadcast to you by radio the Leopold-Loeb trial completely as it proceeds?" voted an emphatic NO. This year all the plays that have been sent out on tour from New York have been financial failures except two, and they are not the trash but the classics: Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac," with Walter Hampden playing Cyrano, and Sheridan's "The Rivals," which broke the box office receipts records of thirty years in Philadelphia.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, the Ford International Weekly, published weekly at Dearborn, Michigan, for April 1, 1925, State of Michigan, County of Wayne, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Fred L. Black, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are:

Publisher, The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan; Editor, W. J. Cameron, Dearborn, Michigan; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, Fred L. Black, Dearborn, Michigan.

2. That the owners holding one per cent or more of the stock are:

The Ford Motor Company of Delaware; Henry Ford, Dearborn, Michigan; E. G. Liebold, Detroit, Michigan; Clifford B. Longley, Royal Oak, Michigan.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: none.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders, who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

FRED L. BLACK,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 6th day of April, 1925.

[SEAL]

J. EMMET HALL,
(My Commission expires September 21, 1928.)

Cinemania

A LIST of motion pictures slated for production, or recently released, made public on March 29, shows conclusively that no country's producers can compete with ours in the exudation of sensational celluloid.

"Idle Tongues," "Learning to Love," "Playing With Souls," "Enticement," "The City That Never Sleeps," "The Garden of Weeds," "Tongues of Flame," "Locked Doors," "Too Many Kisses," "Cheap Kisses," "Tainted Souls," "Flashing Spurs," "Parisian Nights," "The Sporting Venus," "A Cafe in Cairo," "Dangerous Pleasure," "The Robes of Sin"—these are a few choice selections from a list of about three hundred items. And rather more than less.

Three hundred items, eighty per cent of which are at best obvious cheapjack. Two hundred and forty animated demonstrations at length of the bankrupt imagination in all its gaudy, toothless glory. Billed to be, or in the process of being, broadcast in thousands of cinema transmitting stations throughout the world.

Marked even to their titles with the emaciation of the minds that conceived them—if such labels as "Flashing Spurs," "Galloping Vengeance," "Thundering Hoofs," "Cheap Kisses," and "Too Many Kisses," don't point to a mere mechanical mortising of violent words, to what do they point?—these films go forth further to stultify millions already stunned by the perpetual impact of the headlines and feature sections of a sensational press.

To the producers of this deadening stuff come not only monetary rewards. In the warmth of its fellow-feeling, the press treats the verbal struttings and considered eccentricities of magnates, directors and actors with the breathless enthusiasm once reserved for the most masterly of master minds. Mere clothes racks, who in an age of taste would be told peremptorily to go back to the laundry or barber shop, receive encomiums which honest and intelligent critics would hesitate to bestow on so many Garricks and Warfields.

Perhaps it would be best if we should solve this problem within our borders by inaugurating a quiet but powerful campaign of non-co-operation. But there's no use of other countries treating it thus. Let them drop at once their speculations as to the best way of dealing with imports from Hollywood and vicinity, and place a prohibitive tariff on all incoming garbage, regardless of the form it takes. That will turn the trick.

Exploring Other Worlds

THAT there are "more things in heaven and earth than is dreamt of in our philosophy" has become a platitude even to millions of human beings to whom this planet is the beginning and end of all things. But the expansive pressure of growth is causing an increased sense of the limitations of this world.

It can be completely encircled by land, circumnavigated by sea or air, within a few weeks. But at mention of air travel a new possibility arises: Will man, as master of the air, be content always to stay within the atmosphere of earth? The field of travel by land or water is limited. Space is boundless. Will airmen sometimes take off and start for other planetary stations in the Solar system? Will an aerial Columbus set sail for new worlds?

A German scientist, Professor Hermann Oberth not only thinks that it is feasible to reach such a comparatively near-at-hand body as the Moon, but thinks that possibly the time is not far off when we shall be making excursions into space and engaging in an exploration of the firmament. Professor Oberth thinks that the problem of reaching the moon is merely the problem of "attaining the neutral zone where the earth's pulling power ceases to exist." He says, however, that first of all a combustible must be discovered capable of projecting an object at such a speed that it will attain this neutral zone, calculated at 225,000 miles distance, for which a velocity of between 4,000 and 5,000 meters a second will be necessary. He says that for the journey into space a steel-cased, hermetically sealed rocket of the dimensions of a Zeppelin would be necessary, fitted with a laboratory and all necessary equipment.

It all sounds rather impossible to us now, but heavier-than-air machines were also "impossible" a little while ago. There's no telling! We may be well within the truth by saying that we of this generation shall never accomplish it, but new generations come, and with them the elements of new and greater adventures.

Are You on the Fake Stock Sucker List?

"Written Guaranties" as a Potent Weapon of the Financial Parasite

This is the third of a series of short articles on the "Fallacies of Finance."

YOU take up your morning's mail. In a plain white, seemingly harmless envelope you discover a circular. It starts out by citing how $100 invested in the Such-and-Such Company (always one of the great industrial enterprises of the country) in a comparatively short time netted the lucky investor $10,000 to $100,000.

It is a never-failing earmark of promotion literature that it tells of a million or so, made by somebody or other, who "got in on the ground floor" of This-or-That Company. Nearly always the instances cited are exaggerated beyond reason, the facts are distorted and the appeal is written with a complete understanding of the cupidity of human nature.

At the bottom of the circular you read of a new industrial venture which is going to make its initial stockholders inordinately wealthy. All you have to do is fill out the accompanying coupon and a block of stock will be reserved for you. If this is your first circular holding out promises of great fortune with the least expenditure of effort and money, take notice; you have been placed upon the Sucker List and your mail henceforth will be heavy and your pocketbook lighter if you listen to the glittering promises held forth.

The writer spent a number of years learning the rudiments of finance and was financial editor of a daily newspaper before he one day awoke to the fact he was on a Sucker List.

It was during the hectic days of the Texas and Oklahoma oil promotions; before the Federal Government took a hand and brought to justice Doctor Frederick Cook, of North Pole fame, and others engaged in the same nefarious business—about 2 per cent of the total promoters busy swindling the public being brought to trial and prosecuted.

One day in my mail I received what purported to be a copy of a petroleum periodical. There were headlines in red and subheads in black and the "news matter" below told of the many mergers which were going on in the oil industry. Hundreds of companies were being consolidated. If you held stock in a defunct concern all you had to do was send it in with 25 per cent or more in cash and receive stock in a new "live company." These new companies were very much alive—until the Department of Justice operatives took a hand in the game.

I proceeded to make inquiry in this city of slightly more than 100,000 population and discovered that among the business and professional men questioned no less than seventy-nine were receiving literature or oil newspapers from the southern producing fields. The professional men (known among stock swindlers everywhere as easymarks) were in the majority and quite a number had responded to the "Call of the Gusher."

Further investigation revealed that a number of the more progressive promoters had formed their companies in northern states and were just then campaigning the State of Michigan. The State Securities Commission and even some of the shrewdest brokers who desired to protect their clients were taken in and the stock salesman was reveling in the harvest. But in time the oil fiasco was relegated to the dark pages of financial history and the stock swindlers moved north.

It was a short time later that a young woman employed by the newspaper came to me and asked advice regarding an "investment." The stock had been approved by the Michigan State Securities Commission. The commission "guaranteed it," the young lady (we shall call her Miss B) said the stock salesman told her. I was immediately suspicious because the securities commission of any state would refuse to "guarantee" even a government bond.

At the next meeting between Miss B and the salesman (he did not hesitate to approach her in the newspaper office) I contrived to be in close proximity, and I heard the convincing arguments set forth by this son of Wallingford tending to show that she could not help but realize a fortune from a few hundred dollars invested in this concern which was to manufacture paper plates, knives and forks, and many other things.

Miss B. was an able actress. She feigned the reasonable amount of doubt regarding the "investment" until the salesman offered to give her a "WRITTEN GUARANTY." This was an agreement by which he would buy the stock back from her at the price sold within two months if it had not increased 100 per cent in value. Why, according to this, Miss B couldn't lose. If the stock increased in value she sold out and made a profit and if it didn't the salesman was bound to buy her stock back at the price she paid.

This was my first experience with the WRITTEN GUARANTY—a device of the financial parasite calculated to "take in" the unsophisticated nine times out of ten.

An investigation revealed how this new device of the "get-rich-quick" artists was being abused in the City of F———; and throughout the country, if this one city was any indication. This city had been the birthplace of a number of the larger motor corporations. It had a number of citizens who had become independently wealthy through investment in stock companies. It was a paradise for fake stock promoters.

Domestic and foreign stock salesmen began to give WRITTEN GUARANTIES until there was an epidemic of them. A subsequent campaign sent a number of these salesmen to jail but the WRITTEN GUARANTIES were never made good and the public as usual paid the price of its folly.

It was at this time that the writer was offered a proposition by one of the admittedly shrewdest stock swindlers operating in the state. It is with reluctance I look back to having refused the offer, for the opportunity of learning the psychology of the financial parasite at close range may never come again.

But I learned something of this business and the schemes which are used to part the unsophisticated from their money, such as, petering, electing, and the telephone approach.

Values "Secured by Actual Wealth"

By MARCUS T. WOODRUFF

TWO friends recently were discussing the matter of the issue of money. One, an ardent advocate of direct government notes, found it impossible to convince the other that obligations of the government were a better security than the forms of commercial paper by depositing which the Federal Reserve System is permitted to issue its notes, guaranteed by the government.

"Commercial paper has actual wealth behind it," declared the unconvinced man.

"But would the notes issued upon it be acceptable as money if the government did not guarantee it and declare it would maintain it on a parity with gold?" asked the reformer.

"Of course not, but the government is secured for its indorsement."

"True; but what is back of that indorsement?"

"The commercial paper."

"If that were sufficient, why is the indorsement necessary?"

"I can't explain that. All I know is that we have the best money in the world, and I don't want any experiments. You fellows would, if you could, turn every government bond into currency, and then what?"

"Is the government able to owe twenty billion?"

"Of course it is."

"What difference does it make whether it owes it on an interest-bearing bond or a non-interest-bearing note, so far as its ability to owe and pay is concerned?"

"If the entire public debt were in currency, it would depreciate because there would be too much of it."

"How could it, if the government maintained its parity with gold?"

"But the government could not do that."

"And yet you say the government can maintain a bank note at parity with gold to an unlimited amount."

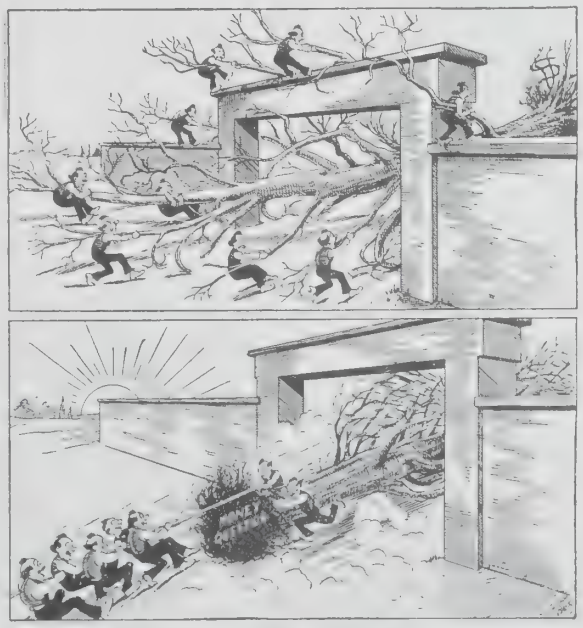
The argument ended here for a time. Neither had touched on the economy of the matter in dispute. The one had correctly stated the source of authority for a medium of exchange; the other ascribed to a certain class a higher degree of responsibility than any group can ever attain. It is possible a few points may be suggested which may tend to clear up what seems to many a difficult problem.

No man in his senses has ever advocated a currency system in which there are no limitations as to representative value and volume. Economists agree that if the standard must be a single commodity, that commodity should be one of the two so-called precious metals—gold or silver. All are also agreed that the paper substitutes for these metals are more convenient and preferable to coin, except in the fractional denominations, for hand-to-hand use, and that bank credits have properly superseded notes and coin in the larger transactions, because of the proprietary interest which they carry and convey, impossible in a note or coin, both of which are bearer credits belonging to the holder, whether stolen, found or acquired legitimately.

To another school of economists may be assigned the believers in a money unit based on the average value of two or more commodities, and to a third those who favor the use of the land as a basis. A fourth and smaller group would base the unit of money on the value of an hour of toil.

The history of money shows that its use has caused constant experimentation to arrive at an equitable medium of exchange, in which that function has been lost sight of in an effort to make it a stable measure of values. Hence we are now confronted with various propositions to stabilize the dollar in purchasing power of commodities which are constantly fluctuating in price, mistakenly supposed to be value.

That the amount of metal in an old-time coin matters little in its performance of the function as a medium



Above—How not to do it. Below—Doing it.

of exchange is exemplified by the English monetary unit, the pound sterling. Originally a pound troy of silver, the term now describes a unit of much smaller value and no material relation to its description as "sterling."

How strikingly inconsistent it is now to hear the statesmen of Great Britain, who have been for several years forcing their country through a drastic deflation to restore the gold parity of the emergency currency of the country, boast of honesty and integrity in the effort! That gold par would have been reached, or, more accurately, that gold value would have dropped to the level in purchasing power of the "Brad" was inevitable. Meanwhile the low-powered pound was doing the internal exchange of the country as well as sterling could. There was little unemployment, and the credit side of contracts was not given an advantage of the debit. Foreign exchange was adjusted to the varying fluctuations of the money of other nations.

British statesmen have not always been so obtuse. They adopted the single gold standard when that metal was the "cheaper" of the two at the legal ratio of coinage, and by thus debasing her *pound sterling* won the monetary prestige they are striving to regain. Intentionally or not, by demonetizing silver she cheapened that metal, and the pendulum was on the swing the other way until the gold discoveries in 1849. These were so great that, fearing American monetary supremacy, her financiers proposed a general demonetization of gold, and but for the refusal of France would have accomplished it.

But this is digression. We were undertaking to show that a currency based upon the good faith and credit of the nation—the words are those of the Federal Constitution—is secure. No sincere citizen will question the good faith of the United States of America. When Shylock hid his gold and silver at a time the dissolution of the Union was sought, Secretary Chase issued his paper promises to pay. The first lot, although of small volume, never sank below gold par, and to this day a few have never been presented for redemption. The succeeding lots were doctored in the Senate by the exemption clause, enabling Shylock to reap a rich premium in trading his gold for means to pay a debt sometimes borrowed in the depreciated currency. The United States deprived of other media of exchange by the National Bank Act followed for years the dictates of Shylock, even to the extent of cutting away half the historic base of all its money.

The credit of a nation is governed by the revenue it can derive from taxation. Taxation is limited by the ability and willingness of the people to be taxed. As was agreed between the disputants whose arguments open this review, nobody questions the ability of this country's credit to float a debt much greater than our present one, provided we pay interest on it; but to have the same debt represented in promises to pay made a legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private, would be wrong, they say. Let us see about it.

Three issues of outstanding government bonds have the circulation privilege. That is, upon deposit in the Treasury, currency will be issued to National Banks in their stead. These bonds are so eagerly sought, although carrying the lowest interest rate of any government obligation, that they have never failed to be quoted above par, when others have fallen far below. To those fearing inflation if all bonds are similarly endowed, it should be sufficient to say that the National Bank note circulation has never reached its authorized limit.

The issue of Reserve Bank currency is limited only by the offerings of eligible commercial paper for deposit in the Treasury, for there is no legal limit. Suppose there is an exchange of notes for bonds in the next financing of maturities, or a Treasury call for bonds to be so redeemed, where would be the danger?

If the entire national debt could be monetized it would cut off an interest charge of more than a billion dollars a year, and income taxes could be abolished with a big saving in the cost of maintaining an inquisition at once undemocratic and unjust.

John St. Helen as John Wilkes Booth

Story of the Saloonkeeper of Hood County, Texas—Fifth Article

By F. L. BLACK

WAS John Wilkes Booth shot in the Garrett barn or was it someone else? Before dealing with the proofs of identification, THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT will give its findings with reference to the claims that the trinity, John St. Helen, of Texas, David George, of Oklahoma, and John Wilkes Booth, of Maryland, were one and the same man.

John St. Helen, of Granbury, Hood County, Texas, claimed that he was John Wilkes Booth. This, according to Finis L. Bates, to whom he made the alleged confession, occurred sometime between 1872 and 1878, while Mr. Bates was a "lawyer yet in his teens."

In January, 1921, a representative of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT had interviews with all persons in Granbury and Glenrose, Texas, who had been there in 1872-1878 or knew anything about John St. Helen, and their sworn statements were taken.

Mr. Bates states that this man St. Helen was one of his first clients and that he ran a saloon at Glenrose Mills, a few miles south of Granbury. Mr. Bates describes a trip to Glenrose made by him as "the orator of the day," with "General J. M. Taylor," at the invitation of St. Helen, for a Fourth of July celebration. (General Taylor, upon investigation, was found to have been an old soldier, who had never risen above the rank of private.)

Bates describes St. Helen as speaking at this meeting in a "full, clear voice," and using "choice and eloquent language." In a later description of St. Helen's voice, Bates says, "All this time his (St. Helen's) breath came hard, almost to a wheeze, superinduced by excitement, or what seemed to be a disease, possibly produced by exposure and bordering upon a bronchial or an asthmatic affliction of the throat and chest."

The history of Hood County says: "St. Helen had a serious impediment in his speech, caused from asthma, so he could rarely speak above a whisper."

D. L. Nutt, who with his brother figured largely in the affairs of Hood County, says that St. Helen had something wrong with his throat, which made him hoarse and wheezy. George M. Wright, also of Granbury, said that "St. Helen wheezed continuously. This wheeze was especially noticeable when he got a little excited."

St. Helen moved his business, about the year 1873, from Glenrose to Granbury and it is upon this point that Mr. Bates takes occasion to plant the suggestion that St. Helen received remittances from some mysterious source: "St. Helen's business did not seem to be a matter of necessity with him, as he at all times appeared to have more money than was warranted by his stock in trade, and he apparently took little interest in it and trusted at all times the waiting on of customers to his Negro or Mexican porter, while he was, in fact, a man of leisure, spending most of his time after his removal to Granbury in my office, reading and entertaining me after business hours, and in our idle moments in many other ways, but his favorite occupation was reading Shakespeare's plays, or rather reciting them as he alone could do."

W. W. Snyder, the man from whom St. Helen purchased the Glenrose saloon, states that the purchase price was one hundred and fifty dollars. D. L. Nutt who, according to old Granbury residents, was one of St. Helen's friends, states that "at no time did St. Helen ever have more money than he could have made in his business."

A. W. Crockett, who worked on the local newspaper, in which St. Helen carried an ad for his saloon, The Black Hawk, said that St. Helen never had any special amount of money and could not have received remittances from outside sources without its becoming known.

Captain J. H. Doyle, a resident of Granbury since 1870, who was in the merchandise business at the time, said that he "never knew or heard of St. Helen having more than an ordinary amount of money."

The theory is, of course, that if Booth were alive and a fugitive, his family or accomplices would be secretly supplying him with funds. Considerable emphasis was placed on these "mysterious remittances" by Mr. Bates, and every possible clue was run down in a vain effort to substantiate his claim. What is said with regard to St. Helen's remittances will serve all later phases of the Booth myth as well.

Mr. Bates, in conversations with the writer, indicated a number of leads that he claimed would prove that the family of John Wilkes Booth was making regular remittances to him as John St. Helen and later as David George. These were all carefully checked. One story will be sufficient to show how easily "delusion" may become "fact."

A man in Missouri had read a copy of the Bates book and thinking he had discovered the destination of funds secretly disposed of by his wife, whose grandfather's name had been Booth, called on Mr. Bates in Memphis. According to Mr. Bates this man suspected that his wife's money was being sent to a brother in Wisconsin, who he claimed was a cousin of John Wilkes Booth and acting as fiscal agent for the Booth family under the name of George E. Smith—the "mysterious Mr. Smith" whom we later discuss. The coincidence in family names was proof conclusive to the man from Missouri and Bates that they were on the right track. The writer was told by Bates that there had been frequent conferences between the alleged Wisconsin cousin and Edwin Booth.

JOHN WILKES BOOTH, above. The tintype of John St. Helen at the left, badly defaced by having been broken, which Bates claims was given him in Granbury, Texas, at the time St. Helen "confessed" he was John Wilkes Booth.

The Missouri man was interviewed in his home town. The story he told the writer did not agree in many details with that reported by Mr. Bates, who had claimed that the Missourian had documentary evidence to support his story, which was denied by this party at our interview. A thorough investigation made at the home of the alleged Wisconsin cousin showed absolutely no connection between his Booth family and that of John Wilkes and his only personal knowledge of Edwin Booth had been across the footlights as a spectator in a Chicago theater.

Mr. Bates asserts that St. Helen continually recited Shakespeare in his saloon and at public entertainments, read theatrical papers and talked about the stage. Was a man "kind in disposition, careless of self, thoughtful of others, leading his own life in soliloquy, reveling in the thoughts of the master minds of the past, was modest, unobtrusive, and congenial, ever pleasant in association with me. He was a social favorite with all with whom he came in contact yet, he was rather a social autocrat than a social democrat. Except for a select few he held all men to the strictest social etiquette, repelling all undue familiarity, refusing all overtures of social equality with even those of the better middle classes of men, but it was done in such a gentle and respectful way that no affront was taken—if such it could be called—it was more pleasant than otherwise, leaving the impression that he would be delighted to be on the most intimate terms with the other, but, as there is nothing in common between us more than a respectful speaking relation, it is an impossibility. And thus he made friends while he drew the social lines and pressed home a consciousness of his own superiority as an entertainer.

"The hours of our social life were pleasantly spent, not by riotous living, but by amusing games of cards, recitations and readings by St. Helen, which were always a great treat, and which he himself seemed to enjoy, as did his friends.

"St. Helen often admitted that in his younger days he sometimes drank to excess of strong whiskies, wines, and so forth, as also decoctions of brandy and cordials, but during our associations I never knew of his taking strong drink of any character, nor did he use tobacco in any form, and in the absence of these habits and tastes we were entirely congenial, as I myself had never cultivated appetites of this character. We were also lovers of literature of the same class, as well as music and the fine arts, and matters pertaining to the stage. We enjoyed the gossip of the stage, and the people of the stage came in for a large share of our attention, especially St. Helen's, who talked much of what he called the old and the new school of acting, with which I became conversant, which greatly pleased St. Helen, who frequently made reference to me as his trained associate, while he would explain that men became congenial by constant association linked together by the common mother, kindred thoughts, the offspring of blended characters."

A. P. Gordon, who came to Hood County in 1871 and who claims that St. Helen worked for him about a year before going into business for himself, does not agree with Mr. Bates' description. He states that "St. Helen kept away from public meetings and crowds, and never to my knowledge took part in any plays or entertainments. He never got dramatic unless warmed up with whisky. He was inclined to quote poetry both when sober and drunk, but I never saw him read any book or have any in his possession. He was considered a very wicked man and always went around with a pistol and knife. *I do not remember that St. Helen and Finis Bates were ever intimately acquainted,* and do not think it could have been possible, due to their difference in age and character. *Bates was just a young green kid and St. Helen was a hardened man of the world of at least forty.* St. Helen did not room here at Granbury in his saloon at night unless gambling all night, which he often did. Occasionally he slept outside, back of his saloon in a wagon, and claimed that he could breathe better when in the open."

Frank Gaston, editor Granbury *News,* said: "I was in Granbury during the time St. Helen was here. I was in his saloon several times, and once or twice I was also in his place at Glenrose. St. Helen was a typical saloon desperado. He had a quick eye and sometimes his eyes were rather wild looking. No one around here at that time thought St. Helen so strange and different, but, of course, many after they heard that he might be John Wilkes Booth thought him quite different."

George W. Wright, another resident, said: "I knew St. Helen quite well while he was here in Granbury. While I remember him quoting poetry, I do not remember of him ever making fine speeches; this would have been impossible anyway on account of his throat."

D. L. Nutt declared that: "He (St. Helen) was particularly a good friend of John Reed, who made most of his living by gambling. I've heard A. S. McCamant, county clerk at the time, say many times: 'St. Helen and Reed are rascals.' St. Helen drank a lot and was awfully drunk several times and could hardly get around. He and Bill McDonald were close friends; in fact, I think it was McDonald who brought St. Helen to Granbury in the first place. McDonald was a drinking and fighting man who got drunk frequently and was quite handy with the knife and cut John Green up pretty badly. St. Helen once started a fight in my place of business with a half-breed Indian by the name of Selvidge. St. Helen came in half-drunk and in a violent and vicious mood. Just how the fight started, I do not know, but the first thing I saw was Selvidge on the floor with 'Saint' on top of him. Bill McDonald was in the saloon and ran up with a knife to aid St. Helen. I grabbed Bill and pushed him out through the front door. When I turned I saw St. Helen going out the back door and found Selvidge back of the counter with a bloody knife. He had cut St. Helen across the back of the neck, opening the muscles, which left a bad scar." This story is also told in the history of Hood County.

Mr. Bates' descriptions of John St. Helen, when read to Granbury people who knew him, greatly amused them.

Next follows the alleged confession which, according to Bates, was made to him during a serious illness in which St. Helen thought he would die. This "confession" is quoted by Mr. Bates from memory more than thirty years after its alleged date, and after he had read the current story of the assassination. Mr. Bates says he did not believe the "confession" at the time, and, therefore, did not take notes.

According to Mr. Bates, it began by St. Helen saying:

"'I am dying. My name is John Wilkes Booth and I am the assassin of President Lincoln. Get a picture of myself from under the pillow. I leave it with you for my future identification. Notify my brother, Edwin Booth, of New York City.'"

Then followed a recital of the Booth family history, which was of previous general newspaper knowledge. The instigator of the crime is then claimed in the "confession" to have been Andrew Johnson, the Vice-President, who desired the Presidency and played upon the southern sympathies of John Wilkes Booth to execute his purpose. The St. Helen "confession" goes on to say that preparatory to an attempt to kidnap Lincoln, "'David E. Herold [the conspirator captured with Booth] and I left Washington, D. C., to a point near Richmond. Returning, we stopped the night of the 13th day of April, 1865, at the old Surrattville tavern, ten miles south of Washington.'" [*This was the night before the assassination.*]

The testimony of C. D. Hess, manager of Grover's Theater, Washington, shows that Booth spent some time in the theater that afternoon. The "confession" and the known facts are impossible to reconcile on this point.

The "confession" declared that on the morning of the fourteenth Booth and Herold in their attempt to enter Washington were stopped by Federal troops at the East Potomac bridge and held there until 2 o'clock in the

afternoon; "'where we made satisfactory explanations and were permitted to enter the city and went straight to the Kirkwood Hotel arriving about 3 o'clock.'"

The fact is that Booth had his hair trimmed in Washington about 9 a. m. that day by Charles Wood, barber. At 11:30 to 12:30 a. m. he called at Ford's Theater for his mail and was seen by H. Clay Ford, Thomas J. Raybold, James J. Gifford, Louis J. Carland and James W. Pumphry. At 12:30 he was seen at the corner of Tenth and E streets by James R. Ford. Soon after 2:30 p. m. he was seen at Mrs. Surratt's home on H street, between Sixth and Seventh, by Louis J. Weichman and Miss Anna E. Surratt; between 2:00 and 3:00 p. m. he was seen at the back door of Ford's Theater by Mary Jane Anderson; between 2:00 and 4:00 p. m. he was seen near the theater by James R. Ferguson; and at 4:00 p. m. on Pennsylvania Avenue by John Matthews. John Wilkes Booth is thus quite definitely accounted for, and St. Helen's "confession" so far does not agree with the evidence.

Then the "confession" describes a call on Vice-President Johnson at 3 o'clock at the Kirkwood Hotel, and his declaration to Johnson of an intention to abandon further attempts to kidnap Lincoln:

"'When Vice-President Johnson turned to me and said, in an excited voice and apparent anger: "Will you falter at this supreme moment?" I could not understand his meaning, and stood silent, when with pale face, fixed eyes and quivering lips, Mr. Johnson asked of me: "Are you too faint-hearted to kill him?" As God is my judge, this was the first suggestion of the dastardly deed of the taking of the life of President Lincoln, and came as a shock to me. While for the moment I waited and then said: "To kill the President is certain death to me," and I explained to Vice-President Johnson that I had just been arrested by the guard as I was coming into the city over the East Potomac bridge that morning, and that it would be absolutely impossible for me to escape through the military line, should I do as he suggested, as this line of protection completely surrounded the city. Replying to this Mr. Johnson said: "General and Mrs. U. S. Grant are in the city, the guests of President Lincoln and family, and from the evening papers I have learned that President Lincoln and wife will entertain General and Mrs. Grant at a box party to be given in their honor by the President and Mrs. Lincoln at Ford's Theater this evening."

"'At my suggestion Vice-President Johnson assured me that he would so arrange, and see to it himself, that General and Mrs. Grant would not attend the theater that evening with the President and his family, and would also arrange for my certain escape. I replied: "Under these conditions and assurances I will dare strike the blow for the helpless, vanquished Southland, whose people I love." Mr. Johnson left the room and after a little more than an hour returned, saying that it had been arranged as he had promised, and that General Grant had been or would be suddenly called from the city and that, therefore, he and his wife could not attend the theater that evening with the President and Mrs. Lincoln, as had been prearranged, and that such persons as would attend and occupy the box at the theater with the President and wife would not interfere with me in my purpose and effort to kill the President, and this he thought an opportune time, and that I would be permitted to escape by the route over which I had entered the city during the forenoon of that day.'"

(Major Rathbone's and Miss Harris' statements at the conspiracy trial show that the Major made every effort to apprehend the assassin, and was severely wounded by Booth in the attempt, which disproves the alleged statement of St. Helen that the parties would not interfere, since they actually did.)

The "confession" continues: "'That is, that I was to go out over the East Potomac River bridge, that the guards would be called in from this point by order of General C. C. Augur that afternoon or evening, but if there should be guards on the bridge, I was to use the password "T. B." or "T. B. Road," by explanation, if need be, which would be understood by the guards, and I would be permitted to pass and protected by himself (Mr. Johnson) absolutely in my escape, and that on the death of President Lincoln, he (Vice-President Johnson) would become President of the United States, and that in this official capacity I could depend on him for protection and absolute pardon, if need be, for the crime of killing President Lincoln, which he had suggested to me and I had agreed to perform.

"'I began the preparation for the bloody deed by going to Ford's Theater, and, among other things, arranging the door leading into the box to be occupied by Mr. Lincoln, which had already been decorated for the occasion, so that I could raise the fastenings, enter the box and close the door behind me so that it could not be opened from the outside, and returned to the Kirkwood Hotel. I then loaded afresh my derringer pistol so that she would not fail me of fire, and met Vice-President Johnson for the last time and informed him of my readiness to carry out the promise I had made him. About 8:30 that evening we left his room, walked to the bar in the hotel and drank strong brandy in a silent toast to the success of the bloody deed. We walked from the barroom to the street together, when I offered my hand as the last token of goodby and loyalty to our purpose, and I shall not forget to my dying day the clasp of his cold, clammy hand when he said:

"'"Make as sure of your aim as I have done in arranging for your escape. For in your complete success lies our only hope."

"'I replied, "I will shoot him in the brain."

"'"Then, practically, from this time I am President of the United States," replied Vice-President Johnson, and he added, "Goodby."'"

According to Atzerodt, who was *selected to kill Johnson,* at the hour St. Helen claimed he was with Johnson, Booth, Herold, Payne, and Atzerodt were together at the Herndon House.

The absurdity of St. Helen's alleged statements is shown when compared with the letter left by Booth for the *National Intelligencer,* his diary, and Payne's statement. (See THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, April 4, page 15.)

This suggestion that Andrew Johnson was implicated in the assassination is not new. It was first made by a southern leader, Beverly Tucker, in a letter addressed "To the People of the United States," which was published in the newspapers during May, 1865. A wild charge was made by President Johnson in his Proclamation of May 2, 1865, that certain Southern leaders, Tucker among them, planned Lincoln's murder. Tucker retaliated, asking how the South could benefit by Lincoln's murder, and, in a wildness equal to Johnson's, Tucker charged Johnson with the murder as he was the only visible beneficiary, having succeeded to the Presidency. Both men were wrong. No evidence has ever been found to support the charges of either.

During the impeachment trial of Andrew Johnson, witnesses were heard in an attempt to link Johnson with the assassination, but the main witness was found to have perjured himself. The enemies of President Johnson then abandoned the charge. There is ample evidence of the highest historical character of Andrew Johnson's complete loyalty, which may easily be found by anyone interested. The attempt of Bates and the "confession" to show that Johnson was a friend of the South, because he was southern born, and that he would be of more service to the South if Lincoln were removed, is refuted by the facts. Johnson's administration was marked by a severity toward the South that Lincoln would have repudiated in every respect. Had St. Helen been John Wilkes Booth he would have known that in a speech given April 5, 1865 (nine days before the assassination) Vice-President Johnson spoke of the necessity of proper punishment of the Confederate leaders. Speaking of Jeff Davis, Mr. Johnson said: "Yes, I say hang him many times." Mr. Johnson then went on to say that the Confederate leaders should be treated as traitors and their property confiscated.

Continuing Mr. Bates' story of the "confession," St. Helen describes how he entered the box and shot the President and—

"'As I fired, the same instant I leaped from the box to the stage, my right spur entangled in something in the drapery on the box, which caused me to miss my aim or location on the stage, and threw my shin bone against the edge of the stage, which fractured my right shin bone about six or eight inches above the ankle.'"

Mr. Bates says: "At this point St. Helen exposing his shin called attention to what seemed to be a niched or uneven surface on the shin bone. This I did not notice closely, but casually it appeared to have been a wound or fracture."

At the conspiracy trial (Pittman Report, Page 87) May 13, 1865, a long riding boot, for the *left foot,* slit up in front for about eight inches with the name John Wilkes written in it, which had been found at the home of Dr. Samuel Mudd, Friday, April 21, and which Dr. Mudd said he had cut off Booth's leg, was offered in evidence. The boot is now in the secret archives of the War Department, Washington, D. C., and *is a left boot.* The "confession" says that it was *St. Helen's right leg that was broken.*

Had St. Helen been John Wilkes Booth, he would not have made the absurd statement that he broke his leg by throwing his "'shin bone against the edge of the stage.'" The presidential box of the Ford Theater was back of the edge of the stage, and as Booth jumped his right spur caught on the flag, throwing him heavily on his *left foot and injuring it.*

The "confession" then deals with the flight:

"'From the stage I reached my horse in safety, which by arrangement was being held by David E. Herold, back of the theater and close to the door of the back entrance. With Herold's assistance I mounted my horse and rode away with full speed without hindrance, and reached the bridge at the East Potomac River, crossing the same with my horse at full pace.'"

[The horse was held by a boy, Joseph Burroughs, who was connected with the theater. Herold was not even back of the place.]

"When I came to the gate across the east end of the bridge there stood a Federal guard, who asked me a question easy to answer:

"'"Where are you going?"

"'I replied, using the simple letters "T. B.," as I had been instructed, and the guard then asked:

"'"Where?"

"'I then replied, "T. B. Road," as I had been instructed by Mr. Johnson, and without further question the guard called for assistance to help raise the gate quickly, when I at once again urged my horse to full speed and went on to Surrattville, where I waited for Herold to overtake me, as prearranged, whom I expected to follow closely behind.

"'After waiting a few minutes Herold came up and we rode the remainder of the night until about 4 o'clock on the morning of the 15th of April, 1865, when we reached the home of Dr. Samuel Mudd, where Dr. Mudd, by cutting a slit in it, removed my riding boot from the *injured right foot and leg* and proceeded to dress it by bandaging it with strips of cloth and pieces of cigar boxes, and the riding boot was left at the home of Dr. Mudd, where we remained during the rest of the day, and at nightfall proceeded on our journey, *my bootless right foot* being covered only by the sock and the leg as bandaged and splintered by Dr. Mudd.'"

[Nothing is said about the stop at the Surratt Tavern for the arms. Note the repetition of *right leg* when it was the *left boot* that was cut off by Dr. Mudd.]

"'From the home of Dr. Mudd I went to the home of a southern sympathizer by the name of Cox, which we reached between 4 and 5 o'clock on the morning of the 16th day of April, 1865. Mr. Cox refused to admit us into his house, the news of the death of President Lincoln having preceded us, and he feared for this reason to take Herold and me in. But he called his overseer, or manager about the place, and instructed him to hide us in a pine thicket on or near the banks of the Potomac River, just back of and near his plantation. This man, the overseer, was of medium size, approximately my weight, but not quite so tall, I should say, swarthy complexioned, black hair and eyes, with a short growth of whiskers over his face. I called him by that familiar cognomen known to the Confederate soldiers, "Johnny." I have the impression, whether correct or not I cannot say, from having heard his name called by a Mr. Jones, a relative of Mr. Cox, that it was Ruddy or Roby, but heard this only a few times. Of course, this may have been a given name, nickname or surname, I don't know how this was; I was not specially interested in knowing his name and was with him but a short while, having negotiated with him to put us across the country and into the care and protection of the Confederate soldiers.' [Refer to Jones story in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT of April 4, page 9. The overseer was Franklin Robey.]

"'Ruddy told me (if this be his name) that some of Colonel Mosby's command of Confederate troops were then encamped not far south of the Rappahannock River at or near Bowling Green, Virginia, and agreed to convey and deliver us to these Confederate troops for a price, as I now best remember, about three hundred dollars. Ruddy, as we will call him, left us in our hiding place until he could go to Bowling Green, some thirty-five miles or more distant, with a view of arranging with some of these soldiers to meet us at a fixed time and place—proposedly on the Rappahannock River, which was then about the dividing line between the contending Federal and Confederate armies.

"'Ruddy left and did not return for several days, from say the 16th or 17th to the 21st of April, 1865. Herold and I were cared for during his absence by Mr. Jones, the relative, I think, half-brother of Mr. Cox. On Ruddy's return he reported that the desired arrangements had been made with Captain Jett and others of Mosby's command, then stationed at Bowling Green, Virginia [The records show that Mosby was at Winchester, 90 miles northwest of Bowling Green.], south of the Rappahannock River, to meet us at the ferry on the Rappahannock River at Ports Conway and Royal, as early as 2 o'clock p. m. of April 22, 1865. So we immediately started for this point on the night of the 21st of April, crossed the Potomac River, reaching the south side of the Potomac River. We then had about eighteen miles to go from the Potomac to the Rappahannock River to the point agreed upon.'"

The "confession" then describes the trip to Port Conway, lying down in the Negro's wagon, "'Herold and Ruddy following along in the wake of the wagon, some distance behind. In my side coat pocket I had a number of letters together with my diary, and I think there was a picture of my sister, Mrs. Clark, all of which must have worked out of my pocket en route or came out as I was hurriedly taken from the wagon. Just as we drew up at the ferry old Lewis called out:

"'"Dar's dem soldiers now."

"'And at the same moment some one began tearing away the things from the back gate of the wagon, who proved to be Herold and Ruddy, much to my relief, as they had begun unceremoniously to remove the back gate of the wagon, which necessarily excited me very much, as the driver did not say Confederate soldiers, and the

(Continued on page 13)

The ferry landings as they are today, Port Conway (above), Port Royal (below), where Booth and Herold crossed the Rappahannock River, and Monday, April 24, 1865, met the three Confederate officers, Jett, Ruggles and Bainbridge.

Paul Revere Tells His Own Story

His Midnight Ride in the Cause of Liberty to Lexington a Century and a Half Ago

By FRANK DORRANCE HOPLEY

"Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive who remembers
That famous day and year."

THUS did Henry Wadsworth Longfellow begin his immortal poem on the famous ride of the Minuteman Paul Revere, on that April night, one hundred and fifty years ago. Of recent years there have been some critics—those who delight to tear down traditions—who have asserted that Paul Revere did not take that ride at all. They tell us that he, and another Minuteman, by the name of William Dawes, started together, but that Revere was captured at the outset, and it was Dawes who rode through the countryside warning of the approach of the British, while Revere received all the credit.

As long ago as 1798, however, there was found in a parcel of old letters by a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, one from Paul Revere which gives an account of his ride to Lexington. This letter is undated but it is thought to have been written some time after the battle of Lexington, and was addressed to a Dr. Belknap.

The letter was first printed in a collection of letters by the Massachusetts Historical Society under date of January, 1798, and was republished in the proceedings of that society in November, 1878.

Telling of his ride, Paul Revere says in part:

"Having a little leisure I shall try to fulfill my promise of giving you the facts and anecdotes prior to the battle of Lexington. . . .

"In the fall of 1774 and winter of 1775 I was one of upward of thirty, chiefly mechanics, who formed ourselves into a committee for the purpose of watching the movements of the Tories. We held our meetings in The Green Dragon Tavern.

"We were so careful that our meetings should be kept secret, that every time we met every person swore upon the Bible that he would not discover any of our transactions but to Messrs. Hancock, Adams; Doctors Warren, Church and one or two more. . . .

"In the winter, toward the spring, we frequently took turns, two by two, to watch the soldiers by patrolling the streets all night. The Saturday night preceding the 19th of April, about twelve o'clock at night, the boats belonging to the transports were all launched and carried under the sterns of the men-of-war. From this movement we expected something serious was to be transacted.

"On Tuesday evening, the 18th, it was observed that a number of soldiers were marching toward the bottom of the Common. About ten o'clock Dr. Warren sent in great haste for me and begged that I would immediately set out for Lexington, where Messrs. Hancock and Adams were, and acquaint them of the movements. When I got to Dr. Warren's house I found that he had sent an express by land to Lexington—a Mr. William Dawes. I returned that night through Charlestown where I agreed with Colonel Conant, and some other gentlemen, that if the British went by water, we would show two lanthorns in the North Church steeple, and if by land, one, as a signal. . . .

"I left Dr. Warren's and called upon a friend and desired him to make the signals. I then went home, took my boots and surtout, went to the north part of the town where I kept a boat; two friends rowed me across the Charles River, a little to the eastward where the *Somerset,* man-of-war, lay. It was then a young flood, the ship was winding, and the moon was rising.

"When I got into Charlestown, I met Colonel Conant and several others; they said they had seen our signals. I told them what was acting and went to get a horse. I got a horse of Dr. Larkin. While the horse was preparing, Richard Devons, Esq., who was one of the Committee of Safety, came to me and told me that he came down the road from Lexington after sundown that evening; that he met 10 British officers, all well mounted and armed, going up the road.

Center—Left to right—"William Dawes" and "Paul Revere."

Photos (C) Keystone View Co.

A historical spot. From this tower of the Old North Church, Boston, Massachusetts, General Gage, in command of the British forces, saw his troops receive a severe beating at Bunker Hill. Also it was from this spire that Paul Revere received the lantern signal which sent him on his mission of arousing the American colonists.

Monroe Tavern, Lexington, Massachusetts, one of the most noted spots of the town, which is visited daily by American followers of the early life of the colonial states. It was here that Lord Percy, in command of the English soldiers, was stationed before the fight with the American Minutemen, and was later used as a hospital for his troops. The tavern was built in 1695.

"I set off upon a very good horse; it was then about eleven o'clock and very pleasant. After I had passed Charlestown Neck, and got nearly opposite where Mark was hung in chains, I saw two men on horseback under a tree. When I got near I discovered they were British officers. One tried to get ahead of me and the other to take me. I turned my horse very quick and galloped toward Charlestown Neck, and then pushed for the Medford road. The one who chased me, endeavoring to cut me off, got into a clay pond, near where the new tavern is now built. I got clear of him and went through Medford, over the bridge and up to Menotony. In Medford I woke the captain of the Minutemen; and after that I alarmed almost every house, till I got to Lexington.

"I found Messrs. Hancock and Adams at the Rev. Mr. Clarke's. I told them my errand and inquired for Mr. Dawes. They said he had not been there. I related the story of the two officers, and supposed that he must have been stopped, as he ought to have been there before me. After I had been there about half an hour, Mr. Dawes came. We refreshed ourselves, and set off for Concord to secure the stores, and so forth, there. We were overtaken by a young Dr. Prescot, whom we found to be a high son of liberty. I told them of the 10 officers that Mr. Devons met and that it was possible that we might be stopped before we got to Concord, for I supposed that after night they divided themselves, and that two of them had fixed themselves in such passages as were likely to stop any intelligence from going to Concord. I likewise mentioned that we had better alarm all the inhabitants till we got to Concord. The young doctor much approved of it, and said he would stop with either of us, for the people between there and Concord knew him, and would give more credit to what he said.

"We had got nearly halfway. Mr. Dawes and the doctor stopped to alarm the people of a house. I was about 100 yards ahead, when I saw two men in nearly the same situation as those officers were near Charlestown. I called the doctor and Mr. Dawes to come up. In an instant I was surrounded by four. They had placed themselves in a straight road that inclined each way. They had taken down a pair of bars on the north side of the road, and two of them were under a tree in the pasture. The doctor being foremost, he came up and tried to get past them, but they, being armed with pistols and swords, forced us into the pasture. The doctor jumped his horse over a low stone wall and got to Concord.

"I observed a wood at a small distance and made for that. When I got there, out started six officers on horseback and ordered me to dismount. One of them who appeared to have command, examined me, where I came from, and what my name was. I told him. He asked if I was an express. I answered in the affirmative. He demanded what time I left Boston. I told him, and that I had alarmed the country all the way up. He immediately rode toward those who stopped us, when all five men came down on a full gallop; one of them, whom I afterward found to be a Major Mitchell of the Fifth Regiment, clapped his pistol to my head, called me by name, and told me he was going to ask me some questions, and if I did not give him true answers he would blow my brains out.

"He then ordered me to mount my horse after searching me for arms. He ordered them to advance and to put me in front. When we got to the road they turned down toward Lexington. The Major ordered if I attempted to run, or if anybody insulted them, to blow my brains out.

"We rode until we got near Lexington meeting house, when the militia fired a volley of guns, which appeared to alarm them very much. The Major inquired of me how far it was to Cambridge, and if there was any other road, and so forth.

"After some consultation the Major rode up to the Sergeant and asked if his horse was tired. He answered him, he was. Then he said, 'Take that man's horse.' I dismounted and the Sergeant took my horse, when they all rode toward Lexington meeting house.

"I went across the burying ground and some pastures and came to the Rev. Mr. Clarke's house, where I found Messrs. Hancock and Adams. I told them of my treat-

(*Concluded on page 14*)

The Minuteman Statue, at Lexington, Massachusetts, which marks the spot where the first defenders of the states stood against the British troops when the first shot was fired "that was heard round the world." Lexington is a shrine of all patriotic Americans, thousands visiting the town to go over the sites of the Revolution.

John St. Helen as John Wilkes Booth

(Continued from page 11)

"soldiers" referred to flashed through my brain as being Federal soldiers. But before I can tell you, the back of the wagon was taken away, I was pulled out by the heels by Herold and Ruddy, and at once hustled into the ferryboat and over the river, where our Confederate friends were waiting for us. They, in fact, being the "soldiers" referred to by Lewis, the driver.

"'In the hurry, as well as the method of taking me from the wagon, I think the letters, diary and picture of my sister were lost from my pocket, as I was dragged out. About this I can't say, but I do know that after I had crossed the river and was feeling in my pocket to get the check, which I had on a Canadian bank, and with which I paid this man Ruddy for his services he had rendered us, for an amount, as I now remember it, of about sixty pounds, I discovered I had lost these papers. I asked Ruddy to go back over the river and get them out of the wagon, if they were there, and bring them to me at the Garrett home, where the soldiers had arranged to take me until Herold and Ruddy should go to Bowling Green, Virginia, that afternoon, it being then about 2 o'clock. [Statements made by the elder Garrett, Jett, Bainbridge, and Ruggles disprove any previous arrangement for taking Booth to the Garrett home.]

"'This man Ruddy stepped into an old batteau boat to go over to the wagon and get these papers after I handed him his check. We being too exposed to wait for his return, I hurriedly rode away with the two gentlemen to whom I had been introduced as Lieutenants Ruggles and Bainbridge, to the Garrett home, mounted on a horse belonging to the man to whom I had been introduced as Captain Jett. These gentlemen, as I understood it, were connected with Mosby's command of Confederate soldiers. But before separating at this ferry it had been understood between Herold, Ruddy and myself that they would go to Bowling Green, Virginia, that afternoon, in company with Captain Jett, on foot, by a near way, for the purpose of getting me a shoe for my lame foot and such other things as Herold and I needed and that could not be obtained at Ports Conway and Royal, and they were to return and meet me the next day at the Garrett home, where Ruddy would deliver to me the papers mentioned, if recovered.

"'The Garrett home, I should say, is about three miles north of the public road crossing the Rappahannock River at Ports Conway and Royal and leading in a southerly direction to Bowling Green, Virginia. From the ferry we went out the Bowling Green road a short distance westerly; we then turned and rode north on a country or bridle road for a distance of about three miles and a half, when we reached the Garrett home, where Lieutenants Bainbridge and Ruggles left me, but were to keep watch in the distance over me until Ruddy and Herold returned, which they were expected to do the following day, it being some twelve or fifteen miles' walk for them. They were to remain there (at Bowling Green) overnight of the day they left me and return the following day.

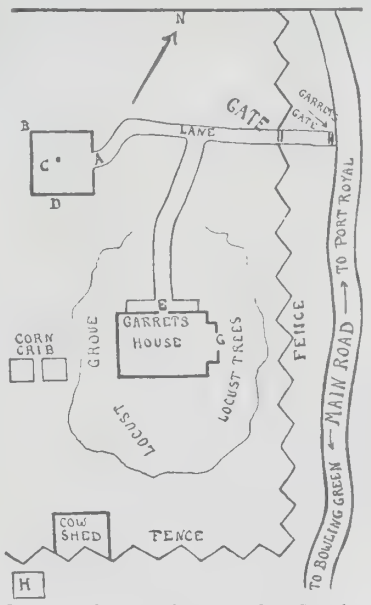
"'About 1 or 2 o'clock in the afternoon of April 23, 1865, the second day of my stay at the Garrett home [The testimony of Jett, and statements of the Garretts, Bainbridge, and Ruggles show that Booth and Herold did not arrive at the Garrett home until Monday afternoon, April 24.—F. L. Black.], I was out in the front yard, lounging on the meadow, when Lieutenants Bainbridge and Ruggles came up hurriedly and notified me that a squad of Yankee troops had crossed the Rappahannock River in hot pursuit of me, and advised me to leave at once and go back into the woods north of the Garrett house, in a wooded ravine, which they pointed out, giving me a signal whistle by which I would know them, and hurriedly rode off, saying that they would return for me in about an hour at the place designated, and bring with them a horse for my escape.

"'I left immediately, without letting anyone know that I had gone or the direction I had taken. I reached the woods at about the place which had been pointed out to me, as nearly as one could traveling in a strange wooded section with the impediment of a lame leg. At about the time fixed I was delighted to hear the signal, and answered, to the best of my recollection, about 3 or 4 o'clock p. m. My friends came up with an extra horse, which I mounted, and we rode away in a westerly direction, riding the remainder of the afternoon and the following night until about 12 o'clock, when we camped together in the woods, or rather dismounted to rest ourselves and horses until daylight. We talked over the situation, they giving me directions by which I should travel. When we at last separated in a country road, they said about twenty or twenty-five miles to the west of the Garrett home or Ports Royal and Conway; I, of course, thanked them and offered them pay for the services they had rendered me and the price of the horse they had turned over to me, all of which they refused to accept, and bade me goodby, with the warning that I should keep my course well to the westward for that day's ride, and then, after this day's ride, continue my journey to the southwest.'" [The absurdity of this part of St. Helen's "confession" is easily seen by comparing it with the sworn statements of the men he mentions—Jones, Jett, Bainbridge, Ruggles, Rollins, and the Garretts.]

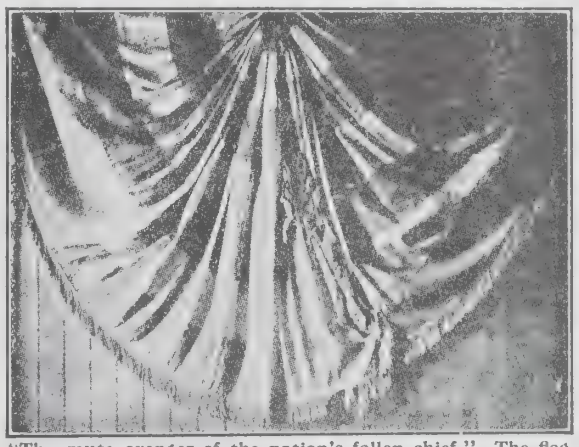
"'As advised by them, I rode on westerly through all the country roads as I came to them leading in that direction until about 10 o'clock a. m. of the second day out from the Garrett home, when, owing to the fatigue of myself and horse, and suffering from my wounded leg, I found it necessary to rest and stopped at a small farmhouse on the country road, where there seemed to live only three elderly ladies, who, at my request, took me in as a wounded Confederate soldier, fed my horse, and gave me breakfast, and as I now best remember, I compensated them, paying them one dollar in small silver coin.

"'After a few hours' rest for myself and horse, I pushed on toward the west the remainder of the day and the fore part of the night, as best I could, but early in the night I rode into the thick brush located in a small creek bottom some distance from the road and remained there all night. The next morning I obtained breakfast for myself and feed for my horse from an elderly gentleman and lady at a little country home at an early hour without further incident and interest, save and except the enjoyment of the meal, when I turned my course to the southwest, as I had been directed, and followed this direction day after day, impersonating the character of a Confederate soldier. Continuing on down through West Virginia, I crossed the Big Sandy River at Warfield, in Eastern Kentucky, and after traveling from Warfield for about two days, and covering a distance of fifty or sixty miles in a southwesterly direction from Warfield, I, as well as my horse, was about worn out, and I was therefore compelled to rest for about a week, claiming to be a wounded Confederate soldier. The parties with whom I stopped was a widow lady and her young son, whose name I cannot now remember. But after receiving their kind attentions and needed rest, I resumed my journey with the purpose of traveling to the south until I could reach the Mississippi River at a safe point for crossing it, and find my way into the Indian Territory as the best possible hiding place, in my opinion.

"'I finally reached without incident worthy of mention the Mississippi River and crossed the same at what was called Catfish Point, in the State of Mississippi. This point is a short distance south of where the Arkansas River empties into the Mississippi River. I followed the south and west bank of the Arkansas River until I reached the Indian Territory, where I remained at different places, hiding among the Indians for about eighteen months, when I left the Indian Territory and went to Nebraska and was at Nebraska City employed



Plan of Garrett place made soon after Booth was shot.
A. Door through which the dying man was brought.
B. Corner at which the barn was fired.
C. Spot in the barn on which Booth stood.
D. Point where Corbett fired.
E. Porch where Booth died.
G. Kitchen door at which Lieutenant Baker knocked.
H. Shed.



"The mute avenger of the nation's fallen chief." The flag in which Booth caught his spur as he jumped from the box after shooting Abraham Lincoln.

by a white man to drive a team connected with a wagon train going from Nebraska City, Nebraska, to Salt Lake City, Utah. This man was hauling provisions for the United States Government to the Federal troops encamped at Salt Lake City. But I left this wagon train while en route, just before we got to Salt Lake City, and proceeded to San Francisco, California, to meet my mother and brother, Junius Brutus Booth. After meeting my mother and brother and remaining a while there, I left and went into Mexico. From there I went up through Texas, finally stopping at Glenrose Mills and Grandberry, Texas, where we are now.'"

A sudden and suspicious vagueness comes over the "confession" after the Garrett place is left. That is to say, as soon as the narrative leaves the proved and accepted state of facts, details, dates, places, names are missing. From the Garrett place on, the point from which the Booth myth must be proved, nothing tangible is given. Up to this point there was some historical basis for the alleged St. Helen story. It loosely parallels the known facts; but from here on there is nothing on which to base even an imaginative tale. It is rather strange that when the facts about Booth cease, the alleged facts about St. Helen, as given in his "confession," are not even coherent. For here surely was Booth's great story—the assassin of Lincoln roaming unknown and unrecognized among the people. Would Booth's dramatic sense have been blind to that? Bates then describes later discussion he had with St. Helen with reference to some of the details of the "confession."

In his "confession," St. Helen in one place claims: "'For instance, I knew nothing of the plan to take the life of Secretary Seward on the night of the assassination of President Lincoln, or at any other time, showing that it would appear to have been a conspiracy against both the President and certain members of the Cabinet.'"

Reference to the confessions of Atzerodt, and Payne, the man who attempted the assassination of Secretary Seward, clearly shows that Booth did know of Payne's plans for Seward's assassination.

Mr. Bates asked: "'Did not the government of the United States announce to the American people, and as for that matter, to the civilized world, that Booth was killed and the death of President Lincoln avenged? Then do you say it is a fact that Booth was not killed at the Garrett barn in Virginia? It is a physical fact that some man was killed at the Garrett home. If not Booth who was this man?'"

"St. Helen replied by saying, 'As you have heard that a man was killed at the Garrett barn, and without positive or direct proof as to who this man was, yet from the circumstances I would say that it was Ruddy, the man with whom I had negotiated for my personal deliverance, together with that of my accomplice, David E. Herold, to the Confederate soldiers. You will remember I paid this man with a check made payable to my order by a Canadian bank, and if he did, as I requested, which he promised to do and left me to do, he got my letters, pictures, et cetera, out of the wagon, as I have explained to you, as he was to bring them to me at the Garrett home on the day or night following the day that I left the Garrett home, as I have also explained to you. I take it, without personal knowledge of the facts, that Ruddy and Herold came to the Garrett home, as prearranged and promised when we separated at the ferry on the Rappahannock River, so that the Federal troops, by some means, traced me to the Garrett home, where they found Herold and Ruddy, killing Ruddy and capturing Herold. They found on the body of Ruddy the check for sixty pounds, together with my letters, and I think a picture, and by reason of finding these belongings of mine on the body of Ruddy, I presume they identified it as the body of myself.'"

St. Helen has Booth leaving the Garrett's on April 23. The man who was shot in the barn was killed on the morning of the twenty-sixth. Mr. Bates in conversation February 9, 1921, admitted that there is some discrepancy here, but could not explain it. Even if Booth had lost his papers in the bottom of the Negro Lucas' wagon, is it reasonable to suppose that he also lost his knives, his pocket compass and the initialed pin from his undershirt, all of which were found on the man who was shot?

Mr. Bates later claims that he located a "large family of people by the name of Ruddy living within the immediate neighborhood of Samuel Cox."

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, in 1921, pursuing the investigation in Southern Maryland, had the following statement from A. W. Neale, an old resident of La Plate, about five miles from the old Cox home:

"Colonel Samuel Cox was a strong and dominant man; but I would not say that he ruled the neighborhood in which he lived. There were many men in the neighborhood as strong and dominant as he. I also knew Tom Jones and Franklin Robey well. Tom Jones had a regular 'poker face.' You could not tell from his face whether he was betting on a pair of deuces or a straight royal flush. I never heard of a man named Ruddy in this country. Ruddy is probably intended for Robey."

John Garner, in a sworn statement made July 25, 1921, said:

"I am 82 years old and have lived in this neighborhood all my life, and remember quite clearly events happening during the Civil War, 1860-1865.

"At the time of the assassination of President Lincoln I was living down on the 'Neck,' not far from the home of Thomas A. Jones. I knew him, 'Colonel' Samuel Cox of Cox's Station, and Franklin Robey, 'Colonel' Cox's overseer, all quite well. I also was well acquainted with George Atzerodt, who was hung as one of the conspirators. I went hunting with him a good many times when we were boys together.

"Atzerodt, as a boy, didn't have good 'horse sense' and when he grew up he became quite a drinker and a 'good for nothing.'

"Colonel Cox was a wealthy and pompous man and practically ruled this section of the country. Tom Jones was a foster brother of 'Colonel' Cox and a contraband runner across the Potomac River during the Civil War. He was arrested and imprisoned for this several times. Jones was the type of man who could put on a 'long' face and be the most innocent looking fellow in the world when he wanted to.

"Franklin Robey was Colonel Cox's overseer. He was a quiet sort of man who didn't say much unless religiously aroused. He was a Shouting Methodist by religion, and his sport was fox hunting.

"These three people, Colonel Cox, Tom Jones, Franklin Robey, and an old Negro by the name of Woodland, who worked for Jones, are the only ones I ever heard of being connected with the care of Booth and Herold at Cox's place. Jones took them from there to the Potomac. I have never heard of a family of Ruddys and am sure no one by the name of Ruddy ever lived around Cox's station.

"Franklin Robey, I know, was alive thirty-two years ago, for I moved into the place I am now living at that time, and after I moved Robey spent a night with us.

"Robey always claimed that he had very little to do with the care of Booth and Herold; that Jones was really the man who cared for them.

"About the time Robey was here last, Tom Jones had been convinced by a young fellow by the name of Mattingly that he should write a book about Booth and that they—Jones and Mattingly—would sell it at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. They went to Chicago and tried to sell it from a tent. Jones was inside the tent, and Mattingly stood outside telling the crowd that the man who aided John Wilkes Booth to escape was inside and would sell them copies of his book which told the story. An old Union soldier stepped up and said that he was a boyhood friend of Abe Lincoln and

(*Concluded on page 14*)

BRIEFLY TOLD

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. The set includes: "The International Jew," Vol. I, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

The music of the carillon of St. Martin's Church, Groningen, Holland, is followed by the appearance of a watchman successively on each of the balconies facing each point of the compass, who sends out a trumpet strain, reminding the sleeping city that "all is well."

Japan's 1924 commerce with China showed a heavy gain. Exports amounted to 449,201,000 yen as against imports of 295,012,000 yen.

The Soviet government has closed the camp at the head of Aldon River where gold has been found, and no additional prospectors are permitted to enter the district.

Beggars on Fifth Avenue, Broadway, and other shopping thoroughfares of New York City often collect $50 a day.

Perfection of a process for vulcanization of rubber, under water instead of under steam, has been discovered by L. A. Laursen of Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

If a human being were to be completely covered with a coat of paint, he would die within five hours.

There were 3,081 West Point graduates who served in the army during the World War.

Cannibals of French Guinea are being hunted down by the French police. Six were executed in an effort to stamp out cannibalism.

Professor J. S. Hughes, of the Kansas State Agricultural College, has shown that violet ray treatments cause chickens to mature earlier and also make hens lay oftener.

A bill to prohibit Japanese from owning or leasing land in Kansas has been killed in the state senate.

The first cargo of hard molasses recently arrived in the United States in baskets from Java.

Four *cured* lepers have been released from the National Leprosarium, in Carville, Louisiana, after treatment which included the use of chaulmoogra oil.

The word "trumps" in card playing is derived from the French "carte de triomphe"—card of triumph.

Benjamin Franklin's mother-in-law thought twice before giving consent to her daughter's marriage with a printer. Her great objection was that there were already two printing presses in the United States and she doubted whether a third would find enough business.

The Bible passage which President Coolidge kissed as he took the oath at his inauguration was the first verse of the first chapter of the Gospel of John—"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." The verse was Calvin Coolidge's first reading lesson as a child.

Bricks are produced in Great Britain by grinding the clinker and ashes and mixing them with lime and water.

The bond bootlegger has appeared. Bond houses located on the Illinois border take bonds into Indiana which have been approved by the Illinois state authorities but not by those of Indiana, make their sales and hurry back into their home offices in Illinois.

A special edition of Lord Curzon's favorite newspaper, with a bulletin announcing, "Lord Curzon's recovery certain," was made up and given to him by his physicians in the hope that the "good news" would help him.

From 300 to 500 dozen frogs or frog legs are shipped daily from Oshkosh, Wisconsin, during the summer season.

Motorists of the United States paid $80,000,000 in 1924 in a gasoline tax.

The London *Morning Post* is now being printed on paper made entirely of straw. The inventor is a Frenchman who uses only common salt and lime in the formula evolved for its manufacture. Thousands of straw stacks are burned annually in America to rid the land of the stacks.

New Jersey school teachers must read six verses daily aloud from the Old Testament.

Manufacturers of bookbinding cloth, to give the fabric body and stiffness, "load" it with fillers such as starch, flour, dextrin and casein, all good foods and pleasing to the palate of roaches which make blisters on the cover in eating the filling.

A girl in the Appalachian Mountain range is considered a spinster if she is single at eighteen.

The earliest known instrument, a form of transit with plumb-line, for observing the stars was made by Pharaoh Tutankhamen.

The Irish Free State has 13,000 licensed saloons. This is one saloon for every 230 persons in the Free State, whereas the proportion in England is 1 to 400, and in Scotland 1 to 695.

Two ski men, pulled by a rope attached to an airplane, circled the frozen lake at Geneva, Switzerland. The airman kept his machine low and at a regular level.

An advertisement for three youths to accompany an explorer on an expedition into British Honduras jungles resulted in 2,300 applications.

An apparatus for the relief of writer's cramp consisting of a willow block, cut to fit the palm of the hand while writing, has been perfected by Miss Keenly, clerk of the Bellevue Hospital Medical College in New York.

It requires more than 16,000 cattle to furnish one pound of adrenolin, an extract used in the stoppage of bleeding and as a remedy for hay fever.

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4-18-25

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"I Read in the Papers—"

I read in the papers sporadic discussions about morality on the stage and in fiction, and the defense of the purveyors of rotten plays is always the same, they are doing it in the interest of art. It is somewhat surprising that no one has arisen to puncture the lie. The author of a degenerate book or play is himself a degenerate, always. Such writers and their books are to be judged by medical standards. No man or woman immerses his or her mind in ideas and scenes of sex and sin for periods ranging from six months to a year, in the preparation of book or play, who is not himself or herself mentally and morally degenerate. It just simply cannot be done. The normal mind may occasionally descend into hell, but to live there and to like it and to dub it "art" is diagnostically abnormal. So that it is not the books nor the plays that first call for examination, but the authors thereof. We need the presentation of reports on the authors by literary alienists competent to present the clinical findings.

I read in the papers that New York, so a publisher says, consumes less music per capita than any city in the United States. In "consumption" of sheet music, phonograph records, player rolls and of musical instruments, the home of jazz and syncopation ranks at the bottom of the pile.

Why?

Because there are no homes in New York.

A home, the publisher contends, is a residence where neighbors drop in for an evening and enjoy just being folks together—with a little homemade music on the side. In New York, home is a place for eating and sleeping; and social life merely starts from there, and goes elsewhere for the evening. If you would find the regions of highest density of real homes, consult the sales reports of musical concerns. Where the most music goes, there homes outnumber mere residences.

I read in the papers that Scandinavian telephone service is something for us Americans to dream about. In Denmark it is only necessary to notify the telephone company of your preferred time of rising in the morning; the operator, regularly at the stipulated hour, does the rest. By paying a definite fee, business firms of importance can be called by name, thus eliminating a great deal of thumbing of telephone directories. If you desire to go to the theater, you merely confide to the telephone company your wish. Immediately your desire is placed vocally in the ticket-buying line at the theater, armed with specific information regarding the location of your seat. If such requests arrive too voluminously, they are filed and filled in order of their arrival; and if the house is sold out in the meantime, the company obligingly notifies you at once, so that you may have ample time to make other arrangements for the evening. And, oh yes—if the line over which your call must go is busy, the operator does not rest with merely informing you of the fact. She continues, "—but I will call you." And unless you tell her not to mind, she will carry out her promise.

Even allowing for the margin of doubtful effectiveness that must exist between promise and performance, no one but a ticket scalper or an alarm clock salesman, I think, would locate the "something rotten in Denmark" in her telephone service.

I read in the papers that the Postal Telegraph Company will refuse to transmit any more race track news for betting purposes after the present contracts with race track gamblers have expired. This is cutting the knot that so many people have failed to untie. Horse racing may be defended, and even betting on the speed of horses in their presence at the track can be understood, but the national and international business of pandering to a gambling vice carried on in dark rooms and places of evil congregation, all in the noble name of well-bred horse flesh, is quite another thing. The bettors are so seldom as well-bred as the horses! In England this vice has reached such proportions as to rival the supereminence of the drink evil there. Bookies in England stand on street corners like newsboys and peddle their shilling bets. In America, many newspapers have campaigned against the evil and some legislators have passed laws prohibiting it. But as long as the telegraphic means were available, what effect could laws or editorials have? There are many evils whose virulence could be curbed by severing their connection with big business. The Postal will find that it has done a greatly appreciated act.

I read in the papers about a number of gentlemen whom I have never met but whose acquaintance is constantly thrust upon me. Mr. Shepherd, of Chicago, whom I have to breakfast with every morning and dine with every evening, whether or no. Mr. Chapman, of Hartford, Connecticut. Which gentlemen I name first, because they seem to bear racial names which one may use without being charged with making an invidious distinction. This column would not be long enough to include the other names thrust at us, and we may as well save Mr. Louis Marshall the embarrassment of mentioning his new interest in the Diamond murder case. Doubtless it is good journalistic service to inform us how the agencies of the law are progressing in their duties, and it is perhaps necessary to have a corner somewhere in the paper where the incidence of crime shall be disclosed, just as the prevalence of contagious diseases, or the condition of the weather. But why must we breakfast and dine with these matters? Are newspapers written, edited, and printed in the criminal courts? Is journalism merely a smart rewrite of the desk sergeant's blotter? It is not the news of crime that is objected to, but the crime of newspapers who think that it comprises all the news.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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MR. FORD'S page this week deals with the attitude that has been assumed in certain quarters in regard to prohibition. The argument seems to be that if a law is violated it must be a bad law. The fallacy of this is the theme dwelt upon

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HAVE you ever tried to dodge a university honorary degree? One might wonder why anyone should wish to avoid anything of this kind. But there are reasons, and in a brightly written article an honorary graduate tells his experiences in the matter of having "greatness thrust upon him." (p. 2)

NOW that spring is here the woodland songsters are once more making melody on every swaying bough. The birds are not only musicians but they are composers as well. Some of their masterpieces have been analyzed by an observer of nature, who also gives some charming drawings to illustrate his subject. (p. 3)

NOT very long ago the Right Honorable Montagu Norman, governor of the Bank of England, paid a visit to New York which created a flutter among financiers and others not directly connected with Wall Street. Just who Montagu Norman is, and what interest the Bank of England has in this country is an interesting story. (p. 4)

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS is a name synonomous with the best that is in the movie world. In the course of a "straight talk" the screen star reveals some of the secrets of film art and its relation to the public. (p. 5)

THE days are approaching when people will be talking about going to the seaside and other places where a good holiday may be spent. The charm of the New England beaches in summer is the subject of a delightful series of word pictures, which are supplemented by several artistic drawings of coast scenery. (p. 6)

THE wi'es of the gasoline bootlegger, and the desirability of not signing sundry documents without an interview with your banker, are some things that it may be wise to become acquainted with, if you wish to save money and avoid sorrow. (p. 9)

THOSE who have been following the series of articles on the fate of Lincoln's assassins, and particularly J. Wilkes Booth, will find some hitherto unrevealed high lights this week. The sifting of conflicting evidence is by no means an easy task; but here it is, and the readers are asked to judge. This time the claims put forward regarding the identity of the house painter David E. George with the man who fired the fatal shot are thoroughly probed. (pp. 10 and 11)

THAT poison gas bomb which was dropped in the Rhode Island senate chamber last year has had an effect which the hirelings who dropped it never anticipated. Rhode Island is rejoicing in the passing of some much-needed legislation resulting from the co-operation of hitherto opposing forces. (p. 12)

This issue represents the last number of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT in its present form. Next week the magazine will appear in a handier shape and in an entirely new dress, which should prove attractive to our readers.

Dodging University Degrees

Singers of the Woodlands

England's Sphinx of Finance

Chat With "Doug" Fairbanks

New England Coast in Summer

About Gasoline Bootlegging

D. E. George as J. Wilkes Booth

After the Rhode Island Bomb

Can You Dodge University Degrees?

Something About High Cost of Having Greatness Thrust Upon You

By PUTNAM PHILLIPS

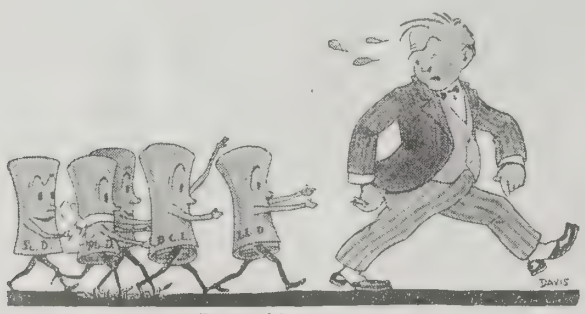
"YOU'RE a college man, aren't you? Now tell me something I want to know. How do you get rid of an honorary degree? How do you go about it? Do you resign? What do you resign from? I'm up against it."

"Get rid of an honorary degree? What do you mean—get rid of one? It isn't done. You just keep it; as far as I know, it is perfectly all right to have it put on the silver plate on your coffin. It will give the antiquaries who dig you up something to think about," I answered blithely. But my friend did not seem to care for my kind of wit. I did not quite see how he could be serious; but serious he was. He was really asking for information—confidential information.

But why about honorary academic degrees? For they were not in his line. I had known him for some years and the only interest he had ever taken in university education, to my knowledge, was to make fervent speeches on how little the university graduate who came to him for jobs knew. He was a self-educated man, who had left school when he was about thirteen and made his own way so well that he had some ten or twenty million dollars stowed away. I changed my line:

"Are you really serious? If you are, I will try to find out for you, but I am fairly certain that there are no precedents. I never heard of a man trying to get rid of a degree. It is too hard to get."

"Yes, you misunderstood me. I am serious. Outside



Pursued by greatness.

of my family, I don't believe anyone in New York knows it, but I am entitled to write myself down as 'Doctor of Laws' and also as 'Doctor of Civil Law'—that is, I am both an LL. D. and a D. C. L. By the official records I am a learned man—a book learned man. Of course, you know that is nonsense; what I know did not come out of books. But I am willing to let that pass; no one has to know about the degrees. But it has now come to such a pass that I can't afford to keep them. They cost me too much money."

"I am afraid that I still do not quite understand you," I interrupted. "I always thought that honorary degrees were given for merit and that they formed rather a neat way of complimenting a man for what he had achieved."

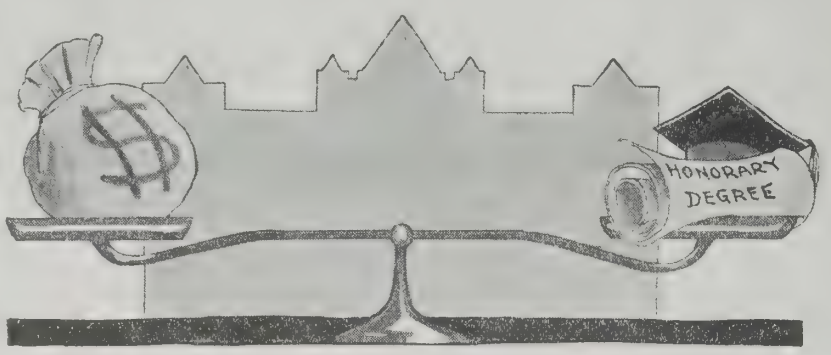
"That was just what I thought once upon a time," he answered bitterly, "but I know better now. It was this way. Five or six years ago, when I was just beginning to be known a little, a clerical looking gentleman announced himself at my office as the president of what we shall call the Simpkins University. I had never heard of the place, but I saw him. He was most dignified and courteous. He said that the trustees of his university had discussed the matter of recognizing my outstanding achievements by bestowing upon me the degree of Doctor of Laws at their next commencement, but that before taking formal action he had been asked to discover if I would accept the honor.

"Of course I accepted. I was really touched to think that in this secluded seat of learning the real import of my service to humanity had been recognized. When he had gone I looked up the university; it was not large and it was a long distance away, but it was thoroughly respectable. It flattered me to know that the academic cloisters knew all about me.

"In due season I got a formal letter advising me of the action of the trustees. It was a great day—that commencement. I did not know about having to wear a cap and gown but the college authorities loaned me one to appear on the platform—it was an open-air commencement. I listened to a long oration that must have been about something, but I don't remember what, and then came the awarding of the honorary degrees ahead of the bachelor's degrees to the students—the baccalaureate degrees, I believe they are called. I learned all the patter at the time. Four of us were presented for degrees; a bearded graduate read something in Latin, which I afterward found out enumerated the virtues that gained me the degree, a college official hung a big silk sack, which they call a hood, about my neck; the students cheered—and I was an LL. D. Afterward I made a speech at the alumni dinner—I was an alumnus of dear old Simpkins!

"And then the president made an impassioned appeal for money to carry on the work of building a new science hall. I felt that the work of such a noble institution should not halt for funds and before we had finished I had simply forced ten thousand dollars on the president.

"The next year another university awoke to my merits—call it the Pussy Willow University. Well, the formula was just the same and the end was just the same, excepting that I got a D. C. L. In my enthusiasm as a Pussy Willow alumnus, I also gave ten thousand dollars.



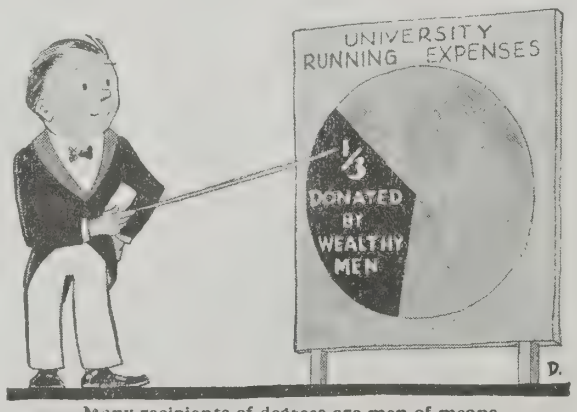
Are honorary degrees always given for merit?

"Where I made my mistake was in shooting so high. For each year since then, those dear old, scholarly presidents or some equally dear old, scholarly colleagues have found urgent need for large sums and I have never got off for less than ten thousand dollars each. Now the novelty of being a real alumnus is wearing thin. But as long as I have those degrees I cannot in decency refuse to contribute. What am I going to do?"

I thought the case of my friend was exceptional. He was known to be free with his money and I took for granted that both degrees had in the first place been innocently enough given and that my friend had really by his manner encouraged the demands on him. Then I began to investigate a little—to look over the lists of honorary degrees granted. A majority of the recipients were more or less distinguished for learning, for public service, or something, and, recognizing the impossibility of setting up standards as to what constitutes a distinguished man, at least a passable argument might be put up for most of the men honored.

But in almost every list I discovered a few men I either did not know or knew only as possessing money. The unknowns invariably turned out to be local characters of superlatively good credit rating. All of the lists were, insofar as I could discover, perfectly respectable—that is to say, if any of the people had done anything they shouldn't do, they had not been caught at it.

College degrees, it may be said in passing, are of most ancient origin. In the Middle Ages, when education was wholly controlled by the church, the license to teach was regulated on somewhat the same lines as the license to preach. Teaching was then, and to some extent still is, a jealously guarded profession. The primary qualification for teaching has never been so much the real



Many recipients of degrees are men of means.

knowledge of the candidate as the conformity of his knowledge with the opinions of his superiors. In the old days when books were few and expensive, a man was considered duly educated if he could carry the contents of a certain number of books in his head. Memory and not the ability to think is still the formal test of education. Properly speaking, books are only tools for the mind to work with, but the formal tests of education are still back in the Middle Ages.

A man with a verbatim memory is not apt to think much—for he has always at hand an apt quotation which will bat for a thought. Men who do not think easily get conceited. And so, from the beginning of time, men who have memorized things have tended to set themselves apart as learned. They have dressed themselves in caps and gowns and awarded themselves titles or degrees, that no man might omit to notice that they were learned. At first all the degrees were earned—that is, awarded after exhaustive examination. But sometimes the universities needed the help and protection of princes whose swords were mightier than their pens. So the princes were flattered with academic honors—of course, without the bother of examination. Other lusty princes, liking to share in any honors going, demanded degrees—and got them. And thus arose the practice of having two classes of degrees—the earned and the honorary.

The earned degrees are of three grades—the baccalaureate degree, such as Bachelor of Arts or Bachelor of Science, which is awarded after a course of undergraduate study; the Master's degree, which represents an amount of graduate study; and the Doctor's degree, which represents a still greater amount. In this country we got into the habit of giving the graduate degree of Doctor on completion of a bachelor's course in medicine—our M. D.'s are not doctors at all, they are only bachelors of medicine. The honorary degrees are all doctorates and those most frequently granted are Doctor of Laws (LL. D.), Doctor of Civil Law (D. C L.), which are really general degrees and may or may not have anything to do with the recipient's knowledge of the law, Doctor of Science (Sc. D.), which is given for various reasons, and Doctor of Divinity (D. D.), awarded to clergymen. There are hosts of other degrees. The highest of the earned degrees is Doctor of Philosophy (Ph. D.), which is the favorite German degree; our education has been so strongly influenced by German methods that it is practically impossible nowadays to obtain any kind of a collegiate appointment without a Ph. D.—following the German practice.

But, to get back to the honorary degrees. I sought someone to tell me why and how our universities bestow their academic honors. At last I found a man who for more than thirty years has been intimately in touch with collegiate affairs. I told him the case of my friend. He laughed heartily:

"Where have you been living all this time, and how do you suppose universities get their endowments, not to speak of their running expenses? Where do you suppose these buildings and stadiums come from? A university president today has to be a business man. Of course it doesn't do any harm for him to know something about education, but that is not at all essential. He can hire people to look after that detail; also he can hire someone as an administrator. An ideal university head of today ought to have the intuitions and persuasiveness of a fake stock salesman, the judgment of a bank cashier, the sharpness of a building contractor, and the ingenuity of a circus press agent. For making ends meet is no easy job.

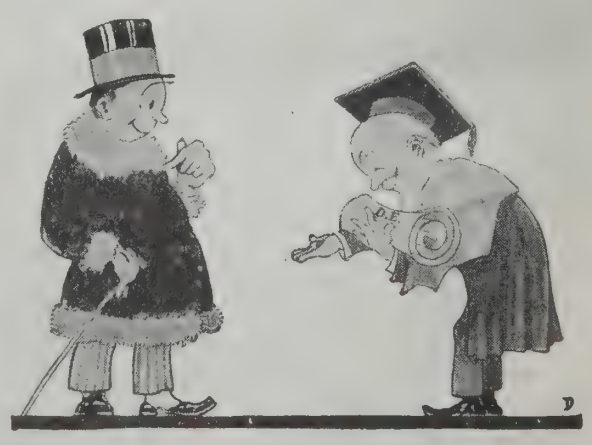
"Since the war, universities have been up against it. Their expenses have increased tremendously and it has not been possible greatly to raise tuition fees. Anyway, a university rarely derives more than a quarter of its income from tuition fees. About one-third of the running expenses, in other than state-supported institutions, comes from endowments or current contributions from wealthy men.

"So our university heads have simply had to take lessons in financial eugenics. The kaiser was the first man to realize the real value of decorations; he concocted no end of them—and distributed them with rare skill. That is one of the ways he made such a compact unit out of the German Empire. Lloyd George, as is well known, distributed baronetcies and even earldoms with a lavish hand. We Americans are short on titles. Everybody is a 'Mr.' or an 'Esq.' nowadays, while 'Hon.' is also getting pretty common. Of course, being a democratic nation, we care nothing at all about titles or honors—no more than we do about our right hands. Fraternal societies flourish principally because of the sonorous titles they make up for their officers.

"The universities had been doddering along for years giving their honorary degrees to professors, clergymen, and whoever they really thought to be distinguished. Say what you will about their judgment, their motives were right enough. Degrees are prized; they have a commercial value for professors and clergymen and a sentimental value for business men and financiers. It is very proper to give recognition to business men—for it is they who make the country. Also they make most of the universities possible.

"And so now we have this whole matter of honorary degrees on a practical basis. We give our professors honorary degrees instead of raising their salaries; we will give the professor of English in X University a degree on the tacit understanding that X will give our professor of English one and thus both of us will get some advertising; we give degrees to prominent men, if we can get them, whose names will help advertise us; we give a degree to the governor or the mayor if we need him on a pending bill; we give degrees for pure merit and then we give degrees to a few men—just a few, mind you—who are warranted by what we might call our credit committee to have the money—and to be willing to come across with it.

"A scandal? Not at all. Just the application of business principles to education. It will not last forever, though. Some university is sure to get too raw. Still we may get frank and invent a new degree, say 'D. E.'—Doctor of Endowments."



We may invent a new degree, "D. E."—Doctor of Endowments.

Singers of the Woodlands

Some Characteristics of Our Feathered Friends

By S. F. AARON

Illustrated by the author.

The singing attitude of the Ovenbird.

GENERALIZATION is a custom or habit in nature study and the keeping of its records; merely casual observation of the characteristics of species rather than individuals gives evidence of hit-or-miss methods that are amateurish. Such observation is one thing; earnest investigation quite another.

There seems to be a general impression among naturalists that the individuals of one species come entirely under the same laws and a writer has stated that the habits of a bird are precisely indicative of those of its kind. Seton very wisely adopted the idea of studying an individual animal, but incorrectly inferred that by so doing clear insight of its species can be had. Error has arisen through this method, for with all of the higher vertebrates and those invertebrates of the most complex habits there is individuality of a decided character shown.

No two bobcats, weasels, nor even woodchucks act precisely the same under similar circumstances; no two digger wasps, carpenter bees, nor even swallowtailed butterflies conform to the same set rules of conduct, and there are no species of birds the individuals of which do not differ considerably if we but look closely into their comings and goings and listen with a discriminative ear to their vocal efforts.

Beyond question wild creatures possess more specific habits than individual traits and this may even be said of that animal with the highest mental development, but what kind of a biographical history of mankind would it be that generally bunched the living customs and mental traits of Henry David Thoreau, Cornelius Vanderbilt, and John L. Sullivan?

I have watched the nest building of several pairs of orchard orioles. One male absented himself almost entirely during the actual construction; another fetched a little nesting material; a third tried to weave some grass stems into the pendent bag, but was chased away; a fourth perched directly above the nest, or fluttered about over it, uttering little half-songs the while—these may have been intended as encouragement or suggestions, but were probably only boastful satisfaction; at least he was not driven off.

I have known a male barn swallow in late summer to avoid with ease and grace the swoop of a sharp-shinned hawk and another, at nearly the same time of year, to fly at, attack and follow, with the persistence of the purple martin, a hawk of this kind. I have watched two great blue herons fishing, or tadpoling, within a few yards of each other. One struck from a nearly erect position without a preliminary indication of its purpose; the other lowered its neck and body very slowly, bending forward and then made the usual javelin thrust of its long bill.

So might be recorded almost without end the individually distinct peculiarities of all birds. Alexander Wilson observed a mother ruffed grouse, with but one baby bird, turn suddenly after the usual and futile effort to confuse the supposed enemy and seizing the chick in her bill fly away down the mountain side. This story might be readily doubted and would be if Audubon had related it, but the first biographer of American birds has a deserved reputation for accuracy. It is very certain that grouse rarely resort to this method of protection when they have a large brood. The usual way is to dodge about and sometimes boldly to attack the trespasser. I remember one such bird that took to wing immediately with nothing in her bill, deserting for the time her well-hidden offspring.

It is by the notes and songs of birds that their individuality may be established and also by their half-enforced or coaxed association with man. Taken together they offer evidence that explains much not hitherto recorded.

Hardly any two birds of the more elaborate singers follow the same vocal sequence. The more varied the song, the greater the variation between the individuals. Broad and fixed similarities permit the entire effort to be unmistakably recognized as emanating from a certain species and even the pitch, tone, and inflection of separate notes will clearly indicate the identity of the singer. Thus the first utterances of a wood thrush, a hermit, veery or olive-backed thrush are indicative and it does not take a very keenly attuned ear to recognize the mocking bird, thrasher or catbird, one from the other, at the very beginning of song. Though somewhat alike, sequence and tone more than inflection serve to identify

The Red-eyed Vireo, or Greenlet. Often called the "preacher bird," because of the deliberate repetition of its notes, uttered in groups of two and four with pauses between.

the ditties of the song and vesper sparrows; the songs of other small finches that have many notes, as the indigo bird, the junco, the goldfinch, and the fox sparrow, are principally different in sequence, having also separate notes that are specifically distinct and identifying.

Almost at any time a song sparrow may be heard whose song departs widely from the usual carol. It is most common for these birds to start off with two or three notes alike, but some may have four or five. I have heard a song sparrow that started with a trill of perhaps a dozen notes and finished with the same, the latter a most unusual performance. At another time, attracted by a strange and new song and half identifying it as that of a purple finch the full notes of which somewhat resemble the warbling vireo, I found the strangely gifted singer to be a song sparrow and, stranger still, after this superior melody was repeated many times, the bird suddenly changed position in the bush and sang a ditty that apparently did not vary from the most usual song sparrow notes.

The Hairy Woodpecker. The species, though not the same individuals, is with us in every locality throughout the year in the Eastern and Central United States and Canada.

The vireos or greenlets possess certain class or group distinctions in their songs which may principally be told apart by sequence; the inflections are very similar, especially between the red-eyed and warbling vireos. The efforts of the former are a sort of irregular conglomeration of notes, the latter less mixed, therefore more musical and nearly always ending in a rising inflection. But I have heard it without this ending. It is sometimes difficult to tell a solitary vireo's song from that of the red-eye; other individuals possess a peculiar ending note that is at once apparent as belonging to the species. There is more individual variation in the songs of the red-eyed vireo than in any of the others, though because of the deliberate and monotonous utterance this is more difficult to recognize.

This variation in the songs of individual birds is not so uncommon as the casual observer may suppose; it is well known that several species, notably the ovenbird, the Maryland yellowthroat which is common all over the Eastern United States, the orchard oriole, and the towhee or chewink, utter impromptu bursts of music, especially during periods of rivalry when mating, or sometimes at night when disturbed. These efforts are altogether different in every way from the usual songs, at least in the beginnings, though the endings may include the common notes.

Variations in bird notes are also common among the species of wood warblers. The best singer of the group, though with less complicated notes than the chat, is the hooded warbler, of generally southern habitat, though it reaches the northern states in the breeding season. Three of the most forceful singers of this family, with notes greatly resembling each other, are the ovenbird, Maryland yellowthroat, and Kentucky warbler, the latter also of rather wide habitat. Not only do they possess variable characteristics between individuals, but there are restricted racial variations most distinctly discernible with the ovenbird and the hooded warbler.

Burroughs described the ovenbird's song by the syllables Tea-cher, *Tea*-cher, TEA-cher, *TEA*-cher and in his home section of Eastern New York and all through New England this is a correct version. Somewhat south of that, without a discernible definite line, but including Northern New Jersey and Pennsylvania, the accentuation is reversed. These birds sing: Tea-cher, Tea-*cher*, Tea-CHER, Tea-*CHER*, the last syllable plainly the louder. In Southeastern Pennsylvania, Maryland, Southern New Jersey, and the mountains as far south as Tennessee the song is again varied, having no accentuated syllables whatever, but merely growing louder with each repeated utterance, as: Tweet-so, *Tweet-so*, TWEET-SO, *TWEET-SO*. This is almost universal; here and there during the nesting season, but only in the more southern sections of its habitat, will be heard songs that resemble the racial types of other localities. Also, during the migrations northward, these variously accented songs may be occasionally heard and one might correctly pick out those birds that later reach the northern and central regions, for they are generally to be heard before those with unaccented songs.

The hooded warbler ranging north of Virginia to the southern and central mountains of Pennsylvania

The singing attitude of the Hooded Warbler. This bright yellow and yellow olive bird, with its cape of black, is a lover of the tree tops as well as the lowly thickets.

possesses a song so different from its species breeding within the wide mountain and valley area of the southern Appalachians that the former may hardly be recognized by an observer familiar with the other. There are more syllables in the song of the northern bird, with also a distinctly accented beginning. This also indicates racial characteristics and it would be interesting to trace the demarkation or connecting links between the two, the writer having found no opportunity therefor. The well-known song of the Maryland yellowthroat is a sweet-toned Weet-sit-so, Weet-sit-so, generally uttered four times together. In Missouri and Southern Illinois I have heard this bird utter its song without the middle syllable and this again may indicate racial variation.

Now, the foregoing facts may seem quite trivial did they not indicate certain conditions and habits that are of interest. Birds return year after year to their old nesting localities, often to the very group of trees, the clumps of bushes, the grassy hillsides. But the young

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Montagu C. Norman–Man of Mystery

The Sphinx of Finance Who Watches Over the Bank of England

By MAURICE MANNING

"THE Man of Mystery" is the name now generally accorded to the Right Honorable Montagu Collet Norman, P. C., D. S. O. and (what is more than all the rest) governor of the Bank of England. After his return from Washington where he was the guest of the head of the Federal Reserve Board, there was much speculation as to the object of his visit.

Although an American on his mother's side, the governor of the Bank of England is Oriental through and through and "mystery" forms large part of the Oriental's stock in trade. He is probably the most secretive man in English public life today. Although the administrative head of the leading financial institution in the world, and one that has been regarded as typical of British frankness and honesty, he can hardly be said to be in "public" life at all. Within his sanctorum at the bank, closely guarded by a series of doorkeepers and secretaries, he lives almost as secluded as in his out-of-the-way home in Kensington. Typically oriental again, this house is of unpretentious exterior,

Bank of England from the Mansion House, showing part of front of Royal Exchange and the Wellington Statue.

but furnished and adorned within with art treasures and especially oriental rugs, hangings, screens of carved teak and ivory and silver and gold embroideries of enormous value and in great profusion.

For that matter, the bank (Colossus of Bank, it is!) has always been more or less of a mystery. Under its charter, it is excepted from the requirements laid on other banks of publishing annual reports of its earnings, assets, and liabilities, although under its monopoly in England of the right to issue circulating notes it publishes the amount of these notes issued and the reserve in bullion held to secure them. While acting as the financial agent of the government, it is really a private company with no direct representative of the government on its board. Besides government deposits, it handles the enormous deposits of the great joint-stock banks—practically all the banks in England. Its discount rate fixes the interest rate for banking accommodation the country over. And since Montagu Norman came to the front as governor some twelve years ago, the bank has been a more mysterious concern than ever. He is, by the bye, the youngest man to have held this commanding position, and through the exigencies of the Great War, and the almost as trying exigencies of the pseudo-peace, he has proved himself the ablest of all the Bank of England's governors.

Avoids Fierce Light That Beats Upon a Throne

He is a connection of the Montagu family, of which the late Edwin S. Montagu, for a time Secretary for India in the Coalition government, was a conspicuous member and of which the present Lord Swaythling is the head. His father was for a long time connected with the great banking house of Sassoon & Company, the representatives of the Rothschilds in India and at Hongkong, as the New York house of August Belmont was and is its American representatives. This may seem to indicate that Mr. Norman's rapid rise in the Bank of England was not unconnected with the Rothschild influence. While it is well understood that this influence dominates the Bank of England, as it dominates the Bank of France and many of the big Wall Street banks, it would be a great mistake to imagine that Montagu Norman had won his way to the front—and incidentally won the complete confidence of the House of Rothschild—by any other avenue than that of sheer ability, untiring industry and exceptional talent amounting to genius as a banker and administrator.

With all this, Mr. Norman is a man of remarkable modesty. He prefers the role of a Warwick to that of a wielder of the scepter. He avoids the fierce light that beats upon a throne. He is characteristically Oriental in his preference for the indirect method of announcing to the public what he wants the public to know, or to think it knows. So those inclined to read between the lines find strong evidences of Mr. Norman's "inspiration" in certain financial utterances of the financial editors of several of London's morning and evening papers, as in the weeklies. Similarly inspired, it is believed, are nearly all the long speeches of the chairmen of the great joint stock banks at the various annual meetings that have been held within the past week or two. In every case, with remarkable unanimity, these speeches have stressed the necessity of a speedy return to the gold standard as a means of stabilizing the value of the pound sterling, and so restoring international trade. Several of these big bank heads went so far as to urge special legislation to bring about an earlier revocation of the prohibition of gold exports which expires automatically at the end of the present year. Others pointed out that a continuance of the increase in dollar value which recently touched $4.80, or within threepence of the so-called normal or par value, would soon settle the whole question.

As a matter of actual fact, the market value of gold bullion is now, and has been for several years past, at a premium over the pre-war value of that metal. To put either dollars or pounds sterling on a "gold basis" would be equivalent to increasing the weight of the gold dollar and the gold sovereign about 8 per cent. It is not that either British or American paper circulating medium is at a discount, but that gold has *increased* in value in recent years, so that it now commands a premium as compared with pre-war values. And it is by basing our currency standards on the very variable and fluctuating prices of this metallic commodity that the wiseacres talk about "stabilizing" the currency!

The question of a return to the gold basis is at the moment the commanding topic in financial and commercial circles in Britain. It has been sedulously and elaborately stage-managed into the limelight in the public mind. "Get back to gold!" as the only way to safety from national bankruptcy and trade disaster, is the cry that has been suddenly raised, and it is iterated with all the emphasis of metaphorical megaphones and loud-speakers in the *press*.

Reginald McKenna, former Chancellor of the Exchequer and now chairman of the Midland Bank, perhaps the most important of the "Big Five," frankly recognized the place filled by psychology in the whole matter. Seemingly, he is personally under no delusion as to the alleged connection between gold and safety or stability. He said: "One of the greatest advantages of the gold standard is its moral effect. A nation will think better of itself—will almost regard itself as more honest—if its currency is convertible into gold."

While this argument is based on psychological rather than economic grounds, Mr. McKenna contends that it is none the less powerful on that account. He, indeed, goes so far as to advance the striking proposition that "so long as nine people out of ten in every country think the gold standard is the best, IT IS THE BEST!" Plainly this is an argument that cuts both ways. If nine people out of ten come to see that a currency based on real wealth of every description, and properly managed as to volume of issue, is the best and safest currency, *it will be the best and safest currency!*

Most of the financial writers agree that Mr. Norman, during his brief visit to the United States, "has done a very great service to England." Mr. Norman's hurried and mysterious trip would have been worth while from the English standpoint if it had merely succeeded in running up the value of the pound and running down the value of the dollar temporarily, but long enough to save the British Exchequer 10 cents on the pound on the payment of the last installment of £25,000,000 on her debt to America.

In this connection, British writers point to "the eagerness shown by the United States Post Office to help in the work of restoring complete parity by already putting up the price of American money orders on England to par." Very pretty behavior this from the English standpoint! How does it look viewed from the standpoint of American interests? Sterling in the exchange market has already sagged from the high water mark of 4.8075 touched on January 23, to 4.7575, somewhat to the dampening of the expectations of an early return to the gold standard which we have been discussing. So thousands of United States citizens making small remittances out of their savings to help relatives left behind in Britain, or to pay for small purchases of one sort or another, will have to pay Uncle Sam $4.8675 for every pound sterling, or 11 cents more on each pound than the amount for which they could today buy the same exchange from the bank across the way or next door. To the extent that the buyers of these money orders keep track of the actual rates of exchange and that their business is worth while, it means driving profitable business away from the United States Post Office counters to the banks. Insofar as it concerns those seeking the money orders, and trustfully relying on the fairness and honesty of a great nation, who give their business to the post office, they will be flimflammed out of eleven cents on every pound they buy at the false and artificial rate demanded. I wonder if the English Post Office, in selling money orders on American cities, follows the example set by the American Post Office Department and forks up eleven cents more than the actual value in American money of the pound sterling?

As to the actual distribution of the world's gold stock, Frederick C. Goodenough, chairman of Barclay's Bank, provided some interesting information. He estimated the total amount of gold now held in England at £155,000,000. That represents about one-half the total quoted for the United States. As the population of England is less than one-half that of the United States, England has actually more gold *per capita* of the population than has the United States, whose citizens are represented as complaining that they have too much! Twenty years ago the gold coin and bullion in the Bank of England was roughly estimated at £35,000,000; last week it was nearly £127,000,000, and there is a considerable quantity of gold held by the private and joint-stock banks. This shows that there has been a gradual but steady accumulation in London of the yellow metal.

Britain's Return to the Gold Basis

In view of the fact that the whole trend of these official utterances of the spokesmen of the banks seems to have undergone a vast change from what it was a year ago, the question arises, What is behind the apparent transformation of mind? At the 1924 meetings, the bank chairman, for the most part, showed considerable fear of the deflation which might result from a return to the gold basis. In fact, several of them declared that what the country needed was an expansion in the volume of the currency.

Now it appears from a comparison of the "inspired" utterances of the proxies of the astute Mr. Norman that a plan is envisaged that will combine the objects of inflation to meet the urgent needs of business with a restoration of the gold basis in England, its retention in the United States and its gradual extension to all Europe and the East. Here is the proposed formula in condensed form: "In accordance with the report three years ago of the Cunliffe Committee and with the unanimous opinion of bankers and financial experts today, we must get back to gold forthwith. Delay is dangerous. The way to resume is to resume. Within three or four months, we must reduce our legal tender to £155,000,000, that is, to the amount of gold in the coffers of the Bank of England and the Treasury Note Reserve. And we must do what is necessary not so much to keep the £155,000,000 in the country as to insure that as fast as it may go out *more* will come in."

This will remind Americans of the terrific crisis that was precipitated in the United States when a concerted deflation of the volume of the currency and a drastic curtailment of bank credits robbed the farmers of some $400,000,000 of the value of their wheat, corn, and cotton crops and increased the value of their mortgage indebtedness (measured in purchasing power) so that there was a great swathe of foreclosed farms and homes throughout the agricultural sections. But Mr. Norman's genius had not then blossomed. Now we are told, paradoxically enough, that this severe deflation of the volume of legal tender will be followed by "*funds, cheap funds, and plenty of them!*"

It sounds like a cross-word puzzle. What is the solution?

Well, it's quite easy. The people of Britain, following the reduction of legal tender currency to the actual metal value of the gold in its bank coffers, must simply "increase in very marked degree the purchasing power and the earning power of gold in Great Britain." To this end, they must make a drastic cut in the costs of production and the selling prices of commodities; "but not in the price of labor, which must increase in real wages at least—though its percentage ratio to production will be averaged down."

(*Concluded on page 13*)

Photos (C) Humphrey Joel.

Bank of England, the governor's room.

Douglas Fairbanks' "Straight Talk"

Movie Star Reveals Some Intimate Secrets of the Screen Art

By JOHN ANSON FORD

IN CONVERSATION Douglas Fairbanks comes right back at you thrusting skillfully just as he does in fencing and even when one's questions become pointed he does not lose his good nature. Sometimes he parries, as every public man must do on occasion, and again he "tells you straight," just what you want to know. The interviewer is made to feel that he is seeing the man as he is. Always he is interesting, stimulating, aggressive.

In two minutes after we had left the grass plot on the Pickford-Fairbanks "lot" in West Hollywood, where Doug had been playing a strenuous game of pelota—an ancient Basque game, as he explained—we had plunged into manifold considerations affecting the making of pictures. Why are certain types of pictures produced? Why are they popular? Who's who and what's what? And so on. I soon discovered, as I shall indicate presently, that this hero of millions of movie goers has very definite ideas about "what the people want."

The suite into which Doug led the way at the end of a long low office building was itself an index to the character and work of the man. First we entered a combination reception room and dressing room. On the walls were blue print charts showing schedules of studio work for months in advance—evidence of system such as is not found in the make-up of every artist. In one corner was a scales emphasizing the important part which physical condition plays in this actor's scheme of things. A half-opened door revealed a plunge. In another corner was complete make-up equipment, a masculine boudoir as it were—a barber's chair, large wall mirror, a bewildering array of grease paints, creams and what not. On the left was a spacious closet filled with an array of costumes (chiefly Spanish in design, since a Spanish picture was occupying the studio), shoes to the number of a dozen pairs and as many different kinds of hats.

Beyond this larger room we entered a little private retreat furnished with a polished walnut table, a couch, and two chairs. On the walls hung two handsomely framed photographs, one of Mary and the other of Doug. The windows were partly darkened by heavy yellow hangings with blue figures. There was something restful about the spot and it was so small that folks could not follow Mr. Fairbanks here if they would. I fancy that it is a welcome resting place for him at the end of many a strenuous day.

Immediately our conversation got under way, I was interested to discover that this versatile man is a real philosopher. One might assume from the fact that his pictures are merely entertaining, that his thinking is confined to the so-called lighter vein. Nothing could be further from the truth. No subject is too profound, no problem too baffling for his mind to grapple with. Not that he expects to get a final answer in every case, but he takes real zest in trying to solve the great mysteries of life.

"Your Mr. Larkin said to me a few moments ago that he doubted if you, or anyone else, really know what the people want in pictures. He says you all are guessing," I commented.

The remark set Fairbanks to thinking for a moment and a sort of Zoroastrian scowl flitted across his face. Then his right fist smacked down hard into his left palm.

"This much I do know. The public wants 100 per cent of 'you.' I mean 100 per cent of the man or woman making the picture."

With characteristic speed the man's mind became dominated by this idea for the moment. He moved to the edge of his chair and with emphatic gestures that reminded me of Roosevelt, he enlarged on this thought.

"One must give himself to his 'picture' utterly and completely—his sweat, his muscle, his tissue, his brain and thought. Now then"—and a swarthy hand shot toward me—"*if you are normal* in body, mind, and heart you will produce something that will appeal to the people. For remember, the majority of the men, women, and children are normal, well-rounded beings. Some may be more developed and cultured than others but as far as they go most people are normal.

"But if you are narrow, if you are underdeveloped in any phase of your personality—body, mind or heart—you will produce something correspondingly defective. When you are producing for the screen you really can't camouflage, you can't cover up, you can't hide your own character. Now that sounds a bit strange doesn't it, in a profession which has so much make-believe in it. But you see what I mean. A picture, or a series of pictures, will sooner or later reveal the true character of those who share in their creation."

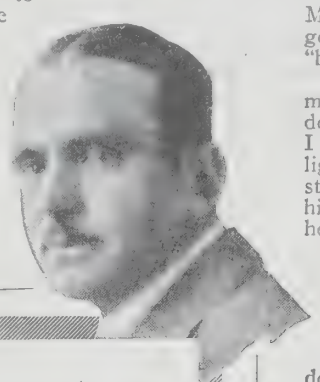
"Well, then," I countered, "how do you account for the surprising number of salacious, tawdry films on the screen today? My little family had an example of it just the other evening when I fulfilled a promise to our young son to give him a 'movie' treat. The program started off fine with a fairly decent comedy, though heaven knows, I did not see a great deal of humor in the picture. Then came the *pièce de résistance*—a cheap conglomeration of gaudy clothes, a 'strip' poker party, a giddy, tipsy house party—all under the guise of teaching a moral lesson. The youngster was wide-eyed with amazement but I was mighty thankful that he was too young to catch the innuendoes or to interpret the compromising situations presented."

Doug was silent for a time. I had put him in a corner, for he is reluctant to criticize others in his profession. Furthermore, he admitted that he had seen the picture to which I referred.

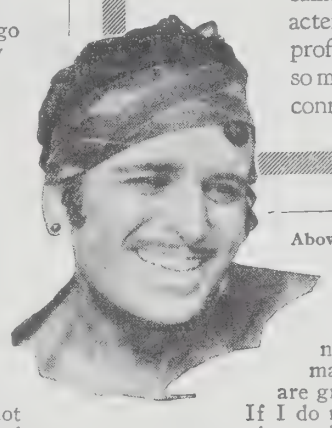
"Narrow-chested, narrow-minded," he snapped and his white teeth clicked together. "It's as I was telling you. Some folks are underdeveloped. Then, too, others are the victims of a surplus energy. You know, everybody should keep worked down to fighting trim. If you loll around without any real work to consume your energy you are going to get a perverted view of life. Pictures conceived and produced by people of that type necessarily reflect their makers. I tell you it is one of the finest things in the world to keep fit. It keeps one out of a lot of trouble."

He reached across the table and picked up a wax doll, fashioned and costumed to represent the "Thief of Bagdad," and set the figure to dancing merrily, a laughable reminder of Doug's own Bagdadian pep.

"Now it seems to me," he resumed, "that some producers try mechanically to concoct a picture by combining so much of this with so much of that, and when they have finished they wonder why it has not been a winner. I do not believe great pictures are made that way any more than are great books or great paintings. If I do not put my whole self into a picture it is not going to have the qualities that make for success."



"The public wants 100 per cent of the man or woman making each motion picture," says Douglas Fairbanks. "One must give himself to his picture utterly and completely—his sweat, his muscle, his tissue, his brain, and thought. If you are normal in body, mind, and heart, you will produce something that will appeal to the people, because the majority of men, women, and children are normal beings. If you are underdeveloped in body, mind or heart, you will produce something correspondingly defective. When you are producing for the screen, you can't camouflage your character, even in this profession which has so much make-believe connected with it."



Above—DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.
Left—Douglas Fairbanks in "The Thief of Bagdad."

With that he brought his fist down on the corner of the table and the doll clogged excitedly.

"As a matter of fact I do not spend a great deal of time asking 'What do the people want?' or 'What will the people think?' because in a sense, I know what they want, already. They want one's thought, one's energy, *one's self*. And that applies to every actor. We can't 'hold out' on the public for long or they will detect it in our efforts before the camera."

As he paused and pulled at his mustache his mind was working by leaps and bounds, just as his body works when he gets into action.

"In one respect I do take people's opinions into account. When I am searching for a central theme for a new picture I select something which has stood the test of time—not merely something which is popular today but an idea or a principle which many generations of people have accepted as fundamental. In 'The Thief of Bagdad,' for example, it was the idea that 'happiness must be earned.' The whole world knows that unearned happiness is not happiness at all."

Whether Mr. Fairbanks was thinking it, or not, I do not know, but it occurred to me that many a trashy picture in the screen today has "fallen down" because it did not ring true to life either in its alleged happy ending, or in some other particular.

"Or take the picture I am working on now," Doug went on. "We call it 'Don Q' and it is the story of a youth that was terribly wronged. The central theme is nothing more nor less than the old saying 'Truth crushed to earth will rise again,' and I have added 'if you have the yeast to make it rise!'"

The more I thought of that phrase the more I realized that Mr. Fairbanks had said something characteristic of his own success in pictures, as well as the success of every other really good cinema actor. The pictures which the people like, the entertainments which the public wants on the screen are those that are true by reason of the sincerity of the actors and writers. But in addition to this genuineness there must be a vital something, a touch of genius which lifts them out of the commonplace without lifting them out of the common reach. This is the "yeast" that is found in all truly popular pictures.

A few days after this interesting conversation with the creator of Robin Hood and other screen characters now universally beloved, I accepted his invitation to go to the studio again and see more of "Don Q" in the making.

"I fancy I have impressed you as a 'long speaker,' Mr. Fairbanks had said laughing, when I bade him goodby at the close of the conversation just recorded, "but come again and you may get a different impression."

While I have been on this and other lots a good many times the scene presented always proves tremendously interesting, but on this occasion particularly so for I had had an opportunity to see this premier actor in a light different from that given to most spectators at the studio. Mr. Fairbanks had spoken about himself and his outlook in a manner that few have been privileged to hear. So on this latter visit it was most interesting to see the man practicing what he had been preaching.

It was a typical "lot" setting with remnants of Robin Hood's castle towering high in the offing and nearer at hand minarets of Bagdad and mullioned windows from Haddon Hall. High on the tops of the set where "Don Q" was being created were a dozen men with huge reflectors lighting up a courtyard below. From my vantage point behind the cameras this quadrangle had every aspect of realism. Climbing roses, fresh and fragrant, covered the walls. The flagstones, whether of plaster or cement, appeared to have been worn smooth by the feet of countless generations. The black wrought-iron gate, with its huge key dangling from the knob, gave no hint of its wood-and-scroll-saw origin.

But Doug was oblivious of his surroundings. He was paying court to a fair damsel beneath the sweet-scented roses, while an orchestra of real Spaniards, just out of range of the cameras and batteries of lights, gave forth tones reminiscent of old Madrid. Over and over again with unflagging intensity, under the critical observation of the director, Mr. Crisp and a galaxy of camp-chair associates, this couple went through the scene until the customary "O. K." was affixed to the end of the film.

Unless one is familiar with the pains taken by Mr. Fairbanks and other actors of standing, one has no conception of the real hardihood and patience, plus sustained enthusiasm, necessary to produce a really great picture. Every step, every gesture, every change of expression is the object of painstaking examination and merciless criticism. There is no royal road to the production of good pictures.

But as time wore on it was manifest that progress was being made. Scenes were being shot one after the other with the utmost care. Whether before the camera, or at the side of his director, who incidentally takes a leading part in the play as well, Mr. Fairbanks' presence was always felt. Unobtrusively he kept the company intently and earnestly at the task, although he seemed utterly oblivious of everything but the story of the young Spanish nobleman who had been grievously wronged.

In commenting on the strain and responsibility which he takes on himself when he sets out to produce a new picture such as "the people want," Doug made a confession.

"We must have enthusiasm in what we do," he explained. "I just naturally throw myself into the picture without reserve. Everybody catches the spirit of the thing and we grind out scene after scene. Then all of a sudden I find myself 'going dead.' And I ask, 'What is life all about anyway? What is the use of all this sweat and worry?' Do you know, I can't make myself feel that I have a great solemn mission to perform in the world. But I do feel that each day I must do my bit decently, honestly, and enthusiastically. When I go 'flat,' as I was telling you, I just turn my thought to today's job and my pep returns. I stop trying to figure out the ultimate meaning of existence and content myself with doing the task in hand the very best I can."

"Now if you will excuse me for a while," said Doug, "I will attend a conference with some of my staff. Remember what the people want is 100 per cent of serious effort—and making pictures is serious business whether you are shooting comedy or tragedy. The public soon learns the attitude of those behind a picture." And with that he was off with that springing gait of his which reveals such abundant energy.

That reference to the public turned my thoughts to "fans" and their letters and I at once asked if I might see Mr. Fairbanks' morning mail, or rather that portion of it which was from his admirers.

"Mercy, yes," was the response from an attendant. "We get thousands of such letters every week and we answer every one of them which calls for an answer."

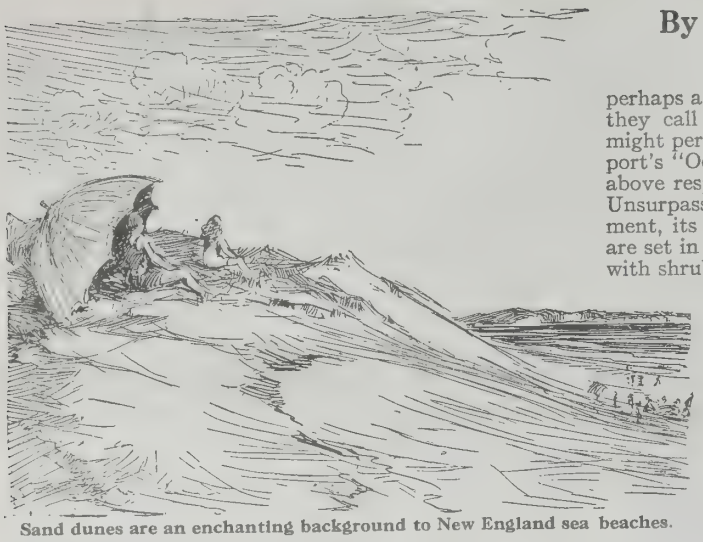
I was shown into a small office where a boy turned from reading a serial story, long enough to relinquish the morning's grist of "fan" letters. His manner was not at all reassuring as he handed me a big bundle and I feared that possibly I was to be disappointed after all.

Perhaps the receipt of "fan" letters by hundreds and thousands does become monotonous to some but for me these letters were like glimpses into the hearts of people—folk from the rank and file, whose chief relief from the humdrum of toil is an occasional picture show. It was remarkable, too, the wide range of territory which these missives represented. The very first one was from Antwerpt, Belgium. "Daer Sir," it began, "As I am a fervent picture goer I have often the opportunity to admire you in the silver sheet. Your acting is so real and human. I can assure you that my special 'star' will

(*Concluded on page 15*)

New England Beaches in Summer

By FLORENCE TAFT EATON



Sand dunes are an enchanting background to New England sea beaches.

TO "GO to the beach" in summer, either for a day's trip or for a real vacation, is the grand *summum bonum* of inlanders loving the sea, from the working girl whose greatest delight is a day's or evening's trip to the Coney Island-like resorts with which the New England beaches are sprinkled, to the artist or genuine ocean-lover to whom the lure of the lonely rocky cliffs, breaking waves, or stretches of shining sand is almost irresistible.

Years ago, when the trolley and the excursion boat were the only means of transporting trippers in numbers, the—what shall I call them?—beach midways were popular and even then crowded with gay merrymakers. Nowadays, the omnipresent automobile crowds them to an incredible extent night after night, Sundays, and during every holiday with a moving, jolly, packed throng who loup-the-loups, whirl on the merry-go-rounds, swing between heaven and earth on the Ferris wheels, crowd the dance-halls and movies, and indulge in every sort of game of chance, and in every variety of hot and cold, known and unknown "refreshment," both liquid and solid, that the ingenious brain of man can devise.

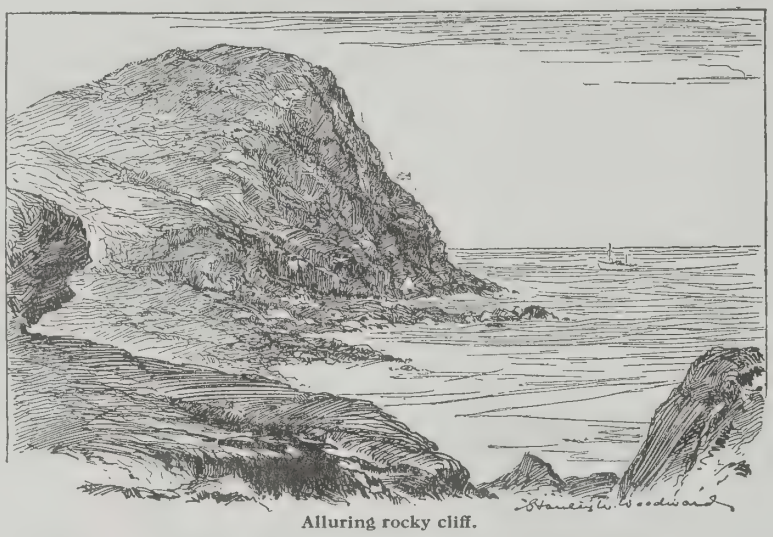
Revere Beach, near Boston, is typical of this order of beach resort, and, I suppose, from its convenient proximity to that and other cities and towns, entertains during the summer a greater number of ephemeral guests than any other place on the New England coast. It is a beautiful beach, with its miles of glittering sand, over which the long crested rollers curl placidly in calm weather, and upon which tremendous breakers rear themselves like giants, and thunder and pound during and after a northeast storm. One may, on ordinary weekdays, enjoy to the full a drive on the splendid beach, with its enchanting sea view, which Revere offers, and feel that there must be room and to spare; but beware of yielding to the temptation of a trip that includes this thoroughfare on a pleasant Sunday, holiday, or moonlight evening, unless you do not mind becoming an insignificant atom in a mass of moving, motoring humanity that creeps slowly, halts, creeps again, and so on, for miles before your destination is reached! A party of unthinking young people told me that they had yielded recently to a sudden impulse to "go to the beach" one moonlight evening, had spent three hours in getting over the few miles intervening, and then—within sight of their goal—turned round (with tremendous difficulty!) and started home!

Such resorts have their irresistible lure, however, for a great number of not-too-discriminating gay young people and—I must confess it—for most children. A dainty little maiden, taken on a day's outing through Revere off to an enchanting bit of natural coast, with a sea bath and delectable dinner at an attractive hotel as part of her entertainment, when asked what she liked best of the day's pleasure, replied without the slightest hesitation: "I really *liked* the funny place best!"

Similar New England beach resorts are York Beach, not Harbor—shades of generations of Harborites forbid!—Rye Beach, Hampton, and a dozen others, all catering to this sort of transient entertainment with their gaudy hotels, gay booths where all sorts of seafood is offered, their innumerable "shows," games of chance and thrilly adventurings, and, for the vacationers so inclined, the tiny jig-saw houses—"Bide-a-wee," "Lazy-Day," "Galrustic," and the like—packed together like sardines, where neighbors can shake hands from window to window. Similar summer resorts and entertainments do the shores of the Great Lakes offer to trippers and holiday-makers in other parts of the country; but the ocean itself, I think, has an especial and particular lure all its own that no lake, however grand, can emulate.

Then there are the New England sea towns frequented by persons of fashion and wealth, where "cottages," whose beauty, grandeur, and size can hardly be imagined, are occupied by those possessing this world's goods in such abundance that they can winter at Palm Beach, run over to Europe in the spring, summer in Newport, with perhaps a short time in the autumn in the establishment they call "home." The fashionable part of Newport might perhaps be typical of this variety of resort. Newport's "Ocean Drive" is, I imagine, as wonderful in the above respect as any stretch of coast in New England. Unsurpassed in regard to location and ocean environment, its gorgeous palaces—I can use no other word—are set in the midst of stretches of emerald lawn starred with shrubbery, flower beds and borders whose luxuriance and beauty are marvelously increased by the mild sea air and moisture, and include, on the sea side, a beauty of ocean scenery that is almost unimaginable.

Newport, too, has its "Coney Island" end; but its "First," "Second," and "Third" beaches—marvelously beautiful and vast—will almost always allow the real ocean lover a degree of solitude and privacy. A trip to the Newport beaches in September found its "funny places"—to quote my small friend—closed; and the wonder and beauty of the long stretches of the shining sand, crested breakers, and—best of all to my mind—masses of enticing rocks, could be enjoyed without too much contact with one's too often obstreperous kind. May I stray from my subject just a bit to comment upon an interesting enterprise undertaken by the Newport Garden Club? A most attractive ample lot including many large trees was loaned by some interested person, where is laid out and maintained a lovely garden. It is mainly a rose garden, but luxuriant plantings of other flowers—both annuals and perennials—add to its beauty. The landscape architecture of the whole is charming, and comfortable shaded seats tempt one to rest and enjoy indefinitely. "Maintained for those who love flowers," is the hospitable invitation. Surely a beautiful thing for a Garden Club to undertake!



Alluring rocky cliff.

Then there are the beaches where one goes for clambakes! Baked clams are always the high light in the menu of any hotel at the populous beaches and are a dainty to be found only in the close neighborhood of the sea—for they are only possible where absolute freshness is guaranteed. Hotel baked clams are produced in some mysterious way from unseen culinary regions; but the beach clambake which is planned to be in evidence, where the preparations and whole process are almost a part of the feast—surely adding to its interest and enjoyment—is a different matter.

Beach clambakes are enjoyed all up and along the New England coast, but "Little Rhody" is primarily the headquarters of the clambake. It is accomplished as follows:

A large shallow pit is dug in the sand and lined with cobblestones. A big fire is then made in this, is kept roaring and planned to be reduced to coals when the stones are hissing hot and proclaimed by the master of ceremonies to be "just right"; it is then swept clean by

The artists' easels are set up in all sorts of odd corners.

Where the children may wade, bathe or dig in the sand.

steady, alternate swings of long birch-brush brooms, wielded at opposite sides of the bake. This is a hard, hot job, and, I well remember in my picnic days, not coveted by amateurs! The required number of clams, washed clean by the hose, are then *carefully*—to avoid breaking the shells, the breakage of which in any extent indicates a very poor job!—but rapidly dumped on the hot stones, live lobsters are tucked in cosily, green corn in the husks also given a place, and, if you wish, sweet potatoes. All is then comfortably covered by a thick layer of clean wet seaweed and a wet canvas put over all, that not the smallest wisp of steam may escape. How delightful is the anticipation of the clams and various delectabilities; and what fun to sample a just-right clam at the proper minute! And when the "bake" is uncovered, the pans of steaming clams distributed with the preferred accompaniments—always including plates of hot steamed "Boston Brown Bread," and watermelon for dessert—gastronomic delight can go no further! One doesn't forget, either, that the bake is covered between times so that "seconds" and "thirds" may be kept just as temptingly hot; and—dear me!—I almost forgot the plates of unlimited fresh doughnuts! But no one forgets them when on the spot!

This is the old-fashioned Rhode Island clambake. Possibly methods may be occasionally more conventionally changed, but results can never be made more satisfactory!

Besides the thronged beaches which offer specialized attractions, add the ultra-fashionable seaside resorts, the long New England coast is fringed and bordered with charming, less crowded bits and long stretches of shore, dear to the heart of really and truly sea lovers. To these—and they are so numerous and extensive as to be comfortably available—are tempted families for a long, lazy summer, when not-too-liberal incomes are planned so that the mother may obtain whatever rest may lie in picnic housekeeping, and obtain the refreshment of the sea air and the change; where the children may wade, bathe, and dig in the sand, and the father may enjoy his Sunday; to them the more solitary or the "workers of the world" go for a vacation, and the stay-at-home is tempted for week-ends or trips. These are the beaches that are really loved, a first visit to which is always remembered, and to which one returns whenever possible. To these more remote, less populous but always picturesque beaches come the artists—shoals of them! Provincetown and Ogunquit are typical artists' colonies that come to mind—and for the time being make the place their own. They themselves constitute a most picturesque element in the life of such beaches and add much interest to the various summer settlements of which they form a part. Their easels and big umbrellas are set up in all sorts of odd corners—sometimes the casual and non-artistic observer wonders as to the why and wherefore of the attraction! One of the Giants is Master of Art in a real artists' colony—as Mr. Woodbury in Ogunquit—and is worshiped and followed by enthusiastic and hard-working devotees.

Connected with such beaches are delights innumerable. To me there is nothing so perfect as a climb, with book, pencil, or work, on to some alluring rocky cliff, where one is tempted on and up, and on again until the perfect corner is reached where one who loves the sea can pass indefinite time in doing nothing but watching the vast open stretches of water and, best of all, enjoy the pounding of the waves upon the rocks, and the breaking of their crests into towering, enveloping creamy spray, rising to inconceivable heights.

Then there are the delightful little shingle beaches, scalloping into the sand beach between cosy arms of rock, filled deep with the smoothest, most enchanting egg-shaped pebbles, where every receding wave is followed by a crackling, indescribable rattle as the millions of pebbles sink together again.

The bathing beaches have, naturally, an attraction all their own, and there is no delight connected with the sea that, to its devotees, equals that of sea bathing, whether one takes part in the vast assembly clad in every fantastic costume imaginable on some fashionable or popular big bathing beach, or enjoys the comparative privacy and freedom of the smaller ones.

(Concluded on page 15)

Mr. Ford's Page

THE fact that a law is violated does not mean that that law is bad. Burglars consider that laws against housebreaking should never have been framed, gunmen are of the opinion that the statute which makes it an offense for them to take the lives of their fellow men is all wrong, and thugs in general are quite certain that their liberties are unnecessarily curtailed by legislation of any kind. Yet no one would assert that the burglar, the gunman, and the thug are right.

Yet we find that there are people who say that the Eighteenth Amendment is all a mistake because it conflicts with one of their abnormal tendencies. One might as well argue that the New Testament is all wrong because the ethics of Christianity are unpalatable to a large proportion of the human race, or that because there was a Judas among the twelve apostles the other eleven were to be everlastingly discredited. What is right can never be made wrong owing to the right having been ignored or disregarded. Such wild philosophy would be laughed out of any school of ethics.

Why is it that some people do not obey certain laws? Simply because those laws are not in harmony with their own peculiar likes and dislikes; because those laws are a barrier to their vices or, shall we say, weaknesses; because those laws are antagonistic to their pet inclinations.

Nero and Diocletian thought that Christianity was bad, but their opposition and persecution neither discredited Christianity nor killed it. Those emperors, great as they were in their own estimation, were centuries behind the times. But before Christianity was ever heard of there were edicts against the excessive use of intoxicants.

There never was an invention or discovery put at the disposal of mankind but caused a great deal of worry among some of the people. When Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood, his fellow physicians considered him a lunatic; when the first steam engines were set running on rails there were otherwise enlightened people who foretold that a blight would fall upon nature and that the country would be ruined; when the first illuminating gas was used, it was denounced as a menace to public health, and people used to touch the lamp-posts with their finger tips to find out if they were growing red-hot.

When the first steamboats were floated the skippers of all the "windjammers" that sailed the seas declared that if those floating locomotives were permitted, the sailing ship would have to go out of business to the utter ruination of the commerce of the world and the sending of thousands of worthy mariners to the poorhouse. When labor-saving machinery of any kind was adopted it was the signal for all kinds of human moles to declare that it was labor-ruining machinery, and that starving millions would follow. Those who did not worry at the advent of the telegraph or the telephone, laughed at them, or said they were devices of the devil, and that the postal department would crumble because there would be no more letters to deliver.

Thus every measure that has been for the benefit of mankind has had to pass through a stormy period, and this is just what is now happening to the Eighteenth Amendment.

Modern civilization wants increased speed because increased speed means increased efficiency, but a high standard of efficiency cannot be attained or maintained without *clear thinking and quick action.* Prohibition is one of the means by which clear thinking is accomplished.

Who are they that are principally interested in the continuance in the traffic in liquor? Are they altruists who think that the liberty of the subject is being restricted because he is being protected against himself; are they those who grow rich at the expense of the peoples' health and morals, or are they the people who at present are the bootleggers' best customers?

Apart from those who wish to make easy fortunes by its illegal sale, the principal opponents of the Volstead Act are those who consider that the consumption of liquor is essential to their happiness. Looked at from this angle it is the buyer and not the seller who is most interested. It is the consumer and not the producer.

When pedestrian traffic was much greater than it now is, some unfortunate would now and then have to be saved from under the hoofs of horses or from stumbling into a lake or river. But in these days of rapid transportation it is the driver not the pedestrian on whom safety most depends. This is the age of quick action, and to have quick action we must have clear thinking. There can be no clear thinking if the brain of a man is befogged by booze. He becomes a madman on wheels and a madman on wheels is a deadly menace to public safety.

AN ARM is raised to knife the Constitution of the United States in one of its most vital parts. The Eighteenth Amendment is the object of this menace. The country is not behind this. It is the work of those who are deprived of piling up wealth on the weaknesses of their fellow men. There is nothing sincere in any movement based on the assumption that a law which is for the benefit of the community as a whole must be bad because it deprives a section of that community of the opportunity of preying upon the others. The burglar and the bootlegger as violators of the law are in the same category. They are at one in their opinion that those who seek to restrict their activities are doing them an injustice. Are we on the side of the burglar and bootlegger, or that of sound citizenship?

But it is not only on the ground but in the air that clear-headedness is required these days. The age of the airplane is approaching, and the thought that these machines should ever be in charge of pilots who are not consistently alert in mind and body is appalling.

There are some people who pretend to have a hankering after "the good old days" when everything moved much more slowly than now, but are we to move backward fifty years or so, to seek these conditions? Surely the proportion that would wish to exchange present conditions of living and transportation with those prevailing half a century ago is negligible.

Retrogression is not in accordance with the spirit of the American nation. No nation can move backward or even mark time and retain its place among the countries of the world. It is not retrogression that is desired, but progress, and this progress can never be maintained if it is hampered and nullified by what the great majority of American people believe to be a pest and a plague.

What America wants to do is to raise up a race of sane, sober men, men who will not only hold their own with those of other countries but will excel all others in service and attainment. This has always been the ambition of every American citizen, and why should it be changed now at the behest of a section by no means representative of public opinion, or men of American nationality.

We believe that if the opposition to prohibition were analyzed it would be found that it was mainly alien. We believe that every true American is for it heart and soul. We believe that if prohibition were to be put before the nation tomorrow there would again be an overwhelming flood of public opinion in its favor. Although the friends of prohibition may not be so aggressive as its enemies, they are firmer in their convictions.

It is not in the wide open spaces that the defiance of the prohibition laws are the most prevalent, but in the crowded urban centers where alien influence and alien eagerness for money-getting is at work.

After its five years of trial, prohibition is not a failure. *It is the people who have neglected to correspond with it who are the failures.* If it took Christianity hundreds of years to obtain a footing, why should anyone consider five years sufficient for a tryout of the greatest reform since the introduction of Christianity itself? The good that has already come from it infinitely outweighs the evil, and the evils that are, do not arise from prohibition but the failure to practice it.

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Millions More for the Farmer

THE recent announcement by the Secretary of Agriculture that the farm outlook is the best in five years, while of particular interest to the American farmer, is likewise of deep concern to business men throughout the country, for the farmer's buying strength goes far to determine whether times will be prosperous, or the reverse. The statement that the American farmer will have $10,000,000,000 to spend at the end of the crop year next June—a billion more than in 1922—will mean the maintenance of the farmer's purchasing power and a continuance of agricultural support for general prosperity, assuming, of course, that no great change in the general price level of farm products takes place.

The fact that farm products and livestock production in the United States last year had a total value of more than $12,000,000,000—more than half of the entire national debt—is reason for nation-wide rejoicing. The values amounted to more than $1,000 for every person, male or female, above ten years of age, employed in agriculture or its allied occupations. These figures suggest the magnitude and importance of farming in this country. And while the figures cited for 1924 show a tremendous decline from those of 1920, when crops and livestock values were more than $21,000,000,000, one must remember that in 1920 values were enormously inflated. It is not at all certain that in proportion to the prices of the things he must buy, the farmer's values were any higher than in 1924.

Just now there is a slump in the price of wheat. But as practically all of last year's crop, except that reserved for seed, had been sold before the slump came, the speculator in grains, the miller, and the middleman, not the farmer, are more likely to be injured by this decline in prices. In fact, this slump may be a blessing in disguise to the farmer. Had wheat remained around $2 a bushel, he would have been tempted to increase his last year's acreage of spring wheat. Then, with a production larger than the world's requirements, we probably would have had dollar wheat again. That is, since the farmer is not financially able to hold back his crop from the market, and must sell it virtually as soon as it is harvested, the middlemen, the millers, and the speculators would have bought this wheat for perhaps a dollar a bushel, and held it for an increase in price.

The great feature about the present situation, according to the Department of Agriculture, is that the country has finally worked out from under its paralyzing surpluses. The decks are fairly well cleared for a new deal. The world reserve of wheat, corn, cotton, and wool needs to be replenished. Farm production on the whole is in better balance than at any time since the war; both the domestic and foreign demands for farm products are good, and promise to remain so for at least another year. Hogs, cattle, dairy products, wheat, corn, and poultry in the corn belt promise to bring more money than last year.

General prosperity cannot be built upon a discouraged farming population. Unless the farmer can keep his debts paid, his farm buildings in repair, his family contented; unless he can educate his children and be assured of a fair return on both capital and energy invested, the whole country suffers. The farmer is interested in the same governmental policies as the rest of us—economy in expenditure; reduction in taxes; and a fair share of the profits of our common toil. That he is getting them is now evident. The farmer has turned the corner; he will have a billion dollars more to spend this year than in 1922.

Agriculture and Business

GEORGE M. REYNOLDS, Chicago banker, argues for the preservation of the Federal Reserve System. From his point of view as a beneficiary there is little to criticize, but he makes some astonishing statements regarding finance. For example, he asserts that war financing, had it not been a part of the system's work, would have been accomplished in another way—thus denying the practically unanimous claim of his colleagues that in no other way could it have been possible.

In premising one of his statements, Mr. Reynolds alluded to the improved condition of agriculture and industry as positive evidence of a returned prosperity. The statement was made, without doubt, before the marked slump in both grain and stock markets.

Whether this slip was the result of carelessness or—luck, let us say, the break had occurred, and Ernest Pool, New York correspondent of *Investment News*, had pointed out, five days before the appearance of the Reynolds interview, how he had cautioned his readers from the start in November that no basis existed for the speculative boom, and that keen eyes were watching to grasp the opportunity to raid the market. His only surprise was that speculative prices had been maintained so long far above a legitimate level.

That Mr. Reynolds' optimism was unwarranted is best shown by a quotation from Mr. Pool which fits as if made for the occasion:

> "Amateur traders and business men are probably wondering why, when such optimistic comments are given by Secretary Hoover and Secretary Mellon, that both basic and barometric conditions are such as to make present and future prospects very favorable, and the general business situation the country over is decidedly satisfactory, why there should be such drastic breaks in quotations of shares actively traded in on Change. . . . Contrary to the opinion held by Mr. Herbert Hoover, reports that reach me concerning business activity throughout the country are not altogether of the encouraging nature. The truth is, business is halting."

Mr. Pool also declares, what should be apparent to all, that very little trading in shares or in actual grain was done during the rise in stocks and farm crops. Practically all the business was done as a pure gamble.

Is Feng a Fraud?

IS MARSHAL FENG, "The Christian General," a humbug or not? One newspaper has received "from a reliable source in China," a statement that "Marshal Feng is now acknowledged, by those who know best, to be a patriot, and not a traitor," and that "he dared obloquy and the stigma of turncoat, because his gaze was fixed on the greater good of China."

That oft-quoted dictum of Dr. Samuel Johnson that "patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel" is no proof that there are no patriots who are not scoundrels, for the dour philosopher of Grub street was not infallible in his pronouncements.

Feng's reply to the attacks made upon him is that his one object in cutting loose from his fellow general and marching his fifteen thousand men into Pekin was to end the war, which he had concluded had dragged on long enough at considerable cost of life and property without anything being attained for the good of China.

Feng is not the first general who in his heart of hearts has seen the futility of sacrificing blood and treasure merely to satisfy the ambitions of petty aspirants to power, or to appease the rancor of individuals who had fallen out over the division of spoil or the distribution of honors.

If the object of Feng is the greatest good for the greatest number there is nothing that China needs more. Feng has a good opportunity of satisfying the world that he at least means well.

Exit Herriot

PREMIER EDOUARD HERRIOT of France has gone the way of Ramsay MacDonald. He rose to power in much the same way, and he demits office for the same reasons. These days no politician can afford to allow his personal proclivities to rule his policy. Those who are "for a party" and who forget that they are also "for the state" can never give their best to their country.

The rumblings of discontent with the extreme radicalism of M. Herriot, and his high-handed attitude toward Alsace-Lorraine, have been heard for some time; his unpopularity with the people of France as a whole has been evidenced by the public demonstrations which have been held in various parts of the country. The recent election of ex-President Millerand was an outward and visible sign that popular resentment could no longer be restrained. It was a deliberate buffet to the prestige of M. Herriot, whom, it will be recollected, declined to take office with Millerand as the supreme executive.

The conservative and nationalist element has been the biggest thorn in the flesh of the Socialist premier. M. Herriot, like Ramsay MacDonald, has given too much ear to the extreme left of his party. France wants good, constructive government, not party politics nor party prejudices.

Her outstanding need is financial reconstruction. If M. Herriot had devoted his attention to this and refrained from meddling with matters for which there was no immediate urgency, his power might not so soon have waned. The inflation of the currency and forced taxation in the form of a capital levy are measures toward which he has been driven by the force of circumstances.

France has been in the hands of usurers since long before the great revolution, and the dragons' teeth that were sown in those days are now being reaped a hundredfold. It will require a strong hand and a firm and unprejudiced mind to drag her out of the slough of age-long improvidence.

Ratting on Prohibition

THERE is a movement in certain quarters to tear the Eighteenth Amendment to pieces before it has had a chance of proving its worth. We ask those who are urging the booze hounds to the attack to look at the good which this measure has wrought before going further. There are urban centers where alien influences lurk in the dark corners where the bootlegger flourishes, but these influences are not representative of American opinion because they are not American. Let those who are ready to rat on this question look around. Let them go to the communities scattered all over the country where decaying industry has taken a new lease of life and where men who were losing their manhood have brought renewed vigor to workshop and farm.

It is, after all, these communities that are genuinely representative of this great country, not the distorted alien mind which seeks first to undermine the *morale* of the citizens and then to reap a harvest of shekels.

The Volstead Act was adopted after the matter at issue had been discussed in all its angles from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. It was looked at in all its bearings, and the public opinion in its favor was overwhelming. We believe that this opinion would be as strong as ever if put to the test.

A Precious Thing

DURING these lovely days of spring has anyone noticed the beautiful cloud effects and the glowing sunset skies? These masses of watery vapor, when lit up by the ever-changing effects of sun and moon, are among the most beautiful things in nature. The poet Shelley says:

> "I am the daughter of earth and water,
> And the nursling of the Sky."

The clouds are like living things, and they among all the natural phenomena are perhaps the things that most closely resemble a human soul. They rise from the moist earth or the surface of the sea, invisible, to take their places in the blue dome of the heavens, and there, transfigured by the radiance of the celestial orbs, they look down on the world in their ever-changing grandeur, until, as if pitying the world beneath them, they dissolve into rain that the earth may bring forth its fruits.

A drop of water is perhaps one of the most precious things with which creation has been endowed. No peerless pearl or gem can equal it in its benefit to mankind.

Wiles of the Gasoline Bootlegger

Including Paying for a Filling Station Job Before Being Paid

By JOHN M. ROBERTSON

THE gasoline bootlegger who sells automobile owners "memberships" purporting to entitle them to discounts on gasoline and oil purchased at his filling stations, as well as free emergency services, has also fleeced many credulous men seeking jobs as filling-station operators out of thousand-dollar or bigger cash "deposits" required as "proof of their dependability."

Such bootleggers can purchase odd wholesale lots of gasoline and oil of dubious origin and quality, at prices lower than the established brands of responsible companies. Their other sources of supplies have features of instability that are better known to the oil trade than to the consuming public.

One group that has been exploiting this field of public service has also added as a side line the fake sale of insurance against theft, burglary, and robbery to small tradesmen, many of whom are foreigners.

Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, and Los Angeles are the favorite centers of promoters and high-pressure salesmen of speculative or shady enterprises. The first two cities have had the gasoline scheme introduced by a band of adventurers some of whose members, who are as yet neither prisoners nor fugitives, are reported to have sought footholds in Chicago and Los Angeles. The rest of the country will doubtless receive attention as soon as the more lucrative cities have been worked.

The salient personalities in the Motorade Corporation of Michigan; the Supreme Oil Company; the Savin Oil Company; the so-called Michigan Merchants Association and the Mobilade Company deserve description before their latest exploits are dealt with.

Abe J. Joseph, formerly of the stock-jobbing firm of Goodman & Joseph, of Cleveland, promoted a motorade corporation in that city. In January, 1923, the Ohio Securities Commission authorized the sale of a small portion of this corporation's authorized capital stock of ten million dollars. In May, 1923, the commission revoked this authorization because sales were being made on grossly unfair terms.

Then they started selling motorists ten-dollar "memberships" in the corporation. These memberships purported to entitle their holders to gasoline and oil at a discount, legal services, towing and other helps to distressed automobile owners. Joseph, as fiscal agent, got eight dollars out of every ten-dollar membership and the corporation got the balance.

Joseph secured a considerable part of the funds for this corporation by getting men desirous of employment as its filling-station operators to deposit one thousand dollars. These "depositors" were merely given so-called gold notes in return for their money. Their money was not kept on deposit but used in the business.

A couple of Cleveland judges were made directors of this motorade corporation, which claimed to furnish its members with legal defenses. The judges resigned these directorships when their attention was called to their incongruous positions.

While involuntary bankruptcy proceedings against this Cleveland concern were pending, an oil company with a Jewish executive bought the eight filling stations of this "motorade" and other assets. These carried on the books at $207,000, but were sold for $20,000. Among these assets were $40,000 "gold note" deposits of candidates for filling-station jobs who were thus wiped out.

Meanwhile, the Ohio Securities Commission revoked the license of Goodman & Joseph to sell stocks—no new experience to them; they had previously received official discipline for their behavior in connection with the sale of the stocks of the ill-starred Pittsburgh Tin Plate & Steel Company and the American Iron & Steel Corporation.

Goodman & Joseph's romantic record also includes the promotion of the Friend Motor Company of Pontiac, Michigan, which promptly went into receivership after these "brokers" had rewarded themselves richly.

A valued collaborator of Joseph's in Detroit was Joseph Holbrook who was associated with the promotion of the notorious Hawkins Mortgage Company of Indiana, most of whose principals have been convicted in Federal court. Holbrook turned informer. He was also associated with the Toronto Cement Corporation and its promotion and his relation thereto have been roundly denounced by the Canadian press.

Holbrook succeeded Calot Morganthaler as fiscal agent for the Detroit Packing Company. This concern and Morganthaler were adverted to in the article upon "myself notes" which featured Colfax Gibbs. (See THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT of August 9, 1924.) Holbrook has recently been indicted in Detroit for the alleged participation in the trade of 120 shares of stock in a concern that ceased operations four years ago for property said to be worth ten thousand dollars.

William Miller, who left Bellevue, Ohio, under a cloud after his promotion of the now defunct Supreme Oil Corporation, came to Detroit and organized the Supreme Oil Company, which was financed somewhat by getting men to "deposit" one thousand dollars against hopes of getting filling-station jobs, as Joseph had been doing in Cleveland.

Incidentally, Miller introduced himself to Detroit by obtaining money from a local bank upon a forged Bellevue bill of lading.

A Miss Steffen, 5840 Pennsylvania avenue, Detroit, can never forget Miller and the filling-station job deposit game. She is a deaf-mute who has learned lip reading and thus laboriously supports herself at a clerical position. Her two brothers persuaded her to advance them her savings of two thousand dollars, which they deposited with Miller's company in the hope of securing filling-station jobs. The company promptly failed and Miss Steffen lost her accumulation. Heart-rending personal tragedies always follow high-pressure promotions.

Abe Joseph dropped out of Cleveland after the Motorade Corporation had passed into other hands at the expense of the original "investors." He showed up in Detroit in May, 1924, and, together with Joseph Holbrook who has been described and Leon Stern, organized the Motorade Corporation of Michigan.

This new motorade outfit then made arrangements for its "members" to be supplied with gasoline from Miller's Fenkell avenue filling station, which was leased, at two cents a gallon discount. Thus we find such choice spirits as Abe Joseph, Joseph Holbrook, and William Miller, whose promotional records are unusual, getting together in the public service. The lease placed this filling station beyond attachment by Miller's numerous creditors. Joseph, Holbrook, and Miller could benefit from the station without fear of molestation by Miss Steffen.

Membership salesmen for this motorade claimed that the Michigan Refining Company would furnish gas at discounts to motorade members. This was denied by the Refining Company officials. These membership salesmen claimed, without the slightest justification, that the largest accessory store in Detroit would give discounts to motorade members. They also made numerous promises of legal, insurance, towing, and other services, which were never fulfilled. The sales manager blandly stated, after several months' supervision of these membership salesmen, that he did not know their assurances were not being performed by the corporation.

This motorade also worked the filling-station job deposit game by getting $1,500 from men who wanted to operate its filling stations, using this money as working capital.

It should be understood that persons who made these "deposits" to these different concerns were governed by the verbal representations and did not read the printed receipt or certificate until in many cases they attempted to get their money back. Then they found they had merely been given a note payable at a date to be fixed by the company that had taken their "deposit."

While this Motorade Corporation of Michigan was getting under way in Detroit, Benjamin Levy, a former salesman for Goodman & Joseph, began trading in Detroit under the title of "Michigan Merchants Association." He was soon succeeded by M. Joseph, Leon Stern, and himself, a co-partnership, trading under the same name: Michigan Merchants Association.

The Michigan Merchants Association put out squads of high-pressure salesmen who offered small shopkeepers in Detroit a contract that purported to give them free collection service; a private patrol past their doors every 30 minutes throughout the night; holdup, burglary, and open-stock robbery insurance.

All that the policies really gave was $500 six a.m. to twelve p.m. holdup coverage. Policies issued were not delivered, and in many cases the insurance company received no applications from the association and therefore insurance that had been paid for was not written up at all.

As for other protection, the association delivered to its members brass plates bearing the words: "Protected by Watts & Whalen," a detective agency whose operatives are uniformed so they closely resemble policemen. Watts says he was unaware of the methods of the association, that he had merely agreed with them to furnish its members a free examination after holdups, and service for 80 per cent of regular prices.

Benjamin Levy, one of the three partners in the Michigan Merchants Association, had a broker's license for the insurance company covering these members so lightly. The association proper and its membership salesmen did not have licenses to sell insurance, as the state law requires.

Acting upon complaints, the prosecutor and the Better Business Bureau began a joint investigation of the Michigan Merchants Association. At the outset Levy loudly claimed he was a friend of big politicians and told the prosecutor to "chase himself." Levy's attorney firmly maintained that nothing could be done with his client until a member of the association suffered a loss and was not indemnified and thus qualified to institute legal proceedings.

However, the discovery that the individual salesmen of memberships giving insurance protection were not licensed enabled Levy's legal armor to be pierced, punctured, and utterly wrecked. Insurance Commissioner Leonard Hand summoned all the interested parties to Lansing for a hearing of the complaints. He named 10 o'clock as the hour for the opening of the hearing. Although the morning train from Detroit does not arrive until after 10 o'clock, Levy and his attorney, feeling quite cocksure, took this train and calmly invaded the Commissioner's office one hour late.

Upon being asked to describe the two other partners in the Michigan Merchants Association, Levy informed the Commissioner that M. Joseph was a brother of Abe Joseph, the motorade genius. He had previously made this declaration to the prosecutor. Asked for more details about M. Joseph, Levy maintained he was a prominent business man of Detroit. Cornered by stern cross-examination, Levy admitted he had been lying and that M. Joseph was none other than our old friend Abe Joseph who for "personal" reasons was masquerading.

Commissioner Hand then announced the Michigan Merchants Association's membership contract was illegal since it mingled insurance with other things.

He also ruled that the association as such had no right to place insurance as it had no license and that it was further violating the law by having its unlicensed salesmen write insurance. As for Levy, he was given two weeks within which to show cause why his personal license to write insurance should not be revoked.

Abe Joseph then ostensibly retired from the motorade to organize the Mobilade Corporation in Detroit. He was succeeded as president of the Motorade by the malodorous Holbrook. In fact, one characteristic of the operations of this group is the way in which they would switch titles and companies. That this resulted in confiding people with whom they dealt suffering severly is shown by the following case:

A man who answered an advertisement of the Motorade, which offered a guaranteed contract to haul gasoline, was informed he would have to purchase a certain make of motor truck from a specified dealer. This he did, paying $5,500 down on a $9,300 truck, a very substantial fee for membership in the sucker's club. Abe Joseph signed the hauling contract for the Motorade Corporation. When the trucker showed up to perform his work he was informed Joseph was not with the Motorade and the contract was unauthorized.

However, the Motorade generously offered to give him a new contract if he would surrender the one signed by Abe Joseph. Unfortunately, the trucker found the rewritten contract was without the guaranty clause. He was put to work for the Savin Oil Company, of which Holbrook is now president and is merely eking out a living in sorry contrast to the promises of the advertisement and the terms of the contract signed by the elusive Abe Joseph.

The subsequent criminal indictment of Holbrook, the head of the Motorade Corporation of Detroit, has made the situation of its stockholders and depositors still more involved, because Abe Joseph and Benjamin Levy skipped out of Detroit when "ade" affairs no longer furnished a lure for them.

Joseph and Levy tried to launch the "American Merchants Association" in Chicago, following the model of the interesting Michigan Merchants Association. Unfortunately the Chicago detective agency head whom they had interested came to Detroit and mentioned his new allies. He was quickly put in contact with those who had called Levy to account at the hearing in Lansing and returned to Chicago a disillusioned man.

Joseph and Levy apparently then headed for Los Angeles, the western haven of promoters and high-tension operators. Los Angeles bankers in querying Detroit correspondents have identified the attempted promotion of the Motorade scheme there.

Persons who are requested to make big cash deposits either to secure or to hold positions should first submit the written contract to a good lawyer or a banker known for his business capacity.

Here is a story that may save you money and sorrow. Read it, and if you are ever approached with any of these schemes, get all their "documents" but sign nothing.

Demand that every promise be shown in black and white—and then don't sign. Salesmen are not responsible for "promises."

Demand the guaranty that promises will be fulfilled—and then don't sign. Your name is your own until you give it away.

See a good banker first. The dotted line is often the path of folly.

David E. George as J. Wilkes Booth

House Painter Who Posed as Lincoln's Assassin—Sixth Article

By F. L. BLACK

A MAN known as David E. George asserted at El Reno, Oklahoma, in April, 1900, that he was John Wilkes Booth. This time a woman was the recipient of the "confession." As it created an awkward situation for Finis L. Bates, chief author of the Booth myth, to have a David E. George make the same claim that John St. Helen had made, and as it was obvious that if one of them was Lincoln's assassin, the other could not be, Mr. Bates simply disposed of the difficulty by asserting that John St. Helen and David E. George were one and the same individual, and that individual was Booth. Thus the myth was apparently lifted over a fatal danger point. Mr. Bates simply says that St. Helen dropped out of sight at Forth Worth for a number of years, and was rediscovered again at Hennessey and El Reno, in Oklahoma, as George. If St. Helen were George, the same general characteristics would be evident, the same man would appear. With this in mind, the investigation was pursued in Hennessey, El Reno, and Enid, and because the reports received in these places would involve some repetition, only the El Reno and Enid phases will be presented at length. It was at Enid that David E. George's sordid life ended in suicide.

Bates located David George at Hennessey, Oklahoma, in 1899, under the name of George D. Ryan. This, however, is a needless attempt to increase the sense of mystery. George lived in Hennessey under his own name of George, and earned his living as a house painter. He was a drunkard and a morphine addict. It is during this Hennessey period that Bates begins to weave another web of mystery around the remittances which he says George received from the outside world. These "mysterious remittances" were used to establish the idea that "Booth's" relatives were secretly supplying him with funds. But the postmaster and paint merchant in sworn statements declare, the one that George never received remittances, and the other that George could scarcely meet his paint bills. Bates also has George purchasing a "$3,500 cottage" at El Reno. The records at the courthouse show that on February 25, 1902, George paid John J. Davis $350 and gave a mortage for $350—making only $700 in all—for a small place in El Reno, which he sold again on July 3, 1902. But of this "mystery money" we shall hear more.

The George angle of the Booth myth is made by Mr. Bates to rest largely on the alleged statements of a Mrs. E. C. Harper.

He says, "Mrs. Harper makes the following statement:

" 'Mr. George (Booth) had been a resident of the Territory for several years. He had always been well supplied with money, the origin or source of which no one knew, for from some mysterious source he received a regular remittance. He was a familiar figure in Guthrie, El Reno, and Enid.' "

In conversation with Mrs. Harper (who had since become Mrs. Young) January 21, 1921, she denied any knowledge of D. E. George having received remittances from any source, and said that if he was a familiar figure in Guthrie and Enid she was ignorant of it; that she had known him but a few weeks and actually knew him but slightly.

From this point we shall refer to Mrs. Harper by her later name of Young.

Continuing, Mr. Bates claims that Mrs. Young said: " 'My acquaintance with Mr. George led me to believe him to be a very different person from what he represented himself to be as David E. George, the painter. He was eccentric, and though he claimed to be a painter of houses, yet he did no work.' "

In her sworn statement of January 21, 1921, Mrs. Young says: " 'During the time I knew Mr. George he was a house painter and worked quite steadily at this trade.' "

Mr. Bates, still claiming to quote Mrs. Young, says: " 'At one time the young people of El Reno had a play of some kind. One of the actors became ill and Mr. George (Booth) filled the place to the great admiration and entertainment of those who saw him. When surprise was expressed at his ability as an actor he replied that he had acted some when he was a young man.' "

Mrs. Young says in her statement of January 21, 1921: "I was told by a friend, whose name I do not remember, that at one time a traveling troupe of players was going through El Reno, and that Mr. George went to see them; that one of them who took the part of a drunken sailor was ill, and Mr. George offered to take the part and filled it very creditably."

Mrs. Young, in a statement made to Mr. Bates in 1903 and again to the present writer in 1921, says that she first became acquainted with D. E. George in March, 1900, and heard his "confession" in April, 1900. She was married May 21, 1900, and immediately moved from El Reno. She knew Mr. George for only a period of two months. Yet Mr. Bates begins her story with the intimation that she had known George for a long time.

The "confession" of D. E. George does not at all agree with St. Helen's as to how they both, as John Wilkes Booth, escaped from Washington. In Mrs. Young's statement to the writer, she says that at the time of his confession Mr. George "said that he had friends in Washington, who, after he escaped from the theater in which he killed Lincoln, had hidden him in a trunk, and got him on a boat for Europe where he had remained for ten years."

The actual statement obtained from this lady by Mr. Bates is here given. The portion printed in italics was not used by Mr. Bates. Apparently it did not suit his purpose, and to cover the defect he used several pages of alleged conversation.

Mrs. Young (Harper) said in her 1903 statement to Mr. Bates:

"On the eve, of January 13th I was startled, and surprised, by reading in the Enid *Daily News*, the suicide of David E. George, of El Reno (of whom I first became acquainted with in March, 1900, in El Reno, at the home of Mr. & Mrs. J. W. Simmons). Mr. Harper went down on Wednesday morning the fourteenth of January and recognizing him, told the embalmers of a 'confession' that David E. George had made to myself, and that they had better investigate. I went to the morgue with Mr. Harper on the fifteenth, and identified the corpse as David E. George.

"In April, 1900, David E. George, took a drug (supposedly morphine), with suicidal intent, and I being at the time a visitor, in the home of J. W. Simmons was called upon to help attend him and watch by his bedside, while said Mrs. Simmons was, necessarily, absent part of the time assisting in the care of the patient. With the promise from me, that I should sacredly keep the secret he was about to divulge, till after his death, he voluntarily told me that he had killed 'one of the best men that had ever lived, Abraham Lincoln.' That he was John Wilkes Booth. He asked me to procure a pencil, and paper, and he wrote upon it, 'I am going to die, before the sun goes down. J. Wilkes Booth,' and handed it to me. I proposed sending for a Doctor, but he vehemently protested, and proceeded with the details of the confession, finally becoming unconscious. Mrs. Simmons sent for Dr. Arnold. His subsequent manner impressed me with the conviction that he was whom he had confessed to be, as he thought, on his dying bed, 'J. Wilkes Booth.' As brevity has been enjoined upon me, I will close by simply stating that I have merely outlined, his confession."

A comparison with Mrs. Young's (Harper's) statement as quoted by Mr. Bates will show that he not only omitted from his book part of her statement, but when publishing it, added, "Will reaffirm my former statement made in detail of David E. George's confession to me at El Reno, about the middle of April, 1900, as fully as if same were set forth herein."

There is no doubt that D. E. George made the "confession" which Mrs. Young describes in her statement, but it was admittedly made under the influence of morphine.

The following statements of W. E. Robare and C. R. Miller describe D. E. George's "gentlemanly" disposition, his "highest degree of intelligence," his "refinement," his "fluent and captivating conversation," descriptive terms used by Mr. Bates to describe George's personality:

Statement of W. E. Robare:

"I was Chief of Police of El Reno during the time that D. E. George lived here, 1900 to 1903 and remember him very well. I lived about a block from J. W. Simmons' place while George boarded with them. One day he came home drunk and got into a fight with John Sams, Mrs. Simmons' brother, over some trivial matter. George threatened to kill Sams and went to his room for his pistol, a six-shooter. Sams got out of the house and ran down to my place, and I went back with him. Old George came out to meet us with the six-shooter. Sams jumped behind me while I took the pistol away from George and arrested him. I took him down to the police station and 'Progress' Smith [George E. Smith] went on his bond. I kept the pistol and still have it in my possession. After becoming sober, George promised he would never start anything again, and I turned him loose.

"At Police Headquarters, we considered D. E. George as harmless when sober, but a little dangerous when drunk, or under the influence of morphine. He loafed in the station a lot during the two or three years he was in El Reno. He was nobody's fool and must have had a good education. He was tall, had a dark complexion, and his hair was quite mixed with gray. He was always fairly neat, but did not have fine clothes. His eyebrows were heavy and were perfect matches. He did not limp and had a southern drawl. One would take him for a Kentuckian. George considered McCartney of the 'force' and myself as friends. He was a morphine fiend and I saw him under the influence of the drug quite often. He didn't take heavy doses as a regular thing. I am absolutely positive as to his using morphine. We had quite a few 'dope' fiend cases down here in those days which gave us considerable experience with them. He was frequently on a drunk for several days at a time. From the description of his actions he had taken poison when he made his confession to Mrs. Harper here in El Reno in 1901. I was called in at the time he took this poison at Mrs. Simmons' home, at which time he made this confession through Mrs. Harper. I was just leaving the room when I noticed that he motioned for Mrs. Harper to come to his bedside and stopped at the head of the stairway where I heard part of the conversation. I noticed that Mrs. Harper was badly scared, she called me downstairs immediately afterwards and told me of his confession, which was to the effect that he (Mr. George) was John Wilkes Booth who killed Abraham Lincoln. She told me that he said that if he died she might tell this fact, but that in case he lived, he would kill her if she did so.

"Soon after he first came to El Reno he once told me that he had drawn a land claim and that his fortune was made, which he sold soon after. At no time did he have much money. He worked steadily at his trade, house painting, and could easily have made all the money I ever saw him with by the painting he did."

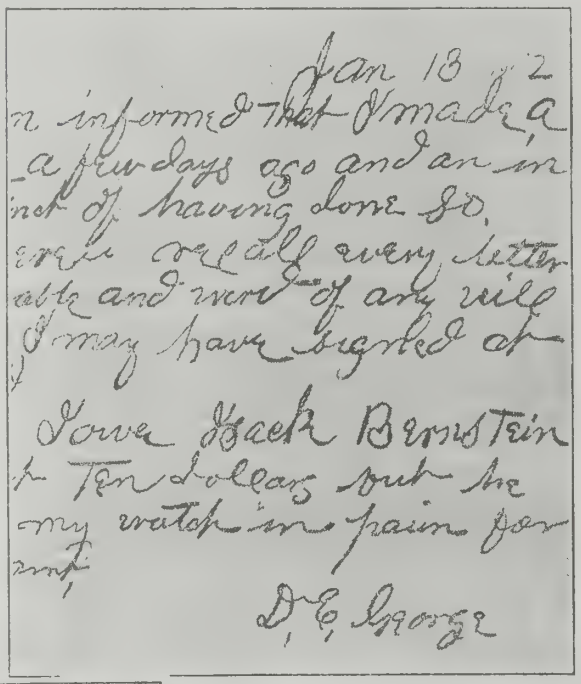
Statement of C. R. Miller, of El Reno, Oklahoma:

"Yes, I remember D. E. George. I ought to. He left here owing me over $40 for paint. I sold him paint for a couple of years and dye for his mustache and hair. He bought quite a lot of paint during that period and I had always considered him fair pay. For a number of years I owned the cottage which George bought from John J. Davis at 107 South Macomb Street, lot 18 and 19, block 92. As a matter of fact I sold him the paint with which he painted the house. I remember that I passed this house one day while George was working on it and stopped in and talked to him. George lived up with the Simmons' a while in that house. He drank a lot and loafed around the store, but not often when under the influence of booze. I never heard him intimate that he was other than D. E. George. It is rather funny, but while George was here he was known only as an old drunken painter, but as soon as the story got around that he might be John Wilkes Booth all the people that had ever seen him were telling how he quoted Shakespeare and how dramatic he had been. It seemed that then all knew there was something different about old man George. Although George paid his bills, except the last one, he was always hard up and never had any money. Personally, I never considered him more than an ordinary painter, not very good or very bad. I never heard of any recitations that he made here. He mumbled to himself when drunk. He came in the store once and said that he was going back home, some place in Arkansas. Sometime later, he came in and told me that while he was gone he had attended a 'nigger' wedding of some 'niggers' that he knew and said that the 'niggers' had had a preacher come out from Little Rock for there was no preacher good enough for them in the little town. I do not remember that Mr. George was more than ordinarily neat. He was never what you would call slovenly. Sometimes he would get morose spells and hardly talk at all."

Mr. Bates says: "When the editor of the El Reno *Democrat*, in which paper he put an advertisement as a tradesman of house painting, at a cost of four dollars a month, thinking it a useless expense, so universally was it known that George, or Booth, did no such work, suggested this to him, George or Booth, indignantly demanded to know if the editor was uneasy about the price of the card, if so he would pay for it in advance. The editor apologized and the card continued from month to month for two years, up to the date of the death of George.

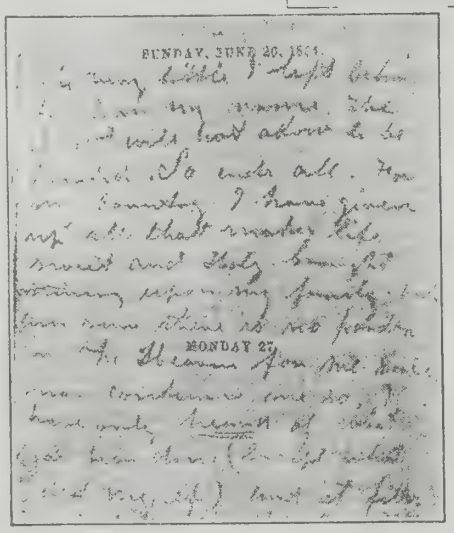
"Booth's purpose in this is obvious. He wanted to keep himself constantly before the public as a painter, not that he wanted work, but to keep alive his identity as a painter while he played the deceptive character. The little cottage painted for Mr. Anstien was the stage setting to the character, the card in the paper was his program and he played to a successful finish this drama of the journeyman painter."

This interesting theory is badly shattered by the facts as given by Tom F. Hensley, a state senator, in a statement made for this paper at Oklahoma City, January 13, 1921. He was editor of the El Reno *Democrat* in 1901-02-03. He said that he knew D. E. George quite well, that George advertised in his paper for a while, but being slow to pay for his advertising, it was dropped. That it was unnecessary anyway since it was well known all over town that George was a painter. After the advertisement was dropped Mr. Hensley said George came in and kicked, and was quite insulted about its removal, and it was replaced for a short time.



Above—A letter written by D. E. George just before he committed suicide. He wrongly dated it 1902 instead of 1903. He says, "I am informed that I made a will a few days ago and I am indistinct of having done so. I hereby recall every letter syllable and word of any will that I may have signed at Enid. I owe Jack Bernstein about ten dollars but he has my watch in paun for the amt."

The will referred to was dated December 31, 1902, and left most of his mythical estate to Geo. E. Smith. Jack Bernstein was an Enid saloon keeper.



At the left is part of a page in John Wilkes Booth's handwriting from his notebook. This was printed in the April 11 issue of *The Dearborn Independent*. A careful comparison shows no similarity in the handwriting.

Mr. Hensley said that around El Reno George was considered just a drunken bum and painter, a down-and-outer, not particularly polished, and never had any amount of money. Mr. Hensley said that a woman, who said her name was Laura Ida Booth, wrote a letter from New York City to him claiming that George was her father, and that about the same time he got a letter from Laura Ida's brother, both of which letters rather impressed him that George might be John Wilkes Booth. He said that he wrote the brother, but never heard further from him, but got several letters from Laura Ida Booth in which she was quite anxious to know about the estate of the deceased.

Mr. Bates next devotes space in his book to "Press Comments on the Suicide of David E. George." He takes the liberty of changing these where necessary to make them fit his version of the story.

In his reprint of a story copied from the Wichita *Daily Eagle* of January 22, 1903, which in turn was copied from the Enid *Wave* of January 21, "eyes" is changed to "eyebrows" in the sentence "The eyes of the dead man are not mates in appearance." "Almost" becomes "absolutely" in the sentence "The Booth chin, mouth, upper lip and general description is *almost* perfect in the corpse." He changes a story that appeared in the Enid *Wave*, January 21, 1903, where it describes D. E. George's handwriting as "large round-lettered schoolboy writing," to "the round, little, scrawley boy writing." The change makes the description more nearly fit the writing of John Wilkes Booth. Although a number of additional instances like this can be pointed out, enough has been quoted to indicate the character of the book.

The Enid *Daily Wave* of January 13, 1903, carries the story of the suicide of David George, stating that it occurred about 10:30 a.m. and that the body was removed to the undertaking rooms, the coroner finding letters to George from George D. Smith, Colfax, Iowa, and thought he might be a relative and wired him.

Mr. Bates then brings in "The mysterious Mr. Smith" whom he presents as the fiscal agent of the Booth family who is supposed to have supplied D. E. George with regular remittances. Upon investigation in Enid and El Reno Mr. Smith was easily found and promptly disposed of the "mystery."

"I first met D. E. George in my store at El Reno, Oklahoma, about a year before his death," wrote Mr. Smith to the author of these articles July 16, 1921.

"D. E. George told me very little about his past, he intimated to me at one time that he had killed a man in Texas, never intimated to me that he was John Wilkes Booth, but several times, while under the influence of liquor, assured me he was a man with a past, and that I would be very much surprised after his death to learn who he was.

"I did believe and still do after D. E. George died that he was really John Wilkes Booth and that big money could be made by exhibiting the remains. After his death I went to Enid, looked the situation over and then went South to consult some lawyers, whom I was acquainted with in El Reno, but was advised by these lawyers that in the eyes of the government John Wilkes Booth was buried and exhibiting the remains of John Wilkes Booth would constitute a felony, by obtaining money under false pretenses. There is no question that at that time while excitement was high, about getting the crowds at an exhibition. However, I did not want to get into trouble with the government over the matter, so allowed the proposition to drop.

"I never attempted to communicate with any of the Booths

"I never knew that George was addicted to morphine.

"George never appeared to have a surplus of money, but appeared to have plenty for ordinary purposes, except when he got on a spree, when he used to borrow small sums from me.

"He appeared to work steady, but sometimes was out of town for a week or two at a time, claiming he had been doing some jobs elsewhere. I believe he always worked on his own contract.

"I cannot tell accurately how much money I loaned him, as the amounts were usually small and promptly returned, except the last two loans. As I recollect it, one amount was for $10 and the last amount was for $25, just before he died. These loans I never got.

"I expected to be reimbursed for the loans I made before he died, and was not worrying particularly whether he paid me back or not, as I enjoyed his company; he was always honest about returning the loans, and until the last two when he advised me he would leave me some property to more than cover the amounts due in case he did not return same before his death.

"I decided to return home and let the matter rest until I could get more information as to whether or not I would be able to exhibit the remains. As I got very little encouragement from the lawyers I spoke to and time passed on I dropped the whole matter.

"I believe this is about all that would interest you, but will call you up the first time I am in Detroit. Since seeing you I wrote my nephew in Los Angeles where the body had been on exhibition and inclose his reply. I have also had a number of letters from Mr. Bates, requesting an interview and wanting me to join him by advancing some money to help meet expenses. I expected to see Mr. Bates before this, but have not been South and as for putting any money in the proposition I do not feel inclined to do so.

"Yours truly,
(Signed) "Geo. E. Smith."

When Mrs. Young (Harper) saw the stories about the suicide of George, she recalled his "confession" three years previously, and went with her husband and told her story to the undertaker, who had previously been a New York newspaperman, and saw its news and publicity value. The Enid, Oklahoma, papers played this story for all it was worth and dispatched it to the newspapers of many larger cities.

Mr. Bates, in Memphis, Tennessee, saw the story in the Sunday, January 18, Memphis *Commercial Appeal*, which carried it, headed, "Wilkes Booth a Suicide." On the supposition that there might be some connection established between George and St. Helen, he started for Enid, where he arrived January 22.

To support the theory that George and St. Helen were the same, Bates says in his book that a letter had been left for him by the suicide but was stolen from the body in the morgue before he arrived. This letter, he insists, must have been the basis for a telegram received by him on January 17, asking him to come to Enid and identify the body of John Wilkes Booth.

The alleged telegram, being quite a new point in the matter, led to inquiry. Questioned by the writer, Mr. Bates said he could not produce this wire as it had been lost.

Penniman, the Enid undertaker, says: "Bates read of George's death in the newspapers and wired me asking if he could see the body if he came to Enid." Bates himself, after quoting four press reports, says, "These have merely been used *for the secondary purpose of showing how I became advised of the suicide's death.*"

Although Mr. Bates maintains that he started for Enid the afternoon that he received this "wire," January 17, he did not arrive in Enid until six days later, and covers this with the story that he was delayed by washouts on the Frisco system. Since the running time from Memphis to El Reno is only twenty-two hours, the washouts must have been of considerable size, but an investigation covering the period from January 15 to 25, 1903, fails to disclose washouts on either the Frisco or Rock Island lines. The conclusion, therefore, that the wire was imaginary and that David George did not write Bates before he died, is quite in harmony with Mr. Bates' own statements and the facts.

Mr. Bates' book gives a highly colored account of his arrival in Enid, in which "it was estimated that more than fifty thousand men, women, and children had viewed the body of Booth." It is interesting to note that Enid had a population of 3,444 in 1900 and was in a sparsely populated country at that time.

Bates then describes with considerable detail his visit to the Penniman undertaking establishment where "cold, stiff and dead, I beheld the body of my friend, John St. Helen. After a separation of more than twenty-six years, I knew him as instantly as men discern night from day, as the starlight from moonlight, or the moon from the light of day.

"In a few minutes I recovered. I realized now for the first time that I was in the presence of John Wilkes Booth, though I had, in fact, been told so more than a quarter of a century before. I had the tintype picture which St. Helen had given me at Granberry, Texas, twenty-six years ago. I took it out and called upon Penniman and the attendant to bear witness with me to the identity of this dead man with the picture, which

An imaginary pen sketch, reproduced from the Bates' Book where it appears with the cut lines, "Booth (as D. E. George) Playing the Role of a House Painter, and the Only Painting Job He Ever Did."

I showed them, when they replied without a moment's hesitation:

" 'We need no picture to identify this man in your presence. Yes, this is the same man. It is an axiomatic fact, not debatable, they are one and the same man.' "
[A picture of the dead body taken at this time shows that it was greatly bloated and does not look at all like the tintype of St. Helen. Mr. Bates' recognition after twenty-eight years was, however, "instantaneous."]

"We then compared the high thumb joint on the right hand[1], the small scar on the right brow—the uneven brow—the scar received in the accident mentioned by Miss Clara Morris, raises this brow to an uneven line with the left[1]; the right leg[2] was examined and we found a slight indentation on the surface of the shin bone—Booth's leg was not literally broken, there was a fracture of the shin bone six inches above the ankle; I should say a split or slight shivering of the bone, for besides the indentation on the front of the shin bone there were small scars plainly discernible, where particles of bone seemed to have worked out through the skin (St. Helen, Booth, told me this himself), leaving small round scars, while the general shape of the leg at this point seemed curved a little. His eyes, head, forehead, chin, mustache and hair were all the same as John St. Helen's, taken at the time before stated, and given to me, the only difference being that the hair and mustache were streaked with gray now, especially the mustache, which was quite gray at its parting, under the nose."

Commenting on Mr. Bates' story of his call at the undertaking rooms, Mr. Penniman, in a letter to THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, says: "This was a pathetic attempt on the part of Mr. Bates to make his arrival sensational and mysterious. Arrived at 6 p.m.; called me to the hotel and kept me there until long after midnight. He came to the store in the morning; wept when he saw the body; said it was his friend John St. Helen—John Wilkes Booth. His book account of all this is 'bunk.' He first identified the body as his friend John St. Helen by a bare unsupported statement and afterward by the papers you have examined.

"I was never able to see any striking resemblance between the body and the tintype. In fact, Bates asked me to do all I could to make the body look like the picture and so we combed the hair and mustache accordingly. As to any real substantial evidence offered to prove D. E. George was John Wilkes Booth, I guess you have examined all the 'real positive' proof Mr. Bates has in stock at this time, and have the ability to weigh its value. Bates is the only man who ever tried to convince me as to the real identity of this 'bird,' and he probably used the same selling talk that he used on you. It's good dope, but it doesn't carry."

William J. Ryan embalmed the body of George at the Penniman undertaking establishment and did such a good job that the body is still in fair condition, although looking very much like an Egyptian mummy. When last known it lay in state in Mr. Bates' garage in Memphis. Mr. Ryan says that he has never believed that it was the body of John Wilkes Booth, for the eyes were blue or blue-gray and John Wilkes Booth had black eyes. John St. Helen also had black eyes, and it will be remembered had something wrong with his throat, which made him wheeze. Those in a position to know claimed this was absent in David George. Mrs. Anstine, with whom George roomed for some time in El Reno, stated that his eyes were either dark blue or brown, but not black. Mrs. Young (Harper) stated that George had very large deep blue eyes.

Mr. Ryan says that the pigment in a man's eyes never changes color. Mr. Ryan positively states that no one he ever talked with had identified the body as Booth, except Mr. Bates, and that as far as he could see, both of George's legs were whole and sound.

Mr. Bates, continuing the story of his Enid visit, says, "However, with a manner that indicated indifference to surrounding dangers, I wended my way to the hotel, where Mr. Brown gave me the inside facts about Booth's, or George's, coming to the hotel. He said:

" 'The press reports about George's coming to the Grand Avenue Hotel and registering on the morning of the 3d day of December, 1902, are correct. While here George was a constant reader of newspapers, remaining in the reading room and office most of the time. He seemed to be a man of perfect leisure, paid his bills by the week promptly, was genial and pleasant in his manner, had a tendency to drink a little too much at times and remained up late at nights, but was a reasonably early riser. [Lee Boyd, who lived at the hotel, and Bob Wilson, who gathered the laundry, state that George was usually in bed at 9:00 a. m.] When I was on night watch he was great company to me; he was well read, often repeating parts of Shakespeare's plays and reciting other poetry, which it seemed natural to him to know, reciting it in such a manner as to be highly entertaining.

" 'At times George would become sad or rather thoughtfully silent. In these moods his discussions would drift to matters of the "hereafter." I asked him, "You mean after death?" He replied, "Yes."

" 'I remember one night we were alone; he was in what I called his "off" mood. He raised himself erect in his chair, and in a tragic manner, with gestures and expression suited to the words, he said:

" ' "Am I better than the dog? Oh, no. He is far better than I! He is capable of no sin or crime. Yet when he is found dead his body is placed in the garbage box. Then why not ship my body without a crate to the potter's field of the dog? But I, even I, a man, am unworthy that the putrid flesh shall be torn from my bones by the vultures that prey upon the flesh of the dead brute."

" 'These utterances were made with such strong self-accusation that I wondered what it could mean, and from that time on I watched every move of the man and listened attentively to every word he said. Whether it was what George said or the manner in which he said a thing, I can't quite understand, but what he said always impressed you. Of this I am sure, in all my twenty years' experience in the hotel business I have never seen such another character.

" 'He was a handsome man for his age. His black eyes, when in repose, seemed to have lost luster by age, but in conversation or when repeating verses from Shakespeare, or other recitations, they would kindle, flash and sparkle as if inspired or ignited into flame from the burning souls of the eternally damned, while his shapely face and magnificent forehead paled from his natural olive. Sitting or standing with a natural, easy grace, in such moods he made a picture one felt privileged to behold, and never to be forgotten. To my dying day the meeting of this man George, or Booth, will be remembered by me as an epoch in my life.

" 'It is true, Bates. Be this man who he may, George, Ryan [How did Brown know of Ryan at Hennessey when the Hennessey people did not know of such a man, but did know George? Bates himself had not got the Treadkel story of Smith at this time. How did Brown know it then?—F. L. Black.], Marr, St. Helen, Smith, or Booth, he is a man without a model. He looks like no one else, he acted like no one else and he talked like no one else that I ever knew or saw.' "

" 'Well, Brown, who is this man?' "

" 'I believe him to be John Wilkes Booth, as he stated on his dying bed. In fact, I don't think he could be any one else.' "

" 'Did he at any time before his death intimate his identity other than George?' "

" 'No, he did not. In his manner he was quite unobtrusive and mixed but little with the people in the hotel, and the scenes and recitations I have referred to would always be at a time when we were alone, and the people in the hotel supposed to be asleep.'

" 'I noticed that some of the press reports state that George committed suicide in the morning.'

" 'This was not the case. On the night of the 13th of January, 1903, George came into the office and reading room as usual and spent some time reading and finally writing letters. When he had finished the letters, about ten o'clock p. m., he said he was going down to the drug store, just half a block up the street. He was gone only a short time, when he came to the desk, obtained the key to his room and bade me good-night, requesting to be called for breakfast if he should oversleep his usual time. I saw or heard nothing more of him until about half-past eleven o'clock, when I heard groans coming from the first floor just above the office, in the direction of the room occupied by George. The watchman came in hurriedly

(*Concluded on page 14*)

[1]Neither is noticeable in authentic pictures of John Wilkes Booth and if they were there were not noticeable enough to have been mentioned in the many newspaper stories about him at the time of the assassination or in the descriptions.

[2]But the wrong leg—Booth's injury was in the left leg.

Gas Bomb That Awakened Rhode Island

Aftermath of Long Overdue Reforms Confounds the Reactionaries

By WILLIAM ROBINSON

Good sometimes comes out of evil, although it is not a safe principle to act upon.

A poison gas bomb was dropped in the senate chamber of Rhode Island during the hurly-burly session of 1924.

But the roughs and toughs and gunmen of that period overdid their act. Their bomb has become a boomerang which has swept away century-old abuses.

Long overdue reforms have been rushed through the legislature, with the co-operation of opposite parties.

Rhode Island rejoices and looks hopefully to the future.

IT MAY be remembered that, together with several other unusual episodes contributed to the world's history by the year 1924, Rhode Island, smallest of the forty-eight states in the Union, furnished the rest of the country with the spectacle of a legislative session in the State's General Assembly being broken up by the dropping of a poison gas bomb in the senate chamber, and the consequent flight to a neighboring state of the majority members of the Rhode Island senate, who forthwith announced that they proposed to stay without the borders of their own state until the then governor, William S. Flynn, Democrat, would guarantee to them their bodily safety as duly elected representatives of the citizens of Rhode Island, at least while they were in the legislative halls to which they had been sent by a majority of their constituents.

When Senators Fled to Another State

This guaranty the governor, who was of a different political party than the senate majority, refused to do. Governor Flynn was a Democrat. Twenty-two of the thirty-nine members of the senate were Republicans. The governor sneered at the alleged "danger" to the lives of the majority members of the senate. He declined to exclude from the senate chamber the groups of roughs and toughs and hurly-burlies who admittedly attended the sessions of the senate and whose numbers, character, and appearance gave that chamber the atmosphere of a decidedly second-rate pool room.

These gangsters, as they were afterward shown to be, jammed the chamber during the closing days of that fateful session of 1924 until the auditorium resembled an extremely thickly populated sardine can. They crowded about the chairs of the leaders of the majority party, and in so many words they threatened: "Open your mouths and we'll plug you."

Members of the majority appealed to the Democratic Lieutenant Governor Felix A. Toupin, a Frenchman, to clear the chamber. The lieutenant governor replied by ordering all the deputy sheriffs except one to leave the senate chamber. In other words, a free hand was given the underworld visitors.

For nearly two days and two nights, without food, sleep or relief of any kind, the majority members stayed in their seats in the stifling, smoke-filled, sweltering chamber under these conditions. Then a "bomb" composed of bromine gas was dropped on the floor of the chamber, while the lieutenant governor was being shaved in his chair on the rostrum by a barber who had been called in to thus "freshen him up." Four of the majority members collapsed after they had battled their way out of the gas-filled chamber. Two of them were sent to a hospital for treatment. The Democratic lieutenant governor was not greatly disturbed. It seemed that, purely by chance, his face was covered with a towel soaked in a menthol solution when the gas bomb was dropped.

Following this episode the majority members served notice on the governor that unless he would order the deputy sheriffs to maintain order in the senate chamber—which the presiding officer refused to do—they would refuse to return to their seats in the senate. The governor paid no heed to their communication, but the Republican majority learned that warrants had been issued for their arrest and return to the chamber. Then they fled to Massachusetts. They remained there from the middle of June until early in January of 1925.

They Came Back With Bigger Majority

With the dropping of the gas bomb and the flight of the majority members, the rest of the country awoke to the fact that political history, unique in the annals of America, was being made in Rhode Island, and throughout the length and breadth of the land the story of these unusual happenings was spread, in most cases the stories being tinted to suit the political leanings of the journals and periodicals which printed them.

For a national election was pending, and any subject of promise was grist for the political mills throughout the United States.

That election has come and gone. In Rhode Island the internal political outcome amounted to more in the eyes of the rest of the country than it ever had before. The issue was clear-cut and deeply stenciled. The party of the self-exiled senators went before the people of the state flatly on the issue of "mob rule versus orderly government."

The answer of the Rhode Island electorate was given on November 4, when the governor who had declined to have order preserved in the state senate was overwhelmingly repudiated, and stands today, in the opinion of many, a political outcast. The lieutenant governor, who turned the chamber over which he presided into a hang-out for blacklegs and toughs, was completely submerged, and his name is seldom mentioned today in Rhode Island. The majority party, who "fled their state," found that instead of a majority of 22 to 17, they now have a majority of 33 to 6. At any rate, the people of Rhode Island at the last election cried in a loud voice that they stand for the fundamental American principle of fair play.

That is, in brief, the story of what happened in the Rhode Island legislature of 1924. The issues at stake—and there were some very real issues—were completely submerged, obscured and overshadowed by the greater issue of the foremost of all American principles.

But what of the aftermath? Have the victors kept the faith?

The answer will be noted and analyzed and quoted far beyond the borders of the tiny State of Rhode Island.

In the first place Rhode Island is, in many ways, about the most reactionary state in the Union. Heretofore the term "political progress" has meant less than nothing within its meager confines.

Rhode Island's Archaic Enactments

Rhode Island is the most illiterate state north of Mason and Dixon's line. It still carries the property qualification clause for voters; that is, a person cannot vote for all the elective officers in Rhode Island unless he or she owns property valued at $132.

In Rhode Island people are still jailed for debt without even a hearing or an appearance in court.

In Rhode Island the only appointive power given the governor is that of a barber commission and his own executive secretary. He has had the power of veto but two years.

In Rhode Island the legislature every two years still elects an inspector of side paths, an inspector of scythe stones, a chain cable inspector, and so on, though it is doubtful if there are a hundred scythe stones or one-quarter as many side paths in the state.

In other words, many of the laws of Rhode Island are archaic—almost barbaric. But because they have been on the statute books since the days when King Charles of England granted a charter to "the Providence Plantations" they have remained there, hallowed and untouched.

All of which, though it may seem to be beside the point under discussion here, is decidedly relevant to it.

The minority—Democratic—party of 1924 professed to stand for the modernizing and civilizing of Rhode Island's constitution and laws. They went about the accomplishing of this matter in a czaristic and barbaric manner.

What is the majority—Republican—party doing about it?

Here—at least to one passably conversant with Rhode Island's unique political history—is the meat, the crux, of the whole situation, the point on which the entire political, industrial, educational—yes, even the financial—future of the state (and other states, too) hinges.

The young Republicans promised the abolition of the property qualification for voting, and this, for cities, has passed both branches of the legislature. They promised the popular election of sheriffs. They pledged themselves to the appointment of a bipartisan commission to consider and devise means for the eradication of the notorious "rotten borough" system in the senate, under which the town of West Greenwich, with a population of 307, has equal representation—in other words, one senator—with Providence, which has a population of some 300,000. This bill has already passed the senate this year.

Few Rhode Islanders will ever realize what screams of anguish went up from some of the leaders of the old school when it was proposed to pledge the party to these reforms. But the younger element stood firm. They realized that they must offer the people something really progressive and constructive.

Old Order Opens Its Attack

Well, the election came and went. The Republicans rode to victory.

After the halleluiahs of victory had died away the old order opened its attack. But it was not an open and direct attack. It was rather a secret sortie. It took the form of propaganda against some of the very measures the members of the old order had been loudly shouting for during the campaign. The younger element retaliated with a campaign of "pitiless publicity"; not against the oldsters in their own ranks. They were too canny for that. No; they announced almost daily the progress that was being made in the framing of the promised legislation, and from all that outsiders could find in these reports the goose was hanging high and sweet harmony reigned supreme in the ranks of the Republicans.

Meanwhile, some of the younger element were telling the oldsters where they headed in. They did it gently but firmly, with all due respect to age and experience. But they did it.

"You shouted for the abolition of the property qualification during the campaign," they said. "Now are you going to tell the people who listened to your promises that you didn't mean them?"

So far this year every piece of progressive legislation that has been acted upon has been passed in the senate—the "rotten borough" senate—and has yet to be acted upon in the house.

Uniting for Much Needed Reforms

And in addition to some of the platform pledges, the senate and general assembly have passed a bill creating a motorized state police force for Rhode Island. This, despite the wails of the lobbyists for the rum-runners, gamblers, and bootleggers whose happy hunting ground Rhode Island has been in the past, and who are indirectly, if not directly, identified with some of those high in the councils of the old order.

The Republican young bloods have joined with the Democrats in the drawing of legislation to take the election of judges out of the hands of the legislature and placing the responsibility for their appointment in the hands of one man—the governor. A divorce law commission is also to be established and also a children's code commission, the bills having passed the senate.

And there is still more of this kind of legislation on the program. A bill doing away with imprisonment for debt without a court hearing has been introduced by a Democrat, but the young Republicans are behind it. They are behind several other progressive Democratic measures, too, and this doesn't set well on the stomachs of some of the old-time Republicans.

Now, lest the suspicion should arise that a new senate has executed this about-face movement, let it be stated that of the Republican senators who fled the state after the gas bomb episode (which seemed to a good many Rhode Islanders a silly performance as the months of absence continued to roll by) every one who sought re-election was returned to office.

An Ill Wind That Blew Someone Good

Of the twenty-two who fled the state (one of them came back and stayed with the senate sessions to the bitter end) twenty were out-and-out Republicans. Two were Democrats who declined to tolerate the mob-rule tactics of their own party. One of these Democrats died during his exile from his native state. Of the twenty Republicans, eight declined to run for re-election, but in almost every instance the retiring member named his successor, and he was elected. The twelve who ran again were all re-elected, and among these was the Republican floor leader, Senator Arthur A. Sherman, who has directed the destinies of the "rotten borough" majority for several years past. He is doing business at the same old stand, and it was he who introduced and sponsored the state police bill. He and his returned colleagues are ardent supporters of the rejuvenated Republican party in Rhode Island.

What has the gas bomb to do with it?

Would it be surprising if the guess was hazarded that the gas bomb furnished the spark which set the fires of political reform ablaze in the antiquated Republican party in Rhode Island?

"'Tis an ill wind that blows no one some good," or something of that sort.

Montagu C. Norman—Man of Mystery

(Concluded from page 4)

The inspired writer is so carried away with this brilliant idea that he positively soars ecstatically into the empyrean as he goes on: "The high price of labor must be more than offset by vastness and variety of production, employing not only all available labor, but also every form of productive machinery and raising machine-power per available man to a maximum in every industry in which up-to-date machinery can be economically applied."

Answering the natural question, "Where are the funds to come from?" the inspired writer lets the cat out of the bag, or, to change the figure, shows the feet of the Ethiopian sticking out of the woodpile. It is all quite easy. To get these cheap and plentiful funds that will keep all the wheels of industry going—and at the same time enormously increase the purchasing power of gold—we are told that "*we must manufacture productive credits!*"

The proverb about the Devil quoting Scripture to his own profit is once more verified. Readers of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT will remember its exposition of the Guernsey Market Plan, of Mr. Edison's idea of a currency based on real wealth—productive wealth—and lastly of the very complete plan devised by Major Douglas, of London, and which he has been preaching up and down the land by pen and from the platform for some seven years past—a plain and practical engineer's solution of the problem of a safe and stable currency that should keep all the mills and factories and foundries busy by increasing the effective consuming power of the people through an increase in their purchasing power and proportionate increase in production by lifting from industry the burdens of *costs* repeated and multiplied that should be allocated to capital account.

Who could have thought that a plan designed to emancipate industry from the toll of the money lenders, to utilize to the fullest the exchange value of all forms of wealth and to free business from the effete fetish of metallic money finally and forever would be so proudly perverted to the purpose of intrenching and perpetuating the gold basis fallacy, and with it the power of the banking ring to continue extorting in steadily increasing measure tribute from honest industry. Compared with the genius of the governor of the Bank of England, all the "Napoleons of Finance" that have figured in Wall Street during the past several generations seem mere pikers, "tin-horn gamblers."

We will let the writer referred to fill out his wonderful picture. He tells us that these productive credits are to be well-secured, practically free and *certainly interest free*, under a Treasury Guaranty to be paid by the borrowers. The cumulative effect of this fund, he goes on, would be the required drastic cut in production costs, and the multiplication of supplies in proportion to an extension of effective markets, *which would make Great Britain more than ever before the greatest of International Marts.*

Mr. Norman would use the *interest-free productive credits* backed by government guaranty not to free the people's medium of exchange from the control of the bankers (whose only interest in it is so to manipulate it and monopolize it as to make it yield all the traffic will bear to the bankers) but as a sort of accessory to bank credits. That is, if the writer quoted may be regarded as his spokesman, "to make the currency elastic enough to meet the demands of so great a volume of business, there must be provided an adequate fund of *banking credit*—a check and bill currency—not legal tender. This to serve as a substitute for the reduction in the quantity of paper legal tender, as well as to provide for the monetary needs of vastly increased industry."

Now while the government guaranteed productive credit notes would be interest free, it is pointed out, the more elastic currency would have to be paid for to the banks by way of discounts of bills of exchange drawn in a prescribed form *against commodities*—on a plan similar in principle to that of the Federal Reserve System in the United States; banking credits being employed instead of Federal Reserve notes, "under adequate safeguards against needless demands for legal tender." The banking deposits to be used in this way as basis for loans would be largely increased by treasury guaranteed credits as these found their way into banking funds.

The inspired writer declares that the banks "would excel themselves in profit-making, despite the magnificent results they already achieve. "This is a passing allusion to the tact that the big joint-stock banks usually pay a dividend of from 18 to 30 per cent after passing almost equal amounts to reserves and to bank building accounts. Moreover, "the prosperity of the nation would yield the vast revenue required by the Chancellor of the Exchequer and enable the country to abolish death duties (inheritance taxes), income and supertaxes, all of which are described as piratical and a menace to British industry and commerce. If there is any truth in the rumors that Britain is to revert to the gold standard by a lifting of the ban on exports of that metal and the consequent re-establishment of the free market for gold in London, we are in for a financial reform the like of which has never before been vouchsafed to the masses of the people since the ruling classes became purely financial!"

The chances are that in their advocacy of a return to the gold basis with the "string" of a vastly expanded volume of the banking credits *which long ago superseded metallic and paper money as medium of exchange*, the money monopolists are building better than they know. So glaring a confession of the utter inadequacy of the gold basis should surely open the eyes of the people to the flimsiness of the metallic money myth. And they have been well prepared for the disillusionment by the successful experience of the past trying ten years with a purely "fiat" paper money in the shape of the British Treasury notes, which make no pretense of being "promises" to pay, being inscribed simply "One Pound" or "Ten Shillings," as the case may be; inscribed honestly as what they are.

There is little money in the world today which is really issued on a gold basis. Neither American Federal Reserve Bank dollars nor English Treasury Notes are actually representative of gold. As to recent fluctuations in the rate of exchange between Britain and the United States, the gold basis has nothing to do with the matter. That is regulated primarily by the actual trade between the countries—the exchange of commodities, including such commodities as gold, silver, copper, iron, steel. By a convenient convention, based on no law national or international, each country is usually willing to accept gold in payment of what might otherwise be an adverse balance. That simply because the gold may be sold to procure the "dollars" due to exporters from the United States, or pounds sterling to pay British exporters. But this *is*—not *may be*—equally true of any other staple commodity. Generally speaking, international traders will prefer to take what is due them in other staple commodities. There is more money to be made out of exchange of commodities (through the medium of book credits and credit instruments) than through the transformation of a cumbersome, risky, and expensive commodity like gold into the credit which is itself purchasing power. Goods are preferred to gold.

The recent marked rise in the quotations of the pound sterling, as measured by dollars, on the exchange market, it now turns out, was largely due to speculative transactions. The talk of the bankers, and the sedulously spread suggestion that with a return to the gold basis "the pound would go to par," probably originated in a determined effort on the part of the Bank of England to ease the payment of the most recent installment of Britain's debt. As an interesting side line, the financial managers behind the scenes provide the occasion for romantic sales of sterling for dollars. The sales stimulate an immediate demand for sterling; in stock exchange parlance, sterling becomes a "good buy." But these sales, as a matter of fact, are only a more or less remote indication of a demand for sterling—and the demand is that of the person himself who sells the sterling. The dollars obtained will be exchanged for sterling later on when fewer dollars will fetch more sterling—that sterling as quoted in dollars will fall again being a foregone conclusion.

Professor J. M. Keynes is probably one of the best informed and clearest thinkers among international economists. In an article in the *Nation and Athenaeum* on "The Return Towards Gold," he says: "The whole object is to link rigidly the City [London's financial district] and Wall Street. I beg the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Governor of the Bank of England and the nameless others who settle our destiny in secret to reflect that this may be a dangerous proceeding.

"The United States live in a vast and unceasing crescendo. Wide fluctuations, which spell unemployment and misery for us, are swamped for them in the general upward movement. A country the whole of whose economic activities are expanding, year in, year out, by several per cent per annum, cannot avoid, and at the same time can afford, temporary maladjustments. The United States may suffer industrial and financial tempests in the years to come, and they will scarcely matter to her; but we, if we share them, may almost drown."

There speaks plain common sense, although it may not sound very "international."

Singers of the Woodlands

(Concluded from page 3)

of a preceding summer show no such local patriotism and returning in the spring from their winter homes they scatter about, how far and wide may be more fully determined by banding. Some of these young birds take the places of those that have turned up their toes and this is why we may hear, in a short walk afield, marked variations in the songs of certain species, assuming that the young males more closely inherit the vocal peculiarities of their parents.

In racial variations, as with the ovenbird, there is a very definite indication of these facts: the return to old nesting localities, the young males going no farther north, but sometimes stopping farther south lured by an unattached charmer and also, as above stated, the more northern individuals passing over and stopping briefly on the way to rest before the more southern birds of the species arrive. In the case of the hooded warbler it is evident that the individuals which breed in the more northern sections of its range migrate southeastward and winter in the Atlantic coast swamps and lowlands, while those of Tennessee and Western North Carolina winter along the Gulf Coast; thus the two extreme races are generally kept distinct, intermingling very little.

Individual habits and behavior of many species of birds may be closely noted and taken into account as proving, contrary to oftstated opinions, that nearly all kinds migrate. Except in the mid-southern coastal regions where certain species breed that also are found in the northern states there is probably only one passerine bird that is not more or less migratory. This is the Carolina wren, the sauciest, shrewdest, gayest, and one of the most musical little feathered creatures about which almost a volume could be written dilating upon its delightful habits and personality. Everywhere south of Long Island and the coastal region of Northern New Jersey, which is its northern limit, and east of the upland sections as far south as Middle Pennsylvania the Carolina wren, named from where it appeared to be the most common, remains in each locality an all-the-year-round fixture, not even leaving its chosen rocky hillsides, brush piles, windfalls or groups of old buildings, the young ranging in the autumn and winter to other and probably nearby localities, for thus I have traced them.

It has commonly been assumed, even flatly stated, that the hairy and downy woodpeckers, the tufted titmouse, the cardinal, and the song sparrow are non-migratory. Only may this be refuted by a careful observation of individual birds. At several different times I have put myself on rather familiar terms with certain individuals of these species, getting them well used to my presence about their summer and their winter haunts, noting their individual ways, hiding such tidbits as fat grubs cut from old logs and delectable grains that they might seek them out. With the hairy woodpecker this always proved a difficult task, as these birds are naturally shy, but the others met me halfway.

In every case the birds showing familiarity and peculiarities in consequence of my advances have suddenly left their summer homes or the localities where they sojourned throughout the winter and their places were filled by other individuals of the same species but with very different manners—shy, wary, not knowing where the tidbits reposed, roosted in different places. Most convincing is the fact that with the changing seasons these birds in turn disappeared and in the localities where they nested, when the time for the spring migrations came around, some of the friendly individuals came back, often year after year. There is a touch of sorrow about this sort of thing, however, for some of the little fellows never return, leaving one with the pretty certain conviction that they must meet some adverse fate in the long, hard struggle of a migratory existence.

In the southeastern coastal area and the northern and middle sections of the Gulf states a number of species are non-migratory, or at least those individuals are that breed in the general locality. Others from farther north, where it becomes worth while for them to seek warmer and more bug-infested spots, undoubtedly join the non-migrants, for almost suddenly the number of birds of a species is increased threefold, the nesters remaining and persisting in their friendliness with the observer, the mere sojourners continuing shy and suspicious. The cardinal's song and manners may both be taken into account in this regard. I made friends with one of these birds that had a most peculiar whistle, distinctly different from any of his kind and he made his home in the pine thickets of a spot in Southern Delaware for one year, others of his kind joining him in the winter and leaving in the spring, while still others that I had also come to know individually returned to build and rear their young.

McGuffey's Maxims

Little Tales of Conduct From the Famous School Reader of the Last Generation

THE CATS AND THE MONKEY

1. A FABLE is a story, in which animals or other objects are supposed to talk, although they never do so.

2. The moral of a fable is the instruction to be drawn from it. Here is the fable of the cats and the monkey.

3. Two hungry cats, having stolen some cheese, could not agree how to divide it. So they called in a monkey, to decide the case.

4. "Let me see," says the monkey, with an arch look,

"this slice weighs more than the other." With that, he bit off a large piece, in order, as he said, to make them balance.

5. The other scale was now too heavy. This gave the upright judge a fine pretext to take a second mouthful.

6. "Hold! hold!" cried the two cats; "give each of us his share of the rest, and we will be content."

7. "If you are content," says the monkey, "justice is not. The law, my friends, must have its course."

8. So he nibbled first one piece, and then the other. The poor cats, seeing their cheese in a fair way to be all eaten, most humbly begged the judge to give himself no further trouble.

9. "Not so fast, I beseech you, my friends," says the judge; "we owe justice to ourselves as well as to you. What is left, is due to me in right of my office."

10. So saying, he crammed the whole into his mouth, and very gravely dismissed the court.

MORAL

11. This fable teaches us, that it is better to bear slight wrong, rather than to resort to law for trifles.

David E. George as J. Wilkes Booth

Concluded from page 11

and we went at once to his room. On forcing his door we found him writhing and groaning in great pain. A doctor was called, he pronounced the patient suffering from the effects of poison and began vigorous treatment at once. The pains seemed to come and go, and George seemed to be suffering the greatest agony. After awhile I noticed that the pains or spasms seemed to come closer together, and the patient was drifting from under the control or force of the antidotes, and witnessed the most horrifying struggle for life I ever saw or ever could imagine. About four o'clock in the morning the doctor lost all hope of saving his patient, and informed George that if he had anything to arrange he had better do so. In the meantime Mr. Dumont, the proprietor of the hotel, had come into the room, the doctor having left. George said:

" 'I have only to say, my name is not George. I am John Wilkes Booth, and I request that my body be sent to the morgue for identification,' when death came and relieved the suffering of the man whose name we did not then know, and he died at 6:20 o'clock on the morning of January 14th, 1903.

" 'The undertaker was notified and George's body removed to the morgue, as he had requested. When it became generally reported that the man's true name was John Wilkes Booth neither Mr. Dumont nor myself had ever seen Mr. Booth nor any member of his family and consequently could not affirm or deny the fact of the true identity of the man, though I was ready to believe then, and do now believe, that George, the man who died, is, in fact, John Wilkes Booth, as he said. The truth is I would believe anything he said, and I understand that he confessed his true identity to a Mrs. Harper of this city, who has identified the body as that of Booth.' "

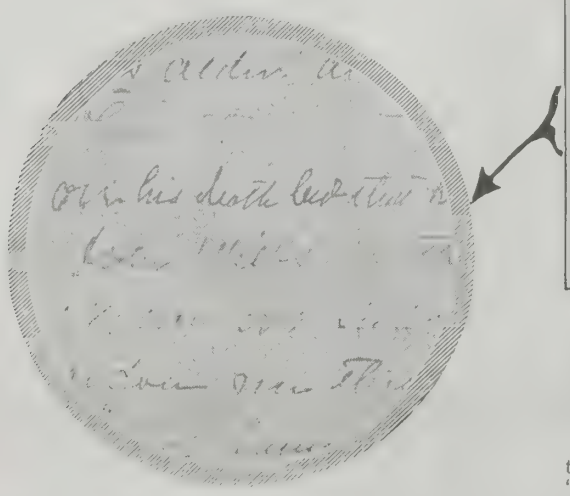
But what is passing strange is the fact that George lay in the morgue two days and *neither Brown nor the watchman said a word about this confession to the coroner's jury.* Had it not been for Mrs. Young (Harper), George would have been buried and the question of his identity never "established."

The statement of Messrs. Dumont and Brown, as published by Mr. Bates, now claims attention:

> "To Whom It May Concern: We, S. S. Dumont, proprietor, and B. B. Brown, clerk, of the Grand Avenue Hotel, in the city of Enid, and Territory of Oklahoma, declare that we, and each of us, knew a gentleman who registered as a guest of said hotel on the 3d day of December, 1902, under the name of D. E. George, who on the 13th day of January, 1903, committed suicide *in said hotel by taking fifteen grains of strychnine or arsenic, and died from the effects of said poison at 6:30 o'clock a.m., on the 14th day of* January, 1903, and that we have this day been shown by F. L. Bates, of Memphis, Tennessee, a small tintype picture, together with a photograph, and we say that said tintype picture and photograph are the same and perfect pictures or likenesses in each and every feature of the said D. E. George, the only difference being that George, or whomsoever he was, was older at the time of his death than when the pictures were taken.
>
> (Signed) "B. B. BROWN.
> "S. S. Dumont.
>
> "Sworn to and subscribed before me this, the 22d day of January, 1903.
>
> (Signed) "GUY S. MANOTT,
> "Notary Public."
>
> "My commission expires October 22d, 1906."

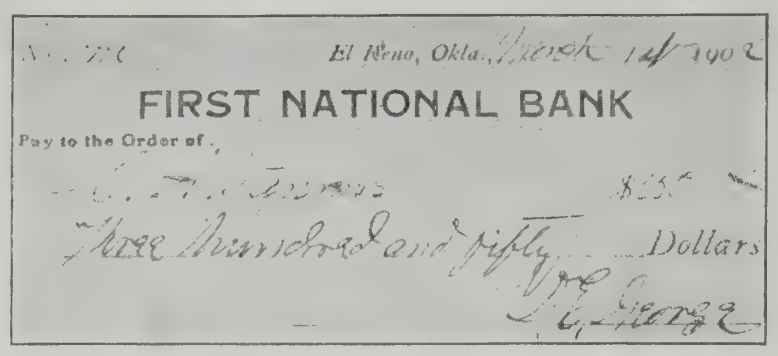
Compare this with a photostatic reproduction shown below and in the next column of the affidavit that was in Mr. Bates' possession.

This comparison of the original with that given in Mr. Bates' book, as reproduced above, shows that there has been added to the published affidavit these clauses: "*in said hotel by taking fifteen grains of strychnine or arsenic, and died from the effects of said poison at 6:30 o'clock a. m. on the 14th day of.*" The original written affidavit merely says "taking poison." Now look again at the photograph of the affidavit, as taken by Bates, in the space at the left of the signatures of B. B. Brown and S. S. Dumont and compare with that in Mr. Bates' book. In the written affidavit it states, "*George declaring on his deathbed that he was John Wilkes Booth,*" but the Bates' book does not repeat this line. The original statement as given by Brown and Dumont ended with the word "taken." Brown and Dumont then signed, and the notary finished his part of the statement and stamped it. Notice the ink spread in the words "on" and "John" when written over the seal—which shows that the addition was made sometime after the original statement was written. The remainder of the sentence after "*George declaring—*" had to be written



at the left of the signature, and was inserted by another hand after the affidavit was signed and sealed.

Mr. Bates' weird story of George's death agonies needed confirmation. How could there be a real deathbed "confession" unless the corpse could be kept alive long enough to make it! Therefore, in Mr. Bates' story George does not die until 6:30 a. m. of the fourteenth, whereas the Enid *Daily Wave* of January 13 shows that D. E. George died on the thirteenth. It is not often, even in these days of journalistic enterprise, that a newspaper actually reports all the details of a man's suicide, his removal to the morgue, and the impaneling of a coroner's jury over him the day before he dies!



El Reno, Okla., [illegible] 1902

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Pay to the Order of

[illegible]

Three Hundred and fifty ... Dollars

[illegible]

The signature of D. E. George at the left. First below is "J. Wilkes Booth" written by George for Mrs. Harper when he made the "confession" in April, 1900, and second below J. Wilkes Booth's own signature. There isn't the slightest resemblance.

J. Wilkes Booth

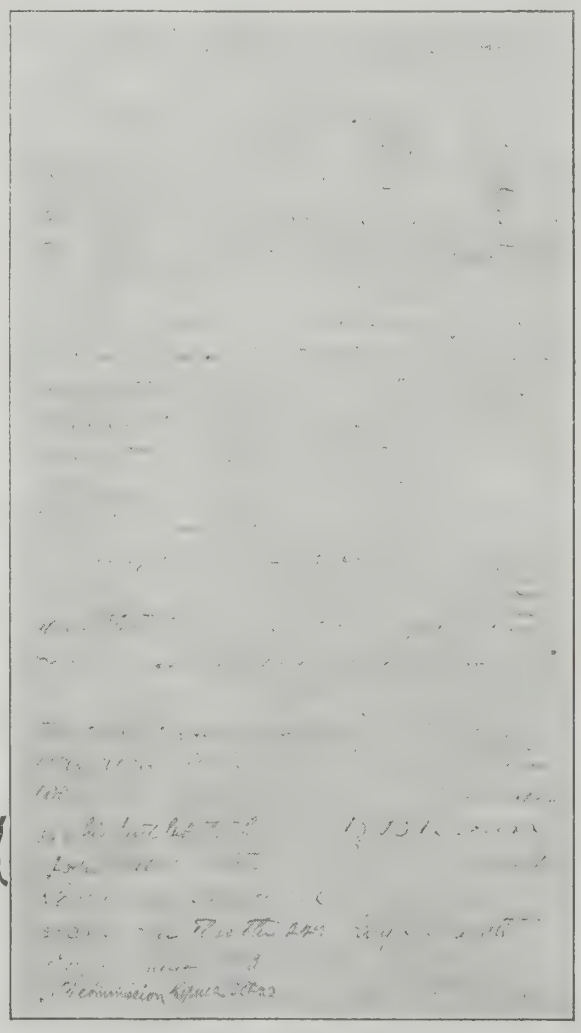
J. Wilkes Booth.

Mr. Penniman, the undertaker, states that George died about 10:30 or 11 o'clock on the morning of January 13. Even Mr. Bates quotes in his book Mrs. Young's (Harper's) statement that "On the evening of January 13th I was startled and surprised by reading in the Enid *Daily News* of the suicide of David E. George." The sworn statement of R. A. Field, M. D., who was called to attend George also attests the fact of the death occurring on the thirteenth. "He made no confession from the time I entered the room," says Dr. Field, "in fact he could not speak."

When David George's groans were heard on the morning of January 13, Lee Boyd, also a roomer at the Grand Avenue Hotel, was the first to enter his room, an inside hall bedroom the outer partition of which did not run up to the ceiling. Mr. Boyd, in his sworn statement, says, "I stepped on a trunk in the hall and climbed over the partition. George was lying on his bed partly dressed, groaning, and in convulsions. I opened the door and told Minnie to have Mrs. Dumont get a doctor. In about five minutes, Doctor R. A. Field came. Before he could prepare a hypodermic Mr. George was dead. George made no confession at this time that he was Booth, in fact, he did not speak, only groaned with pain."

George did not make a deathbed "confession." George was not St. Helen. Even St. Helen's alleged confession has no affidavits nor written statements to substantiate a single word of it, sources are not given, statements are misquoted, affidavits altered, an historical honesty absolutely ignored.

The next example of "evidence" does not rise above



Above—The original affidavit given Bates by Brown and Dumont with the sentence added "George declaring on his deathbed that he was John Wilkes Booth." At the left is a full-size reproduction of "on" and "John" showing how the ink spread when these words were written over the seal sometime after the original was signed and notarized.

the level of those already considered. Mr. Bates says, "Being a constant attendant at the theaters at El Reno, Enid, Oklahoma City, and Guthrie in the early part of December, 1900, Booth was much struck by the genius of the leading lady of one of the companies then playing in these towns, beginning at Enid. In fact, Booth regarded her a genius and sought an introduction through her manager, claiming at the time to be a correspondent of the *Dramatic Mirror*, of New York, and giving his name as J. L. Harris."

During one of our interviews, Mr. Bates stated that the actress he referred to was Mrs. Charles A. (Josie) Cameron, who was playing in "The Woman in the Case" at Enid, Oklahoma, in March, 1901.

Mrs. Cameron was found in Chicago and from her the writer learned that the Enid man who represented the *Dramatic Mirror*, to whom Mr. Bates referred, was John Walter Robinson. Investigation at Enid showed that Robinson had died a few months before George came. The Enid *Daily Wave* of October 13, 1902, carried a complete story of his death.

Mr. Bates next attempted to convince Joseph Jefferson that John St. Helen was John Wilkes Booth, but according to the following letter did not make much of an impression.

This letter was in answer to an inquiry from Mr. Oliver D. Street who in 1903 was Secretary of the Tennessee Valley Historical Society.

> Buzzard's Bay, Mass., June 10, 1903.
>
> "Mr Oliver D Street
> "Dear Sir:
>
> "In reply to your enquiry I beg to say that a gentleman called on me last spring and related to me his story contained in your letter. He showed me also a tintype much disfigured and asked me if I did not recognize it as John Wilkes Booth. I told him that it bore a kind of resemblance to him but that as I had not seen Booth since he was 19 years old and as the tintype was evidently that of a man of 55 or sixty it was quite impossible for me to give him any satisfactory information on the subject—and this is what he calls my "identification of Booth's remains"—rather weak evidence for such an important case—and I do not think that Miss Clara Morris (who also denies the identification) has had any further testimony beyond the uncertain tintype.
>
> "The gentleman further stated that he was trying to obtain the evidence so that he could get possession of the dead man's estate for his client. My opinion is that there is not the slightest foundation for the truth of this rambling story.
>
> "Sincerely yours
> (Signed) "J Jefferson"

Mr. Street also possesses a letter from Clara Morris, the actress, in which she denies any identification of the tintype as Booth and any belief in Mr. Bates' story.

The last chapter of Mr. Bates' book is devoted to the "identification" of the tintype by Junius Brutus Booth, the nephew of John Wilkes, *but born January 6, 1868, three years after the assassination*, and who had never seen his uncle John Wilkes Booth. Quoting from Mr. Bates: "While Mr. Junius Brutus Booth was in the city of Memphis, playing an engagement at the Lyceum Theater in support of Mrs. Brune, I sought an introduction to him, and by pre-arrangement was accorded an interview at my office, which lasted for several hours, being of much interest to myself as well as Mr. Booth. At this meeting, because of my former meeting and friendship for and close association with John St. Helen, I was enabled to recount to him much of the private history of the Booth family, which was enjoyed by Mr. Booth with an interest equaled only by his astonishment."—Then follows the usual affidavit.

> Memphis, Tenn.
> 2-21-03.
>
> "(F. L. Bates) I hand you Mr. Junius Brutus Booth, a tintype picture which was taken at Glenrose Mills, Hood County, Texas, on or about June, 1877, and handed to me by one John St. Helen, as a means of at some future time of identifying John Wilkes Booth. Will you kindly examine this picture, and in your own way identify the same."
>
> "I, Junius Brutus Booth, of the City of Boston, Massachusetts, recognize the likeness of John Wilkes Booth, not only in comparison with other photographs and pictures of said John Wilkes Booth, but I can also trace a strong family resemblance and a likeness to different members of my family, in the said tintype.
>
> "I am the eldest son of John Wilkes' brother, Junius Brutus Booth, born in Boston, January 6th, 1868. Those now living having any direct relation to John Wilkes Booth are, first, myself and my brother Sydney Booth, 16 Gramercy Park, New York. Creston Clarke, 16 Gramercy Park, New York; Wilfred Clark, New York; Dollie Clark Morgan, Vendome Hotel, New York; Adrienne Clark, Brighton, England, children of Asia Booth, sister of John Wilkes; Marion Booth daughter of Junius Brutus Booth, said John Wilkes' brother, also being my half-sister, New York.
>
> "The family of John Wilkes Booth's father, Junius Brutus Booth (the elder) and his wife, Mary Booth, consisted of my father Junius Brutus, the eldest, Rosalie Booth, Asia Booth, Edwin Thomas Booth and Joseph Adrian Booth. Subsequent or prior to my father's birth there was another son, who died in infancy.
>
> "The Clarks mentioned would be connected with John Wilkes Booth by the marriage of his sister, Asia Booth to John Sleeper Clark.
>
> (Signed) "Junius Brutus Booth."

There is little doubt that the tintype of St. Helen has some resemblance to John Wilkes Booth. This resemblance was aptly put by a Leadville, Colorado, undertaker when shown the tintype by the writer in January, 1921, "Yes, I recognize that picture. I buried a hundred fellows here that looked very much like that back in the early days."

The proofs of identification of the man shot in the Garrett barn and the true story of the disposal of John Wilkes Booth's body will be given in the next issue.

Douglas Fairbanks' "Straight Talk"

Concluded from page 5

glitter on the first page of my album if you honor me with your photo."

Right under the Antwerp letter was one from Scaffchandel, Finland, written by an enthusiastic male admirer. "I am very fond of you," it said. "All here in Finland love you very much and I also." Next came a poorly written note from Newark, New Jersey, on cheap ruled paper with a signature indicating either Spanish or Italian nationality. The burden of the letter was, "I like the way you act in such pictures as the Thief of Bagdad. I would like your photograph of a thief." The fourth letter was on expensively printed stationery from Mayaguez, Porto Rico. Then came one from Belmont avenue, New York City, written on a post card in pencil and signed, "Your friend."

The interest in these letters did not lie in any extraordinary feature, for they were not extraordinary so far as their wording was concerned. But the remarkable fact is that in the course of a year hundreds of thousands of honest folk are moved by this universal recreation which we call "pictures" to sit down and write their praise and gratitude to those who have stirred their hearts. Here in this voluminous correspondence one catches glimpses of the humor and pathos which make up the lives of all civilized peoples. And though these letter writers, regardless of education or social standing, understand little about the technique of making pictures, they do know when a production rings true.

There is this very important point regarding the production of high-standard pictures which every person interested in the cinema must bear in mind. The critics and the censors are, after all, on the side lines. They can criticize and praise with impunity. But for the artists and producers with ideals the problem of creating pictures that the people want becomes a tremendously serious, chance-taking proposition.

In these days when we are satiated with super-productions how thoughtlessly we praise or condemn. How few people realized that Douglas Fairbanks scraped together every dollar that he had made in all his previous productions until he had a million or more of liquid resources and then with wonderful nerve and courage literally "gambled" it in the greatest production of his life, up to that time—"The Thief of Bagdad!"

The people who are producing the big, clean, popular pictures of today are far bigger people than we realize. They are staking their own judgment, their faith in their own ideas and ideals against the highly organized, fabulously financed efforts of those with lower ideals, believing that the public will eventually disown the cheap, the tawdry, the sensational in pictures. No one who has not viewed this gigantic struggle at close range can appreciate all that is at stake. On the one hand are sordid-minded, cynically thinking interests who believe they can seize popularity by no less an expedient than bold appeal to the lower instincts and tastes. And, considering the thoughtless following which these interests obtain, is it any wonder that many have despaired of pictures?

On the other hand, there are those higher-minded people in pictures who firmly believe the group I have just mentioned is wrong. Do not suppose that these people who are laboring to produce better pictures are in this business for their health or for the moral glory that may come to them after they are gone. Rather, they have an unfaltering belief in the principle which Lincoln's oft-quoted phrase so aptly expresses: "You can fool some of the people all the time and all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all the time." In a word, these producers and actors who are turning out better pictures believe that they have the better ideals, the better understanding of the thoughts of mankind, the truer appreciation of the inherent decency and aspiration of the human heart.

The unmatched popularity of Douglas Fairbanks and his universally adored wife make this man the logical spokesman of the "better pictures" interests. When one views with misgivings some of the film plays ostensibly produced in response to a popular demand, it is reassuring and stimulating to have gained the point of view of an actor like Doug. His words are worth remembering—"When you are producing for the screen you can't camouflage, you can't cover up, you can't hide your own character. Pictures will reveal, sooner or later, the true character of those who share in their production."

The pictures that the people want are those made by clean-minded, broad-minded, keen-minded people. Good pictures, crowded down by a flood of cheap, frothy films, will rise again—if they have the yeast to make them rise!

New England Beaches in Summer

Concluded from page 6

What a vast picnic ground the beaches constitute! Some have especial novelties in this line connected with them, and our young people—yes, and the older and *old* ones, too—are more and more yielding to the lure of the open; and the picnic, instead of being a novelty, is the taken-for-granted in "vacation time" in the country or at the sea. "Weenie Roasts" are a specialty at one beach I know. Of course, all beach picnics infer a big driftwood fire, and the common or garden sausage is roasted over the coals—on a long pointed stick, mind you—and slipped into a crisp buttered roll with a bit of mustard and a tiny pickle to neighbor it, if one wishes this tangy stimulus to appetite. But, bless us! We need no "appetizers" at the beach! The air of the sea is the best appetizer there is; and the only fear in the mind of Slim Miss Picnicker is that she may be tempted to consume too many of those dreadful calories! "Bacon Bats" (there's much in a picturesque name) are another popular form of picnicking at the New England beaches. The bacon, in super-liberal amount, is fried in a long-handled frying pan (or "spider," as we New Englanders call it!) over a corner of the fire that has been allowed to burn to coals, or perhaps over a supplementary little stone oven constructed and maintained with picnicking in mind, and, when crisp and browned, made into the most delectable sandwiches with golden slices of toast that the girls have been making meantime. Long slender sticks with sharpened forked prongs make ideal toasting forks; and do all picnickers know that bacon needn't be laboriously pulled apart, slice by slice, before frying, but may be dumped all at once into the big hot pan, when it will melt apart all in a minute and will begin to curl and brown immediately as you toss and turn it? Also, that slices of bread are simply delicious fried in some of the left-over bacon fat? Plenty of stuffed eggs and an easily transportable "hearty" salad also go well at "Bacon Bats." Hot coffee, too; don't forget that! A dip in the ocean if weather allows and bath houses are available is, of course, the best and most enjoyable "first course" at either of the above festivities. After supper, toasted marshmallows—as many as your patience will allow—with stories, stunts, or a good "sing" in the moonlight—for real evening beach parties prefer a moon or a long, beautiful twilight, with a belated moonrise just before the party starts home.

With the picturesque—and comforting—driftwood fire to temper the sharp sea air, beach parties, day or evening, may be enjoyed in fine weather in early spring and well into late autumn. There is, however, a particularly delightful sort of late picnic made possible by the cosy, warm, glittering sand dunes that form an enchanting background to the New England sea beaches. Here, carved out by the strong, sweeping sea winds, are numberless little bays and inlets in the bright, shifting sand banks topped with the coarse strong beach grass, where one can find warm, sunny, sheltered corners formed by the protecting walls of the dunes, in which one may enjoy a midday picnic lunch with comfort, even on a cold winter day, with the hot sun beating down and the sheltering sand warmed by the stored-up heat. Such a picnic is a gift snatched from Fate—the last call of the picnic season.

I must add just a last word as to the flora of the New England beaches—so varied and beautiful as to delight one botanically inclined, or one who, without scientific knowledge, loves flowers as flowers and not as specimens. I know no part of the country where things "green and growing" flourish with such luxuriance as at the seashore, where the salt air and moisture seem to afford ideal conditions for their growth and development. Wild roses are never seen in such profusion or such deep, glowing beauty as at the seashore. I have in mind an extensive hedge of native roses at Little Boar's Head which is a constant delight through the entire season—as the "hips" are almost as lovely as the flowers. Various dainty wild orchids lose their shyness and their tendency to keep to the secret places and become communistic and flourish and increase. The violet-like fragrance of the pogonia fills the air, the calopogon pinks the meadows, and later the fireweed, the blazing star, the most wonderful beach goldenrod—like no other goldenrod that ever grows—and the countless varieties of the Michaelmas daisies paint a picture that, to those who love flowers, is a never-ending source of delight and, once seen, is never forgotten.

A Boston Fraud

By M. L. HAYWARD

"PLEASE send me by registered mail $10,000 worth of Liberty 3½s at the market," the Boston customer wrote, signed his name "M. E. Allman," and gave his address as 455 Columbus Avenue.

The New York broker looked up "M. E. Allman" in the commerical reports, failed to find his address, but did find that he was rated "good," sent the bonds by express, notified the customer, and inclosed the bill.

The day the bonds reached Boston, a young, efficient-looking clerk sauntered into the express office.

"Got a package here for M. E. Allman?" the caller queried.

The clerk in charge assured him that there was.

"Well, here's an order from him to deliver it to me."

The clerk saw that the order was signed "M. E. Allman," delivered the bonds, and the broker never saw them, nor the price thereof, investigated, found that 455 Columbus Avenue was a hotel with no "M. E. Allman" on the register—and sued the express company.

"You had no right to deliver the parcel to the first Tom, Dick, or Jerry that came along," the broker argued before the Massachusetts Supreme Court.

"You sent the bonds to a certain M. E. Allman that you had in your mind and intended him to have 'em, we delivered the bonds to the party that Allman authorized to receive them, and that lets us out," the insurance company retorted, and the court so ruled.

Another Shake-up in the Foreign Service

By BURT M. M'CONNELL

SHAKE-UPS in our diplomatic and consular services are not new; they used to follow every change in the administration at Washington. There was seldom anything beneficial or constructive about the old-fashioned house cleaning; an inexperienced person of one political belief merely succeeded an inexperienced person of another political belief. Among those "higher up," such as ambassadors and ministers to foreign countries, it was the practice among both major political parties to make diplomatic appointments political patronage. The highest ranking envoys were chosen from among the friends of the President-elect—particularly if they had been generous contributors to the campaign fund. They had other qualifications, of course, and they conducted our foreign affairs with considerable credit to themselves and to their country, but the knowledge that they might be displaced within two or three years had an injurious effect upon their morale, just as it affected the prestige and influence of the United States in world affairs. It also prevented qualified young men from taking up diplomacy as a profession, although that custom prevailed in practically every other country in the world.

In less than a year all this has been changed. Astounding as the statement may seem, President Coolidge has gone outside the diplomatic and consular service for only one appointee for an important post, and that within the last month.

The stabilization of the foreign service, by taking it out of politics, began last July with the passage of the Rogers Bill, which provided for the reorganization and reclassification of the diplomatic and consular services, their elimination as separate entities, and the creation in their stead of the foreign service. It confirmed the principle of promotion on merit. This bill made it possible, by supplementing the salaries of diplomatic representatives, for men without private fortunes to enter the service. It fixed the minimum salary at $3,000 and the maximum salary, with the exception of a few consuls general, at $9,000. It provided allowances for those retired at the age of 65 years.

Then the house cleaning began. "Weed out the deadwood," was the order that went forth. A reclassification from top to bottom was announced. Sixty names were immediately dropped from the permanent roll of the services. One diplomatic and thirty-one consular officials, having reached the new age limit, were retired. Eight diplomatic and thirteen consular officials were demoted because they had failed in certain designated tests to reach the desired standard of efficiency. Two resigned. It was the greatest mid-administration foreign service shake-up that had ever been seen. But it placed the foreign service on a business basis. This, of course, does not bind the next administration, whether it be Republican or Democratic, but it establishes a precedent which is likely to become a habit, until we shall be represented abroad by men of training and experience, as other countries are. From time to time, even in the Coolidge Administration, there undoubtedly will be important appointments from private life, but whenever possible preference will be given to persons already in the service, who regard their work as a permanent career.

President Coolidge's promotion, less than a month ago, of several high-ranking diplomatic officials, calls attention to the rapid progress made in reorganizing the foreign service. The selections were made upon the basis of merit and experience. The Minister to Rumania, who has been in the diplomatic service since 1902, was appointed Ambassador to Argentina. The Minister to Albania was promoted to become the Minister of Uruguay. Similar promotions previously were made affecting the present representatives at Rome, Brussels, and Rio de Janiero. The ministers to Persia, Honduras, and Nicaragua were promoted from the lower diplomatic grades. Such promotions helped increase the efficiency of the service and counteract the demoralizing influence of appointments made merely to reward political usefulness.

The recent appointment of Dr. Jacob Gould Schurman, American Minister at Pekin, is probably the outstanding example of the new policy. After nearly twenty-eight years as president of Cornell University, Dr. Schurman resigned because he felt that no one should retain such a position more than a quarter of a century, and was appointed Minister to China. As a reward for the important services he has rendered, Dr. Schurman is promoted to become Ambassador to Germany. He is one of the best educated men in the world today—and this ought to count for much in Germany. He will succeed Ambassador Houghton, who was promoted to the Court of St. James, at London, to fill the place left by Ambassador Kellogg when he became Secretary of State.

Dr. Schurman, handicapped by civil strife in China, handled a difficult situation well. He is still needed at Pekin, as the situation in China is very complex. But it is easier to find a suitable envoy to Pekin than to select an Ambassador to Germany, where there are great opportunities to promote friendship and commerce between Germany and the United States.

Once in Berlin, the new ambassador will find among his most important duties that of reknitting the fabric of trade between Germany and the United States, which was destroyed by the war, under the treaty recently ratified by the Senate and now before the German Reichstag for ratification. He knows the German language well, and is acquainted with German manners, habits, and customs. He is an ideal man for the post. The American people who view the past attitude of Japan toward China, and the restored relations of Japan and the Russian government, however, pray that his successor at Pekin will be as cultured, diplomatic, and firm. For on these attributes of our envoy to China may depend the future peace of the Pacific, if not of the whole world.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. The set includes: "The International Jew," Vol. I, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

Within two blocks of Times Square, New York City, there are 12,357 eating places.

There are 21 living sons of Presidents of the United States.

For a year, Dr. William Hawes, founder of the Royal Humane Society of London in 1774 for the purpose of rendering "First Aid" in cases of drowning, offered a reward out of his own pocket to anyone bringing a body rescued from the water within a reasonable time of immersion.

So far as science can detect, there are no direct descendants of the primitive cave men who roamed Europe from 50,000 to 25,000 B. C.

Frederick W. Taylor, the efficiency expert, always shielded his wife from worry, at one time even going so far in the testing of a new saddle horse as to wear one of her borrowed skirts and ride in a side saddle that she would use.

A cemetery for noble horses in which lie buried ten regal, history-making rulers of the turf has been established by John E. Madden at Lexington, Kentucky, in the hope that this may be the "Westminster Abbey" for great horses.

A baby crying continuously for a day and a night would develop enough energy to lift himself to the top of Washington Monument.

An unsolved cross-word puzzle called the Phaestus, more than 2,000 years old, is now in Johns Hopkins Museum at Baltimore.

The year A. D. 3, on the occasion of the funeral of the Mikado, is assigned as the date of the abolition of human sacrifice in Japan.

Rats fed on hothouse-grown tomatoes will develop scurvy while those fed on tomatoes grown outside in direct sunlight do not.

A winery in California has 2,500,000 gallons of dry and sweet wines aging in casks awaiting a change in the dry law.

Trains passing through Kansas may now toot the regular Whooo, whooo, wooo-wooo, the same as in other states, the statute calling for three instead of four blasts being recently revised.

For more than two years the sun's heat at the tropics has been from one to two per cent below normal, but at present it is up to normal again.

A radiator cap painted with a combination containing metallic iodides that will change color at least fifty times with heating and cooling of the engine has been invented.

What is believed to be the first observatory for avalanches has been erected in the province of Stiermark by the Austrian State Government.

Theta was sometimes called the unlucky letter because it was used by the judges in passing condemnation on a prisoner, it being the first letter of the Greek word, "death."

In the seventh century, Omar, declaring that the Koran contained all that man should know, destroyed the great library of Alexandria, and used the books as fuel in the public baths.

The legal length of a beard in India during the time of Mahomet was fixed at 7 to 8 inches.

Nearly 32,000,000 copies of daily papers are printed for every week day in the year.

The last January eclipse of the sun is the first total eclipse to be seen in the British Isles since 1724.

The most distant object known to science is the Great Nebula of Andromeda, which is some 6,000,000,000,000,000,000 miles away.

When the protozoa which inhabit the digestive tract of white ants and digest their woody food for them are killed, the ants starve to death.

The sale of patent medicines in the United States last year exceeded $160,000,000.

It takes from 300 to 600 pounds of water passing through plants to produce a single pound of dry matter.

If a good forty-acre farm in America were as highly populated as some farms of China, it would support 240 persons, 24 donkeys, and 24 pigs, according to the late Dr. F. H. King.

China's silk industry was developed from the domestication of the wild insect and has lived for more than 4,000 years.

"He who can live without manual labor," says an old heraldic authority, "or can support himself as a gentleman without interfering in any mechanic employment, is called Mr. and may write himself Gentleman."

Reindeer milk is delivered in Alaska in the form of frozen cubes equal to a quart or pint.

Between 4,000,000 and 4,500,000 snakes are used annually in Japan for medicinal purposes. More than 200 men make their living by serpent catching in the vicinity of Mount Iouki and Shiga-Ken.

Knut Hamsun, Nobel prize winner, nearly starved to death before he got a steady job driving Chicago street cars.

Rev. Hugh Leith of Wilhinsburg, Pennsylvania, has received a letter from the Transvaal, South Africa, in which the writer told of enjoying the Thanksgiving service in Dr. Leith's church, although 10,000 miles away, through a receiver of his own construction.

More than 30 per cent of the paupers in American almshouses are over seventy years of age.

Half of the Irish immigrants to the United States came before 1867 while half of the Italian immigration has come since 1906.

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CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

"I Read in the Papers—"

I read in the papers that the British, last year, ate seven times as much mutton *per capita* as did the people of the United States and that our Department of Agriculture is "baffled in its attempt to find a satisfactory explanation therefor." Our department is apparently better at being baffled than it is at making an intelligent investigation. The truth is that British mutton is much more than seven times better than American mutton. It is better because in England they breed and raise sheep to eat, while in America sheep are primarily bred and raised to produce wool. A sheep's job in England is to produce meat that is good to eat; any wool that comes off its back is incidental. For centuries, English sheep growers have kept a steady eye to the propagation of the kinds of sheep that produced the best and the most meat. English sheep are of enormous size in comparison with the kind that are raised in America. American mutton too often tastes about as wool smells, but English mutton is a thing to get excited about when one is hungry. The only "baffling" fact about the figures quoted is that we are able to get down a seventh as much of our woolly mutton as the English do of their kind.

I read in the papers that the director of accounts of the state taxation department has just declared that there is $52,000 less than a nickle in the Revere city cash drawer and $249,000 of bills either due or soon to mature. When local politicians appealed to the Massachusetts legislature to waive the debt limit, that Revere might obtain money with which to pay its bills, the state director of accounts intimated that the situation was rather one for investigation by the district attorney. The state director of accounts declared that part of the $249,000 of Revere's unpaid bills was dated ahead and that the dealers who broke the law should be made to suffer as much as the luckless taxpayers who are already frightfully overburdened. It would be an illuminating and refreshing thing if grand juries in many counties throughout the country could be composed of fearless, competent men who would probe into the festering municipal troubles arising from the wanton spending habits of politicians. Revere is obtaining notoriety merely because her politicians have been caught in a spending orgy that doubtless is being duplicated in scores of other communities.

I read in the papers that Michael Joe O'Brien recently presented, on behalf of the Irish Historical Society, a new candidate for Columbia University's Hall of Fame. The candidate is one Hercules Mulligan, who organized the Sons of Liberty. On July 9, 1776, he, with John Sears, led an attack on the statue of the King in Bowling Green; they tore down the image and made the metal into bullets. He was a friend and confidant of Hamilton and Washington, and gave the latter important information which it is said enabled him to outwit Sir Henry Clinton. Here is a citizen of considerable account who has apparently been completely overlooked by the historians. How many more are there? Scores, beyond a doubt. Perhaps hundreds. They played their parts well, and in many cases their parts were of importance. But somehow or other—because they were neglected by the press, it may be—they were allowed to be forgotten. Let historians search the records of Revolutionary times anew, to see if they have not, in accepting the present system of historic emphasis, overlooked many another candidate for our gratitude as worthy as Hercules Mulligan.

I read in the papers about "war to end war." "War to end war, forsooth. Why, that is exactly as if we were to sally forth on a crusade to end whisky by drinking dry all the distilleries. We should only aggravate an inherited taste, and the distillers would soon get busy again to satisfy it." These are the words of Sir Ian Hamilton, a British veteran of many wars, winner of the Victoria Cross, and a military leader of proved ability. Like the late Lord "Bobs," under whom he fought, he is a believer in preparedness for war, but a staunch advocate of peace. He has no faith, however, in the theory that evil can be overcome by evil, or that fighting the devil with fire will transform the Prince of Darkness into a good angel. This is not only good logic, but it is sound common sense. The only "war to end war" which is worth while is that which wars to make war impossible. All nations are potential belligerents, and some are very much like a sun-parched forest, ready at any moment to burst into flame. There is no country that can afford to be indifferent to a possible outbreak of hostilities, no matter how piously it may wish for a lasting peace. Ideals are good, but facts cannot be ignored.

I read in the papers how last month a Brooklyn manufacturing concern went to the wall with liabilities of $310,000 and assets of only $150,000, a victim of high fees, extra bonuses and heavy interest. At the hearing it developed that there are today many lending concerns actually receiving from 20 to 25 per cent interest for their loans. In this instance the company paid $14,000 for a loan of $95,000. Many other companies are held up and "shaken down," for large sums through the machinations of money-lenders, who, with true Shylock characteristics, demand their pound of flesh. Unless the company subject to the mulcting is exceptionally strong, it goes under and its assets are distributed among the human jackals always waiting for such easy picking. Section 374 of Chapter XXV of the General Business Law provides that "no corporation shall interpose the defense of usury in any action." This renders helpless the borrowing corporation, and makes possible the legalized larceny practiced on unsuspecting firms by the heartless loan sharks.

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